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THE DREAM.

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Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine by W. E. Tucker

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXVI. January, 1850. No. 1.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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THE YOUNG ARTIST:

OR THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

CHAPTER I.

A young professional man, entirely dependent on his own efforts, is always in danger of falling into the error of considering an "advantageous" marriage as a most desirable thing. When we say advantageous, we mean in a money point of view. Years, in the natural course of things, must elapse before a profitable position can be gained; and, in looking down the long vista of the future, feelings of discouragement will naturally arise. To some, the prospect appears almost hopeless. The young lawyer without a case on his docket, the young physician who waits day after day for a patient, the young minister with a hundred a year, and the young artist who paints and draws, day after day, but has no sitter in his studio, if dependent on their own exertions, all feel painfully the pressure of poverty. To such the imagination will picture the advantages that money would give, and as there is no hope of gaining money except by a slow and laborious process through years of toil, self-denial and mortification, it is too often the case that marriage is thought of as the means of over-leaping all the trials and troubles that present themselves in a long and disheartening array. With a competency in hand, how interesting would be the profession adopted as a life-pursuit. The lawyer could bury himself in his library without thinking about or caring for the daily bread, diving deeper and deeper into the mysteries of his craft, and preparing himself for a sudden stride into eminence when the day of full preparation had come; the physician could go on with his experiments and studies; the preacher minister lovingly to his flock, in some quiet

valley far removed from the strife and "shock of men;" and the artist give himself up to the worship of the beautiful, undisturbed by the little cares and wants that take away so much of the mind's present enjoyment. Thus, the imagination pictures a happy state of things if money were only in possession. And what easier mode of obtaining this, in every way to-be-desired, possession, than an advantageous marriage? None—is the conclusion of the young aspirant for some of the world's higher honors. And so he goes into society and seeks an alliance with some fair young daughter of Eve, who, among her other attractions, possesses a few thousands of dollars. If he be a young man of naturally delicate feelings and independent mind, the fact that he obtained a fortune with his wife, be it large or small, will most probably make one of the most bitter ingredients in his cup of life. Thus it proved with Alfred Ellison, a young artist formerly residing in Philadelphia, who sought an "advantageous" alliance as a means of professional advancement; and as the history of his married life is full of instruction, we will endeavor to write out some portions of it faithfully.

At the age of twenty-two young Ellison, who had for some two or three years been devoting himself earnestly to the art of drawing and painting, found himself hemmed in with difficulties and discouragements that seemed almost insurmountable. The goal he aspired to win was so far distant that his eyes could scarcely reach it, and between lay barriers that he sadly feared he would never be able to pass. Without an income, and without friends to sustain him for a few years until he could command the patronage of those who loved the arts, how was he to sustain himself? To go abroad and study the works of the old masters in Italy was the dearest wish of his life; but there was no hope of this—at least not in the present, for the little profitable work he was able to procure scarcely gave him food and decent raiment, and was not, when completed, in a style of art at all flattering to his vanity.

"Oh! if I only had the means of studying abroad for two or three years, and not thus be compelled to disgrace myself and the profession by painting mere daubs of portraits in order to get my daily bread," would fall from his lips over and over again, as he threw aside his brush and pallet and yielded himself up to desponding thoughts. His hopes were too ardent and his imagination too bright for the cold realities of the present. Patience and perseverance amid difficulties were not the leading elements of his character. A lover of art, and possessing a high appreciation of the beautiful, all that he had yet been able to accomplish appeared in his eyes so poor and defective, that he rather shrunk from than courted public attention.

"If I could but hide myself away for two or three years, and devote all that time to the study and practice of art, how happy I would be! Then I could come before the public and present something worthy of the native ability I possess, and worthy to stand beside the productions of those who have won an honored name in the profession." Thus would he indulge in dreams of what for the present was unattainable, and idly repose for a season under a sense of bitter discouragement.

As Ellison was social in his feelings and possessed of many qualities that made

him an agreeable companion, he had a wide circle of acquaintance and was liked wherever he went. Among those into whose society he was occasionally thrown was a young lady named Clara Deville, who was understood to possess, in her own right, a property valued at twenty thousand dollars. She had two brothers, each of whom had received, in the settlement of their father's estate, a like amount. For Clara, Ellison had entertained little beyond an ordinary feeling of friendship. She was an agreeable companion at any time, though she did not possess a lively imagination nor was her temperament poetic. The sterling points in her character were, strong good sense and a quick appreciation of the rights of others. Though plain in her person, few after becoming acquainted with her thought of this, and if it were said to one of her intimate acquaintances that she was rather homely than otherwise, the remark would not meet with a ready assent, for none who knew her well thought her homely.

Ellison, though he mingled a good deal in society and was a favorite with young ladies, had not thought of marriage, at least not of a present marriage. While he had not the means of supporting a wife he deemed it prudent to keep his heart free from all love entanglements.

One day a friend who understood his position in society said to him —

"Why don't you marry?"

"Marry!" exclaimed Ellison. "I would as soon think of jumping into the river."

"Why not?"

"I'm hardly able to support myself."

"Get a wife with money. Your talents are a fair set off to a fortune."

"A very poor fortune they have yielded so far."

"It will be different a few years hence. Get a wife with money enough to make you easy and comfortable, and then give yourself up heart and soul to your profession without a thought or care about dollars and cents. Your wife will make a good investment of her money, and you will be as happy as a king."

"Upon my word!" said Ellison, laughing, "you have made out the case finely."

"Wont it do?"

"It looks all very pretty."

"Can you make out a better case yourself?"

"Perhaps not. But the next thing is the lady."

"No difficulty about that."

"Indeed! Well, who is the fair creature?"

"I could mention half a dozen. But I choose for you a good sensible woman as a wife."

"Her name?"

"Clara Deville."

The young man shook his head.

"What's your objection?"

"Clara is an excellent girl. I have always liked her as a friend, but to make her my wife is another thing. I don't think I could love her well enough for that."

"Nonsense! She is a girl possessing most excellent qualities of head and heart. The very qualities that wear longest. If she give you her affections you have something worth having, to say nothing of the money."

But Ellison shook his head in a very positive way.

"Just as you like," said the friend. "Every one to his fancy. But it strikes me that you could not do a more sensible thing than make Clara Deville your wife. You at once have a home, a pleasant companion, and come into the possession of sufficient property to relieve you of all care about the common and perplexing concerns of life. Think with what delight, ardor, and success you could then devote yourself to painting."

When these things were first said by the friend they did not make much impression on the mind of the young artist. But a seed was sown, and in a few days it began to send forth little fibres into the earth, and to shoot up a tender blade. From that time Ellison thought more and more about the suggestion of his friend. Whenever he met Clara he observed her more closely, and her image, when it arose in his mind, associated itself with the idea of a life-companionship. Particularly did his mind dwell upon the happy change that would come over his worldly affairs if Clara, possessing the handsome little property of twenty thousand dollars, were his wife. It did not take a very long time for the young man to be able to look at Clara Deville in a different light from that in which he had previously viewed her. The oftener he met the young lady, the more did he find in her that was attractive. Even

her plain features underwent a change, and he could see in her face many points of beauty. In fact, before two months had elapsed, he was, or imagined himself to be, deeply in love with the maiden.

The desire of possession comes next after the passion of love. It proved so in this case, and in a much shorter time than the friend who suggested the alliance had dreamed of such an event taking place, Clara was not only wooed and won, but wedded.

CHAPTER II.

It was one of the happiest days in Ellison's life when he pressed upon the lips of the gentle girl whom he had won, the sweet bridal kiss. Over his future course through life hung a cloudless sky. The doubt and difficulty that had been on his way for years were removed—success to the utmost extent of his wishes was before him. Already, in imagination, he was in Italy, among the glorious creations of the old masters, drinking in from their sublime works an inspiration that was to him half immortal in his art.

For a few weeks these bright visions remained. Then his thoughts began to come down into the present, and to consider the real aspect of things around him. In regard to Clara's fortune, all the knowledge he possessed was that obtained through common report. It was known that her father, while living, was in the enjoyment of a handsome property, and that this on his death had been divided equally among his children. As to the nature or value of his wife's share, he was entirely ignorant; a certain feeling of delicacy kept him from seeking or even seeming to seek for information on the subject prior to marriage. In fact, he tried at times to persuade himself that the property of Clara had nothing whatever to do with his affection for her.

The mind of Ellison being proud, sensitive and independent, this delicacy remained equally strong after marriage. He took his wife to a good boarding-house, where he had engaged a large, handsomely furnished room at the rate of twelve dollars a week, and here they commenced their matrimonial life. From a friend, a short time previous to marriage, Ellison had borrowed a couple of hundred dollars, and this gave him the means of meeting all the necessary expenses attendant on the important event, besides leaving him with seventy or eighty dollars in possession as a little fund to use until some portion of his wife's income should begin to find its way into his hands.

Two or three weeks passed, during which time Ellison went daily to paint and draw in his studio, though he did not work with his former earnestness. From some cause he found it impossible to bring his mind down to a present interest in his profession; that is, to an interest in what he was then engaged in doing. His mind was continually wandering away, and his fancy teeming with bright and beautiful images. He saw the pure blue skies of Italy; he felt the fragrant airs of the sunny

clime breaking over his forehead; he was a worshiper among her galleries of immortal art; and more than all this, he was panting to be in the land of art and song, and felt his impatience to be away increasing every moment. And yet, his gentle, loving young wife, for whom a profound respect as well as affection had been awakened, said nothing of her property, nor had he permitted her to look deep enough into his mind to see his dream of Italy. He had carefully avoided this lest she should suspect the motive that first drew him to her side; a motive which, could he have done so, he would gladly have concealed even from himself.

Weeks went by, and still Clara said nothing about her little fortune; nor did she place money in the hands of her husband. The small sum he had in possession was daily growing less, and the income from his pencil was far from being sufficient to meet his expenses. To introduce the subject was next to impossible. The young man's mind shrunk from even the remotest allusion thereto. To dreams of Italy, soon succeeded an anxious desire to turn what ability he possessed to some profitable account in the present, in order that he might retain his independence—something that had always been dear to him. It was barely possible, it occurred to his mind, that Clara had no property in her own right. Were this so, he was indeed in an embarrassed position.

Thus matters continued until nearly the last dollar of the young artist's money was gone, and he began to be so unhappy that it was next to impossible to hide from his wife the troubled state of his feelings. What was he to do? From the thought of revealing to Clara the true nature of his affairs he shrunk away with exquisite pain. The moment that was done his independence was gone, and to retain his independence he was ready to make all other sacrifices. Daily he met her gentle, love-beaming face, and daily saw more and more of her pure, high-minded character, and all the while he felt guilty in her presence, and struggled to hide from her the wild disturbance of his heart.

One day, it was about six weeks after their marriage, Clara said to her husband, looking slightly grave, yet smiling as she spoke.

She had a letter in her hand.

"I'm afraid I am going to bring you more trouble than profit."

Instantly, in spite of his effort to control himself, the blood sprung to the very forehead of the young man.

"I shall cheerfully meet all the trouble, and be content with the profit," he replied, as quickly as he could speak, forcing a smile as he did so, and endeavoring to drive back the tell-tale blood to his heart.

Clara looked at her husband earnestly, and seemed to be perplexed at the singular effect produced by her words.

"There is a valuable tract of land in Ohio," said she, "which was left me by my father, that I am in danger of losing. The title deed, it is alleged, is defective."

"Ah! What is the nature of the defect?" Ellison's voice, schooled under a brief but strong effort into composure, was calm as he asked this question.

"It is claimed," answered Clara, "that a former sale was fraudulent, and

therefore illegal, and that it must now revert to certain individuals who have been deprived of their rights."

"Did the property come into your father's hands by inheritance or purchase?"

"He bought the property, and therefore, as far as I am concerned, the title to its possession is an honest one."

"How large is the tract of land?"

Because Ellison especially desired to avoid showing any particular interest in knowing the extent of the property, his voice faltered on this question, and he was conscious that his countenance was slightly marked with confusion.

"Five hundred acres," was replied.

"Is it near a town?"

"Yes. It lies not over two miles distant from a flourishing town, and was considered by my father before his death to be worth seven or eight thousand dollars. He was repeatedly offered that sum for it, but always refused, for he considered its value to be yearly increasing. 'It will be worth twenty thousand to my children,' he would say in reply to all offers."

This last sentence caused the heart of Ellison to sink almost like lead. Here, then, was the twenty thousand dollars' worth of property which his wife possessed in her own right, and upon the income of which he was to dream over and study the old masters in Italy! And so Clara was really worth twenty thousand dollars; but it was in Ohio wild lands, and even for these there was another claimant! It required a very strong effort on the part of the young man to conceal what he felt. How quickly into thin air vanished his hopes! How coldly broke the morning whose dim light showed the painful and embarrassing reality of his position!

"Has a suit been commenced?" asked Ellison.

"Yes. I have just received word from my agent that the parties claiming the tract of land have instituted legal proceedings."

"What does he say in regard to the matter?"

"He says that he has consulted a lawyer, who after looking pretty carefully into the subject, is clearly of opinion that no suit can be sustained. But says that a good deal of trouble may be occasioned, and that the question may be kept open for two or three years."

Here was some real intelligence bearing upon the question of Clara's property, its amount and condition. Certainty was something; but it was not a certainty in any way calculated to elevate or tranquilize the feelings of the young artist. Instead of obtaining with his wife a handsome productive property, in stocks or city real estate, of twenty thousand dollars, he had become possessor of a law suit, and prospective owner of five hundred acres of uncultivated land in Ohio. And, by the time this knowledge was gained, he was so well acquainted with the character of his wife as to entertain for her a respect that was almost deferential. There was nothing frivolous or selfish about her—nothing trifling—nothing vulgar. She was a pure, high-minded, clear-seeing, yet deeply affectionate woman, and her husband, while he loved her tenderly, was painfully conscious that, in seeking her, he had been

governed by motives that, if known, she must instinctively despise. Moreover, the fact that he had deceived her by offering his hand in marriage and leading her to the altar when his income was not large enough to support even himself in comfort, must soon appear, and that revelation he dreaded above all things; for, when it was made, the veil would be torn from Clara's eyes, and she would see him as he was.

CHAPTER III.

How completely scattered to the winds was Ellison's long, fond dream of Italy! How obscured was the beautiful ideal of his art, toward which his mind had aspired with such an intense devotion! The cold present, with its imperious demands and uncovered facts was before him, and turn this way or that, he could not shut out the vision.

As calmly as he could, he conferred with his wife about her property in the West. Placing in his hands the various papers relating thereto, Clara asked him to make the business his own, as it now really was, and do whatever in his judgment seemed best. All this was easily said, but how was the young man to act without means? His own income, uncertain as it was in its nature, did not yet exceed three hundred dollars a year, and his expense for boarding alone would double that sum. Embarrassment, privation, and deep mortification must soon come, and so oppressed did Ellison feel in view of this, that he could no longer conceal, even from the eyes of his wife, his unhappiness, although the cause lay hidden in his heart.

"Are you not well?" Clara frequently asked, as she looked at him with earnest tenderness.

"Oh yes! I'm very well," Ellison would reply quickly, forcing a smile, and then endeavoring to appear cheerful and unconcerned; but his real feelings would flow into the tell-tale muscles of his face and betray the uneasiness of mind from which he was suffering.

"Something troubles you, Alfred," said Clara, a few days after she had informed him of the attempt to deprive her of her property in the West. "What is it? I will not be content to share only your happy feelings. Life, I know, is not all sunshine. Disappointments must come in the nature of things. You will have them and so will I. Let us, from the beginning, divide our griefs and fears as well as our joys and hopes."

And Alfred did not only look troubled; he felt also deeply depressed and anxious. Not a single new sitter had come to his rooms since his marriage; nor had he been able to get any thing to do that would yield even a small return, although he had offered to paint, at mere nominal prices, portraits from daguerreotypes—work that he had previously declined doing in a way to leave the impression that he looked upon the proposition as little less than a professional insult. On that very day he had paid out the last of his borrowed two hundred dollars. Where was the next

supply to come from? How was he to obtain the sum he had expended, when the friend from whom he had received it should ask to have it returned?

The first impulse of Ellison after this tender appeal from his wife, was to throw open to her the whole truth in regard to his circumstances. But an instant's reflection caused him to shrink back from the exposure. Pride drew around him a mantle of concealment, while his heart became faint with the bare imagination of Clara's discovering that he had, too evidently, been won more by her supposed wealth than her virtues.

"It's a little matter, not worth troubling you about," was his evasive reply.

"If it trouble you, let it trouble me. To share the pressure will make it lighter for both. Come, Alfred! Let us have no concealments. Do not fear my ability to stand by your side under any circumstances. When I gave you my heart, it was with no selfish feeling. I loved you purely and tenderly, and was prepared to go with you through the world amid good or evil report, joy or sorrow, health or sickness, prosperity or adversity. I promised not only with my lips but in my inmost spirit, that I would be to you all that a wife could or should be. Meet me then freely and fully. Let us begin without a concealment, and go through life as if we possessed but one mind and heart."

While Clara was speaking thus, Ellison partly shaded his face and tried to think to some right conclusion. But the more he thought, the more embarrassed did he feel, and the more entire became the confusion of his ideas. At length, finding it impossible to avoid uttering at least a portion of the truth, and perceiving that the truth must soon become known, he concluded to make at least some allusion to the embarrassment under which he was laboring. Suffering from a most oppressive sense of humiliation, he said —

"Clara, there is one thing that troubles me, and as you urge me to speak of what is in my mind, I don't see that I can with justice conceal it any longer. I find myself not only disappointed in my expectations, but seriously embarrassed in consequence."

The young man paused, while an expression of pain went over his face, which was reflected in that of his wife. He saw this, and read it as the effect a glimpse of the real truth had produced on her mind.

"Go on. Speak plainly, Alfred. Am I not your wife?" said Clara, tenderly and encouragingly.

"In a word, then, Clara, I have not, since our marriage, obtained a single new sitter, nor received an order for a picture of any kind."

"And is that all!" exclaimed the young wife, while a light went over her face.

"Little as it may seem to you," said Ellison in reply to this, "it is a matter of great trouble to me. In my ability as a painter lies my only claim upon the world. I have no fortune but in my talents and skill, and if these find not employment, I am poor and helpless indeed."

The young artist spoke with emotion, and as the last word was uttered, he hid his face with his hands to conceal its troubled expression. Ah! the terrible humiliation

of that moment! Never through life was it forgotten, and never through life could memory go back to the time when a confession of his poverty was made, without a shrinking and shuddering of the heart. Some moments elapsed before Clara made any answer; and these were, to Ellison, moments of heart-aching suspense. The truth having been wrung from him by mental torture, a breathless pause followed.

“And so you fear,” said Clara, with something like rebuke in her voice, “that I do not love you well enough to share your fortune, be it what it may? Alfred, when I gave you my hand it was with no external or worldly views in my mind. You said you loved me, and my own heart responded fully to the sentiment. In giving you my hand, I gave you myself entirely; for you were virtuous and I could *confide* in as well as love you. To share with you any condition in life, no matter how many privations it may involve, will always be my highest pleasure —

> ‘E’en grief, divided with thy heart,
> Were better far than joy apart.’

“And is this all that troubles you?” she added, in a cheerful voice.

“Heaven knows that it is enough, Clara! But what adds to the pain of my embarrassment, is the fact, that for me to marry you with such slender prospects was little more than a deception. It was unjust to you.”

“Love is blind, you know, dear!” Clara replied to this, with a lightness of tone that surprised Ellison; “and one who is loved will find it no hard matter to excuse a little wandering sometimes from the path of prudence. Fortunately, in our case, the error you so grieve over will be of no account, for it happens that I have a few thousand dollars independent of the property in dispute, which is now as much yours as mine. I ought to have said this to you before, but deemed it of little consequence.”

The response of Ellison to this announcement was not so cordial as his wife had expected. His sense of humiliation was too strong to admit a free pulsation of his heart after the external pressure was removed.

“For your sake, Clara,” said he, “I rejoice to hear this. But I feel none the less conscious of having acted wrong.”

“Come, come, Alfred! This is a weakness. Am I not your wife? and do I not love you tenderly and truly?”

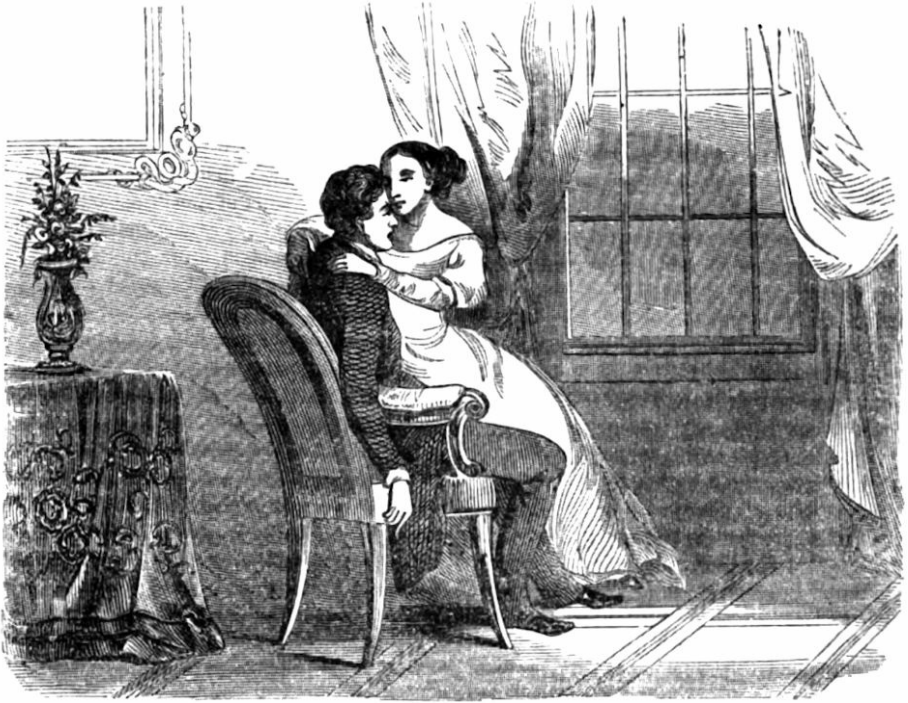
“I do not doubt it, Clara. But it looks so as if I had been governed by mercenary views in offering you marriage when I ought to have known, and did know in fact, that I was not able to make your external condition as comfortable as it should be.”

“Alfred! don’t speak in this way. Do I not know you to be incapable of such baseness? I could not wrong, by an unjust suspicion, one whom I love as my own life.”

And Clara drew her arm about her husband’s neck affectionately, and pressed her lips upon his forehead.

“Forgive this weakness,” said the young man. “It is wrong, I know.”

“Yes, it is wrong, very wrong. So now, let the shadow pass from your brow, and the light come back again.”



But the weight was not removed from Ellison’s feelings. And though he swept the shadow from his brow at the word of Clara, it did not pass from his heart. It was a great relief for the moment to know that he possessed the means of support for himself and wife until he could win his way to professional eminence; but this fact did not heal the wound his natural independence and sense of honor had received. Even in the language Clara had used as a means of encouragement, he saw rebuke, though he knew that it was given unconsciously.

The amount of Clara’s property, independent of her western land, was about five thousand dollars in good stocks, that were paying an annual dividend of six per cent. On the interest of this she had been living for some years. But an addition of three hundred dollars was not sufficient to meet the deficiency in Ellison’s income. Had the value of the stock been only two or three thousand dollars, the necessity for selling it would have been so apparent to Clara’s mind, as to cause her to suggest its disposal. But Ellison was not wrong in his supposition that his wife would think the mere additional income arising from the stocks all that he needed in his present embarrassment. But the sum of three hundred dollars was not enough for him at present, for he had no certain income of his own. He might succeed in earning, by means of his pencil, two, three or four hundred dollars a year for the next four or

five years; but at their present rate of expense this would leave a serious deficiency. He could not say to his wife that even her three hundred dollars would not make his income sufficient, for that would be a too broad declaration of the fact, that, while actually unable to support himself he had assumed the additional expense of a wife. And a step so unreasonable could not be explained satisfactorily, except by bringing in the additional fact that this wife was reputed to be worth some twenty thousand dollars.

To the mind of the unhappy young man was presented only a choice of evils. He must lay open fully to his wife the whole truth in regard to his circumstances, or attempt to struggle on with debt and discouragement, working and hoping for a brighter day in the future when he could feel free and independent. He preferred the latter.

It was impossible for a scene such as took place between Ellison and his wife to transpire without leaving an impression behind. Clara's thoughts, after she was alone, naturally recurred to what had passed, and she became aware of a pressure upon her feelings. She did not suspect her husband of improper motives in seeking her hand, yet the fact that he had proposed a marriage while his income was insufficient to support a wife, was indicative of a weakness in his mind, or a want of sound judgment and discretion, that it was not pleasant to think about. This conclusion was based on the supposition that he had made no calculations in regard to her property—an impression which, in the late interview, he had evidently designed to make; and she gave him the full benefit of this conclusion, for, in her eyes, he was incapable of any thing mean, selfish, or false.

On going to his studio, after the occurrence we have mentioned, Ellison was far from being happy. It did not take him long to resolve to struggle on, and thus seek to maintain his independence. That he would fall into debt and become seriously embarrassed, he knew; but that was something in every way to be preferred to further and deeper humiliation on the subject of his wife's property. The little already suffered on this score was so exceedingly painful and mortifying, that he had no wish to encounter any thing more of a like nature. Earnestly he searched about in his mind for suggestions. Many things presented themselves. As a teacher of drawing he might do something to increase his income; but his professional pride came quickly to oppose this idea—moreover, in advertising or sending around cards, Clara must necessarily become aware of the fact, and she would doubtless think it strange, after the increase in his income, that he should be compelled to resort to such a course. To propose to a number of his friends to paint them at a temptingly low price, was next pondered over. But they would naturally ask, "Why this necessity? Had he not married a little fortune?"

While in this state of doubt and anxiety, the friend who had furnished him with a couple of hundred dollars came in. Ellison, the moment he saw him, had an instinctive impression that he had come to ask a return of the money, as the loan had been only a temporary one. And he was not wrong. After sitting and chatting for some five minutes, during all of which time the young artist felt his presence

exceedingly embarrassing, he said —

"Well, Alfred. How are you off for money?"

The color rose in the face of Ellison at this question, and he answered with evident distress and confusion.

"Not very well, I'm sorry to say. I have been thinking of you for the last hour."

"I thought you would have been flush enough by this time," said the friend.

"So did I. But it is otherwise."

"Then you have not bettered your condition so much as you anticipated," was remarked, with a familiarity and coarseness that stung the young artist like an insult.

"How do you mean?" asked Ellison, his brow falling as he spoke.

The other looked surprised at the change his words had produced.

"What should I mean, except in a money point of view?"

Ellison was under obligation to the young man for money loaned. Moreover, at the time of borrowing the money, he had given out the idea that, after his marriage, he would no longer be troubled with the disease of empty pockets. All this was remembered at the moment, and, while it occasioned a feeling of extreme mortification, was in the way of his resenting the rude familiarity.

"You shall have your money to-morrow," said the artist, lifting his eyes from the floor where they had fallen, and looking steadily at his young friend.

"If it's any inconvenience," remarked the latter, who felt the rebuke of Ellison's manner, "it's of no consequence just now. I am not pressed for money."

"It will be none at all. I will bring it round to you in the morning."

"I hope you're not offended. I didn't mean to wound your feelings," said the friend, looking concerned. He felt that he had been indelicate in his allusions, and saw that Ellison was hurt.

"Oh no. Not in the least," replied the latter.

"I hope you won't put yourself to any inconvenience about the matter."

"No; it will be perfectly convenient."

Then followed a silence that was oppressive to both. A forced and distantly polite conversation followed, after which the visiter went away. As he closed the door of Ellison's studio, the young artist clasped his hands together, while a distressed expression came into his face.

"Oh! what an error I have committed!" came almost hissing through his teeth, at the same time that his arms were flung about his head with a gesture of impatience and despair. "I have sold myself—I have parted with my manliness—my independence—my right to breathe the air as a freeman. And what have I gained?"

"A true-hearted, loving woman." A gentle voice seemed to whisper these words in his ears as his mind grew calmer.

"I have paid too high a price," fell almost audibly from his lips. "And even she, when she knows the whole truth, will despise and turn from me. What madness!"

For half an hour the young man remained in a state of great excitement. After that he grew calmer, and sitting down before his easel, took up his pallet and brushes and tried to work on a picture that he was painting. But his thoughts were

too much disturbed.

"I have promised to return the two hundred dollars to-morrow morning, and I must keep my word to *him* if I steal the amount! When that obligation is removed we are no longer friends."

As Ellison said this he threw down his pallet and brushes, and springing from his chair, resumed his hurried walk about the door of his room.

While thus occupied, a gentleman, accompanied by a lady, entered and asked to see some of his pictures.

"What is your price for a portrait of this size?" was asked after a number of paintings had been examined.

For a moment Ellison hesitated, and then replied —

"Fifty dollars."

The gentleman and lady talked together, in a low tone, for a little while. Then the former said —

"We have two children, and think about having them taken. Including our own portraits we would want four. If we give you the order, what would you charge for the whole?"

"How old are the children?"

"Young. The eldest is but five."

"You would want the children full length, I presume."

"Why, yes. We would prefer that, if it didn't cost too much. What is your price for a full length of a child?"

"Seventy-five dollars."

"That would make the four pictures cost two hundred and fifty dollars."

The lady shook her head.

"Could you not take the four for two hundred dollars?"

"Perhaps so. Four pictures would be a liberal order, and I might feel inclined to make a discount if it would be any object. My prices, however, are moderate."

"Money is always an object, you know."

"Very true."

"You say two hundred dollars, then."

"Oh yes. I will take the four portraits for that sum."

"Very well. To-morrow we will decide about having them taken. How many sittings will you require?"

"About half-a-dozen for each picture."

The lady and gentleman retired, saying that they would call in the morning.

Here was a promise of good fortune for which the heart of Ellison was profoundly thankful. But while he looked at it, he trembled for the uncertainty that still hung over him. The lady and gentleman might never return. Still, his heart was lighter and more hopeful.

Soon after these visiters had retired, the young man went out and called upon a gentleman with whom he had some acquaintance. His object was to borrow a sum of money sufficiently large to enable him to cancel the obligation. This person did

not, so he thought, receive him very cordially. The coldness of his manner would scarcely have been apparent, however, but for the fact that Ellison had a favor to ask. It seemed to him as if he had a perception of what was in his mind, and denied his request as intelligibly as possible, even before it was made. So strong was this impression, that the young artist acted upon it, and was about retiring without having made known his wishes, when the man said—

"Can I do any thing for you to-day, Alfred?"

So plain an invitation to make known his wishes could hardly be disregarded. The young man hesitated a little, and then replied as if half jesting—

"Yes—give me an order for two hundred dollars worth of pictures, and pay me in advance for them."

"Are you in earnest?" inquired the man, looking curious.

"Certainly. Painting is my profession."

"I know. But do you really want a couple of hundred dollars?"

"Yes; I really want that sum. A young artist, you know, is never overstocked with cash."

"I will lend you the amount with pleasure, Alfred. But I am in no want of pictures. For how long a time do you wish to have it?"

"For a couple of months, if you wont give me an order."

The man drew a check and gave it to Ellison.

"You can return it at your convenience," said he, "and in the meantime, if I can throw any thing in your way, I will do it with pleasure."

Ellison received the check with a feeling of relief. He now had it in his power to wipe out the obligation he was under to a man who had approached him with what he felt to be little less than an insult. But, as he went back to his studio, the pressure on his feelings was not removed. There had only been a shifting of the obligation; a painful sense of its existence yet remained. Moreover, as an artist, he had done violence to his professional self-respect by asking an order for painting—and this added to his disquietude of mind.

[*To be continued.*

LINES.

I’ve loved thee, as the breeze to kiss the sweetest flowers;
I’ve loved thee as the thirsty earth eve’s refreshing showers;
I’ve loved thee, as the bird to sing its softly thrilling lay;
I’ve loved thee, as the heated rock the ocean’s dashing spray;
I’ve loved thee, as the fevered cheek to feel the cooling air;
I’ve loved thee, as a mother loves her child of tender care;
I’ve loved thee, as the murky morn to hail the sunny beam;
I’ve loved thee, as the moonlit loves to dance upon the stream —
As all these, did I love thee, and with yet a wilder spell;
’Till thy coldness caused my spirit to sound love’s parting knell;
And though in fearful stillness my life glides gently on,
There is one note of harmony I feel forever gone.
Other hands might sweep the strings, and even thine may try,
But never shall an echoing sound to the sweet tune reply.

ANNIE GREY.

ARIADNE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

O, thrice as swiftly as yon argent gull
  On snowy pinions cleaves the azure sky,
Thy galley cuts the purple wave, and flies my eager, straining eye.

O, Théseus, beloved and beautiful,
  My lovely warrior, white-limbed, like a god,
Why hast thou left me on this desert isle, save by ourselves, untrod?

Immortal Jove, divine Progenitor,
  Exert thy power; reverse his sails:—O, King
Of Gods and Men, why does the cup of love conceal the scorpion’s sting?

Like ghastly ghosts, with veiled and weeping orbs,
  My hopes depart; cadaverous Despair
Sits glaring at me with his wolfy eyes: bid the foul thing forbear!

On yester-eve, at this forgotten isle —
  Forgotten almost of gods—our storm-beat bark
Let fall its ponderous flakes; night, like a falcon, swooped, and all was dark.

Here, where this lonely palm expands its leaves,
  Our couch was spread; yes, here, on Theseus’ breast
I laid my head, and, like a love-sick dove, sunk meaningly to rest.

My sleep was restless: from the Realm of Dreams
  Came changing shadows: I beheld my home —
Our hills, like wrinkle-faced, white-headed men—our cataract’s snowy foam.

I saw myself a merry, mad-cap girl,
  Dancing along our glades, with laughing eyes;
Light-footed as our deer—free as the birds that filled our happy skies.

And then a woman, still most happy, though
  A shadow rested on my sunny brow,

Such as a wintry cloud, when all is light, throws faintly over snow.

My step, too, had less lightness, and my breast
Throbbed quickly, while my heart beat, and my brain
Ran round and round, delirious with delight, so deep, it seemed like pain.

I left the song, the dance, my maiden mates —
An endless yearning filled my craving soul,
Which sadly walked apart from them toward some unknown and glorious goal.

One day, when thus depressed, I stood, in thought,
Beside a babbling brook, whose tinkling fall
Among the mossy rocks, from stone to stone, made silence musical.

Contemplating the beauty of the scene,
Imagining me the Naiad of the stream,
I grew the spirit of the place, and stood the deity of a sylvan dream.

Just then, a being, much more god than man,
Fell at my feet: I had no power to fly,
No wish, no thought; the serpent's fabulous spell spoke in his eloquent eye.

He prayed; I listened, for his words were song,
Drowning my heart; like surf along a strand
Their melody rose and rolled, wave following wave, covering the helpless land.

Even then he vanished; but his image filled
The void that, hitherto, my spirit felt;
I stood erect—a loving woman, Jove—there, where, before, I knelt.

And all things passed; a dull and opiate blank
Fell, like Nepenthé, blackly on my brain:
I was a living corpse, insensible to pleasure, dead to pain.

I dreamed again: a glorious city rose,
Like Aphrodite, on a summer strand;
Palaces, pyramids and temples stretched away on either hand.

Its harbor, guarded by two massy towers,
Was filled with ships, whose plethoric pinions bore
The treasures of an hundred sister lands to her heroic shore.

Even while I gazed, slowly along the quay,

Moving in melancholy march, to strains
Of heavy harmony, whose solemn sounds made pity in my veins,

A long procession, like a funeral,
Approached the shore. There, moored, a galley lay,
Black as the wings of night, like an eclipse blighting the light of day.

The crowd closed round: some stood, with lifted hands,
Adjuring heaven; some turned aside to hide
Their streaming tears, while others dumbly gazed on the receding tide.

With downcast eyes, seven youths, seven maidens passed
On board the galley, when my Cretan eyes
Saw Niobe-like Athens mourn her sons, passing to sacrifice.

The raven bark unfurled its ebon wings
And like a bird, flew lightly from the strand;
While, far behind, in distance growing dim, declined the cloud-like land.

Away, away, across the billowy sea,
The galley flew: night came and went again,
When, with the rising sun, Crete’s porphyry walls rose from the crimson main.

—I sat beside my sire: around us stood
The wise, the brave, the lovely of our land,
When, led by Théséus, Athens’ offspring came, a self-devoted band.

I sat entranced: the lover of my dreams.
He, to whom nightly I had poured my sighs,
The ideal of my soul, stood visibly before my waking eyes.

Calmly the Self-Devoted stood and smiled,—
Théséus, king-born, with his radiant face
Flushed with the glory of a fame which pierced the ultimate star of space.

My heart waxed sick, for I was woman, Jove:
I saw the grim and ghastly Minotaur
Move through the Cretan labyrinth—his deadly, ponderous jaws ajar.

I saw my brother fall by felon hands;
I saw my father’s galleys sweep the seas,
And humbled Athens, cowering like a slave, ask mercy from her knees.

Minos pronounced his doom: the morrow morn
  Beheld the sacrifice. I would have wept,
But could not: in their heated cells the sought for tears in silence slept.

I pitied him; I could not see him die;
  I loved—was woman; though my brother's blood
Cried out for vengeance, still I pitied him: pity was passion's food.

My soul sat in his shadow: like a babe
  Beneath an oak it sat, and smiled, and crowed,
And lifted up and clapped its happy hands, and wildly laughed aloud.

That night I sought his cell: O, happy night,
  O, night of light and life: the magic clew
That Dædälos wrought was in his hands; I drank his red lip's nectarous dew,

For he, too, loved! O, Jove, my long-caged heart
  In that mad moment felt its shackles riven,
And soared and soared and soared, till, like a star, it coursed the heights of
      heaven.

Next day I prayed—O, how I prayed: the gods
  Were merciful: that night—O, night of nights,
For in its hours the Past became entombed—O, realm of dead delights,

We fled from Crete, and, steering out to sea,
  I dreaming always on his manly breast,
At last made land—a desolate wave-worn strand, the sea-gull's sandy nest.

I seemed to wake, and found the traitor gone:
  I stood in anguish, desolate and lone,
Wasting my wailings on the flinty rocks whose hearts (like his) were stone.

But still I dreamed, and once more Athens rose
  Before my eyes. Upon a beetling rock
That overhung the sea—a cliff, whose crags throbbed in the ocean's shock—

Ægéus stood and gazed athwart the wave.
  Then I remembered me how Théseüs swore
(Such was his tale to me,) that, ere he sailed from Athens' sorrowing shore,

Hopefully trusting in the awful gods,
  If he returned, his canvas, changed to white,

Should mark his triumph, but did raven sails meet Athens' weeping sight,

Then he had fallen. How the old man gazed,
With moistened eyes, toward the horizon's verge,
While, far beneath, the chanting surf sent up its melancholy dirge.

I also gazed—when, where the sea and sky
Blended in mist, a speck—a spot—a nail —
Came with the wind: Ægéus stood erect, convulsed and deathly pale.

Closer and closer, where the shadow lay
Across the distance, like a misty cloud,
The galley came: the mute, expecting king tottered and sobbed aloud.

Stretching his thin hands toward the shadowy bark,
So distant still it seemed to float in air,
The aged monarch, with his marble eyes, personified despair.

It passed the gloom, and glided into light,
When, like a raven drifting down the skies,
The black, unaltered galley, ebon-sailed, met my astonished eyes!

A piercing shriek appalled my ears: I turned
And saw the aged king spring toward the steep —
And leap—and fall: no human sound arose from the tumultuous deep.

Anon came other dreams—Arcadian vales,
With Pan, oblivious Satyrs, and a throng
Of Fauns and Nymphs who made the burthened air reel with its weight of song.

Bacchus rode next: how like a god he looked,
The vine-leaves adding whiteness to a brow
Already snow; his large eyes small with mirth; his dimpled cheeks aglow.

Silenus, with two Nymphs on either hand
Supporting him, uncertainly pursued —
To amorous passion for the purple grape yielding, though not subdued.

And after came a laughing, dancing rout,
Making the air insane with bacchanal cries;
Some bearing grapes which others stole and ate, with ruddy, twinkling eyes.

The eye of Bacchus drew me toward his car,

And stooping, he embraced, then lifted me
Beside him, with a kiss: the route rolled on capricious as the sea.

I was his bride: his love, always a god’s,
Saw not my state, nor asked from whence I came;
With him the passion was a living thing and not a naked name.

I was again a wife: my days were spent
In waking dreams of uncontrolled delight;
The light expired in feast and song and dance, unheeded in its flight.

And Night, with Venus sparkling on her brow,
Sat on the mountain top; the nightingale
Breathed an undying hymn to deathless love from every silent vale.

Anon the feast was spread: from leafy nooks
The blushing Dryad came; the amorous Faun
Stole from the laureled hill, returning not until the crimson dawn.

O, I was happy, very happy, Jove,
When, like thy lightning, day broke on mine eyes!
Beneath me was the sand; before, the sea; above, the threatening skies!

There, like a vulture frightened from his prey,
Flew Théséüs, while, Cassandra-like, I stood
With streaming hair and flashing eyes, and hurled prophetic curses on the flood.

Are dreams the messengers of gods to men
Foretelling facts? If so, then I await,
Not trembling, but proudly, the decrees of an unerring fate.

Let him depart: I scorn the traitor, Jove —
The parracide: still blacker grow his sails;
Favor his bark, Poseidon; Eölus, bestow him flavoring gales:

So swifter comes my vengeance. For the tears
He made me shed, make him rain tears of fire,
As from this desolate isle I point him to the cold corpse of his sire.

And if the links of love’s decaying chain
Remain united in his hollow heart,
That chain be as a serpent, dragging flame to its secrétest part;

So, when he sees me lie on Bacchus’ breast,
Lip glued to lip, eye flashing into eye,
He may lift up his hands and curse the Gods, and cursing, waste and die.

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NOTE.

Ariadne was the daughter of Minos, king of Crete, one of the sons of Jupiter by Europa. Her desertion by Théséus, whose life she had saved, and with whom she had flown from Crete, has long been a thesis of more than ordinary poetical importance. Théséus, the son of Ægéus, king of Athens, by Æthra, daughter of Pittheus, monarch of Trœzen, on the discovery of his parentage, visited Athens, and made himself known to his father, who acknowledged him. Sometime before, Androgeos, a brother of Ariadne, set sail for Athens for the purpose of participating in the Athenian games. He was the victor in every conflict. Ægéus, becoming jealous of his popularity, caused him to be assassinated. Minos at once declared war against Athens, conquered the Athenians, and imposed upon them the annual penalty of sending fourteen of their most beautiful male and female children as an offering to the Minotaur, a ghastly monster who inhabited the celebrated Cretan labyrinth, the latest invention of Dædalos, the Athenian sculptor. Théséus, on the day of the embarcation of the victims, offered himself as one of the number, with the hope of destroying the Minotaur, and thus preserving Athens from any further payment of the terrible tribute. The ship departed, as usual, under black sails, which Théséus promised to exchange for white, in case he should return victorious. On his arrival in Crete he saw Ariadne, who became enamored of him. She gave him the clew which made him master of the mazes of the subterranean labyrinth. After a desperate conflict he succeeded in destroying the monster, and the same night, fled to Athens, bearing Ariadne with him. On his arrival *en route* at the island of Naxos, compelled by the gods, he deserted his mistress and returned home. By some accident he neglected to exchange his sails, and his father, Ægéus, filled with grief at the supposed death of his son, precipitated himself from a lofty rock, on which he had taken a position to watch the return of the galley, into the sea, and was drowned. Ariadne afterward became the wife of Bacchus.

THE MOTHERLESS.

BY MISS LOUISA OLIVIA HUNTER.

> “Henceforth thou wilt be all alone—
>   What shalt thou do, poor weeper?
> Oh human love! oh human wo!
>   Is there a pang yet deeper?”
>
> MARY HOWITT.

Her eyes are closed—she sleeps at last!
    We catch with joy that quiet breathing,
Her first dark day of wo hath passed,
    A happier dream her soul is wreathing.

Hush! hush! around her curtained bed,
    Perchance with love there glides another!
We cannot hear that spirit-tread—
    Yet in her sleep she murmurs, “Mother!”

But four bright summers o’er her head
    Have softly, sweetly breathed their blessing,
And yet she mourneth for the dead
    With anguish to our souls distressing.

All day by every wile we’ve sought
    From sorrow’s stern control to lure her,
Her mind to win from painful thought,
    Scarce meet for mind and heart maturer.

With feeling far beyond her years,
    We tried in vain her grief to smother,
For still burst forth those burning tears,
    With this sad wailing—“Mother! mother!”

And last, as ’neath affliction’s blight,
    She coldly turned from game and story,
We told her of the spirit’s flight
    To realms of endless light and glory.

That vision of a clime so rare,
Brought out this thought anew to grieve her,
E’en for a home so wondrous fair,
Could one who *loved her well* thus leave her?

We strove in vain to lull her fears;
We sought in vain such doubts to smother,
More wildly came those bitter tears,
And this sad wailing—“Mother! mother!”

It ceased at length—those weary eyes
We marked with languor faintly closing,
And now on yonder couch she lies,
In slumber deep and sweet reposing.

Hush! hush! around her curtained bed,
Perchance with love there glides another!
We cannot hear that spirit-tread—
But in her sleep she murmurs, “Mother!”

ALICE LISLE.

A SKETCH FROM ENGLISH HISTORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

There is perhaps no data in the annals of English History marked with a more bloody significance of the fearful extent to which the evil passions of mankind will reach, when not held in check by religious or civil discipline, than that characterized as the "Bloody Assizes," in the reign of James the Second—1685—which, even from out the lapse of two centuries, still stands forth in loathsome and horrible distinctness. When the savage and bloody-minded Jeffreys, empowered by a vindictive and arbitrary monarch, stalked like a demon through the land, tracing his passage with blood and tears, while the music of his infernal march, was the groans and death-shrieks of his victims. And as he strode onward—behind him he left horrible, eye-blasting, soul-harrowing proofs of his cruelty—corpses swinging in the wind at the corners of the cross-roads—gibbets stuck up in every market-place—and blackening heads and limbs impaled, even before the windows of the holy house of God!

Such was the more than brutal ferocity with which this fiend in human shape, George Jeffreys, Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, prosecuted his commission.

Through all those districts where the inhabitants had either taken up arms in the Monmouth Rebellion against the king, or who had been known five years before to have received the unfortunate duke with favor and homage, when assuming the rank of a rightful prince he passed with almost regal triumph through the land, did Jeffreys and his well-picked myrmidons pursue their murderous track, sparing neither sex nor age—the death-blow descending alike upon the silver head of tottering age, or lisping, helpless infancy "And," says Macaulay, "his spirits rose higher and higher as the work went on. He laughed, shouted, joked, and swore in such a way that many thought him drunk from morning to night, but in him it was not easy to distinguish the madness produced by evil passions, from the madness produced by brandy."

In such a frame of mind he entered Southampton and proceeded toward Winchester, which, although not the scene of any warlike encounter with rebel and royalist, had nevertheless been resorted to by many of the former as a place of safety, among whom was their unhappy leader, the infatuated Monmouth himself. It was here, near the borders of the New Forest that the unfortunate man was taken

prisoner. Worn out by fatigue—crushed by disappointment—his high hopes blasted by defeat, the ill-fated son of Charles was discovered concealed in a ditch, where all through a long, long day, and a weary night, without food or drink, the unhappy fugitive had vainly hoped to evade the search of his pursuers.

Hither, then, came Jeffreys, tainting the air as with a pestilence, and causing great terror and dismay, particularly among the peasantry, no one knowing who next might prove the victim of the tyrant's insatiate thirst for blood.

He was now, however, in hot pursuit of two men—one a Nonconformist divine, named Hicks; the other a lawyer, Richard Nelthorp, an outlaw, who had made himself obnoxious by being concerned in the Rye House plot. These men, it is needless to say, Jeffreys was resolved to pursue to the death.

In a fine old mansion, encompassed by a closely wooded park of a century's growth, dwelt the Lady Alice Lisle. She was the widow of John Lisle, who had held a commission under Cromwell, and had also sat in the Long Parliament. He had been created a Lord by Cromwell, and the title of Lady was still courteously assigned to his widow, for she was one greatly beloved by all persons and parties, both Whig and Tory, for her many excellent qualities, and was also nearly allied to many noble families.

It was near the close of a beautiful autumnal day, that the Lady Alice, clad in deep mourning weeds, might be seen passing slowly beneath the dark foliage of those venerable trees, stretching in such primeval grandeur far on either side her domain. The chastened radiance of the setting sun here and there burnished the almost motionless leaves with gold, or stealing athwart the mossy trunks, and over the deep green sward, mildly illumined the forest aisles, seeming thereby as paths angels might love to tread. The only companion of the lady was a child—a beautiful boy of perhaps six years old—an orphan, whom the kind Lady Alice had taken under her protection, and who now, far from partaking in the seriousness of his benefactress, skipped and gamboled before her in wild and happy recklessness—now springing like a fawn into the path before her from behind some leafy screen, where for a moment he had lain concealed, or striving to attract attention by his childish prattle as he bounded playfully at her side.

As heedless to the deepening twilight as she seemed to all else around her, the Lady Alice had proceeded further into the depths of the wood than was her usual custom, when she was suddenly aroused to the lateness of the hour by a scream from little Edwin, who, burying his face in the folds of her mantle, cried,

"O run, dear lady, run—bad men—ah, they will kill us!"

"What are you talking of, Edwin?" she answered, taking his hand—"who will kill us? We shall soon be at the Hall; fie, boy, are you afraid because the sun has set, and the old woods grown dark! Ah, is this my little hero!"

"But, lady, I see men—bad, wicked men; there, lady, there," pointing, as he spoke, to a clump of low oaks.

"Foolish boy, it is only an owl!" said the lady, now turning to retrace her steps.

At that moment two men sprung from out the thicket and stood in her path. Well

might that lady tremble, alone and unprotected in the deep, dark wood, yet in tones well belieing her fears, she unfalteringly bade them stand aside, and give passage to herself and the pale, timid child she led by the hand.

“We mean not to harm or frighten you, madam,” said one of the men, lifting his goatskin cap, and stepping aside, “we seek at your hands shelter and food. For three days we have lain concealed within these woods, not daring to venture forth even to satisfy the cravings of hunger. We are neither thieves nor murderers—slight offences may be in these signal times of despotism and injustice—but men hunted down like wild beasts in the cause of civil and religious freedom. It is for our lives we implore your aid.”

“Yea, for our lives—that we may be spared to trample the sons of Belial under our feet, and smite, and slay and destroy the arch tools of oppression!” interrupted the other, with violent gesticulations; “and thou, woman, art the chosen vessel of the Lord to shield his servants from the man of blood against that dreadful day of retribution!”

“I ask not to know why you are thus thrown within peril of your lives,” answered the Lady Alice, “it is enough for me that you are fellow beings in distress, and as such must claim my sympathy, and the shelter of my roof. God forbid the doors of Alice Lisle should be closed against misfortune. Follow me, then, friends, and such food as my house affords, and such security as its walls can give, may the Lord bless unto you.”

Confident in the attachment and fidelity of her domestics, the Lady Alice, in a few words, made known to them that the lives of these unfortunate men were in jeopardy, and that they sought from her kindness safety and concealment, and sharing in the benevolence of their mistress, each one of that well-tried household regarded the fugitives with generous sympathy.

An excellent supper, such as their famishing natures required, and a bottle of old wine, was soon placed before the weary men. They were then conducted by the Lady Alice herself to a room on the ground floor.

“Observe,” she said, “this oaken panel—press your finger thus; a door opens, leading into a secret passage, connected with the vaults of the old chapel, where, in case of emergency, you will be perfectly secure from search. Sleep, then, my friends, in peace, one of my most faithful servants will this night keep watch, and upon the least alarm, you will be notified in time to avail yourselves of the way of escape I have pointed out.”

As she bade them good-night, one of the men, seizing the hem of her mantle, carried it to his lips with a grace not unfitting the presence of a queen, while in the canting oratory of the day, his companion devoutly prayed the Most High to bless the woman, through whose assistance vengeance was yet to be heaped on the head of the scorner, and those who now sat in high places to be brought low.

And thus fortified and encouraged by the assurances of their noble benefactress, the fugitives took heart, and throwing themselves upon the bed, were soon soundly sleeping.

Not so the Lady Alice. True, these men had not revealed their names, neither had she sought to discover who they were, or for what crime they were driven to their present strait—yet that they fled the wrath of the cruel-minded Jeffreys she felt persuaded, and fearful that with his myrmidons he might be close on the track of these unhappy men, she, too, sat watching all the night, or pacing with light footfall the long galleries, ever and anon stepping out upon the balcony and listening to every sound, her fears magnifying the whispers of the wind stealing through the branches of the old trees, into the suppressed murmurs of an armed force. All, however, remained quiet. Just as the day began to dawn, she threw herself upon her couch—not meaning to sleep. But, overcome with the fatigue of her lonely night-watch, and lulled perhaps by the security which almost always comes to the watcher with the dawn of day, she soon unconsciously sunk into a deep sleep, from which, alas! she was but too rudely aroused; for even in that brief half hour when tired nature claimed its own, the wily Jeffreys had surrounded the house with his no less brutal soldiers.

"Come, come, madam, bestir yourself—you are wanted," cried the leader, seizing the Lady Alice by the shoulder, and rudely shaking her; "methinks you sleep well this morning—long watching makes sound slumbers, *eh*! Come, up with you, woman, and tell us in what corner of this rebel's nest you have stowed away the Presbyterian knave and his worthy friend?"

In a moment the lady was fully awake, and comprehended at once her perilous situation. But her self-possession did not forsake her, and breathing an inward prayer for the safety of the two unhappy men so closely pursued, she said, as she drew herself proudly up,

"What means this unmannerly intrusion? Off, sir! unhand me, or your audacity shall be punished as it deserves!"

"Ho-ho, my brave wench, words are cheap! you will find proofs not so easy! Know, mistress, yourself and your servants are my prisoners," replied Jeffreys.

"*Your* prisoners!" cried the lady, with cutting contempt; "and who are *you*, and by whose authority do you dare to lay hands on me or any beneath my roof!"

"Who am I? That you shall soon know to your cost," said Jeffreys, with a horrible oath. "George Jeffreys has a peculiar way of making himself known, my mistress. Now deliver up these two arch rebels—the canting, whining priest, and the traitor Nelthorpe, into our hands, and mayhap I'll not press my further acquaintance upon your ladyship, except to taste the quality of your wine, for I'll warrant you, my men, (turning to his followers) these old cellars are not dry."

"I know no such persons as those you seek," replied the Lady Alice, firmly; "and what reason have you to suppose they are within my house?"

"We know it, and that is enough," replied Jeffreys. "They are known to have lain hid within your neighborhood; and we know they have been secreted by *you*; and now, by G—d, madam, unless you lead us to their kennel, your body shall writhe in flames, or be hacked in pieces by my soldiers!"

"Infamous, cowardly wretch," replied Alice Lisle, undaunted, "think you your

threats would induce me to betray, more especially into your blood-thirsty hands, any unhappy individual who had sought my protection! Know Alice Lisle better."

"Ho-ho, are we so brave! here, my men, take this boasting mistress, and give her a dance upon hot coals!" cried the ferocious Jeffreys.

At that instant little Edwin, still in his night-dress, opened the door of his little bed-room, and ran terrified toward the Lady Alice; but he was not permitted to reach her; a soldier rudely seized the poor boy by the shoulder, and notwithstanding his shrieks, held him with such a grip as left the print of his fingers upon the tender flesh.

"Ruffian, unhand the child!" exclaimed the lady, attempting to rise, but held back by the iron hand of Jeffreys.

"*Ha!* a pretty hostage, truly!" he said. "Here, Ratcliffe, draw your dagger across his pretty white throat, unless this stubborn woman yields up our prey—do you hear that?" turning to the Lady Alice.

"O save me—save me! don't let them kill me!" screeched the poor little fellow, striving to break away; then turning his beautiful eyes upon the hard, stern features of the man who held him, he clung piteously around his knees, repeating his cry for mercy, his face uplifted, and his soft, golden curls falling over his white shoulders, from which the loose night-dress had slipped away.

Tears, which neither her own danger, or the insults heaped upon her could draw forth, now streamed down the pallid cheek of the Lady Alice.

"Are you men?" she cried, turning to the rude soldiers, "are you men, and can you stand by and see that innocent, helpless lamb inhumanly murdered before your eyes!"

"Ah!" cried Jeffreys, with a hideous leer, "we are used to butchering lambs, madam; bless you, we do it so easy the poor things don't have time to bleat! Strike, Ratcliffe!"

A scream—a wild scream of agony burst from the heart of Alice Lisle; then dashing off the arm of Jeffreys, in the strength of her despair, as but a feather's weight, she sprung to the boy, and threw her arms around him.

There was heard at the moment a loud shout from the court-yard, coupled with oaths and imprecations, and one of the troop burst in, waving his cap.

"Hurra, your honor! they're caught, your worship; we've got the rascals—hurra! hurra!"

"Now God help them!" murmured Alice.

"Your life shall answer for this, vile traitress!" muttered Jeffreys, in a voice hoarse with rage, and shaking his fist at the unshrinking heroine. "But where found you the knaves?" he added, turning to the bearer of such fiendish joy.

"Ha, ha, your worship—but I can't help laughing; we found his reverence, chin-deep, in a malt-tub—ha, ha, ha! and the other rogue we hauled from the kitchen chimney, as black as his master, the Devil!"

"And to his master he shall soon be sent with a crack in his windpipe," said Jeffreys.

“Wounds, your honor, you loves a joke!” said one, who might be called the Trois Eschelles of the company, edging up to Jeffreys with a horrid grin; “shall we string the rascals up below there—yonder is a good strong beam; or shall we leave their heads in the market-place, as a kind of warning to all traitors!”

“Peace, knave!” replied Jeffreys, with a frown which made the villain turn pale; “attend to your duty, and see that the prisoners are well secured; these fellows are slippery rascals—and now, madam,” (turning to Alice Lisle,) “up with you, and prepare to follow either to the scaffold or the stake, as suits my pleasure.” Then, with a brutal blow with the back of his sword, he rudely pushed his victim on before him.

Her weeping and terrified domestics would have approached their beloved mistress, but were thrust back by the drawn swords of the soldiers, and when the unfortunate lady crossed her threshold, it was over the dead body of her aged butler, brutally struck down before her.

“Farewell, my friends,” said the Lady Alice, turning to her faithful attendants, “I look for no mercy at the hands of these cruel men, whose pastime is death; yet though they may torture the body, unto the mercy of my Redeemer do I humbly commit my soul. May God forgive these my enemies, for in their blind rage they know not what they do; pray for them, my friends.”

“Come, none of your cant here, if you please, madam; if we want any praying done, we’ll call on yonder long-nosed, whining saint,” cried Jeffreys pointing to Hickes, who, with Nelthorpe at his side, and both closely bound together with ropes, and guarded on either side, was now brought forward.

Lest by appearing to recognize the Lady Alice they might increase her danger, the prisoners took no notice whatever of her who for their sakes was now in such peril, and met her glance as they would that of a stranger. Nelthorpe, indeed, essayed once to speak, for the purpose of acquitting the Lady Alice of all knowledge of himself and companion, but his speech was cut short by vile taunts and curses.

These wretched men had slept soundly through the night, and with the stupor of heavy fatigue still hanging about them, heard too late the tramp of their pursuers, and forgetting in their sudden alarm the secret panel, sprung through a window, and endeavored to conceal themselves in some of the outbuildings; but vainly—they were soon dragged forth, and knew that from the jaws of the blood-hound Jeffreys, *death* was to be their only release.

And now, without any delay, the prisoners were brought to trial, the Lady Alice being first placed at the bar, charged with treason, in concealing or harboring persons disaffected to the king, and known to have been concerned in the late insurrection.

Many of the jurors were of the most respectable men of Hampshire, and all shrunk from convicting an amiable and exemplary female, for a crime (if crime it could be called) which certainly arose from the purest and noblest emotions of the heart. But Jeffreys was not to be so robbed of his prey.

Witnesses, forestalled by his vindictive spirit, appeared against her, and those

who would have testified in her favor, were so put down by the bold-faced cunning of these hirelings, as to do more injury than good to the cause which they came to sustain.

The Lady Alice was then called upon for her defence. In a modest and dignified manner she addressed the Court. She began by saying that she knew not the men who had sought her protection, nor had she asked for what offence they were thus hunted down; it was enough that famished and weary they required her assistance, and that assistance she had freely rendered them; “Yet for this, gentlemen,” she continued, “I am arraigned for treason. Has charity, then, become a crime? Is it a capital offence to relieve the wants of our suffering fellow beings; and must the cold voice of prudence overcome the Divine precepts of Jesus? Now God forbid!”

She was here interrupted by an insolent remark from the judge; and if allowed again to speak, it was only to draw upon herself his coarse, unfeeling ribaldry.

The jury retired, their sympathies more than ever excited for the unhappy lady.

Their consultation was too long for the patience of the judge. He grew furious at their delay—stamping and swearing like a madman. “He sent a messenger to tell them that if they did not instantly return, he would adjourn the Court, and lock them up all night. Thus put to the torture, they came, but came only to say they doubted whether the charge had been made out. Jeffreys expostulated with them vehemently, and after another consultation, they gave a reluctant verdict of ‘Guilty!’ ”[1]

This was received by demoniac joy by Jeffreys, who immediately proceeded to pass sentence, which was, that the most unfortunate Alice Lisle should that very afternoon be *burned alive*!

This dreadful sentence caused universal horror, and moved the pity even of the most devoted supporters of the king. The judge was overwhelmed with petitions and prayers for mercy; but the only mercy he granted was a few days’ delay ere the dreadful sentence should be accomplished.

During that time the royal clemency was eagerly solicited, and many persons of the highest rank interceded with James for the release of Alice Lisle. Ladies of the Court entreated his mercy. Feversham, flushed with recent victory, pleaded for her; and even Clarendon, the brother-in-law of the king, spoke in her behalf.

It was all in vain.

Scarcely less cruel than his cruel judge, James was inexorable, and only so far showed his clemency as to commute the sentence from *burning to beheading*!

But peace—peace, such as the world can neither give or take away, went with Alice Lisle into that dark, cold prison, to which her enemies consigned her. Those damp walls, in whose crevices the slimy lizard made its bed; though they shut her out from the world—from friends—from freedom—they could not imprison her soul, nor crush the spirit of the martyred Alice, as it ascended in prayers to the Heavenly Throne. Divine love and holy trust in the promises of her Redeemer illumined her dark dungeon with the brightness of heaven; and when led forth to the scaffold—death was swallowed up in victory.

Alice Lisle was beheaded in the Market Place at Winchester, Anno Domini,

1685.

“Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.”

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[1] Macaulay.

WE ARE DREAMERS ALL.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

We are dreamers all! the babe that lies
Asleep on its mother’s breast,
In a dream of peace will sweetly smile,
As if its spirit were e’en the while
By angel ones caressed!
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all! the lover dreams
Of a fair one by his side;
Of the happy hour when he shall stand
Before the altar, to claim the hand
Of his bright and beauteous bride!
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all! the poet dreams
Of the laurel-wreath of fame;
He struggles and toils for weary years,
And awakes at last with sighs and tears,
To grasp but an empty name.
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all! the Christian dreams
Of a promised rest above;
Of the pleasant paths of Paradise—
Of a home of peace beyond the skies,
Prepared by the Saviour’s love!
We are dreamers all!

We are dreamers all! but oh! to me
The Christian’s dream be given!
For bright as his dream on earth may be,
He wakes to a blest reality
When he opes his eyes in Heaven!
We are dreamers all!

MARY NORRICE.

BY JEANNIE DEANE.

Mary Norrice! With that name how many blessed memories come flitting by, like bright-winged passage-birds, leaving in their flight a sadness—a feeling of brightness gone!

It was the bright and merry autumn-time when I met thee, Mary, and thou wert in thy girlhood—beautiful and care-free. *Another* autumn-time—the time when withered leaves go whirling over barren places where flowers erst were blooming, and dancing to a wild mournful measure over the graves where *human* flowers are meekly sleeping—*then* saw I thee, sweet Mary, on thy bridal morning, and orange-flowers were in thy hair. And then another autumn-time—a sad and withering autumn-time, and they laid thee in the *grave*. Alas! that one so pure, so good as thou wert, should lie *there*! Alas! for thee, sweet Mary Norrice!—and yet *joy* for thee! Joy! joy for thee!

"An airy fairy Lillian" was my friend Mary—so "innocent-arch, so cunning-simple," that she was an especial favorite, the "bright particular star" among that joyous band of school-girls where I saw her first. Dark, roguish eyes, soft brown curls clustering about a low sweet forehead, and a sunny, bright complexion had Mary Norrice.

For two bright years that went by on an angel-wing, she was my constant companion—my best, dearest friend, and in this time, I became well acquainted with the beauty, trustfulness, and purity of her character. If there was *any* fault in Mary, we girls used often to say, it was in her adoption of the Catholic religion. It might have been Mary's imaginative disposition which inclined her to this belief; or perhaps because it was the faith of her mother, who had died when Mary was very young, and whose memory she cherished in her heart's "holy of holies." Beautiful it was to see that fair child kneeling at morning before an elegantly wrought crucifix, her mother's dying gift; her white fingers straying among the pearls of her rosary: or at evening, her slight form bending in the moonlight, the white night-robe falling gracefully about her, a few curls escaping from the delicately laced cap! her white hands crossed on her beating breast—and her dark eyes full of prayer—as she commenced with "Mary Mother." It was a scene to look upon, and feel that a pure spirit dwelt in her heart, and beamed forth from the child-like, sinless face which looked in pure devotion up to Heaven.

Years are gone since the sweet voice of Mary Norrice was *hushed*—but often when I sit alone in the thoughtful twilight, a "smiling band of early hours come

clustering about my memory," and I can almost believe that those soft brown curls touch once more my cheek! that dear head seems again to nestle lovingly down upon my shoulder—and the little hand feels warm in mine—as looking out together upon the evening-star, I hear the now stilled voice, singing once more, so unutterably sweet and spiritual, its evening song—"Ave Sanctissima!"

One evening when quiet, an unusual guest, seemed to reign throughout the seminary of G——; when the hum of subdued voices, and the softened tones of some distant harp or guitar echoed through the halls only at intervals, we sat together in the big, old-fashioned parlor—Mary, her cousin Claude Norrice, who was the pastor of the village, and myself. Mary was looking from the window somewhat sadly—Claude was gazing into her large dark eyes fondly and earnestly, while my poor foolish heart was weaving a bright fabric for those two gifted beings who sat beside me—a dream which I was to waken from, even before that bright ray of moonlight which was sleeping in its holiness upon Mary's brow, and which I had been watching for the last ten minutes, should pass away. So golden and so fleeting is the light which hope flings on the fairy fabric of *love*.

"Sing us something, Cousin Mary," said Claude, and her musical voice stole upon our hearts in its magic sweetness, chanting softly that song she loved, "Ave Sanctissima!" Insensibly my heart was yielding to the strain, and I walked in old cathedrals "high and hoary," listening to some fair nun, as she chanted her mysterious vesper-hymn; when my fancies were suddenly dispelled by Claude's voice, begging Mary would choose some other song.

"It is very beautiful," said he, "and seems doubly so, Mary, sung by your dear voice; but the devotion it expresses for an ideal object is very disagreeable to me."

I was called from the room at that moment, and when I returned an hour later, I knew that Claude Norrice had told his cousin how dearly and truly he loved her, how indispensable was her presence—her affection to his life's pathway. Mary stood before him, her head erect, as she said proudly and with flashing eyes —

"I'm not to be treated as a mere child, Claude Norrice—I tell you again that nothing you can say to me—no professions of affection you have made, shall lure my heart from the faith of my *mother*."

And she bowed her head in veneration as she spoke that name, and crossed her fair white arms upon her breast as if she would still its wild beatings. But I saw her cheek grow white as he bowed down and kissed her forehead, and I saw her lips quiver fast, as he said:

"The shadow is on my heart, Mary—the shadow which your cruel words have cast there, and it can never be effaced. God forgive you, Mary—and Father in Heaven, help me! help me!"

Again he bowed down and kissed her, long and wildly—turned his face toward me pale with agony, and rushed from the room.

"Claude! *dear* Claude, forgive me," murmured Mary as she slept that night; raising her pale face from her pillow, and clasping her hands as if she prayed. And often in that long, weary night she would wake with a sudden start, and lifting her

eyes toward the crucifix, pray wildly—"Ave Mary! Madonna! help me!" When she would place her hand beneath her pale cheek, weary with her grief, and sleep again, murmuring all the while of Claude—her mother and Heaven.

There were no vows of eternal affection exchanged when Mary Norrice and I stood on the shaded piazza of G—— Seminary, watching for the old green coach, which was momentarily expected to take her to her city home. No vows were needed—we loved each other with that trustfulness, that confidingness which asks no pledge. Mary had promised to write me very often, and this I assured her would be a panacea for every human ill.

Not quite three months after we left school, I received from Mary the following hastily written letter:

> "You will make big eyes, Jeannie, dear, when I tell you that I am just about to commit matrimony—only think of *that*! In one little week I am to slip my head into the sacred noose, and who think you is to help me bear the gentle yoke? Arthur Monterey, of whom you have often heard me speak, is the "lucky man," and though he is a deal older than myself, I dare say we shall learn to love each other very much. He is very handsome, talented, and very much esteemed; but more than all, he is of my own religion—of the same faith as my sainted mother. You will "haste to the wedding" Jeannie, because you remember you long ago promised to act as bride's-maid on the occasion of this bit of a ceremony. *Au revoir*, Jeannie dear, come to your own,
>
> "MARY."

I was not surprised that Mary was to marry a catholic, but I *was* surprised to hear her speak of learning to love Arthur Monterey—*learn* to love him! Mary Norrice with her loving, enthusiastic nature, *learn* to love the man who was to be her husband!

The sunlight fell in through the windows of stained glass, glancing upon the high forehead of her betrothed, and bathing in its warm rich light the snowy bridal robes of Mary Norrice.

The vows were spoken; a golden circlet glistened on Mary's finger, and she was bound in joy and sorrow, for "weal or wo," to go through life's pathway by the side of Arthur Monterey. Mournfully fell the tones of the organ upon my ear, for in my heart it was two years agone, since I saw Mary standing in the moonlight, and I heard Claude Norrice say in a voice low with despair—"God forgive you, Mary!"

Arthur Monterey was a very handsome man, but there was a stern expression on his proudly curved lip, and about his high intellectual forehead, which made me fear for Mary. In the few weeks of gayety which followed their marriage, I saw but little of him, though when with us, he seemed very proud of his wife's rare beauty and fascinations, and was wholly devoted to her.

Winter, spring, and summer passed away, and in the autumn I received a letter

from Mary, saying that her husband was traveling, and begging me to come to her. There was a terrible feeling at my heart as it looked once more into those once merry eyes, now so large and sad—and somehow a thought of *death* as I kissed those lips so mournful and resigned in their expression.

One evening we sat together in Mary's room, at twilight—her head rested on my shoulder, one pale hand supporting her soft cheek, as the other swept the chords of her harp, with her own peculiar grace and magic. Mournful and low was the prelude; and sad, and spirit-like the dear voice which sang once more to me "Ave Sanctissima!" Midnight had passed, and yet we sat by the open window—the moonlight falling in through the curtains of snowy muslin, its beams as pure, as spiritual as the frail creature who sat beside me, and whose face I fancied grew paler in its light.

We stood within the church again—and Mary's robes were snowy white; but her brow was paler than before—the long dark lashes fell upon a lifeless cheek—and the pale hands were crossed upon a hushed breast.

With mourning for the young and fair, solemnly echoed the deep tones of the organ through the high arches; and there were white faces, and stilled sobs around the coffined—beautiful—the coffined—*dead*.

In a package directed to me, which I opened after her death, Mary wrote these lines —

"I trusted in ideal worth, dear Jeannie—I have laid my heart's best and holiest affections as a sacrifice upon the altar of my religion. I am dying now, and promise me you will bring some of those deep-blue violets from my mother's grave, and plant them on my own—*then* I shall sleep. My husband has been kind to me—but his love is not that for which my heart has yearned.

"If you do not think it wrong, Jeannie dear, you may give my bible to cousin Claude, that same bible which he gave me so long ago. I have placed a curl among its leaves—in Heaven I shall be his *wife*—there are no *tears* there."

Bitterly did Claude Norrice weep as he held that long bright curl first in the sunshine, then in the shade; but there was a glance of joy in his dark religious eye as he murmured, "Mine in Heaven—Mary Norrice! in Heaven—mine *forever*!"

I stood beside him in the spot where Mary's earthly part is lying. The shadow of the willow-tree waved sadly to and fro upon the white marble cross, on which was graven "Mary Monterey, aged seventeen—there are no tears in Heaven." As I saw Claude Norrice gather a tuft of violets from the grave, and press them to his lips in an agony of grief, I wept that one so young and beautiful should die. But when I thought of the many high imaginings, the lofty hopes, and holy aspirations the sleeper there had taken hence to Heaven—when I thought how fair the flowers are, how sweet the music, and how white are the angel's wings in Paradise, I said in my heart—joy for thee, dear Mary Norrice! Thou art gone *home*!

> "Joy! joy forever! thy task is done,
> The gates are passed—and Heaven is won."

DEATH OF THE PATRIARCH

[Genesis. Chap. xlix.]

BY MRS. JULIET H. L. CAMPBELL.

The day declined in Egypt, and the faintly fluttering breeze
Drooped, with dew-laden pinion, ’mid the dark pom’granate trees;
The purple grapes, like clustering gems, hung heavy on the vine,
Half bursting with their luscious pulp, and rich with ruddy wine,
The broad green leaves that shadowed them throughout the noontide glare,
Now, quivering, fanned their glowing rinds, and cooled the brooding air;
While hitherward, and thitherward, the date tree and the palm,
Their graceful branches, slowly swayed, majestically calm.

The day declined in Egypt, and the sun had sought the west,
Where, like a king whose destiny was done, he sunk to rest,
While palace, dome, and pyramid, gleamed with celestial fire,
And heaven’s burnished battlements, glowed like a funeral pyre.
But in the zenith of the sky, transparent clouds, and white,
Rolled hurriedly athwart the blue, their billowy zones of light,
And parting in translucent waves, as the sea was doomed to do,
A throng of white-winged angels, swept that gate of glory through.

The day declined in Egypt, and an old man looked his last
Upon evening’s fading glories, for his life was ebbing fast;
And dim, to him, the rosy earth, though beautifully bright,
And dark, to him, the western heaven, though bathed in golden light.
Yet, though his feeble sight no more might trace the forms of earth,
His kindling soul looked from its clay, prophetically forth;
Futurity’s enfolding shroud rolled heavily away,
And ages, yet to be revealed, their secrets to the day.
Nations unborn around him thronged, with all their *deeds* and *doom*,
And the Patriarch glowed with prophecy, on the confines of the tomb.

The day declined in Egypt, and the Patriarch’s sons drew nigh,
To hear their father’s parting words, receive his parting sigh.
A noble band of brothers they, the princely twelve, who came

And bowed their stately heads before that worn and weary frame.
"Draw near, my sons," the old man said, "while I reveal to ye,
The hidden things, of old ordained, in latter days to be.

"REUBEN! beginning of my strength! my first born and my flower,
The excellency of dignity, the excellency of power!
But what are lofty gifts to thee, while thy impulsive heart
Will prompt alike the generous deed, or choose the baser part!
Unstable as the waves thou art, I read thy nature well,
And dignity and power are *vain*, for *thou shalt ne'er excel*.

"LEVI and SIMEON, brethren ye, in wickedness and wile!
My soul abhors your cruelty, mine honor shuns your guile!
Lost and accursed shall ye be by God's avenging wrath,
And scattered wide, like sifted chaff, upon the whirlwind's path.

"Thou, princely JUDAH, nearer draw, my proud and peerless one,
Mine eyes would rest once more on thee, my lion-hearted son;
I see thy calm, majestic front, thou generous, true, and just!
In *thee* the children of thy sire, for aye shall place their trust.
The gathering of the nations around *thy* house shall be;
And until SHILOAH'S *coming the sceptre rests with thee*!"

And thus, as round their prophet sire, the awe-struck brethren wait,
To each of all the listening twelve, he speaks, unfolding fate.
The brawny breast of ISSACHER, heaves heavily and high,
As years of cruel servitude arise before his eye;
Luxurious ASHER'S curving lip, half wreaths into a smile,
As visions of voluptuousness, flit o'er his brain the while;
And BENJAMIN, exulting hears of his successful toil —
"*At morn thou shalt pursue the prey, at eve devour the spoil.*"

But JOSEPH, of the steadfast soul, triumphant over wrong,
Round thee, the best belovéd one, the choicest blessings throng.
Of the deep that lieth under, of the far spread heavens above;
Of thy home and of thy household, in thy life and in thy love,
The words wherewith he blesseth thee, o'er all prevaileth still —
Unto the utmost boundary of the everlasting hill.

The day declined in Egypt, and from fertile mound and plain,
The golden sunlight fades away—night gathers dark again.
The clouds roll their dark billows back, and through the rifts on high;
The solemn stars, in marshaled hosts, tread up the midnight sky;

While chanting, through the firmament, the errant angels come;
They lead the unfettered spirit up, in triumph to its home.

A MONTICELLO DAY.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Monticello is one of the loveliest villages upon which the sun shines. It occupies, in two rows, the aides and summit of a steep hill, surrounded by orchards, grain-fields, and meadows; which in turn are girdled by the unbroken wilderness. The single street is formed by the broad turnpike, with smooth grassy margins that extend like carpets of emerald up to the very porches, from the edges of the highway. Two side-walks fringed with maples, (the most beautiful shade trees in the world) form, with their brown stripes, the only interruption to the smooth green margins above referred to. The street (or highway more properly speaking) is hard and smooth as a sea-beach, over which the wagon-wheel rolls as evenly and swiftly as over the surface of that very important invention of modern times, the Plank road. Indeed it is more like the glide of the rail-car over the T road than any thing else, and the way that a span of Halsey’s horses can whirl a carriage through the street of the village, “is a caution” to lazy folks.

The houses are mostly new and uniformly painted white, and peep out from their rows of maples in the most agreeable and picturesque manner. In fact, so sylvan is the whole appearance of Monticello, buried as it is amongst its leaves, that it looks like some huge bird’s nest in the branches of an enormous tree. It is an isolated place, too, tucked away behind the Shawanyunk Mountain, and although placed upon a hill, is as far removed from the busy world as it well could be. It is true, Hamilton’s red coach crawls daily from Newburgh on the Hudson, through it, carrying the mail with great regularity and despatch, (good conscience,) on its snail-like pace to Lake Erie, but if the line depended only for its continuance upon its passengers, its life would be short indeed. In fact, if Uncle Sam’s “pap” (as Uncle Jack says) were not freely bestowed, it would not really last longer than a chicken with the pip.

Such being the state of things, it may readily be imagined that we villagers have every thing to ourselves, as far as the great world without is concerned, and that we are very little troubled with any affairs except our own. It is true they furnish trouble enough of themselves, but they are generally of such a nature that the detachment of grannies and old maids from the main body of the village which take a most pious and praise-worthy care of the morals of the place, can usually settle them over a long “tea drink” at one or the other of their dwellings.

With these preliminaries I now proceed to endeavor to sketch the gliding of a summer’s day over our beautiful village, albeit my touches may be skill-less, and

my colors faint.

Not yet sunrise! What a sweet gray delicate light glimmers in the air, and how fresh and cool the universal hue over every object. The sky is stainless, pure as the thoughts of Innocence, and bright as the dreams of the happy, although it wants the splendor of the risen sun. Faint, faint, as the memory of other days to the aged are those few white stars throbbing in the mid-sky, sinking deeper and deeper in the lustrous heavens. In the east is a wreathed cloud, just above the spot where the sun is expected, and evidently awaiting the period for it to burn under the glance of the orbed God, like the arch-angel nearest to the Throne of the Mighty. The west is dusky with the outlines of the forest upon it misty and undefined, as if the breath of the vanished night was still lingering there. Nothing is there to arrest my gaze; but the east draws my eye toward it with the power of a magnet. The east! solemn and mysterious spot in the wide heavens! how it sways, with its mighty influence, the whole human race.

Upon its brow did the splendid Star of the Nativity blaze out with its sudden glory, upon the astonished eyes of the shepherds upon the hill-side, and there was the group of angels unveiled to the cowering mortals who heard, as they shuddered upon their mother earth, the glad anthem of “Peace on earth—good-will to men,” pealing through the brightened heavens, and echoing even down to the dim, night-clad scene around them.

From the east did the steps of the “wise men” come when they brought their gifts of “frankincense and myrrh” to the hallowed infant in the manger. And even now, as the first level ray streams across the desert, does the wild Arab check the lofty step of his camel, and kneeling toward the east, join in the praise then ascending from a thousand minarets, that “God is great and Mahomet is his Prophet.”

To the east then will I turn, and with no infidel praise in my heart, but with the feeling of pure gratitude to that beneficent Being who has watched my pillow through the “dangers of the past night,” I gaze upon it. Ha! that sudden flash, like the leaping of flame upon the altar! How the wreathed cloud starts into light—how it brightens, how it glows! like the iron in the furnace, how it turns to sudden red! Now o’er its downy surface a crimson flush is spread! now its edges burn with gold, it is a glorious banner now, burning, gleaming, flaring, glaring on the east’s illuminated brow.

What a splendid object! and yet but a few moments ago it was nothing but a wreath of cold gray vapor—a fragment doubtless of that dim blanket which kept the stars from shining the past night. What a splendid object, and yet the tints will soon fade, and it will once more turn to a dim curl of cloud insignificant and hueless. Solomon’s mantle will change to a garment that a beggar would scorn, particularly if the morning should be cold. Garments of cloud may be very romantic, but they would prove deucedly uncomfortable, particularly in winter I fancy, although the sun does turn them into golden, crimson, and jeweled glories.

But the east is kindling brighter and brighter, and at last a spot, directly beneath

the cloud, is burning almost like “white heat.” That is the bath of splendor into which the sun will rush when it spurns the mountain top and launches into the heavens. And see the lower edge now burns with a fire that sears the very eyeball, and ha! yes, there comes the sun. Up, up, with slow and stately, and solemn motion as yet, up, up, with seeming accelerated speed; now it launches into its bath of splendor, and in plain Saxon, it is sunrise.

Two broad streams of light roll toward me. One comes flashing directly in front, tipping the summit of “Tonner’s hill,” and placing, quick as thought, bright caps of gold upon the pines and hemlocks of the next ridge this way, thence lighting upon “Brownson’s Hill,” and helmeting the pines and hemlocks of that locality, and thence hitting here and touching there, it bathes with rosy splendor the chimneys of the village, and they straightway, like altars just touched by flame, begin, every mother’s son of them, to smoke. And not your blue, common smoke either, but smoke of *lapis lazuli*, or whatever other hue is radiant and rich.

The other beam shoots off to the left, and leaving the valley-meadows below Tonner’s, still steeped in their silver down of mist, it glorifies the summits of the next wood, and spreads in a huge ring of golden glow upon the tops of the forests that form the framework of “Pleasant Pond.” One towering pine that plumes a green turban of a hill near the liquid silver of the pond, has caught the splendor upon its apex, and how the glad light there laughs and sparkles and dances. Like the brain of a poet when the pure fire descends upon it, it seems to break out into a glow of inspiration, and hark! borne to the fine and subtle ear of fancy, through the intervening space thus sounds the song of this Memnon of the forest—its sunrise hymn—

Hail to the morning, hail! hail to its light and its splendor!
Hail to its keen swift arrows! hail to its joy and its gladness!
Light rushes up from the east, as from an eternal fountain,
And straightway all Nature glows like steel that burns in the furnace!
Hail to the morning, hail! hail to its radiant splendor!
Hail to the wings of its speed! to its glad and its glorious presence!

It comes to the dusky east like a thought of fire to the brain!
It comes to the brightening east, like a “bridegroom to his bride!”
It comes to the glowing east like liberty to the slave!
And Nature laughs out in its splendor, and turns into light in its joy.
Sing pæans, sing pæans all Nature! about pæans to God in His glory!
He rolls up the sun in His might! He spreadeth the wings of the
morning!

Arise, oh! man, and come forth! glad morning calls out to arise!
Break, break the fetters of slumber! lo! beauty is here to salute thee!
Here freshness, here splendor, here beauty! yes, purity, beauty, and

health!
Health in the soft sweet air, and beauty on earth and in heaven!
Wake man from the fetters of sleep! come forth and rejoice in this gladness.
Hail to the morning, hail! hail to its light and its splendor!
It comes like a seraph from heaven! yea, from heaven, and fresh with its glory!
And lighting upon the dim Earth, the dim Earth straight bursts into beauty.
Hail to the morning, hail! it comes with the speed of its pinion
To turn the dim Earth into splendor, to clothe it in garments of light!
Hail to the morning, hail! all hail to its glorious presence!
Peal upward, rise upward my song! hail beautiful morning! all hail!

And thus endeth the first chapter.

Scene the second, is after breakfast, for the inhabitants of Monticello generally, notwithstanding the invocation of the smitten pine to them, with almost the single exception of myself, don’t trouble themselves about rising until nature is pretty well aired. In other words they are, nearly all, late risers.

This, however, is a sweeping remark, and does not include the various “hired helps” of the village, who are now sallying out of their respective domiciles, milk-pail in hand; and soon at every gate, and in every green lane I hear the whizzing sounds of the milk streaming in slight threads of pearl into the fast mantling pails beneath. Neither does it include poor Hank Jones who, shaking in every limb from the want of his morning dram, is hastening to the nearest bar-room; nor “Loafing Joe” either, who, I believe, never goes to bed, and who is always astir with the earliest bird, and who now, with the seeds of the hay-mow which afforded him his last night’s couch, and his hat all crushed up, giving good evidence that he has used it for a night-cap, is lounging, with his customary slouching gait, along the maple-sidewalk leading from Hamble’s. But these morning sights and sounds soon vanish—the cows wend their lazy way, lowing, to their respective sweet-scented pastures—the “helps” disappear with their foaming pails—poor lost Hank, after swallowing a draught sufficient to set his stomach in a flame, leaves for home, and even “the Loafer” has turned up the “Stone Store road” toward his little cabin on the hill-side. (He lives on the summit of “Antimony Hill,” the name for the bluff at the left of the road, forming the termination of “Coit’s Ridge.” I have a story to tell about that “Ridge” one of these days.)

The village is buried in quietude, and so, I’ll go to breakfast. Well, breakfast has been dispatched, and I am again at my post, pencil in hand, to note down events as they shall occur. Ah! there comes “Squire Belldong” along the turnpike from his dwelling, after having discussed his first meal of the day. I’ll hasten up and follow

him into “Saint’s” store, for I see he is bound there—that is always his first stopping-place. There’ll be some fun now. He is the greatest mischief-maker in the village, pursuing his trade out of pure love for it, for nothing delights him so much as “setting people by the ears,” as he calls it. He is a lawyer, and as he lives by this laudable business, perhaps he should not be blamed. At any rate, living or no living, he follows the business up with the pertinacity of a greyhound after a hare.

“Good morning, Saint! how are you this fine morning!” is his first salutation to the keeper of the store.

“Good morning, Squire! I am very well! How are you and your family!”

“Very well, I thank you! although I didn’t sleep very well last night!”

“Ah! what was the matter?”

“Old John P.’s dog kept up such a confounded barking and yelling, that I couldn’t sleep a wink. However, there was a deuced quick stop put to it about two o’clock as I should judge.”

“How was that?”

“A pistol shot I fancy. I heard the report, and one yell from the dog, and then all was as quiet as could be wished.”

Here Saint John began to pick up his ears. He stopped measuring some calico which he had been busy on, and said —

“The deuce! Who could have shot him?”

“Loafing Joe they say. At least old Wheeler, whom I met at the upper end of the village, told me so.”

“There’s a chance for a suit for you, Squire! John P. will complain, wont he?”

“No doubt of it. Well Joe has got nothing, so he must e’en go to jail!”

“Good riddance for the village. I wish the vagabond was always there.”

“So do I. Good morning.”

“Good morning, Squire.”

Over goes the mischief-maker to Hamble’s across the road.

“Good morning, Hamble!” as he enters the bar-room, where he finds that worthy making his lemons still sourer by looking at them.

“Have you heard the news, Hamble!” elevating his heels on the bar-room table, and deliberately drawing out a cigar. “By the way, Hamble, give me a light.” (He is also the most free and easy fellow in the world.)

“News! no—what news?”

“They say that old Wheeler shot John P.’s dog last night!”

“*They* say! *who* says? *They* say means nobody.”

“Well, *they* say in this case means your own son-in-law. Saint John just told me so.”

“Where! I don’t believe it!”

“Well, you are very polite, Hamble. (Puffing away at his cigar in the most imperturbable manner possible.) Saint told me so in his own store not a minute ago. (Knocking off the gray ashy tip of his cigar with his little finger.) However, it is a secret. Don’t say to Saint that *I* told you, for he’ll be angry with me.”

“Not I. I shant probably think of it again.”

Down goes Belldong, not half satisfied yet, to Claypole’s store.

“Hellow, Claypole! how goes it with you this beautiful summer’s morning? Heigho! I’m so confounded sleepy, I can hardly see.”

“What’s the matter now, Squire?”

“Why I was kept awake nearly all night, last night, by that infernal dog of John P.’s. By the way, have you heard the news?”

“No! what is it?”

“Saint John shot that devilish dog last night.”

“N-o! you don’t say so!”

“Yes, but I do say so, and know so too.” (Very positively, at the same time throwing away the stump of his cigar.)

“Why, who told you so?”

“Hamble—not a minute ago. He’s good authority isn’t he? About his own son-in-law, too?”

“Why, yes—he’s the best kind of authority, considering whom he tells it of.”

“Well it’s true, no doubt of it. However, don’t say I told you that Hamble told me. It might get me into trouble.”

“Of course not. I shant bring your name in. But who would have thought it? However, I am glad of it on the whole. That dog was the perfect horror of the whole village with his yowling and yelling. I declare, on the whole, I’m rejoiced at it. We’ll have some peace nights and stand a chance of sleeping some. I vow to you, the other moonlight night he made such a noise I couldn’t close my eyes. I got up and opened the window, and what should I see (you know it was as bright as day) but that infernal creature, planted on his four legs with his tail as stiff as a mackerel, yowling at the moon, as if he was in the last stages of the hydrophobia. I was so mad that I took one of my old boots, and may I be hanged, if I didn’t hit him slap, right on his head. He had just opened his great mouth for another yowl, but it changed to a yell double quick time, I tell you, and the way he streaked it round the corner was nothing to nobody. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I’m glad he’s dead, any way.”

“He! he! he! so am I. Well, good morning.”

Opposite walks he, straight as a bee-line, to Nate’s store.

“Well, Nate, how are you?”

“Pretty well, how is it with yourself?”

“So as to be stirring, though I’m sleepy as the deuce. Have you heard the news this morning, Nate?”

“News, no! (Nate is as keen after news as after money, and that is saying all that can be said on the subject.) What news? Do tell me, Squire?”

“Well, I mean to tell you. You know John P.’s big dog, don’t you?”

“Yes. I hear him often enough nights to know him. What of it?”

“He’s been shot.”

“Good! First rate. But who shot him?”

“Old cheese, your brother-in-law up at the tavern there.”

“What, Hamble! You don’t say so!”

“But I do say so. And I say further, (but this you mustn’t repeat for the world, Nate, that is, with me as your authority—now you wont, will you?)”

“No, no, no, I tell you. What was you going to say further?”

“Why, I was going to say further, (and of course you wont repeat it as you’ve promised not,) that Claypole told me so.”

“Whew! Who would have believed it? I’m devilish glad of it though, anyhow.”

Down, as fast as his legs (and they are long ones,) can carry him, stalks the mischief-maker to Wiggins’ tavern.

“I say, Wiggins, how goes the morning with you? Had many customers at the bar yet, eh!”

“Well, not a great many, Squire! It’s rather airley yet.”

“So it is. You’ve heard the news this morning, doubtless, Wiggins?”

“News! no. What news, Squire?”

“Why, John P.’s infernal great yowling dog has been shot!”

“Shot—dog—John P. Why, you don’t say so, squire!”

“No. *I* don’t say so, but Nate Hemstitch does, and further more he says who shot him.”

“*The deuce* he does. Who was it?”

“I’ll tell you, if you’ll promise not to bring me in the scrape.”

“I promise of course. Now, who was it?”

“Well, Nate says that Bill Claypole did it.”

“Bill Claypole! Well—who—would—have—supposed it. I’m all struck into a heap!”

“So am I, and I haven’t been struck out of it yet. Ha! ha! ha! Well, I must go to my office. Good morning.”

And away goes Belldong after having, like a great spider, woven a web of mischief all over the blessed village, that isn’t untangled in a month, and will probably be the cause of divers fisticuffings, if not lawsuits.

In the meanwhile, the sun has glided higher and higher on his golden wheel up his steep blue eastern pathway. The day promises to be a real Titian, where a splendid coloring steeps the landscape in a lake of light, where the rich yellows and deep blacks lie side by side in distinct gradations, where the leaves embroider their ghostly counterfeits on the sidewalks, where the sky is glittering in its most cerulean intensity, and the air is so crystal clear that the outlines of the distant hills seem as if traced with a hair-pencil on their azure background. The morning shadows, however, are commencing to shrink back, so that an edging of sunlight stripes the left border of the village street, whilst the street itself is bathed in deep gold, and the white houses opposite sparkle from the breaks in the glossy foliage with the most radiant and beautiful effect.

The country wagons now begin to roll in. Old Taggett appears with his ox-cart creaking like “Deacon Morgan, with his voice like a wagon,” and urging his piebald steeds with a goad as long as Mrs. T.’s tongue (and that is long enough in all

conscience).

Deacon Decker is also in the village, having driven from “Decker’s Settlement” since sunrise, with eggs and butter to exchange for goods and groceries at Saint John’s store; and, as I’m alive if here doesn’t come old Deacon Lackstir, urging his fat lazy horses to an unwonted trot, as if on especial and driving business.

He is making his way to Esq. Loop’s, and I’ll enter the precincts of “Pettifogger’s Delight,” to see what constitutes his hurry.

“Good morning, Squire Loop,” says the deacon, drawing in his breath through his mouth all puckered up as if in the act of whistling. “How you do this morning? How are your wife and children? Doing well under Providence, I trust! Well, squire, I’ve come this morning with a little piece of paper to have you sue on’t. I don’t want to be deficient in Christian meekness, but it’s scripter doctrine, you know, ‘to pay what thou owest.’ He! he! he!”

Whilst the old deacon is thus giving evidence of his “Christian meekness,” I take the opportunity to look over the justice’s docket.

Ha! by all that’s laughable, there is a suit to come off to-day.

“Nirum Coger *vs.* Jacob Kettle”—plea, slander. “For that whereas the said defendant did on divers days and times, to wit, on the 4th day of July, A. D. 1847, being then and thereunder the influence of strong drink, and at the instigation of the devil, did, with sticks, staves and stones, to wit, with a sharp instrument commonly called the tongue, say, utter and publish, in the presence and hearing of divers respectable persons of the village, and to their great scandal, that he (meaning the said Nirum) was an infernal thief, and that he (meaning the said defendant) could prove it; and furthermore, that he (meaning the said Nirum) had stole a sheep and hid its ears in a stump,” &c. &c. &c.

Here’s fun enough in prospect for the greatest stoic in the universe. “I will be there! At eleven o’clock—and it is within a few minutes of the time now. So I’ll e’en take a seat.”

In a few minutes Nirum comes stumping over, on his crutches, from his little saddler’s shop opposite, and after him, mimicking his gait in the most ludicrous manner, comes his opponent, the most incorrigible vagabond in the whole village, not excepting “Loafing Joe” himself. Abe Kettle is certainly the very personification of blackguardism. “You are as great a vagabond as Abe Kettle,” is a perfect proverb throughout the place. This will be a rich trial, depend upon it.

By and by the jury (the standing one of the village,) come stringing in, looking very solemn and important. Esquire Loop takes his seat at his desk, “spectacles on nose,” and calls over the case.

“Nirum Coger.”

“Here.” (Propping himself up on his crutches.)

“Abraham Kettle.”

“Here.” (Suddenly overtaken with lameness himself, and limping up to the desk.)

“Gentlemen, are you ready to proceed?”

“Yes, your honor,” squeaked little “Blackberry,” who was counsel for the plaintiff, and popping up from his chair.

“I aint, your honor,” interrupts Abe.

“Why not pray?” asks the justice, looking over his spectacles at him with a magisterial frown.

“I haint got no witness.”

“That’s your own fault, not mine. Constable, call the jury.”

“I’ll make affidavy that it weren’t no lachees on my part, your honor. I hope Mr. Coger wont take no advantage nor nothen.”

“You needn’t set there and lie, Abe Kettle,” says Nirum. “You haint got no witness anyhow, and you knows it.”

“Well, heave ahead!” says Abe, taking his seat at the desk. “All I want is to criss-cross your witnesses, to show that this here suit is a spite suit. All spite and malice, your honor, *and* nothen else.”

“Constable call the jury,” again commands the justice, blowing his nose with a snort like that of a Pleasant Pond bull-frog.

Hereupon this functionary, (who by the way, was the perfect terror of all the apple-hooking boys in the place, and, next to his dog, the greatest dependence, the owner of the said dog had for the preservation of his orchard,) commenced calling over his jury list, and finding them all “on the spot,” (the magical shilling would always bring about that phenomenon,) the justice began the usual swearing in.

“James Bat, John Slow, Jacob Slush.”

Hereupon three vagabonds showed themselves.

“The evidence you shall give, (here the justice evidently forgot the form of the oath, and began to fumble the leaves of his ‘Justice’s Manual,’ with a sneaking and puzzled look.) Ah! oh! shall give between, what’s his name, plaintiff, and A. B. defendant shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing *but* the truth. Kiss the book!” snatching up an old song book near him, (the justice is purblind without his spectacles, and they had at that juncture slipped down to the very tip of his nose.) They obeyed, and the rest of the jury were all called and sworn in the same manner.

The first witness called for the plaintiff was a thick-headed Dutchman, who could not manage to speak English, and who looked as if it were beyond his management altogether to keep his eyes open. He testified to the plaintiff and defendant being together in Wiggins’ bar-room on the 4th of July last, and in the course of a quarrel which sprang up between them, that the defendant had said that the plaintiff was a thief—(“And so he is,” ejaculated Abe, at this point of the testimony, which elicited a loud “*Silence!*” from the justice, and a grin of rage from Nirum)—and that he had ‘stolen a sheep and hid its ears in a stump.’

Nothing could be more clear, but what was that to Abe?

“Are you through, little Blackberry?” asked he of the opposite counsel.

Young Kellogg looked at him indignantly for a moment and then, drawing himself up, said —

“I demand the protection of the court here, from the impertinence of this

person."

"Mr. Kettle, call the counsel by his name, or I shall be obliged to commit you."

"Why, your honor, I thought his name was Blackberry. Loafer Joe says it is, and besides I never heerd him called by any other name, your honor. He's always called 'little Blackberry' whenever they tell of his hoss runnen away with him last Gineral Trainen!"

"No matter what Loafer Joe says—you must call him by his name, *Mr. Kellogg*, whenever you speak to him."

"Well, your honor, all's the same to Abe. Are you through, Mr. Kellogg?"

"Yes, and I demand judgment; the case is made out."

"Not as you knows on, little Black—Mr. Kellogg I mean. Jest you wait a bit—jest wait till I criss-cross this here witness a little might. Mr. Slump, (addressing the witness,) who was present when I said that aire?"

"Loafer Joe was, and I was too."

"Hem—ha—was there any one else?"

"Not as I seed."

"Very well—put that down your honor. What did I say was the reason I called him by his name?"

"You didn't call him by his name. You said up and down, he was a thief."

"*Very well!* but what was the reason I said he was a thief?"

"Because you said that he'd stole a sheep and hid its ears in a stump!"

"Now, Mr. Slump, be careful—remember your oath; false swearen is a state's-prison matter—are you sarten I said a sheep! Didn't I say a calf?"

"Calf!"

"Yes, calf—*be careful now*—remember state's-prison!"

The witness began to open his eyes and looked puzzled, and somewhat frightened.

"You see, your honor, he looks skeered. Put that down, that he looks skeered. *Answer*, Mr. Slump!"

"Calf!"

"Yes, calf!" bawls out Abe, and striking the table with his fist.

"Well, I don't know but you did. Sheep—calf—calf—sheep—same thing."

"It may be in Dutch, but it isn't in English by a long shot, Mr. Slump. Put that down, your honor, this ere intelligent witness doesn't know the difference between a calf and a sheep. He says, your honor, that I said calf—and didn't I also say *his* ears, availing Nirum's, instead of *its* ears."

"Well, I don't know but you did," gasps out the witness, looking frightened out of his wits.

"Put that down, your honor. I said *his* ears instead of *its*. I call for a nonsuit."

"Call for a nonsuit!" ejaculates Kellogg, in a tone of indignant surprise—"on what ground, pray!"

"On three grounds, your honor—First, the declaration says that I called the plaintiff a thief in the hearing of 'divers respectable persons,' when the witness

testifies that I said it in the presence of Loafer Joe and himself—the first one being the greatest vagabond, and the last the most infarnal fool in the village. That’s the fust ground. The second is, I didn’t say a ‘sheep’ at all, but a ‘calf,’ and that I’m ready to stand up to any day—(here Nirum aimed a blow at him with his crutch.) Oh, you needn’t fight about it, Mr. Coger. It’s true and you know it. Keep your crutches for your own carcass, you vagabone you. That’s the second ground. The third ground is that I said *his* ears instead of *its* ears, and that I’ll stand up to; also, for that very mornen this here limpen saddler was as drunk as an owl, and was a lyen in the woods above the village, with his ears, head and all, in an old rotten stump back of Coit’s Ridge. I know that, your honor, for I pulled him out myself, and all the thanks I got for it was abuse from the vagabone!”

In vain did Coger asseverate his innocence—(the story being, in point of fact, a lie of Abe’s from beginning to end, as Nirum was noted for his temperance all over the village, and was a Methodist class-leader in good standing, in addition). In vain did Kellogg start upon his feet and commence a loud denial of the whole story. The justice struggled not to smile—the constable grinned—the jury followed suit, the audience tittered, and the boys outside set up a yell like an Iroquois war-whoop, of “Hooraw for Abe Kettle!”

As for Abe himself, he looked round him in the most staid and sober manner, and then, after demanding for a second time his nonsuit, as he termed it, took his seat; and the justice, looking dark in the face with his efforts to conceal his laughter, dismissed the suit.

“I want a warrant for the costs, ef they aint paid on the spot,” says Abe. “I’m ready to swear, your honor—”

“Pay him the costs and be hanged to him,” ejaculated Kellogg to his client. “He’s ready to swear to any thing.”

And Nirum, with a sigh takes out his leathern pouch and defrays the costs to the justice. Kellogg then takes his hat and sneaks over to his office. Nirum hobbles to his shop—the justice closes his office door, the boys melt away, and the farce is over.

Twelve o’clock! time for the stage—so I’ll take a look at the hill. Sure enough, there is a pyramid of dust shooting up from its summit, and, in the midst, gleams out the crimson coach like a boiled lobster from the gray mist of its pot.

Down the hill whirls the dust, and soon we’ll see the machine upon the flat. Ah! here it is, spinning along at a great rate. Past Griffin’s black domicile—past the beautiful meadow on the right—past the rich wheat-field on the left—past the smooth lawny hill, with its birchen grove on its top—past Uncle Jack’s—past the “ridge farm road,” and now it is creeping up the hill by Owlet’s blacksmith shop. Ah! here comes the ears of the leaders above the brow of the hill—then the heads tossing up and down with their efforts—then the bodies, reined and strapped—then the wheelers—then the lower side of the slanting seat which forms the driver’s throne—then the driver himself, with his four reins slanting to the horses’ heads—then the whole red coach, creaking and pitching. At last the top of the hill is gained,

and, with a loud crack of the driver's whip, through the village trot the jaded steeds. The coach looks like a bobbed rooster with his tail down, for the dusty boot protrudes immensely at the rear, and all the weight appears to be on the hind seat. Up rolls the coach, the driver making his whip crack like Fanny Ellsler's castanets in the "cracovienne," and with a prodigious attempt at creating a sensation—the machine stops at Hamble's. Here the passengers, in the shape of a fat old lady, a lean old gentleman, and a cross baby between them, empty themselves on Hamble's porch, and the driver, with a loud "keh!" and an awful crack of his whip, gallops over to the post-office.

Thither follow the whole village, all athirst for the contents of the mail-bag, which the driver sends straight at the head of the boy who appears at the threshold of the store (for calicoes are distributed on one side, letters on the other, and rum in the rear,) to receive it. The boy lugs in the bag, casts it over the counter with a wry face, and straight commences to unlock it and unloose the iron chain through its rings. That duty performed, he vomits forth the contents—tawny parcels, large and small—inside the counter, and stooping down commences, with the postmaster himself, the task of "overhauling the mail." Now a packet would skim from his hand—and now another would take a flying leap—and now another would bound, with a jerk, away, and then he would place a parcel carefully by his side—then away would fly another packet, and then another would be placed by his knee, the latter swelling into a small pile—the mail matter for Monticello. At last, all the contents being carefully picked over, the boy would rise painfully, as if his knee joints were sore. The chain would again be thrust through the loops—the padlock locked, and the leathern sack be lifted over the counter and be transferred to the box of the expectant coach, crushed under the feet of the driver who, carefully gathering up his reins, would give a chirrup and whistle to his trampling team—off would dart the coach, and the fat old lady, and the lean old gentleman, and the cross baby between them, who by this time is very red in the face, would disappear in thick wreaths of gray dust up the turnpike leading to Cochecton on the Delaware waters.

The Monticello mail is then grasped with both hands, a package every now and then slipping to the floor, and poured upon the post-office side of the store. An untwisting of hempen strings then takes place—the tawny covers torn from letter and newspaper, and after conning a most tedious time over the packages, the postmaster commences in a drawling lazy voice to call over the names upon the backs of the letters. The Hon. Mr. Johnson (or whatever his name is at Washington) never selected his deputy for his skill in reading, I'll be bound, or else he has been awfully taken in—for such a blunderhead I never heard attempt to call over mail matter before:

"Mr. Screw-screw—s-c-r-e-w—Screwdriver!"

"Screwdriver! who the devil's that?" ejaculates one of the expectants.

"That's the name on the letter, anyhow!" answers the postmaster fiercely, and spitting out enough tobacco-juice to drown all the flies in the store.

" 'S-s-' that's a 'c' r, stop, no that's not an r, that's an 'h'-oh, Schelmsford. Mr.

Schelmsford!”

“Here!” promptly responds one of the number outside the counter.

“Five cents, Mr. Schelmsford! That’s right!”

“Mr. Stickup! Is Stickup here?”

“No Stickup here.” (Or any where else I fancy, continues one sotto voce.)

“It’s likely you know as well as I do, when I’m looking right at the letter, and you are staring at the rum barrels. I’ll thank you to hold your tongue.”

“Send to Washington—have him put out—can’t read writen—dunce—fool—blunderhead—how long must we wait?” burst out in paroxysms of wrath from the expectants.

“Gentlemen have a little patience, will ye; you see what spider’s tracks this writen is. It wants optics like those of a microscope to decipher it,” responds the poor postmaster, perspiring in his dread at the awful threats of the expectants. “Now have a l-e-e-t-l-e patience and you’ll all get your letters.”

“Mrs. Soapdish!”

“Soapdish, you wretch!” shrieks a female voice in the crowd. “Soapdish, you mean puppy! Soapdish! you low fellow!”

“Yes, Soapdish!” asseverated the postmaster, who seeing it is only a woman begins to take courage. “Have you any objection to Soapdish? If you have leave the letter, that’s all. Leave the letter for the dead office at Washington, only *don’t interrupt* me in my official duties, my good woman! Soapdish is a very good name, the name your husband gave you, no doubt, Mrs. Soapdish! Does she want her letter, after paying me five cents for it!”

“You mean Mrs. Soper, Mr. Skinner,” modestly observes some one from the crowd.

“No I don’t. I mean Mrs. Soapdish. Miss-es—Misses—Soap-dish—Soapdish! Stop though! what a confounded crabbed hand!” squinting over it, then glancing askance at it, and then fairly turning it upside down, after endeavoring to squint inside, as if to find the name there. “On the whole, I shouldn’t be surprised if it were ‘Soper.’ Here, take it, my good woman, and look at it yourself. If it isn’t Soapdish, it’s Soper, and one name is as good as another in Tahoo, for that’s the language the fellow has written in I verily believe,” continues he, grumbling and fumbling over his other letters.

“James Shipoker, Esq.!”

“James Shipoker, Esq.,” ejaculates the judge of the county court. “Oh, what an *incorrigible ass*! James Shipman you fool! Well, I can’t stand this. I’ll write to my friend, the Postmaster-General, and have you kicked out, neck and crop, you dunce you!”

“Just come and help yourselves, gentlemen! I see how it is. You wish to interrupt me to avoid paying the postage. I can see through a grindstone as well as the best of ye, especially when there’s a hole in it big enough to put John P.’s dog in. Here, boy, you come and call over the letters. See if you have any better luck!”

The store-lad fortunately could “read writen,” and after a while each one got his

letter or his paper and left the post-office.

And thus endeth the second lesson. In other words, it is dinner time.

Dinner is dispatched.

The glossy dark shades begin now to stretch themselves from the golden west. The shadow of “Coit’s house” (I mean to tell a story about that also) lies strong and well-defined—a sable picture—upon the sunny green—each tree “hath wrought its separate ghost upon the”—grass. Hamble’s tall, straddling sign-post looks like a prone black giant upon the gray highway, and the long sweep of the corner-well seems like an elbow a-kimbo.

The girls and boys of the village now assemble for their usual afternoon stroll. Pleasant Pond is the point fixed upon, and accordingly we start. We turn up the green country-road leading to it, arm-in-arm. How fresh and beautiful every thing is. The wheat is goldening—the meadow grass is deepening—the pasture-fields are clovering, and the air is one incense. The distant hills are freckled with gliding shadows, and the pure pearls of clouds are dissolving as if the sky was Cleopatra’s goblet. Others are wreathing, as if to form a silver garland for the brow of Antony, whilst others are glittering in the sunlight, as if to spread a canopy of snow for the fairy barge that in old times floated along the Cydnus. The Titianesque beauty it promised in the early morning, is gloriously fulfilled—lo! it is all one bright and rich and golden glow of beauty.

So up the hill we pass, and down the hill we go, and now we are in the forest with the soft, cool, green shadow falling over us like a mantle. We are pleased with every thing—we smile at every thing—no thought of care is in our happy hearts. The world is Eden, with the angel Hope smiling us forward with her azure wings, and bidding us, with soft entreating tones, to enter in its pathways, whilst the gate, the pure white gateway, swings upon the post, shrouding our eye from all that is behind, and forcing us to dwell upon the soft and fairy picture that the future paints, to lure our steps in its delicious maze.

W-h-e-w! what a leap Pegasus has taken to be sure. Pat him gently, pat him gently, for his eye is bright with fire; pat him gently, pat him gently, for his heart is hot with ire; pat him gently, rein him gently, or his hoof will spurn the ground, and on high he’ll rise and soar and fly, with a swift and curbless bound—and, plain common sense! you will be left kicking in the mud.

Well, we’ve patted him gently, the arching of his glossy neck is over—his eye hath lost its mad brightness, his hoof settles into his customary trot, and “Pegasus is himself again”—*Shakspeare*.

Hurrah! the pond is in view, appearing like a great looking-glass. Come, let us hurry to the bank and have some fun. Here is our usual parlor—a floor of silver sand—a roof of thick woven laurels—mossy logs for our chairs, and the pond itself for our mirror. Here we are safe and sound—call the roll!—no one missing. Now, now will we speed the bright hours away, all shod with pure gold from the sun’s merry

ray; with song and with laughter we will wait till the west with gold and with crimson the wreathed clouds has dressed; no care shall distract us, no sorrow annoy, again you're a girl and once more I'm a boy; with a pure sky above us, and heaven within, ere you had known trouble or I had known sin; let pleasure then smile on us—throw care away, come what may, come what will, we'll be happy to-day. So we will—say one, say all.

A party of us "male critturs" now leave the ladies plunged deep in song and sentiment, for a plunge in the delicate balm of the waters stretched like a dream of delight far, far away to our vision.

About half a mile from the party is a deep narrow cove, with a long wooded point shutting it completely from observation. It is the most lovely and retired spot in the universe for a "quiet dip." And, reader, here let me inform you, that bathing in our American ponds, and bathing in the surf at the sea-side, are two different things. In the latter case you go habited in a night-gown, striped like a state's-prison bird, and with many an "oh!" and "ah!" you feel your way over the moist cool sand. At length you see the tall wave lifting itself up like a rearing war-horse, and with silver-mane flashing, and azure-breast dashing, on it comes. You stand stock still with suspended breath, and at length you see the glittering and magnificent billow combing right over your head. You involuntarily duck, but there is no escape, down comes the gorgeous thing, slap, right over your whole person, wetting you through in an instant, and as staggering and blinded you reel back to the shore, you hear the delicious crumble of the wave upon the beach, than which no sound in nature can be so deep and yet so rich, so sounding and yet so mellow. But fresh water bathing is a different matter. No striped night-gowns, but "in puribus naturalibus," (I don't know whether that is good Latin or not, and don't care,) you walk boldly along some cool, soft, mossy log, its surface yielding like velvet to your naked feet, and, souse, head first you dive into the limpid element.

And that was the case with us, until a dozen heads were on the surface looking like magnified lily blossoms. A close net of these lilies was woven in the water about six feet from the shore, the water being perfectly paved with the great broad leaves, and it was necessary to break our way right through them before reaching the deeper waters of the cove. And right through them our way did we break. We made a charge like a charge of South Sea Islanders, and though the tough, spongy, supple stems clung around our limbs as if they meant to drag us under—and the strong, thick, gigantic leaves, huge as the ear-flaps of the moose, (who, by the bye, luxuriates upon the pond water lily,) cut our arms and flapped heavily in our faces—and the round, cylindrical, yellow blossoms kept bobbing into our mouths and knocking into our eyes, we persevered until we struggled through them, and reached the deep water. And then didn't we luxuriate. Some "trod water," some stretched themselves out for a long swim, and one huge fellow, with fat enough to keep him floating whether or no, elongated himself in a most wonderful manner, laying his head flat upon the water at every impulsion of his body snorting all the time like a porpoise. At length we became tired of the deep water, and concluded to adjourn to

the shallows inside the lilies, and have a battle of shooting water at each other. This sport was the usual termination to our baths.

Accordingly we hastened to the battle-ground, and took opposite sides. Arranged in two long lines, we approached each other, each elbow drawn back, and hand raised so as to bring the bottom of the palm on a level with the water. In silence did we eye each other for a season—the word then came, and then commenced the battle. And furiously raged the strife. Not the legions of Cæsar pouring from their galleys, and the wild warriors of Britain's snowy cliffs—not the fierce *mustaches* of Napoleon, and the sturdy red-coats of Wellington, poured greater destruction upon one another, than we dashed the glittering crystal of the frighted cove on each other's ranks. No faltering—no backing—but looking steadily as the blinding water would allow, into the eyes of our foes, we plied our work—no faltering—no backing—but looking steadily as the blinding water would allow into the eyes of *their* foes, they also plied their work. Closer and closer we approached, and then, each one singling his opposite for single combat, closed for desperate strife. One cataract of tumbling water, raised by four scooping hands, now sheltered two combatants, who finding the shots too heavy for face and eyes, fairly turned back to back and madly dashed behind them the flashing water. At length nearly blinded, all simultaneously retreated from each other and sought the brink—all but the fat-headed, porpoise-breathing fellow before mentioned, who, blinded by his own torrents of water, and supposing that his antagonist was still contending, kept up a most determined, desperate, and valorous dashing, until gasping, choking, and blind from the cataracts which his own hands scooped, and which dashed upon his own carcase, he turned at last to the shore, bawling lustily for "quarter, quarter!" yelling at the same time—"I yield—I yield—I yield!"

By the time this worthy had reached the shore, the rest of us were dressed, and accordingly this victim to his own courage, was obliged to undergo the interesting ceremony of "mumbling the peg!" Plucking at last, with his strong teeth, the peg, driven fast and deep into the firm earth by the heels of certainly a half dozen, he dons his garments, and we all then join the ladies. By this time the pond is turning all colors in the sunset. There, in the middle of its glassy surface, is a blush as beautiful as ever crimsoned the cheek of beauty whilst listening to the whispers of the dearly loved—and near it is a space of golden water, lustrous as the shield of Galahad when approaching the "round table" of Arthur and his knights, (knight most blest,) he proclaimed he had found the "holy grail." Purple is not wanting, rich as that around the neck of the wild pigeon—nor emerald either, bright as the hue that glitters on the body of the house-fly—nor glossy black, deep as the thunder-cloud's bosom when coming to scathe and destroy. Ah, how the tints glow—ah, how they tremble, such as in the rainbow show, such do they resemble. Ah, how the tints glow, and mingle, and pulsate—now are they woven in one gorgeous robe that really makes plain Pleasant Pond look like some paradisiacal scene of "the reign of Haroun Alraschid." But at last the colors fade—they die, alas! alas! alas!—they fade—they die—and now remains of all that brilliant Eden not one single gleam. All—

all has departed.

By the time we ascend the banks, thread the labyrinth of "Bates' " logging, and regain the road, the harvest-moon has risen. Snow white in the pearly twilight, she soon will deepen into gold, and then change into deep silver. Behold she changes even now, and the twilight deepens, and now the broad and magnificent moonlight reigns. Ah, how glorious! ah, how beautiful! A silver day is smiling, more soft, more delicate, more radiantly pure than the "garish" one that just went glittering out through the rosy portals of the west. The near forests and the distant hills are all suffused, and mingled, and melted into a sweet romantic picture of bewitching beauty. Back we retrace our path through the jeweled woods, and now, scenting the odor of the clover-grass, we diverge from our road into the deep cool verdure of the meadow. No danger of dampening the dainty delicate feet of our girls either, for there has been no rain for a month, and the earth is as dry as powder. So we wade through the swaying verdure, and enjoy the "compacted sweets" of the clover odors. Thence we scramble over a rough stone-wall, the girls giving pretty screams, and holding up their petti—I beg pardon, drapery, so as to jump more readily, and enter a corn-field. The rich soil loosened by the hoe crumbles at our tread, and the plumy stalks shake above our heads, almost excluding the moonlight. Mercy, what round thing is that I stumbled over just then! not a skull I hope, although corn-fields before now have sprung above church-yards and battle-fields. Who knows but this field now rustles above some "Indian burial-place" or frontier battle-ground. However, this can't be a skull, for my foot has just "squashed" into another, and—why it is only a pumpkin. Confound the long vines too, how they trip one up. What on earth is the reason that they can't plant corn-fields without putting pumpkins in also? They only serve to trip up the girls and boys who condescend of a summer's night to enter the precincts.

I fancy a young ear of corn would not be unacceptable. A young, green, succulent ear of corn. So come here you plumed chieftain, "lend me your ears," or rather, plumed chieftain! I will take you by the ears. I will cut off your ears, plumed chieftain! all feathered, and satined, and tasseled as thou art. Yea, verily will I, plumed chieftain! so here goes. I tear off the emerald sheath and lo! the silver ear—pearly rich art thou, silver ear of the plumed chieftain! all feathered, and satined, and tasseled as he is, and I don't think thou wilt be less rich when the red fire shall make thee tawny and fit for the teeth.

But we leave the corn-field, with its infernal pumpkins, and once more merrily wend our way along the moonlit road. Ah, here is the path diverging to the "camp-meeting ground." We are bound to enter, and so we do. How sweetly quiet is the little glade with the forest sleeping in a silver calm around it. Does not the echo now repeal the loud enthusiastic "amens" that then awoke the air at the last "camp meeting," and the struggling agonized prayer of that gray-headed old man "that God would blot out his sins for they had been many?" Does it not now, even now, seem to thrill amidst those slumbering leaves? And the low music of that lovely maiden's commune with her God, as if he were her earthly father, so tender, so affectionate—

ah, her prayers were known in heaven. The seraphs knew them as the prayers of one, pure as themselves, the Son knew them as the usual breathings of a spotless soul, and the Mighty Father knew them too, and loved and accepted them. Heaven is made of such pure souls, oh, sweet and prayerful maiden!

And the loud triumphant singing—the halleluiahs of the throng. Oh, how they sprung from the earth—oh, how they spread their wings—oh, how they flew up to glory! Oh how they sprung—oh how they spread, oh how they flew up to glory! Burning songs—burning songs, oh how they flew up to glory!

But we leave this moonlight picture of peace and serenity and seek once more our homeward road. We ascend the hill, and beneath us, slumbering in the magnificent moonlight, lo! our beautiful village. Sleeping in the moonlight, lo! our quiet, our peaceful, our beautiful village.

See, how the church steeple rises, soaring up, soaring up, in the solemn and silvered heavens, with its vane sparkling like a dew-gemmed lark hovering over the steeple. Hark! from that silvered steeple, soaring up, soaring up in the solemn and silvered heavens there seems to come a song, thrilling along the hushed and listening air, like the song of that same dew-gemmed lark when he springs triumphant upon the highest cloud of the morning. Hark! I hear the song, it trembles through my soul. Listen, listen, listen to the moonlight song of the praising and soaring steeple.

Art thou a seraph from heaven, thou sweet pure moonlight!
That thou comest in thy garb of dream-like and delicate beauty?
Dost thou bear the splendor of the “Great White Throne” near which thou dost touch thy lute, dost thou bear it on thy glittering and pearly wings!
Seraph!
For thou dost change all to a white and wondrous lustre,
Oh, Seraph!
Seraph of the starry brow and snowy pinion,
Brow of stars and pinion of snows.
Oh, heavenly Seraph! oh, Seraph of wonderful beauty!
Thou, thou, dost bear with thee the anthem of heaven,
Seraph!
Oh, Seraph!
Seraph of wonderful beauty!
And the anthem of heaven wakes echo on the bosom of earth.
Seraph!
Oh, Seraph!
Seraph of wonderful beauty!
The heavens are softly blue!
It is thy eye, Seraph!
That star glowing there like a gem from its mine,
Is a part of thy brow, Seraph! and that white cloud is thy pinion, Seraph, thy beautiful pinion of snow.
Oh, Seraph! sweet Seraph! bright Seraph of wonderful beauty!
I point to thee upward from earth, I point to thee, Seraph!
For I love to reflect thy glance, although I am only of earth.
And I love to hymn thy praise, oh holy Seraph of moonlight!
When the summer daylight has gone out like a flash in the crimsoning west,
And the dew of evening falls softly on grass and flower.

For then, oh, holy Seraph!
I know thou wilt come and reign the queen of the scene.
Farewell now, oh Seraph! oh Seraph that came from the skies,
And will wing back thy flight when the morn
Comes flashing again from the east!
Farewell—farewell—farewell!
Till the summer-night calls thee again!
And again will I praise thee in song,
    Seraph!
    Sweet Seraph!
Oh, Seraph of wonderful beauty!

The music melted on my ear, but upward through the soft depths of the moonlit heaven soared a faint, throbbing star, and vanished at last in the middle ether. It was the sweet farewell to its “Seraph of wonderful beauty” of the praising and soaring steeple.

GENIUS.

BY HELEN IRVING.

In the sacred Hindoo Vega, is the sweet tradition found,
That while the waste of waters yet girt the new earth round,
Blooming out beneath the whisper of the great Almighty Power,
On the gloomy flood there floated, one lonely lotus-flower.

And within its crystal chalice, a frail, but heaven-blest shrine,
Was placed a spirit gifted with creative power divine,
Its celestial radiance making that lily-temple bright,
And through its pure leaves shedding on the wave a halo-light.

Filled with yearning was the spirit, dimly conscious of its power,
Feeling, yet not comprehending, all its grand and god-like dower;
Glowing with the joy and beauty of a soft supernal fire,
While his white wings restless quivered, with a seraph-like desire.

And his dreams and aspirations slowly took the form of prayer,
Wrestling till the blessing-answer, softly sounded through the air —
“Labor, for to thee is given, dower and destiny divine;
Labor, till the fire within thee, warmeth other hearts than thine!”

And with ceaseless, strong endeavor, wrought the spirit hour by hour,
Humbly looking up for guidance, to the Source of all his power,
Till in place of gloom and darkness, rosy light about him lay,
And dim forms of radiant beauty, seemed to throng around his way.

Forms of glory and of grandeur, and of fair immortal youth,
On his raptured vision shining, in the purity of truth,
Breathing love and throbbing life—life divine which he had given,
To his glowing spirit linking them, and thus through him to Heaven!

THE BIRTH OF THE YEAR.

BY HERBERT ENKERT.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

The moon was sinking down the west,
And slowly, through the eastern way,
Aurora Borealis-like,
Arose the delicate light of day.
The countless spheres that jeweled space,
A proud, exulting anthem sung,
As into life the youthful Year
With more than mortal beauty sprung.

Beneath his Predecessor lay;
Twelve cycles had he seen go by,
And now his aged, withered form
Was stretched in death athwart the sky.
The young Year gazed upon his face,
The dew of tears was in his eyes,
When, looking up, he saw the shape
Of hoary Saturn fill the skies.

And Saturn crowned the youthful Year,
And placed the sceptre in his hand,
And bade him journey, day by day,
And month by month, from land to land.
With counsels garnered from the Past,
Those counsels only age can give,
He taught him how to pass through life —
To live as only good men live.

And then he sent him forth. The youth
Sprung lightly on his Orient way,
Saluting the arising sun,
Bird-like, with many a matin lay;
Behind him lay the shrouded dead,

Before, Sahara-like, was space;
But, like a man, the boy strode on,
With hopeful heart and radiant face.

ADVENT OF THE YEAR.

Engraved expressly for Graham’s Magazine by W. E. Tucker

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GEN[L]. RICHARD MONTGOMERY.
Engraved expressly for Graham’s Magazine

THE LIFE OF MAJOR-GENERAL RICHARD MONTGOMERY.

BY THOMAS WYATT, A. M., AUTHOR OF "HISTORY OF THE KINGS OF FRANCE," ETC. ETC. ETC.

Richard Montgomery, the subject of this memoir, was born in the year 1737, at Convoy House, the seat of his father, near Raphoe, in the north of Ireland.

Thomas Montgomery, father of the above, had three sons, Alexander, John, and Richard. Alexander commanded a grenadier company in Wolfe's army, and was also present at the capture of Quebec. He many years represented the county of Donegal in the Irish parliament. John, the second son, lived and died in Portugal; and Richard, after receiving a liberal education at Trinity College, Dublin, entered the British army at the age of eighteen, under General Monckton. In 1757 the regiment to which he belonged was ordered to Halifax; and in the following year formed part of the army at the reduction of Louisburg, a French fortress, on which much money and science had been expended, and which had been vauntingly named by its possessors, "the Gibraltar of America." Here our young aspirant commenced his career of field-service, which was destined to end in another war on the same continent. Early in the spring of 1758, a naval and military force commanded by Major-General Amherst, and Admiral Boscawen, began its voyage from Halifax to Cape Breton, and on the 2d of June arrived in Cabarras Bay. As soon as practicable, the reconnoiterings of the coast and other preliminaries were arranged.

Two divisions, commanded by Generals Lawrence and Wetmore, were employed to keep the enemy in a state of separation; while the third, composed of the *élite* of the army under General Wolfe, pressed toward the headland near Freshwater Cove, and in despite of a heavy and well-directed fire from the French, and a surf uncommon high and perilous, gained the bank, routed the enemy, and seized a position which covered at once the further debarkation of the troops, and the necessary communications with the fleet. It was in this movement Montgomery furnished the first decisive evidence of those high military qualities which so distinctly marked every step of his subsequent conduct. An incident is related, as having occurred during the bombardment of the fort, which excited the wit of one of the officers. While commanding in the trenches, a bomb thrown from the fort knocked off the hat and grazed the skull of General Lawrence, but without injuring him; which circumstance drew forth a sarcastic remark from General Charles Lee, then a captain in the British army—"I'll resign to-morrow," exclaimed Lee. "Why

so?” asked the person to whom he spoke. “Because,” said the wit, “none but fools will remain in a service in which the heads of the generals are bomb-proof.” The siege terminated on the 27th of July in the surrender of the fortress, the destruction of several French ships of the line, and the capture of a garrison of five thousand men.

So favorable were the impressions made of the aptitude of our young soldier for military service, that he was immediately promoted to a lieutenancy.

While the British were thus triumphant at Louisburg, they at another and important point were fated to sustain a heavy loss, as well in reputation, as in numerical force, in the defeat of the army of Abercromby at Ticonderoga.

In 1759, General Wolfe was placed at the head of nearly eight thousand soldiers, and several ships-of-the-line, with orders to reduce the fortress of Quebec.

After arriving and well reconnoitering the fortress, the general discovered obstacles greater than he had before conceived, and he found the only expedient left for giving him a chance of accomplishing his plans, was a constant and unrelaxing endeavor to decoy into detachments, or to provoke to a general battle, his old and wary antagonist, who seemed to understand too well the value of the strength of his castle, to be easily seduced from it. The attempt was accordingly made, but ended in a new disappointment and increased vexation, for the enemy refusing to quit his stronghold, neither advanced in mass, nor in detachment, to attack him, while his own troops showed a great want both of order and discipline. This failure no doubt increased, if it did not create, an indisposition, which caused a temporary suspension of the general’s activity, during which he submitted to the consideration of his officers the general question of future operations and the direction to be given to them, subjoining at the same time statements and opinions relative to the proposed attack.

To these considerations Montgomery, though a junior officer, was permitted to give an opinion, which was received by his senior officers with much respect, and afterward proved of great importance as followed by Wolfe. Very soon, however, the fortress was surrounded by the British, but nothing could be considered as done while it remained to be taken, and for its security there was still left a sufficient garrison and abundant supplies, with an exterior force already formidable and hourly increasing. Under the aspect of things the chances were yet against the invaders, and it required only a vigorous resistance on the part of the garrison to have saved both the fortress and the province. But fear betrays like treason. Ramsay, the French commander, saw in some demonstrations, made by the British fleet and army as trials of his temper, a serious intention to attack him by land and water at the same time, when, to escape this, he opened a negotiation for the surrender of the fort at the very moment when a reinforcement was ready to enter it. The negotiation speedily closed by the surrender of the capital, and Quebec was now in possession of the British. Montgomery was the first to place the British flag on the ramparts of the fortress with his own hands.

By this time a large military force had been collected in British America, and having no longer any professional occupation there, detachments were made from it against the French West India Islands. Of these expeditions the principal objects were the reduction of St. Pierre and Fort Royal in the island of Martinico, and of Havana in that of Cuba. These campaigns were extremely laborious and perilous, not only by the climate and season, but by the means of defense furnished by nature. In each of these Montgomery had a full share, as well of the toil and danger, as of the commendation bestowed upon efforts, which ultimately triumphed over every kind and degree of resistance. Martinico surrendered in February, 1762, and Havana and the Moro Castle in the August following; two events greatly tending to hasten the treaty of Versailles, which put an end to the war on the 10th of February, 1763. During this siege the loss sustained by the British army amounted to twenty-eight thousand men, besides which, more than half of the troops sent back to New York, either died on the passage or after their arrival.

Of the garrison left at Havana under General Keppel, but seven hundred men were found fit for duty at the peace. Soon after the official annunciation of peace, Montgomery, who with the seventeenth regiment, had returned to New York, sought and obtained permission to return to England, where he remained until the close of the year 1772. Although the military abilities of Montgomery were highly distinguished, war and conquest had no other charms to him than as the means of peace and happiness to mankind, and he found leisure in the midst of camps to cultivate an excellent taste for philosophy and polite literature.

To these he added a careful study of the arts of government and the rights of mankind, looking forward to that time when he might return to the still scenes of private life, and give a full flow to the native and acquired virtues of a heart rich in moral excellence. He had formed an early attachment, amounting even to an enthusiastic love for this country.

The woodland and the plain; the face of Nature, grand, venerable, and yet rejoicing in her prime; our mighty rivers, descending in vast torrents through wild and shaggy mountains, or gliding in silent majesty through fertile vales; their numerous branches and tributary springs; our romantic scenes of rural quiet; our simplicity, *then* uncorrupted by luxury or flagrant vice; our love of knowledge and ardor for liberty—all these served to convey the idea of primeval felicity to a heart which was fraught with benevolent feelings.

It was during his residence of nine years in England, that the controversy between Great Britain and her American colonies commenced. This he watched with a jealous eye, and at last fancied he saw enough to cause him to abandon the King’s service, and to seek America as his future and permanent home. He accordingly sold the commission he then held, and in January, 1772, arrived in New York.

Very soon after his arrival he selected a delightful spot on the banks of the Hudson river, in the state of New York, purchased a farm there, and expected to retire from the bustle of a noisy world. The following year he married a daughter of

Robert R. Livingston, then one of the judges of the superior court of the province.

In this most eligible of all situations, the life of a country gentleman, deriving its most exquisite relish from reflections upon dangers and past services, he gave full scope to his philosophical spirit and taste for rural elegance. Satisfied with himself, and raised above all vulgar ambition, he devoted his time to domestic pursuits, the intercourse of a select society, the study of useful books, and the improvement of his villa. But neither wood nor lawn could make him forget the duties which he owed to society. When the hand of unlawful authority was stretched forth, Montgomery was ready to exchange his peaceful groves for the tented field. From that fatal day in which the first American blood was spilt by the bands of British brethren, and the better genius of the empire turned abhorrent from the strife of death among her children, our hero chose his part. In this state of things, the National Congress employed itself in June, 1775, in organizing an army, and, among other acts, appointed a commander-in-chief, four major-generals, and eight brigadiers.

Of the latter description Montgomery was one. This unequivocal mark of distinction, conferred by the highest acknowledged authority of the country, without solicitation or privity on his part, was received by him with a homage mingled with regret, apparently foreboding the catastrophe which was soon to follow.

In a letter to a friend he says—"The Congress having done me the honor of electing me a brigadier-general in their service, is an event which must put an end for a while, perhaps forever, to the quiet scheme of life I had prescribed for myself; for, though entirely unexpected and undesired by me, the will of an oppressed people, compelled to choose between liberty and slavery, must be obeyed." Under these noble and self-sacrificing views and feelings, Montgomery accepted the commission tendered to him, and from that hour to the moment of his death, the whole force of his mind and body was devoted to the honor and interest of his adopted country. His principles of loyalty remained unshaken. Love to our brethren whom we must oppose, the interchange of good offices, which had so intimately knit the bands of friendship between the two members, the memory of those days in which we fought under the same banners; the vast fabric of mutual happiness raised by our union, and ready to be dissolved by our dissensions; the annihilation of those plans of improvement in which we were engaged for the glory of the empire—all these considerations conspired to render this conflict peculiarly abhorrent to him and every virtuous American, and could have been outweighed by nothing earthly but the unquenchable love of liberty, and that sacred duty which we owe to ourselves and our posterity.

The necessity of resistance was manifest, and no sophistry could question our right. "In cases of national oppression," says Blackstone, "the nation hath very justifiably risen as one man to vindicate the original contract subsisting between the king and the people."—"If the sovereign power threaten desolation to a state, mankind will not be reasoned out of the feelings of humanity, nor sacrifice liberty to a scrupulous adherence to political maxims." Montgomery did not hesitate to accept the commission, praying at the same time that "Heaven might speedily reunite us in

every bond of affection and interest; and that the British empire might again become the envy and admiration of the universe.” He was entrusted, jointly with General Schuyler, with the expedition against Canada, but, in consequence of the illness of that gentleman, the whole duty devolved upon him. There was benevolence in the whole plan of this expedition. It was to be executed not so much by force as by persuasion, and it was exactly suited to the genius of Montgomery. He understood the blessings of a free government, and could display them with captivating eloquence.

He had a soul great, disinterested, affectionate, delighting to alleviate distress, and to diffuse happiness. He possessed an industry not to be wearied, a vigilance that could not be eluded, and courage equal to his other abilities. From the military character of the French population in Canada, and its contiguity to the northern section of the Union, it was determined to endeavor to neutralize powers so extended and menacing. This invasion was determined on by two routes, the one by the river Sorel, the other by the Kennebec; the army by the former route were to act against Forts St. John, Chamblee, and Montreal; while the second should enter Canada at or near Quebec, contemporaneously with the other, and effect a junction, if possible, with Major-General Schuyler, who should command in chief.

To the first of these armaments Montgomery was assigned, as the elder of the two brigadiers. He accordingly hastened to Ticonderoga, the point selected for the principal rendezvous and outfit of the projected invasions. On arriving at his post his first object was to acquire a correct knowledge of the force of the enemy and his position, and found that General Carleton was at Montreal preparing a naval force intended to act on Lake Champlain. He perceived at once the plan and the necessity of its defeat, and at once took his post at the Isle-aux-Noix, as the best point to carry his plan into execution. In a letter to General Schuyler announcing his intention, he says—“Moving without your orders, I do not like; but, on the other hand, the prevention of the enemy is of the utmost consequence; for if he gets his vessels into the lake, it is over with us for the present summer. Let me entreat you to follow in a whale-boat, leaving some one to bring on the troops and artillery. It will give the men great confidence in your spirit and activity; and how necessary to a general this confidence is, I need not tell you. I most earnestly wish that this suggestion may meet your approbation, and be assured that I have your honor and reputation much at heart. All my ambition is to do my duty in a subordinate capacity, without the least ungenerous intention of lessening that merit, which is justly your due.” He hastened with his corps of one thousand men, and two pieces of light artillery, to begin his movement down the lake. It was ten days, owing to the head winds, before he reached the position he had selected. Major-General Schuyler arrived about the same time, and it was thought a nearer approach to the enemy advisable. The movement was ordered, and a landing effected without obstruction, about a mile and a half from St. John’s. On the evening of their landing, after it was dark, they were visited by a Canadian, who gave the following information—

“That the twenty-sixth was the only regular British corps in Canada, that with

the exception of fifty men, retained by General Carleton at Montreal, the whole of this was in garrison at St. John's and Chamblee; that these two forts were strongly fortified and abundantly supplied; that one hundred Indians were at the former, and a large body collected under Colonel Johnson; that the vessel intended for the lake would be ready to sail in three or four days, and would carry sixteen guns; that no Canadian would join the American army, the wish and policy of the people being neutrality, provided their persons and property were respected, and the articles furnished by, or taken from them, paid for in gold or silver; that, under present circumstances, our attack upon St. John's would be imprudent; and lastly, that a return to the Isle-aux-Noix would be proper, as from this point an intercourse with the inhabitants of Laprairie might be usefully opened." On hearing this report a council of war was called, and it was decided to return to their former position on the island. In General Schuyler's report to Congress we find the following—"I cannot estimate the many obligations I lie under to General Montgomery for the many important services he has done, and daily does, and in which he has had so little assistance from me, as I have not enjoyed a moment's health since I left Fort George, and am now so low, as not to be able to hold the pen. Should we not be able to do any thing decisively in Canada, I shall judge it best to move from this place, which is a very wet and unhealthy part of the country, unless I receive your orders to the contrary."

With this manifest foreboding of eventual disappointment, the commanding general left the camp and returned to Ticonderoga; and from thence to Albany, where he was actively and usefully employed, during the remainder of the campaign, in forwarding supplies to the army. Montgomery remained at the island only long enough to receive a reinforcement of men and a few pieces of artillery.

He then re-embarked, again landed at St. John's, and commenced operations for its investiture.

On the 18th of September, he marched with a party of five hundred men to the north of the fort, where he met a considerable portion of the garrison returning from the repulse of an American party under Major Brown. A skirmish ensued, which in a few minutes terminated in the repulse of the enemy, who fled in disorder. But for the timidity among the Americans, the whole party might have been captured. General Montgomery in speaking of his men says, "As soon as we saw the enemy, the old story of treachery spread among the men; and the cry was, we are trepanned and drawn under the guns of the fort. The woodsmen were less expert in forming than I had expected, and too many of them hung back. Had we kept more silence we should have taken a field-piece or two."

Montgomery now determined to establish a camp at the junction of the two roads leading to Chamblee and Montreal, in order to cut off supplies, this he did, and defended it with a ditch, and a garrison of three hundred men. But new difficulties appeared to arise. His artillery was so light that it made little or no impression upon the walls, and the artillerists raw and unskillful. And, added to all this, was the insubordinate and mutinous conduct of his men, who, from constant

exposure to the damp and unhealthy climate, were suffering from attacks of chills and fever; under these circumstances, the commander was prevented from enforcing discipline.

In this painful situation, he was frequently forced to compromise with professional dignity, and submit his own opinion to that of a board of officers of inferior rank. To lessen the number and pressure of these embarrassments, Montgomery decided on changing his position and removing to the northwestern side of the fort; which, as he was informed, would furnish ground of greater elevation and dryer face, with a sufficient supply of wholesome water. The misfortunes of Montgomery appeared to follow one after the other in rapid succession. To quiet the restless activity of Ethan Allen, who, without commission or command, had forced himself into the army as a volunteer, Montgomery sent him to Laprairie, with an escort of thirty men, and orders to mingle freely with the inhabitants, and so to treat them, as would best conciliate their friendship and induce them to join the American standard. In the commencement, Allen was not unsuccessful, for he added to his corps fifty Canadians; when, either deceived in regard to the enemy's strength, or indifferent to its magnitude, and without direction or privity on the part of his General, he determined to risk an attack on Montreal. This insane attempt was met by a party of British who captured him and thirty-eight of his followers.

Shortly after, another event took place, as fortunate as it was unexpected, and which eventually decided the fate of the garrison. A gentleman from New York, named James Livingston, had resided for a considerable time in Canada, and by a proper course of conduct had won the esteem of a large number of the inhabitants. Montgomery was so fortunate as to enlist this gentleman in his favor, and prevailed on him to raise an armed corps, under the promise of eventual protection, made and promulgated by the order of Congress. With three hundred of these newly raised recruits, Majors Brown and Livingston obtained possession of Fort Chamblee, capturing the whole of the garrison, and a large quantity of military stores, among which were one hundred and twenty-six barrels of gunpowder. By this fortunate movement, General Carleton found himself compelled to quit his insular position at Montreal, and risk a field movement in defence of his fortress. The force at the disposal of General Carleton, did not exceed twelve hundred men, and which was composed partly of Canadian militia, who were serving with reluctance, and emigrants from Scotland, recently engaged—in no way acquainted with military duty.

On the 31st of October he crossed the St. Lawrence opposite Longueil, whence he determined, after mustering his forces to march against the besieging army. The movements of Sir Guy Carleton, though conducted with considerable secrecy, did not escape the vigilant eye of Montgomery, who had for some time expected such a proceeding. He had previously ordered certain officers to take a position with two regiments on the Longueil road, ordering them to patrol that route carefully and frequently, as far as the St. Lawrence; to report daily to the commanding general

such information as he might be able to obtain, and to attack any part of the enemy indicating an intention of moving in the direction of the American camp.

These regiments, commanded by General Warner, arrived at Longueil on the morning of the same day that Carleton was preparing to cross, but did not display their force until the British had nearly reached the shore. He then suddenly opened upon them with both musketry and artillery, killing many of the soldiers, and scattering and disabling their boats. By a most fortunate coincidence, at the same time, and with similar orders, Easton, Brown, and Livingston approach McLean, who, losing all hope of support from Carleton, hastily withdrew to his boats and descended the St. Lawrence.

This gratifying intelligence was immediately communicated to General Montgomery, who presented them in a written form to the commandant of St. John's, urging the impossibility of his deriving any relief from Carleton, and the useless effusion of blood, which must necessarily follow any attempt to prolong the defense. After proper consideration the garrison surrendered. The next step to be taken, was a rapid movement on Montreal, but which was much impeded by the disaffection of the troops; this was only overcome by a promise of discharge at Montreal. Under this arrangement, he was enabled to display a force in front of the town, which on the 12th of November secured to him a full and peaceable possession of it, and of eleven armed vessels left by the enemy. Though now master of a great part of Canada, Montgomery's labors, far from becoming lighter or fewer, were much augmented in both number and character.

The pursuit of Carleton, (who had retreated to his fleet, with the hope of making his escape through that avenue; but finding this impossible, entered a small boat with muffled oars, and at midnight passed through the American fleet without being perceived and hurried on to Quebec,) and an experiment on the strength of Quebec, were objects sufficiently indicated by his own judgment, and the hopes of the nation. To prosecute so desperate an action required means of which he was greatly deficient.

His situation described in a letter to R. R. Livingston, then a member of Congress, is a faithful picture of the embarrassments under which he labored. He says:

"I need not tell you that until Quebec is taken, Canada is unconquered; and that to accomplish this we must resort to siege, investment, or storm. The first of these is out of the question, from the difficulty of making trenches in a Canadian winter, and the greater difficulty of living in them, if we could make them; secondly, from the nature of the soil, which, as I am at present instructed, renders mining impracticable, and, were this otherwise, from the want of an engineer having sufficient skill to direct the process; and thirdly, from the fewness and lightness of our artillery, which is quite unfit to break walls like those of Quebec. Investment has fewer objections, and might be sufficient, were we able to shut out entirely from the garrison and town the necessary supplies of food and fuel, during the winter, but to do this well (the enemy's works being very extensive and offering many avenues to the

neighboring settlements,) will require a large army, and from present appearances mine will not, when brought together, much if at all exceed eight hundred combatants. Of Canadians I might be able to get a considerable number, provided I had hard money, with which to clothe, feed, and pay their wages; but this is wanting. Unless, therefore, I am soon and amply reinforced, investment, like siege must be given up.

"To the storming plan there are fewer objections; and to this we must come at last. If my force be small, Carleton's is not great. The extensiveness of his works, which, in case of investment, would favor him, will in the other case favor us. Masters of our secret, we may select a particular time and place for attack, and to repel this the garrison must be prepared at all times and places; a circumstance, which will impose upon it incessant watching and labor by day and by night; which, in its undisciplined state, must breed discontents that may compel Carleton to capitulate, or perhaps to make an attempt to drive us off. In this last idea, there is a glimmering of hope. Wolfe's success was a lucky hit, or rather a series of such hits. All sober and scientific calculation was against him, until Montcalm, permitting his courage to get the better of his discretion, gave up the advantages of his fortress and came out to try his strength on the plain.

"Carleton, who was Wolfe's quartermaster-general, understands this well; and, it is to be feared, will not follow the Frenchman's example. In all these views, you will discover much uncertainty; but of one thing you may be sure, that, unless we do something before the middle of April, the game will be up; because by that time the river may be open and let in supplies and reinforcements to the garrison in spite of any thing we can do to prevent it; and again, because my troops are not engaged beyond that term, and will not be prevailed upon to stay a day longer. In reviewing what I have said, you will find that my list of wants is a long one, *men, money, artillery, and clothing accommodated to the climate*. Of *ammunition* Carleton took care to leave little behind him at this place. What I wish and expect is, that all this be made known to Congress, with a full assurance, that, if I fail to execute their wishes or commands, it shall not be from any negligence of duty, or infirmity of purpose on my part. *Vale, cave ne mandata frangas.*"

On the 19th of November, General Arnold having crossed the St. Lawrence in safety, was joined by Montgomery, and on the 4th of December, took a position before Quebec. The first thing was to obtain a knowledge of the extent and structure of the enemy's works; the force and strength of his garrison, and the means possessed by the inhabitants to supply the wants of the troops.

Montgomery having satisfied himself on these points, next presented a summons to surrender in the customary form, a cannonade of the fort from a battery of five guns and one howitzer; a display of the American force in full view of the British garrison, in the hope that the enemy would forego a contest; but this was done without producing any effect. At this moment a circumstance took place which threatened the whole project with defeat. Three companies of Arnold's detachment (whose term of service was on the point of expiring) having taken offence at the

conduct of their commanding officer, the cause of which offence was never properly explained; seized the present occasion to make known their intention of quitting the army, unless, in the approaching movement they were permitted to attach themselves to some other corps. Upon investigating the affair, General Montgomery found the complaints so absurd, that he promptly determined, in justice to Arnold, to reject the proposal. But before officially announcing his decision, he thought it most prudent to try what could be effected by expostulation; in this attempt he finally succeeded, and brought them back to a sense of good order and obedience, without coercive means. The mind of Montgomery was not yet at ease, and suspecting that the flame of the late controversy might not be extinguished, he resolved to call a council of war, in which he submitted two questions,—"Shall we attempt the reduction of Quebec by a night attack? And if so, shall the lower town be the place attacked?" This seemed to infuse new life into the officers, and both questions were affirmatively decided, the troops were ordered to parade in three divisions at two o'clock in the morning of the 31st of December; the New York regiments and part of Easton's Massachusetts militia, at Holland House; the Cambridge detachment and Lamb's company of artillerists, with one field-piece at Captain Morgan's quarters; and the two small corps of Livingston and Brown at their respective grounds of parade. To the first and second of these divisions were assigned the two assaults on the opposite sides of the lower town; and to the third, a series of demonstrations or feigned attacks on different parts of the upper. This arrangement was made to meet the expectations of colonies, who looked to Montgomery for the capture of the capital, and speedy reduction of the province. But they understood little of Montgomery's difficulties; the steep heights which fortified the upper town rendered the passage from one to the other almost impassable. The number of soldiers in the garrison consisted of about two hundred and seventy marines and regulars, eight hundred militia, and four hundred and fifty seamen. The movement began between three and four o'clock in the morning, from the Heights of Abraham; Montgomery advancing at the head of the first division by the river road, round the foot of Cape Diamond to Aunce au Mere; and Arnold at the head of the second, through the suburbs of St. Roque, to the Saut de Matelots. Both roads were so obstructed by snow and thick masses of ice, as to render their progress very difficult. These obstacles being at last surmounted, the first barrier was approached, vigorously attacked, and rapidly carried, and the troops after a moment's pause pushed on to the second.

A moment, and but a moment, was now employed to re-excite the ardor of the troops, which the fatigue of the march and the severity of the weather had somewhat abated. "Men of New York," exclaimed Montgomery, "you will not fear to follow where your general leads—march on!" then placing himself again in the front, he pressed eagerly forward to the second; he assisted with his own hands in pulling up some pickets which hindered the march. Near this place a barrier had been made across the road, and from the windows of a low house, which formed part of it, were planted two cannon. At his appearing upon a little rising ground, at the distance of

about twenty or thirty yards, the guns were discharged, and the general with his aide-de-camps fell dead. Thus terminated the life and labors of Major-general Richard Montgomery, in the thirty-ninth year of his age.

Upon hearing of the death of their commander, both divisions made a disorderly and hasty retreat to the Heights of Abraham.

The fortune of the day being now decided, the corpse of the fallen general was eagerly sought for and soon found. When the corpse of Montgomery was shown to Carleton, the heart of that noble officer melted. They had served in the same regiment under Wolfe, and the most friendly relation existed between them throughout the whole of the French war. The lieutenant-governor of Quebec, M. Cramahé, ordered a coffin to be prepared for him, and decently interred within the walls of the city, where friends and enemies united in expressions of sorrow, as his remains were conveyed to their final resting-place. Ramsey, in his History of the Revolution, has the following appropriate remarks:

“Few men have ever fallen in battle so much regretted on both sides as General Richard Montgomery. His many amiable qualities had procured him an uncommon share of private affection; and his great abilities an equal proportion of public esteem. Being a sincere lover of liberty, he had engaged in the American cause from principle, and quitted the enjoyment of an easy fortune, and the highest domestic felicity, to take an active share in the fatigues and dangers of a war instituted for the defense of the community of which he was an adopted member. His well-known character was almost equally esteemed by the friends and foes of the side of which he espoused. In America he was celebrated as a martyr to the liberties of mankind; in Great Britain, as a misguided good man, sacrificing to what he supposed to be the rights of his country.

His name was mentioned in Parliament with singular respect. Some of the most powerful speakers in that assembly displayed their eloquence in sounding his praise and lamenting his fate. Those in particular who had been his fellow soldiers in the previous war, expatiated on his many virtues. The minister himself acknowledged his worth, while he reprobated the cause for which he fell. He concluded an involuntary panegyric by saying, “Curse on his virtues, they have undone his country.”

“In this brief story of a short and useful life,” says his biographer, “we find all the elements which enter into the composition of a great man and a distinguished soldier; a happy physical organization, combining strength and activity, and enabling its possessor to encounter laborious days and sleepless nights, hunger and thirst, all changes of weather, and every variation of climate.

“To these corporeal advantages was added a mind, cool, discriminating, energetic, and fearless; thoroughly acquainted with mankind, not uninstructed in the literature and sciences of the day, and habitually directed by a high and unchangeable moral sense. That a man so constituted should have won the golden opinions of friends and foes, is not extraordinary. The most eloquent men of the British Senate became his panegyrists; and the American Congress hastened to

testify for him their grateful remembrance, profound respect, and high veneration. A monument to his memory was accordingly erected, on which might justly be inscribed the impressive lines of the poet:

> ‘Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career;
> His mourners were two hosts—his friends and foes;
> And fitly may the stranger, lingering here,
> Pray for his gallant spirit’s bright repose;
> For he was Freedom’s Champion, one of those,
> The few in number, who had not o’erstept
> The charter to chastise, which she bestows
> On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
> The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o’er him wept.’

“To express the high sense entertained by his country of his services, Congress directed a monument of white marble, with the following inscription on it, which was executed by Mr. Cassiers, at Paris, and was placed in front of St. Paul’s church, New York:

THIS MONUMENT
was erected by order of
Congress, 25th January, 1776,
to transmit to posterity
a grateful remembrance of the
patriotism, conduct, enterprise, and
perseverance,
OF MAJOR-GENERAL
RICHARD MONTGOMERY,
who, after a series of successes,
amid the most discouraging
difficulties, fell in the attack
on Quebec,
31st December, 1775,
aged 39 years.

“The remains of General Montgomery, after resting forty-two years at Quebec, were, by a resolution of the Legislature of the State of New York, brought to the city on the 8th day of July, 1818, and deposited with an imposing solemnity suited to the occasion, near the monument erected by order of the United States. The following inscription was placed upon the additional coffin. ‘The State of New York, in honor of General Richard Montgomery, who fell gloriously fighting for the Independence and Liberty of the United States, before the walls of Quebec, the 31st of December, 1775, cause these remains of this distinguished hero to be conveyed from Quebec, and deposited on the 8th day of July, 1818, in St. Paul’s Church, in the city of New

York, near the monument erected to his memory.' "

It has been stated in several histories of this lamented officer, that the body was privately interred in the evening by a few soldiers; but this is not true; and justice to his generous adversary requires that we should vindicate the reputation of the lieutenant-general of Canada from such a stigma. John Joseph Henry, Esq., who was under Montgomery, and being taken by the enemy, had an opportunity of witnessing the honors that were paid to his memory, writes thus: "It was on this day that my heart was ready to burst with grief at viewing the funeral of our beloved general. Sir Guy Carleton had, in our former wars with the French, been the friend and fellow-soldier of Montgomery. Though political opinion, perhaps ambition or interest, had thrown these worthies on different sides of the great question, yet the former could not but honor the remains of his quondam friend. About noon the procession passed our quarters. It was a mournful sight. The coffin, covered with a black pall, surmounted by transverse swords, was borne by men. The regular troops, particularly that fine body of men, the seventh regiment, with reversed arms, and scarfs on the left arm, accompanied the corpse to the grave. The funeral of the other officers, both friends and enemies, were performed the same day. Many and deeply heartfelt were the tears of affection shed that day; of affection for those who were no more, and of greeting and thankfulness toward Carleton. The British soldiery and inhabitants appeared affected by the loss of this invaluable man, though he was their enemy. If such men as Washington, Carleton, and Montgomery, had had the entire direction of the adverse war, the contention in the event might have happily terminated to the advantage of both sections of the nation."

THE TWO PALMS.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

As the last column of a temple vanished,
A Palm-tree, in a city of the West,
Stood, like a hero from his country banished,
A proud though lonely guest.

Perchance its birth-place was a holy mountain,
Or radiant valley of some tropic isle,
Near pyramid, or mosque, or wayside fountain,
By Jordan or the Nile.

And oft its high and tufted crest beholding,
In each vibration of the arching leaves,
A plaintive strain I seemed to hear unfolding,
As when an exile grieves.

For solemn is the air of isolation,
And that lone offspring of the desert wild
Wore to my eye a look of consecration,
That sympathy beguiled.

No more around it eastern balms were stealing,
But smoke and dingy vapors of the town,
No Moslem in its pillared shade was kneeling,
Nor caravan sunk down.

Before it once the sandy ridges heaving,
Spread like an ocean, limitless and free,
And the mirage its panorama weaving,
Rose beautiful to see!

Now waves of eager life beneath it swelling,
With restless care mock oriental ease,
And chimney-stacks, tiled roof and murky dwelling,
Shut out the sun and breeze.

Yet even here I marked, each day, appearing
An aged Syrian, sorrowful and calm,
With folded arms, wan smile, and looks endearing
Cast on the lonely Palm.

And once he murmured, as the night descended,
While gazing fondly through unconscious tears,
"Fair tree, *the promise of thy life is ended,*
For here thou hast no peers."

How near the good we distantly are craving!
The Syrian long had weary vigil kept —
One morn his country's tree was gaily waving —
It blossomed while he slept!

Some far-off nook of that vast city treasured
Another Palm by careless eyes unseen,
That drearily the lingering years had measured,
Yet put forth shoots of green;

Until its ripened flower-dust uplifting,
On the strong currents of the tideless air,
With certain aim to his pent garden drifting,
A mate encountered there!

Thus seeds of Truth their noiseless flight are winging,
And Love instinctively steals through the crowd,
To hearts receptive consolation bringing,
They may not breathe aloud!

Accept the omen, thou who toilest lonely,
And patiently Life's blossoming await,
Where God has planted thee be faithful only,
And thou shalt conquer Fate!

“A MERE ACT OF HUMANITY.”

A SLIGHT SKETCH.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

> “Health to the art whose glory is to give
> The crowning boon that makes it life to live.”
> HOLMES.

Start not, my fastidious reader, when I announce that the young gentleman, in whose favor and fortunes I would enlist your friendly sympathies, as the hero of this sketch, is, or rather was, a *medical student*. Now I am very well aware that medical students are proverbially “hard cases”—wild, spreeing, careless, skeptically inclined young gentlemen, whose handkerchiefs smell of ether, and whose gloves are strongly suggestive of rhubarb; whose talk runs large, with bold jests on *grave subjects*, sly anatomical allusions, and startling hints at something

> “Mair horrible and awfu’,
> Which e’en to name wad be unlawfu’,”

and whose very laughter has a sort of bony-rattle about it.

But our friend, Will Ashley, fortunately belonged not to the Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen class of Esculapian disciples. He was a man of refinement, intellect, education, and principle—pleasing address, fine person, and good family. Republican as I am, I can but think much of *good blood*—pure and honorable blood, I mean. He had no bravado, no pretension, no recklessness, no skepticism about him. He chose his profession at the first, from a real, natural leaning that way, and pursued it with true enthusiasm and untiring constancy; and this partiality and devotion have been rewarded with the happiest success. Dr. Ashley is now regarded by his many patients, with a remarkable confidence and affection. To them, there seems “healing in the very creak of his shoes on the stairs,” his cheerful smile lights up the sick room like sunshine; his gentle words and sympathetic tones are as balm and “freshening oil” to hearts and minds, wounded and distempered with the body, and his bright laugh and playful wit are a positive tonic to the weak and nervous and fearful. But I am anticipating; my story has perhaps most to do with the student-life of Ashley.

When William was quite young—a mere boy indeed, he became much attached

to a pretty cousin of his own—a gentle, dark-eyed, Southern girl, who made her home for some years with his mother and sister, in the quiet, New England city of H——, where she was attending school.

Jessie Archer was, in truth, a lovely creature—with a heart full of all good and kindly feelings—with a soft, endearing manner, but with very little strength of character, or stability of purpose. She tenderly loved her Northern relatives, and parted from them at last, from her cousin William in particular, with many tears and passionate expressions of regret. She was not positively betrothed to this cousin—such a measure would have been opposed by their friends, on account of the extreme youth of the parties—but she knew well his love and his dear hope—that he looked upon her as his future bride, and she was well content with this understanding.

As a matter of course, and lover-like necessity, William Ashley corresponded with his cousin. At first, the letters on both sides were frequent, long, and confidential; but after the first year of absence, those of Miss Jessie changed gradually in their tone, and became "few and far between." But William, who was faithful and believing, made a thousand kind excuses for this, and continued to write out of his own affectionate and changeless heart. But at length his Jessie ceased to write altogether. Two months went by, and then poor Ashley, in much distressful anxiety, wrote to her, entreating to be told the cause of her strange silence. There came a reply at last—a brief reply, written in the dear, familiar hand, but bearing for a signature, a strange name. She had been a fortnight married to a wealthy Virginia planter.

This home-thrust at his heart by a beloved hand; this sudden annihilation of his dearest hopes, by her whose sweet source and centre they had been, almost prostrated the young student, mind and body. He was proud, sensitive, and twenty-one; he had the heart and was at the age to feel acutely, to suffer and despair. His ambition died out—his energies flagged—then his appetite *went by the board*; his eye grew spiritless, his step heavy, and his cheek pale. "He must give up study," said his mother. "He must take a journey," said his sister, speaking one word for him and two for herself. This last proposition, which was strongly pressed, was finally acceded to; and the young gentleman set forth, dispirited and ill, under the care, ("protection," she called it,) of his charming sister, Ellen. They went directly West, for a visit to the Falls; the very journey which William had always looked forward to as his bridal-tour. Now it seemed but to depress and sadden him the more; he was restless, moody, and abstracted—the very worst traveling-companion possible to have. Ellen found it exceedingly difficult to divert him from his melancholy thoughts and tender recollections, "pleasant and mournful to the soul." The fine scenery along their route, constantly reminded him of the double pleasure he had anticipated in first viewing it with his beautiful bride.

At Buffalo, our travelers took the afternoon boat for Chippewa. It was a bright and breezy day, early in in July—water, earth and sky were lit up gloriously by the declining sun, as they swept down that grand, immortal river. As the brother and

sister stood on deck, silently drinking in the rare beauty of the scene and hour, they noticed a party near them, distinguished amid all the crowd, by a certain quiet elegance of dress and manner, with a bearing of perhaps unconscious superiority. This was a family party, and consisted of an elderly gentleman, Mr. Harley, a wealthy banker, and an honorable citizen of New York—his wife, a sweet, motherly-looking woman—their daughter, Juliet, a fair and delicate girl of eighteen, and their only son, Master Fred, a lad of nine or ten.

Ashley was a thorough republican—poor and proud; and being now more than usually inclined to coldness and reserve, instinctively shrunk from all contact with this party, in whom he at once recognized the air patrician and exclusive. But toward evening, Mr. Harley made some courteous advances, and finally succeeded in getting up quite a free and animated conversation with his young fellow-traveler, with whose well-bred air and thoughtful countenance he had been attracted and impressed. They discoursed on the magnificent scenery around them, then on the battles and sieges, bold generalship and grand fighting which had made classic ground of the wild Niagara frontier; and Ashley, who was an admirable talker, soon became earnest and even eloquent, in spite of himself. All at once, in looking up, he met the beautiful blue eyes of Miss Juliet fixed upon him with evident interest and admiration. The young lady dropped her gaze instantly, while a deep blush suffused her bright, ingenuous face. An involuntary thrill of pleasure agitated the heart of Ashley, and his cold eye kindled with a new fire; but as thought returned—the thought of all the fickleness and coquetry, and heartlessness of woman, his brow clouded, he bit his lip, and with a few hasty words, turned abruptly, and drawing his sister's arm within his own, walked to the side of the vessel, and there stood, silently and moodily, gazing down into the darkening waters and off into the deepening twilight.

Owing to some detention, the boat was later than usual, so that it was quite dark when they landed at Chippewa. On leaving the boat, Mr. Ashley and his sister found themselves directly behind the party with whom they had been conversing. Mr. Harley looking round and seeing them, began making some inquiries respecting the hotel of which they had made choice, when Master Fred, who, in his boyish independence, was walking alone, suddenly stumbled and fell—fell from the broad plank over which they were passing, into the river below. There were screams and shouts, and rushings to and fro, but no rescue was attempted, until Ashley, breaking from the clinging hold of his sister, leaped boldly into the deep, dark water. For a few moments, which seemed an age to the spectators, he searched in vain along the narrow space between the vessel and the wharf, but finally he espied the lad's head appearing from under the boat, caught, and drew forth the already insensible child, and greatly exhausted himself, swam back to the plank with his precious burden. They were drawn on board together with joyful shouts and earnest thanksgiving.

As Ashley stood in the gangway, staggering and half blind, the crowd cheering and pressing around him, his sister flung her arms about his neck, and hung upon him, laughing and weeping hysterically. But the poor fellow was faint and chilled,

and strove to release himself from her passionate embrace. But just as he stood free, he felt his hand clasped, but gently, timidly, and looking round, saw Miss Harley at his side. She hastily raised that cold, wet hand to her warm, quivering lips, and kissed it gratefully, while her tears, her irrepressible tears, fell upon it, as she murmured—“God bless you! God in heaven bless you!” and then hurried away to attend upon her brother, who had been carried back into the cabin. The little lad soon recovered sufficiently to be able to join the party, who together took their way to the Clifton House.

That night, after supper, which he had served in a private parlor, Mr. Harley sought the room of Ashley—his heart overflowing with gratitude toward the young hero, and his thoughts busy with plans of generous recompense. At the door he met a servant bearing away a wet traveling-suit, which sight quickened even more his warm and kindly feelings. He entered, to find Mr. Ashley wrapt in a dressing-gown, sitting by a table, his head bent down on his hands, a plate of light food, almost untasted, and a cup of tea, half drunk, pushed back from before him. He was looking even paler and more spiritless than usual. In fact, our friend was completely exhausted by the excitement and exertion of the evening, and consequently deepened in moodiness and reserve. He rose, however, as his visiter entered, and bowing politely, begged him to be seated. But Mr. Harley came forward, took his hand, and pressing it warmly, looked kindly into that pale, quiet face, his own countenance all a-glow, and tears actually glistening in his deep-set, gray eyes. Ashley cast down his own eyes in painful embarrassment, which Mr. Harley perceiving, took the proffered chair, and strove to converse awhile on indifferent topics. But he soon came round to the subject nearest his heart—dwelt long and at large on his paternal joy and gratitude, not seeming to heed the impatience of his sensitive auditor, and finally closed with,

“I trust that there is some way in which I can *prove* my gratitude—in part reward you for your generous heroism. Tell me, my dear young friend, can I repay you in any way?”

To Ashley’s jealous ear there was a tone of patronage—an insulting jingle of the banker’s purse in these words, at which he involuntarily drew himself up, and curled his short upper-lip; and when Mr. Harley earnestly repeated his question, thus:

“Is there no way in which I can serve you?” he replied with a sort of nonchalant hauteur,

“Yes; by never mentioning this little circumstance again. I but did for your son what I would do for any fellow-creature. It was *a mere act of humanity*, I assure you.”

Mr. Harley, quite taken aback, chilled, and withal deeply hurt, rose at once, and with a stately bow and a cold “good-night,” parted from the rescuer of his child, the young hero, with whom five minutes before he would have divided his fortune. Tired and indifferent, Ashley flung himself upon his bed, and slept soundly till late in the morning; then rose with a headache, made a light breakfast, and hurried down to Table-Rock with his sister, who had been up since daybreak, impatiently awaiting

his appearance.

Ashley was long lost in that first contemplation of the grand scene before him; his soul seemed born to a new life—a new world of beauty, and power, and dread, overwhelming sublimity.

The day was wondrously beautiful, and floods of sunlight were mingling with the waters, and pouring over that stupendous precipice; into the darkest deeps fell the fearless, glad sunbeams, sounding like golden plummets those terrible abysses. There hung the rainbow, and Ellen, as she gazed, remarked a wild-bird, who seemed sporting in the spray, pass through the illuminated arch, and become glorified in its midst; and it seemed to her like an innocent, confiding spirit, coming near to the might and grandeur of Deity, through the beautiful gateway of love.

Ashley was at length roused from his trance of high-wrought rapture, by feeling a small, timid hand laid on his arm, and turned to see Master Fred standing at his side, with a faint glow on his cheek, and an affectionate pleasure shining in his sunken eye. The lad, to-day something of an invalid, was accompanied and half-supported by a servant. Ashley felt an instinctive attraction toward this child, who was a fine, intelligent boy, by the way, and talked with him more kindly and familiarly than he had ever felt disposed to converse with the elder Harley.

On leaving the rock, the Ashleys overtook Mr. Harley with his wife and daughter. Juliet blushed painfully, as her eye met that of William, but he bowed and smiled, as she bade the brother and sister, “Good-morning.” Mr. Harley merely lifted his hat, but Mrs. Harley, who had been so absorbed the evening previous by her intense anxiety for her son, as almost to forget his brave rescuer, now, dropping the arm of her husband, and grasping the hand of the young student, poured the whole story of her boundless gratitude, of her deep, immeasurable joy, into his *not* willing ear. But after all, the blessing of that mother sunk into his heart—a good heart, though somewhat wayward, and sadly out of harmony with life just now.

A short time after this, Ashley again saw Miss Harley. They met in a fearful place, behind the sheet, on Termination Rock—the secret, dread abode, the dim, awful sanctuary of sublimity.

Even then, Ashley, exalted by poetry, solemnized by grandeur as he was, could but remark the miracle of beauty which made the young lady look lovely as ever in the rude, grotesque costume, the clumsy waterproof dress provided for this adventurous expedition. He next noticed the fearless, yet awe-struck enthusiasm, the high, rapt expression of her face, as, sheltering her eyes from the storm of spray with her fair hand, she gazed upward, to where the huge columns of water, dark-green, and snowy-white, leaped over the shelving precipice, and plunged with a thunderous roar into the black abyss at her side.

In after days he often thought of that fair creature, as she thus appeared—so young, so delicate, yet so brave—so lost to herself almost to life, in a deep trance of awe and adoration. He often thought of her thus, as his last sight of her; for after this they parted—he and Ellen passing over to the American side, saw no more of the Harleys during their brief stay at the Falls.

Ashley was, almost in spite of himself, much improved in health and spirits by travel; and on his return resumed his studies with a sort of dogged devotion, if not with all his old enthusiasm. Yet sometimes, as formerly, the vision of a fair being would come to disturb and distract his thoughts—would flit across his humble room, be almost palpably present to his waking dreams. But it hardly seemed the "lovely young Jessie," the "beloved of his early years;" this was a fairer, slighter form, clad, oddly enough, in a heavy dress of yellow oil-cloth, with a sort of hood, which, half-falling back, revealed a sweet face, all glorified by sublime adoration. He saw—how distinctly he saw, the deep, abstracted eyes, the bright, parted lips—ah, those lips! whenever he recalled *them* by some mysterious association, his eye would fall on his own right hand—a tolerably symmetrical hand, surely, but with nothing more peculiar about it, that I could ever see.

The fall succeeding the journey to Niagara, William Ashley received his diploma, and the next spring opened an office in his native city. Not possessing wealth, or much family-influence, and being young and modest, he had at first few, very few calls. But he was always at his post, never employed his leisure unworthily, or was idle or desponding. He studied as diligently as ever, and waited patiently for those patients whom he rested assured, in the future—the fair, golden future—were "bound to come."

It happened that the young physician's way home from his office, lay past, and very near to the elegant residence of Mr. N——, a wealthy and somewhat distinguished citizen of H——; and, pouring through the open windows of this mansion, he one night heard the sweetest singing that had ever met his ear. It was a clear, fresh contralto voice, artistic in execution, yet sweet, and full of feeling.

Ashley, a fine singer himself, was passionately fond of music; and he lingered long before that house, walking up and down beneath the thick shadows of the grand old elms.

This was but the beginning of pleasure; night after night, for some weeks, found the young physician in the same spot, when he was almost always so happy as to hear that rare, delicious singing, thrilling and quivering through the still and dewy air. It was generally accompanied by the piano; but sometimes he would see a gay group on the piazza, and among them a slight figure in white, looking very fair and delicate in the moonlight; then there would come the tinkling of a guitar, and sweet love-lays of Italy, or wild ballads of Spain.

And thus it went on, till Ashley, the invisible listener, had become altogether enchanted, spell-bound—*in love with a voice*, till fast and far in the dim distance, faded away that late familiar vision in yellow oil-cloth and falling hood, and fair, kindling countenance. He now spent as many hours over his books as ever, but his thoughts, alas! were far enough from the page; for, to tell the truth, and expose his boyish folly, he was constantly dreaming out the form and features of the dear, unknown—of her with the voice. Unlike his former self, he now looked searchingly at the fair promenaders whom he met on the street, and he there saw pretty young ladies enough, but no one in whom he recognized his idea of the sweet singer.

At length the hour of good fortune came alike to the physician and to the lover.

Just at sunset, one pleasant evening, a young horseman came dashing up to Dr. Ashley's office, to summon him to a lady who had dislocated her ankle in springing from her horse. Our hero's heart beat quick as the messenger directed him to the house of Mr. N. The doctor was shown into a small parlor, where, on a lounge, clad in a white wrapper, reclined his first patient. A wealth of rich, golden hair, somewhat disheveled, first attracted Ashley's eye; there was something strangely familiar in those bright curls, and he was not taken altogether by surprise when Mrs. N—— presented him to her niece, "*Miss Harley*."

The lady was lying with her hands over her face, to conceal the tears drawn forth by her acute suffering; but at the mention of the doctor's name, she removed them, and looked up eagerly, smiling in the midst of her pain, with pleasure and surprise.

But this was no time for more than a simple recognition, and the next moment saw the doctor bending professionally over the throbbing and swollen foot of the sufferer.

The setting of the dislocated joint caused this young girl excruciating torture; but she bore herself through all with heroic patience—the silent resignation of a true woman.

Yet when all was over—the ankle bound up, and a composing draught administered, as the doctor took leave of his interesting patient, he saw that her cheek was deathly pale, and that her lips quivered convulsively.

From that time, for some weeks, day after day, the young physician might have been seen (by Mrs. N——) kneeling by the side of Miss Juliet's couch—bending over that poor foot, bathing and dressing it, watching with intense interest the subsiding of the swelling, and the disappearance of the discoloration, till it became at last white and delicate, like its mate and former fellow-traveler.

It is strange how, through all this time, the late music-mad young gentleman existed without listening to the beloved voice, for now, through the windows of that parlor, through the vines and roses of that piazza, no sweet singing floated out into the moonlight.

I told you, dear reader, that Dr. Ashley used to kneel by Juliet's side to dress her ankle; but when that was better—very much better, almost well, indeed, and clad in silken hose and slipper—it happened that once, when quite alone with his fair patient, at the dreamy twilight hour, the doctor suddenly found himself, by the force of habit, I suppose, in his old position. This time Miss Juliet bent over him till her hand lay on his shoulder—till her long, bright curls touched his forehead, till they mingled in with his own dark locks. She said but a word or two, and the young practitioner sprung up, impulsively and joyfully, and took a prouder position by the side of his beloved patient. His arm was soon about her slight waist—to support her, probably, as her recent indisposition had left her but weak; her hand was in his own; and as he held it thus, he mentally observed—"Quite the quickest pulse I have ever felt."

Miss Harley called herself well, but she did not seem perfectly so, while she

remained with her relatives in H——; at least her physician called more and more frequently, nor did it appear that her poor ankle ever quite regained its strength; for when she took her evening strolls with Dr. Ashley, they were observed to saunter along slowly, and she was seen to lean heavily on the arm of her companion.

It is said that there are men who think that a slight lameness imparts a new interest to a lovely woman—and Dr. Ashley was probably one of these.

One fine morning, early in September, Mr. Ogden Harley, the rich banker, and respectable citizen, was seated in his cushioned arm-chair, in his elegant library, in his princely residence in Waverly Place, in the city of Gotham. He was looking as easy and comfortable as usual—as well pleased with the world, and its ways in general, and its ways toward himself in particular; and even more than usually happy and genial.

Mr. Harley was not alone on this morning. There was then and there present a young man, rather tall, and quite handsome, modestly, yet elegantly dressed—(our friend, the doctor, to let you into the secret, dear reader)—who, with a very red face, and in a manner half proud, half fearful, was just making a confidant of the old gentleman—telling him a love-story of his own, in short. The good man seemed greatly interested in this history, badly told as it was; and at its close, he rose, quite hastily for one of his aldermanic proportions, and going up to his visiter, and laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said,

"With all my heart—with all my heart! I will give you my Juliet, and place her fortune in your hands—for I honor and like you, young man."

Ashley, quite overcome, could only stammer out,

"Oh, Mr. Harley, my dear sir, how can I ever repay you for this goodness—this great kindness!"

"*By never mentioning this little circumstance again!*" replied Mr. Harley, with a roguish twinkle of the eye. "I saw, my dear boy, what a sad condition you were in, and this is 'A Mere Act of Humanity, I assure you.' "

KING WITLAF’S DRINKING HORN.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

Witlaf, a king of the Saxons,
Ere yet his last he breathed,
To the merry monks of Croyland
His drinking-horn bequeathed;

That whenever they sat at their revels
And drank from the golden bowl
They might remember the donor,
And breathe a prayer for his soul.

So sat they once at Christmas,
And bade the goblet pass;
In their beards the red wine glistened
Like dew-drops in the grass.

They drank to the soul of Witlaf,
They drank to Christ the Lord,
And to each of the Twelve Apostles,
Who had preached his holy word.

They drank to the Saints and Martyrs
Of the dismal days of yore,
And as soon as the horn was empty,
They remembered one Saint more.

And the Reader droned from the pulpit,
Like the murmur of many bees,
The legend of good Saint Guthlac,
And Saint Basil’s homilies;

Till the great bells of the convent,
From their prison in the tower,
Guthlac and Bartholomæus,
Proclaimed the midnight hour.

And the Yule-log cracked in the chimney,
   And the Abbot bowed his head,
And the flamelets flapped and flickered,
   But the Abbot was stark and dead!

Yet still in his pallid fingers
   He clutched the golden bowl,
In which, like a pearl dissolving,
   Had sunk and dissolved his soul.

But not for this their revels
   The jovial monks forbore,
For they cried, “Fill high the goblet!
   We must drink to one Saint more!”

STANZAS:

TO A FRIEND, WHO COMPLAINED OF WINTER AS A SEASON OF ENDURANCE.

BY A. D. WILLIAMS.

What if the snowy drapery
  Of winter clothe the earth,
And rude “north-westers” chase thee
  To the quiet fireside hearth?

And if the sportive wildness
  Of others please thee not;
If summer’s balmy mildness
  Comes not from grove or grot?

If in the narrowed towers
  Of granite walls and gray,
Thy spirit mourns the flowers,
  Through all the live-long day?

The muses still are beaming
  Their radiance on thy way;
With light and beauty gleaming—
  Dread shadows flit away.

And Art the breast is filling
  With generous impulse, free;
The Poet’s lyre is thrilling
  The soul with melody.

The student’s vigil proffers
  The hope-lit spirit’s aim;
And honored duty offers
  What truth and virtue claim.

And friendship true is smiling

In confidence and joy,
The lonely hours beguiling.
With sweet and loved employ.

Nor think that oft it fadeth,
On earth’s cold chilling stream,
Through many a heart pervadeth,
More than a “poet’s dream!”

And should thy soul be weary
Of mundane joys and ill,
Yet think not winter dreary,
For heaven the soul can thrill.

Bright, strong-winged Hope is pointing
In gladness to the skies,
And Faith, with Heaven’s anointing,
Bids brighter visions rise.

Then, call not winter dreary,
Sigh not for summer’s joy,
Nor let thy soul be weary
With dutiful employ.

THE RUMSEYS:

OR THE PEOPLE WHO KNEW EVERY BODY AND WHOM NOBODY KNEW.

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

“My dear Mrs. Armitage, I am delighted to see you; I have just this moment heard of your return, and hastened to claim the privilege of an old friend, in being the first to welcome you home again.”

So saying, little Mrs. Grey carefully navigated her way amid the piles of trunks and band-boxes that strewed the hall, and warmly saluted her friend, who was superintending the arrangement of the baggage.

After the first greetings were over, Mrs. Armitage led her visiter into the drawing-room, that looked cheerless enough, draped in brown Holland and shrouded in gloom. When the ladies were seated upon one of the veiled divans, Mrs. Armitage said—

“I need not apologize to you, my dear Mrs. Grey, for the disorder in which you find me. We have but just arrived, and the covers are not yet removed from the furniture—nothing is in readiness for our reception, because our return is entirely unexpected. Mr. Armitage was obliged to be in the city, or we should have staid at least a fortnight longer. I am quite at a loss to know how you should so soon have heard of our arrival.”

“Why, I called upon Mrs. Leonard, this morning,” replied her guest, “and there met your friend Mrs. Rumsey, who came down in the cars with your party; she said she had just parted with you, and on that hint I rushed off, regardless of etiquette, that I might give you the warm welcoming I felt.”

Mrs. Armitage pressed her friend’s hand in acknowledgment, and then with a puzzled look exclaimed:

“Mrs. Rumsey! Who in the name of wonder is she? I know no person of that name, neither have I any recollection of it.”

“Not know her!” ejaculated Mrs. Grey, now surprised in turn. “Not know her!—impossible! Why she was entertaining Mrs. Leonard with a long account of your sayings and doings, and went off in ecstasies over Helen’s beauty and musical talent.”

“Very strange!” repeated the other lady, musingly. “Mrs. Rumsey—Rumsey—I cannot remember any such person. However, there were so many people at the hotel that I did not see half of them, and of course only made acquaintance with those

who pleased me. Certainly this Mrs. Rumsey was not among the number."

"Well, you certainly must have had some conversation with her," said Mrs. Grey, "else she would not have repeated remarks that you made to her, and beside she told us how very intimate Helen was with her daughters, and what delightful strolls you all took together. Perhaps you have not heard her name aright?"

"Perhaps not," answered Mrs. Armitage; "what kind of looking person is she?"

"Oh!" replied her friend, smiling, "she has not much in appearance to delight one, certainly, though her *tout ensemble* is rather striking, and I should think not easily forgotten. She is rather short, and rather thin, with a quantity of light frizzed curls, surmounted with pink flowers and marabout feathers—she seems to make up in drapery what she lacks in solidity, and wears deep flounces, and a quantity of lace trimming, beside a very elegant watch and chatelaine. Altogether, she was rather over-dressed, but must be of some standing, for I heard her mention many of our first families in the most familiar manner."

"And perhaps with no more claim to their acquaintance than she has to mine," replied Mrs. Armitage in a provoked tone, for she prided herself a little upon her rank in the world of fashion. "I am sure I have no acquaintance with the person whom you describe, and as for her daughters—but here comes Helen, let her answer for herself."

As she spoke Helen Armitage entered the room. She was a graceful, beautiful girl of eighteen, with a decided style, though quiet in manner, and justified the proud glance which her mother bestowed upon her, as she advanced to welcome Mrs. Grey, who was deservedly loved by all the family.

"My dear Helen how well you are looking," exclaimed their visiter. "Really you fully deserve all the encomiums that I have heard lavished upon you this morning by the mother of your friends, the Miss Rumseys."

"Helen, who are these Rumseys who seem to know us so well? I have no recollection of them," interrupted her mother.

"Really, mamma, I cannot tell," replied Helen with a smile. "I think there must be a mistake—where did they say they had met us, Mrs. Grey?"

Mrs. Grey then repeated all she had previously said, and added—"You must surely remember them, Helen, since I understand that the young Mr. Rumsey, Samuel Rumsey, junior, was your devoted cavalier."

Helen shook her head—"I do not think I can claim the gentleman as upon my list of admirers," she said laughing; "and as for the young ladies, I have no recollection of them."

"Really, Helen," said her mother, a little impatiently, "I wish you had been more discreet in your choice of associates, it is not pleasant to have one's name connected with every ill-bred person whom you may meet at a watering-place. You must have had some intimacy with them, or they would not presume to mention you so familiarly."

"I assure you, mamma, that I made no acquaintance except with those whom you approved. Of the Rumseys I have not the slightest knowledge. I remember now,

that the day before we left, our general picknick party was joined by a group who had arrived in the morning. The eldest lady answered to Mrs. Grey's description of our unknown friend; she was accompanied by two younger ladies and a gentleman, whose style of appearance, as well as her own, was rather *outré*, and they were evidently strangers. One of the young ladies addressed a remark to me upon the beauty of the scenery, to which of course I replied, and the gentleman upon whose arm she leaned showed a desire to continue the conversation, but as I had not been introduced, and he was moreover, an ignorant, ill-bred person, I merely bowed and passed on. What their names were I cannot tell, but they might have been the Rumseys."

"Very likely," said Mrs. Armitage, with a half smile, "but they say they came down with us, and seem to know me."

Helen laughed outright—"I remember that they were in the same car with us. Don't you recollect, mamma, that a lady sitting behind you, very considerately pulled your shawl up on your shoulders, saying she feared you would take cold? That was the same person whom I supposed to be Mrs. Rumsey, and her polite son quite stared me out of countenance during the journey, while his sisters seemed comparing notes together."

"Taking an inventory of your dress and charms, Helen, that they might be able to describe you correctly," laughed Mrs. Grey, who began to enter into the spirit of the affair, and was a good deal amused at her friend's evident annoyance.

"But really," she continued, "you should not have cut your brother's college chum so decidedly. I understood that Harry and the young Rumsey were a second Damon and Pythias."

"Absurd," exclaimed Mrs. Armitage, now more nettled than ever. "Absurd, my dear Mrs. Grey, I wonder you could have patience to listen to such an evident tissue of falsehoods. You could not suppose I would tolerate such a person as you describe."

"I had no right to suppose them falsehoods," replied the other quietly, for she was the least bit of a quiz in the world. "I found the lady comfortably seated in Mrs. Leonard's drawing-room, and conversing familiarly of you as a friend for whom she had the highest esteem. I saw she was rather ill-bred to be sure, but she may be a very good sort of woman for all that you know, and so on the strength of your friendship I invited her to call upon me."

"Poor Mrs. Grey," ejaculated Helen, laughing, "she will come of course, and then it will be your turn to be victimized. How could she ever have become known to the Leonards?"

"I shall take care never to meet her," said Mrs. Armitage, decidedly. "To think of that officious person who insisted upon carrying my traveling bag upon her lap, and constantly annoyed me with offers of services, claiming my acquaintance, indeed. One thing is very certain, she shall never procure an introduction."

"Don't be too sure," said her merry friend, as she rose to take leave; "strange things do happen sometimes. However, I am sorry that I have caused you any

annoyance, though I must say I think I have the worst of it."

So speaking Mrs. Grey departed, and Mrs. Armitage was speedily so deeply engaged in household arrangements, that she forgot for a season the unlooked-for acquaintance of Mrs. Rumsey.

A few days after her return home, Mrs. Armitage called upon Mrs. Leonard, and here again was doomed to hear of Mrs. Rumsey, and the warm friendship that existed between the young scion of the Rumseys and her son Harry, with the decided admiration of the former for her daughter Helen. Poor Mrs. Armitage! she began to think this Mrs. Rumsey was an evil-genius sent to persecute her. She disclaimed all knowledge of her tormentor, and asked Mrs. Leonard how she became known to *her*.

Her friend replied that she had met Mrs. Rumsey at the house of a friend very frequently, and from her apparent familiar acquaintance with many good families, supposed her to be a desirable visiter. She gave her a casual invitation to call, which was immediately accepted, and she had since brought her daughters. They were tall, showy girls, Mrs. Leonard said, and much more presentable than their mother.

Mrs. Armitage denying all knowledge of the family seemed to surprise her friend, as Mrs. Rumsey, to her knowledge, had used her name as a card of introduction to several other persons.

Perplexed and thoroughly annoyed, Mrs. Armitage returned home. This determined claim of friendship from a person who she was very sure must be ill-bred and ridiculous, troubled her not a little.

The Armitage family occupied a high position in society. Mr. Armitage was a man of intelligence and wealth, his mercantile influence was great, and though mingling but little in the gay crowds which his wife and daughter frequented, he was universally sought after and respected. Mrs. Armitage was a refined and elegant woman, nurtured in luxury—she shrunk from any contact with rude, or ill-bred persons, and thoroughly despised the mean-spirited parasites who sought to bask in the influence which her husband's wealth and her own fashion shed abroad. She was fastidious in her choice of associates, perhaps a little too much so, and consequently her acquaintance was eagerly sought.

Her daughter Helen was, as has been said, a beautiful girl of eighteen, with as much refinement, and less exclusiveness than her mother; a belle in society, and the idol of her father at home. While Harry Armitage, a frank, manly, high-spirited youth, just of age, full of fun, yet the soul of honor, was his mother's delight and the beau ideal of the ladies.

Truly not to know the Armitages was to argue oneself unknown.

Harry Armitage, who was away on a shooting excursion, did not return home until a few days after his mother, and consequently had heard nothing of the Rumseys. But it so chanced, that on the very morning upon which his mother called upon Mrs. Leonard, he was strolling up one of the principal promenades with a friend, when they met a person whose appearance attracted Harry's attention.

"Who, in the name of all the tailors, is this walking fashion-plate?" he

exclaimed, glancing at the same moment toward a small, slight young man, with very light hair, and a luxuriant buff-colored moustache, who, with an air of ill-attempted ease, came sauntering toward them. He was attired according to the latest mode, his bottle-green "cut-away" displaying a gaudy vest and plaid neckerchief to great advantage, while from beneath his drab pantaloons appeared feet snugly encased in patent-leather pumps and crimson hose.

Harry's friend looked up, as he replied smiling—"Why, Armitage, don't you remember your old chum and particular friend, young Rumsey?"

"I can't say that I do," replied the other with a smile, as the individual in question passed, with a stare at Armitage and a low bow to his friend. "At least," he added, "you see he has cut me quite coolly. I don't think he recognized me any better than I did himself, for I am pretty sure we never met before."

"Strange, that he should not have known you," said his companion. "Why, he used your name as a means of introducing himself to me."

"My name!" ejaculated Harry in surprise. "Impossible—how did it happen?"

"Why, I met him at the tailor's one day, and as I was waiting to be served, heard him say—'I think I will have a coat from the same piece as my friend Armitage ordered, I like his taste.' Of course I turned upon hearing your name, and noticing my inquiring look, he asked—'Do you know Harry Armitage, sir?' I bowed assent. 'Fine fellow,' said he, 'an old college chum, and particular friend of mine—his sister Helen is a superb girl. Happy to make your acquaintance, sir.' He tendered me his card, which bore the name of Samuel Rumsey, Esq., and received mine in exchange. Since then I have met him several times at the theatre and elsewhere, and have been not a little amused at his assumption of fashionable manners, which sit upon him as awkwardly as a dress-coat upon a Turk; but as your friend I have always treated him civilly. I am surprised at your apparent ignorance of each other now."

"I have been trying to recollect when I ever knew a person by that name," said Harry, after a pause, "and I remember such a boy at one of the first schools to which I ever went. He was a lazy fellow, who spent all his pocket-money in buying gilded watch-chains and imitation breast-pins, and his leisure time in writing letters directed to himself, purporting to come from fashionable friends in town. I recollect he burnt nearly half his hair off at one time with the curling tongs, and was constantly begging old boot-tops from the elder boys to make straps, which he pinned fast to his pantaloons. We called him 'gentleman Rumsey,' a title with which he appeared highly delighted. This person is doubtless the same, though I have never met him since I left school, and why he should claim me as an acquaintance, I know not. Do you know the family?"

"I have seen his sisters," replied the other, "they are dashing girls, but seemingly infected with the same desire to shine."

"It is very evident that he did not know me, at least," said Harry; "if you meet him don't enlighten him as to my identity, we may have some sport yet."

Soon after the young men separated, and Harry returned home.

Mrs. Armitage had just concluded a most pathetic account of her morning visit, when Harry entered the room where his mother and sister were seated, and began in his off-hand style an amusing relation of his morning rencontre. When he mentioned the name of Rumsey, his mother lifted her hands with an exclamation of terror, and Helen exclaimed laughing —

" 'Monsieur Tonson come again,' I declare. Well, Harry, I am wicked enough to rejoice in your share of our annoyance, as perhaps through your restless wits we may find a way to rid ourselves of it. This very morning, when I returned to purchase some more ribbon such as I had to trim my fall bonnet, the milliner said she had sold the last to the Miss Rumseys, who were decided in their choice on being told I had selected the same."

"What is all this about the Rumseys?" asked Harry. And forthwith his mother and sister proceeded to enlighten him on the subject so far as they knew themselves.

Harry shared fully in the annoyance, and determined to devise some method of punishing this pushing and impertinent family, and to find out who and what they were.

"Who were the Rumseys?" This was a question much easier asked than answered, as all allusion to past years was carefully avoided by the people in question, and moreover, they came from an eastern city. They occupied a stylish house in a fashionable quarter, and lived in a showy manner; spending most of their time in promenading and receiving the visits of those who ventured to call upon them.

The mother was an ignorant, ill-bred, over-dressed woman, who, to judge by her conversation, was intimate with almost every family of note, and who by dint of persevering assiduity had succeeded in gaining the *entrée* to a few fashionable houses. It was whispered about, to be sure, that a waiter had seen her quietly transfer the card of an *exclusive* from the card-receiver of the lady she was visiting to her own pocket, and said card was afterward observed occupying a conspicuous place upon her centre-table. But this might have been mere servant's gossip, and it was scarcely credible that all the cards of distinction that filled her gilded card-racks were obtained in the same way. The supposition that she was known in one circle was the magical spring that opened her way into another, and in this way she endeavored to pick the locks, as it were, of the gates of fashionable society.

The daughters were what men of coarse taste would call "dashing girls that make a fine show." They were rather tall, with bright dark eyes, brilliant complexions, irregular features, wide mouths, and large feet. Their bonnets were always bent to the last extreme of fashion, and the bright colors they wore were always in striking contrast. They affected the fashionable, and certainly most ungraceful lounge, with decided success, and in their daily promenades received numerous bows from gentlemen of every variety. The son has been already introduced, it need only be added that he excelled his family in forward impertinence, and we have the picture complete.

Such were the Rumseys as they appeared candidates for fashionable distinction.

One peep behind the curtain will discover who they were.

Samuel Rumsey, senior, had been a green grocer in an eastern city. He was a thrifty, pains-taking, plain man, who amassed a small fortune by small means. His wife, who was a milliner's apprentice, never could persuade him to live in any other than the plain manner to which he had always been accustomed. She succeeded, however, in prevailing on him to send his children to fashionable boarding-schools, and upon his death, the delighted widow found herself mistress of her own actions, and a comfortable income. She immediately determined to become a woman of fashion, but finding this impossible in a place where she was known, and which is beside noted for the peculiarly high-bred tone of its aristocracy, the ambitious widow removed to the goodly city of Gotham, where she had understood that a golden key would unlock every avenue to distinction, and where wealth is the only acknowledged sign of caste.

True as this opinion was, (and it has passed into a proverb and a reproach to the great metropolis,) Mrs. Rumsey found some difficulty in making her way. She visited watering-places, and freely used the names of those of standing in her original place of abode. But she found herself regarded with distrust by those whose acquaintance she was most anxious to claim, and thought no subterfuge too mean to gain her desired aim. The *prestige* of Mrs. Armitage's friendship she was particularly anxious to secure, and thus followed the family to the watering-place where they were staying, in the hope of accomplishing her designs. Their unexpected departure foiled her plans; but determined not to be baffled, she returned to town in the same cars, and hastened to spread abroad the news of her friend, Mrs. Armitage's, unexpected arrival. It did not seem to occur to her shallow conception that such bare-faced falsehoods as she found it necessary to tell must eventually be exposed. In her anxiety to accomplish her wishes she lost sight of prudence, and thus hastened the mortifying *dénouement*.

Harry could not discover much of the Rumseys' history, but he heard enough of their proceedings to justify himself, he thought, in the scheme he had formed for their mortification and exposure. He persuaded his friend to introduce him to young Rumsey by his middle name, which was Lee, and represented himself as a young stranger who was anxious to become acquainted in the city. His friend feared exposure, but Harry was sure of never meeting the Rumseys in his circle, and so persisted in his design.

Young Mr. Lee was accordingly introduced, and received with patronizing condescension. His fine appearance and elegant manners could not fail of making a favorable impression, and the family contented themselves with the remark, that if they were harboring a nobody, he was at least a very presentable one.

Harry said nothing at home regarding his plans, but visited the family frequently. He could scarcely forbear discovering himself when he heard his mother and sisters mentioned in the most familiar terms, and one of the Miss Rumseys would occasionally say —

"I certainly must introduce you to my lovely friend, Helen Armitage; you will be

struck with her, I am sure."

On one occasion Harry could not forbear pointedly replying that he should claim her promise upon the first opportunity. He amused himself by observing their adroitness in parrying questions about their supposed acquaintances, while he became thoroughly disgusted at the deliberate falsehoods which he heard them repeat of persons whom he knew perfectly well, but of whom they had no knowledge further than a chance introduction, or perhaps only knew by sight. When he thought them sufficiently committed by their deceptions, he prepared for the grand finale.

Harry's friend and confidant in this affair was Mrs. Grey, with whom he was an especial favorite, and who, beside her innate love of mischief and desire to assist her young friend, had her own private reasons for desiring to mortify the Rumseys. They had annoyed her exceedingly by the perseverance with which they followed up her chance invitation to Mrs. Rumsey. That lady promptly accepted the invitation, and although her visit was not returned, yet came again, introducing her daughters, and running over her list of fashionable friends with all the volubility of a parrot. Go where she would, poor Mrs. Grey was doomed to meet her tormentor, and at every turn found herself already heralded by her indefatigable follower. She fully sympathised now in the annoyance of her friend Mrs. Armitage, but concealing her vexation waited until the proper season for crushing this impertinence effectually.

Many moments of merriment did the two conspirators enjoy over the contrivances to which this foolish family subjected themselves. And Harry described the patronising air of Samuel Rumsey, Esq., and his adroit avoidance of those to whom he had promised Mr. Lee an introduction, with infinite glee. It was fortunate for Harry that his companion did so, or the ruse might have been discovered too early. He frequently heard himself mentioned as a particular and intimate associate, and often felt like punishing the impostor who thus made mention of himself and family.

It was decided, at length, that Mrs. Grey should give a *soirée*, to which the Rumseys were to be invited. She was afraid they would decline the invitation, fearing to meet the people of whose acquaintance they had falsely boasted; but Harry, who knew them better, was sure they would not lose so favorable an opportunity of an introduction into the society they aspired to, and so prevailed upon his friend to send the invitations.

The Rumseys received Mrs. Grey's card of invitation with delight. No scruples were felt, no fear of exposure entertained. The mother had repeated the names of fashionable people so often, that she began to believe she really knew them, and the daughters trusted to their address in avoiding any mortifying *contre-temps*, while the son was wholly absorbed in the one idea of the great sensation his stylish appearance would produce. An acceptance was sent, dress-makers, milliners, and tailors put in immediate requisition, and on the appointed evening, fluttering in lace and rustling in silks, the Rumseys were ushered into Mrs. Grey's elegant and

crowded apartments.

After due presentation to the hostess, the Rumseys looked about them and found themselves surrounded by entire strangers. There were a very few, and among them Mrs. Leonard, upon whom Mrs. Rumsey had called, and several whom they knew by sight only. As the group were debating which way to turn their steps, Mrs. Grey advanced, and addressing Mrs. Rumsey, said —

"You will meet many of your friends here this evening, Mrs. Rumsey. There are Mrs. Starsbury and the Floyds, have you spoken to them yet? Shall I walk over with you?"

Now these ladies Mrs. Rumsey had only heard of through her milliner, and had no claim whatever to their acquaintance; she therefore replied that she was waiting an opportunity of speaking to her friend, Mrs. Leonard, who was engaged in conversation with another lady.

"Oh yes!" said the provoking Mrs. Grey, "now she is looking this way, she evidently recognizes you, as does her friend." So saying she escorted her visiter toward the group.

Mrs. Leonard replied civilly to Mrs. Rumsey's eager salutation, but the lady at her side maintained a dignified silence.

"My dear Mrs. Mornton," cried Mrs. Grey, "don't you recognize your friend, Mrs. Rumsey? I have heard her talk of you so frequently."

"Who is Mrs. Rumsey?" replied the lady, who was very exclusive, with a well-bred stare. "I do not know her."

"Not know her! Oh, I understand—some little disagreement," said Mrs. Grey, in an undertone.

"Not at all," answered the other decidedly; "the lady is an utter stranger, believe me."

Mrs. Grey looked around, but Mrs. Rumsey had disappeared.

Meanwhile the young ladies met several gentlemen whom they knew slightly, and who relieved their awkwardness by a polite attention. They were evidently surprised, however, to see troops of ladies constantly passing, among whom were many whose acquaintance the Miss Rumseys had claimed, but none of whom recognized or noticed them in any way. As for Samuel Rumsey, Esq., he was quite shocked at the indifference with which his attentions and remarks were received, and Mrs. Rumsey now joining her daughters, their position was becoming very unpleasant, when they beheld the quondam Mr. Lee talking with their hostess. Surprise at seeing him was mingled with satisfaction at the appearance of one person, at least, to whose acquaintance they had a real claim. But their astonishment was increased upon beholding the general welcome he received from those to whom they supposed him an utter stranger.

He soon approached them, and after a few remarks observed that he had been introduced to several of their friends, and offered his arm for a promenade. This offer was gladly accepted by the young ladies.

"Here are the Miss Floyds," said Harry, pausing before two elegant looking

girls; “doubtless they will be delighted to see you.”

The Miss Rumseys colored—they had seen the Miss Floyds at their milliners. They bowed in confusion, and Harry mischievously added:

“The Miss Rumseys have not met you before in a long time, I presume.”

“I do not remember the name,” replied the eldest Miss Floyd politely; “where had we the pleasure of meeting you, Miss Rumsey?”

“We met at Mrs. Leonard’s,” answered one of the young ladies, determined to brave it out, and with an affected air of indifference she gave place to a group who now advanced, and remarking to Harry that “they were proud girls,” moved away.

Harry replied with a quizzical look, and the young ladies fearful of another mortification, complained of the heat, and took their seats near where Mrs. Armitage was sitting. Mrs. Rumsey was upon a sofa at their side talking energetically to a strange lady, who, like many others had been, was deceived by her apparent acquaintance with persons of standing, and who was entertained by the personal chit-chat which she retailed.

Meanwhile the rebuff of Mrs. Mornton, and the confusion of the young ladies upon meeting the Miss Floyds was whispered about, and the question of “Who are the Rumseys?” was passed from one to another of those whose names had been freely used by the family.

Harry stationed himself behind the young ladies, and out of his mother’s view, then bending low —

“Who is that beautiful girl with a camelia in her hair?” he asked, pointing to his sister, who stood near her mother with a group of admirers about her.

“That is Helen Armitage,” replied Miss Rumsey, proud of her knowledge of the belle of the evening.

“I shall claim your promise of an introduction,” answered Harry, “she does not appear at all proud.”

The sisters looked confused, and Harry pitying their evident uneasiness almost repented of his scheme, when he heard his mother’s name coupled with that of “dear Helen,” mentioned in the most familiar manner by Mrs. Rumsey, who was enlarging upon the delightful summer excursion which she had so much enjoyed with her dear friend Mrs. Armitage. Harry could bear this no longer, but rising, addressed Mrs. Rumsey.

“My dear madam, your daughters have kindly promised me an introduction to Miss Armitage, but as the young lady is engaged at present, may I beg your kind offices in making me acquainted with her mother, who it seems is your intimate friend, and I will trust to my own address in winning her daughter’s suffrage.”

Just then Mrs. Grey, accompanied by young Rumsey, approached. She had heard Harry’s speech, and Mrs. Rumsey finding herself completely cornered, and elated by her confidential conversation with the strange lady, who was evidently a guest of note, determined by a bold stroke to master her dilemma. She accordingly, despite her daughters’ appealing looks, rose, and accompanied by Harry and her son, approached Mrs. Armitage, and dropping a profound courtesy, said very

rapidly —

“My dear Mrs. Armitage, you have perhaps forgotten me, as we have not met since last summer, but allow me to present you my son, Mr. Samuel Rumsey, a college chum and companion of your son Henry, they were great friends, I assure you; and this is a young *protégé* of mine, very desirous to make your acquaintance, Mr. Harry Lee.”

“Armitage!” added Mrs. Grey, who stood at her shoulder.

Mrs. Rumsey looked around in surprise, and Mrs. Armitage with a flushed cheek, rose from her seat, saying haughtily —

“The introduction is altogether valueless, as yourself and son are both entirely unknown to me—and as to this young gentleman,” she added, turning with a displeased air to the ci devant Mr. Lee, “it is scarcely necessary to introduce a son to his mother, though I marvel much at finding him in such society.” And placing her hand upon her son’s arm she moved away with a stately air.

Poor Mrs. Rumsey stood perfectly still in a state of blank bewilderment, while Mrs. Grey exclaimed —

“How could you, Mrs. Ramsey, present Harry Armitage as a stranger to his mother, can it be possible that you had no acquaintance with her after all?”

Mrs. Rumsey looked around, she saw the suppressed smile that hovered on the lips of those about her, and murmuring something about explaining it all on another occasion, hastily left the room. Her daughters had already vanished, and as for Samuel Rumsey, Esq., he was no where.

Mrs. Armitage was some time in becoming reconciled to the stratagem of Mrs. Grey and Harry, but finding herself no longer haunted by the Rumseys, forgave the two conspirators at last.

The Rumseys found it convenient to leave town immediately. Their furniture was sold—the house rented to another tenant, and “The people who knew every body and whom nobody knew,” ceased to be talked of or remembered.

But many hundred miles away, in another state, the Rumseys still flourish, and occasionally boast of their charming friend Harry Armitage, and the elegant Mrs. Grey.

Who that mingles in the harlequin crowd of this jostling, restless world, has not known one person at least who might belong to the Rumseys?

EDEN.

BY JOHN A. STEIN.

Proudly down the western mountains
  Rolls the monarch of the skies,
And the heavy clouds around him
  In a craggy archway rise —
Seeming, with their rugged edges,
  In a molten glory bright,
Glowing portals to a region
  Bathed in Eden’s golden light.

And as downward from the headland
  On the wooded vale I gaze,
I may view the sunbeam fainting
  On the forest’s bluish haze —
And, in bronzéd lustre winding,
  Mark the bright Swatara glide,
With the trees like joyous pilgrims
  Flocking by on every side.

And I hear the vesper warbling
  Of the wood-birds ’mid the trees —
And I breathe the odorous incense
  Of the flow’rets of the leas —
And I hear the reapers singing
  ’Mid the nodding yellow grain,
Till the universal gladness
  Wakes a rapture in my brain.

And a host of blesséd memories,
  Long unthought-of, burst their trance —
And in fairy garb around me
  Weave a wild, fantastic dance —
Weave a glad and restless measure
  To the heart’s accordant beat,
Circling merrily around it

With their airy, agile feet.

To my soul they sing a yearning
They at times have sung before —
“Oh! that upward through the ether
I in ecstasy could soar —
Burst the shackles which confine me
To this slavish earth, and fly
With my tinted wings the ranger
Of the gleaming evening sky.”

And responsive to the cadence,
’Neath inspired Fancy’s spell,
With its fringéd wings expanding,
Leaps my spirit from its cell;
And above it hovering, whispers,
In the golden sunset light,
“Oh! for one to share the rapture
Of my Eden-seeking flight.”

By the cloud-arch bounded radiance
Of the regions of the blest —
By the empress star that gleams above,
That cloudy archway’s crest —
By the gladness of the earth beneath —
The loveliness above —
I invoke thee, and entreat thee,
Glorious spirit of my Love!

Thou art with me, oh, my idol!
Thou art trembling by my side —
And with rustling pinions crossing,
Through the lambent air we glide.
Through the glowing arch before us
Let us seek the Eden-land —
We are pilgrims of the Beautiful,
The Happy, and the Grand.

JANUARY.

In the illuminated calendars prefixed to old Romish Missals, January is frequently represented as a man carrying faggots for burning, or a woodman’s axe, shivering and blowing his fingers. Modern artists and poets represent Winter as a feeble old man—a type of the pale “descending year.” Against this idea a celebrated writer thus warmly protests:—

> Talk not of Winter as a dotard old!
> Gray-haired and feeble, palsied every limb,
> ‘A withered branch his sceptre:’ ’tis a whim
> He well may laugh to scorn; a warrior bold,
> Girded with strength is he! Asleep—awake—
> He is all energy to ear and sight;
> He bids the winds go forth, and forests quake,
> Like flowers before gay Summer’s fresh’ning gale;
> He doth unchain the floods, and, in their might,
> Adown the hills they rush, and through the vale,
> With deafening clamor, till they reach the main.

The Romans dedicated this portion of the year to the heathen god Janus, from whom it derives its name. Our Saxon ancestors gave it the name of *wolf-monath*, or wolf-month, because the wolves, which anciently infested the British forests, impelled by hunger, at this season descended from their accustomed haunts and attacked the domestic animals, and even man himself, when the inclemency of the weather had destroyed or put to flight their usual prey. Such scenes are now unknown in Great Britain. Thomson describes the dire descent of a troop of such monsters from

> The shining Alps,
> And wavy Apennines and Pyrenees,
> ——By wintry famine roused:
> Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave,
> Burning for blood!—bony, and gaunt, and grim!
> Assembling wolves in raging troops descend;
> And, pouring o’er the country, bear along,
> Keen as the north wind sweeps the glossy snow.
> All is their prize.
> Rapacious at the mother’s throat they fly,
> And tear the screaming infant from her breast,

E’en beauty, force divine! at whose bright glance
The generous lion stands in softened gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapless, undistinguished prey.

In this inclement month, the feeble rays of the sun are rarely felt, the smaller rivers and ponds are frozen over, and sometimes a strong and sudden frost converts the gliding streams into blocks of solid ice.

An icy gale, oft shifting o’er the pool,
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arrests the bickering storm.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noise; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the distant waterfall
Swells in the breeze; and with the hasty tread
Of traveler, the hollow-sounding plain
Shakes from afar.
It freezes on
Till Morn, late rising o’er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye, unjoyous. Then appears
The various labor of the silent Night:
Prone from the dripping eave and dumb cascade,
Whose idle torrents only seem to roar;
The pendent icicle, the frost-work fair,
Where transient hues and fancied figures rise;
Wide-spouted o’er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold gleaming o’er the morn.

How strikingly beautiful is the appearance of the hoar frost, which clothes the trees in crystals, which sparkle like the most brilliant gems. Well might Howitt exclaim, as he gazed on the gorgeous effects of its incomparable loveliness,

What dream of beauty ever equalled this!
What visions of my boyhood do I miss,
That are not here restored! All splendors pure;
All loveliness, all graces that allure;
Shapes that amaze; a Paradise that is —
Yet was not—will not in few moments be;
Glory from nakedness, that playfully
Mimics with passing life each summer boon,
Clothing the ground, replenishing the tree,
Weaving arch, bower, and delicate festoon,
Still as a dream—and, like a dream, to flee!

The inclemency of the season is shown by its effects on animals, particularly on the numerous tribes of birds. As the cold advances, they become bold by want, and fearlessly approach the habitations of man. The little snow-birds, as they are commonly called, crowd into the farm-yards, and at the barn-doors pick their scanty fare from the chaff and straw. Robins and thrushes in flocks descend from the tops of trees, and frequent the warm manured fields in the neighborhood of towns. Snipes, woodcocks, wild ducks, and other water-fowl, are forced from the frozen marshes, and obliged to seek their food about the rapid streams which are yet unfrozen.

As the cold grows more intense, various kinds of sea-fowl quit the bleak open shores, and ascend the rivers, where they offer a prey to the fowler. Cowper thus beautifully paints the sufferings of the feathered tribes: —

How find the myriads that in summer cheer
The hills and valleys with their ceaseless songs,
Due sustenance, or where subsist they now?
Earth yields them naught; the imprisoned worm is safe
Beneath the frozen clod; all seeds of herbs
Lie covered close; and berry-bearing thorns
That feed the thrush, (whatever some suppose,)
Afford the smaller minstrels no supply.
The long protracted rigor of the year
Thins all their numerous flocks. In chinks and holes
Ten thousand seek an unmolested end,
As instinct prompts; self-buried there they die.

And Burns, with true poetic sympathy for the sufferings of all created things, while listening to the stormy terrors of a winter’s night, thus apostrophizes the feathered songsters of the grove: —

Ilk happing bird, wee helpless thing,
That in the merry months o’ spring
Delighted me to hear thee sing —
What comes o’ thee?
Whare wilt thou cow’r thy chittering wing,
An’ close thy e’e?

Yet amid all these indications of the severity of the season, there are pleasing circumstances which sometimes occur. In the prairies of our western world, the song of the prairie-thrush is heard occasionally ushering in the new year. This is the most early songster in that part of the world, which, sitting on the top of some high bending shrub, in showery weather, as he rides to and fro with the breezes, exerts his throat in loud, uninterrupted strains, which has gained for him the appellation of the storm-bird.

In this month the small wren of the prairie sings melodiously as it hops from reed to reed in search of food. If we examine the plants at this season of the year, we perceive the hand of the Creator, in his wise protection of what he intends for the happiness of his children. Those plants called herbaceous, which die down to the root every autumn, are safely concealed under ground, preparing their new shoots to burst forth when the earth is softened by spring. Shrubs and trees, which are exposed to the open air, he has closely wrapped in a covering sufficient to protect them from the most severe weather. The buds are protected in their hard-coated calyx to secure their forthcoming beauty from decay; if one of those buds be carefully opened, it is found to consist of young leaves rolled together, within which are even all the blossoms in miniature, which are afterward intended to delight our eyes, or probably to refresh by their fragrance our senses. As that great and celebrated naturalist, Cuvier, would often say to his pupils, “Show me a botanist who is a skeptic, and I will show you an idiot. An infidel naturalist is a *rara avis* I have never yet met with.”

This gloomy month is, however, not altogether without flowers, for now the *Heleborus fœtidus*, and various mosses blossom in our woods, and fructification goes on below a depth of snow. One of the most remarkable products of the season are the white berries of the mistletoe. This plant, which was almost worshiped by the Druids as a sacred emblem and decoration of their domestic hearths, during the festival of Christmas, is chiefly remarkable for the peculiarity of its growth—being always found adhering to and deriving its nourishment from the juice of some tree, and never attached to the earth. It flowers early in the year, but its berries do not make their appearance till December. They are the food of non-migrating birds of the most hardy kinds; the plant is principally found attached to the apple-tree, but sometimes, though rarely, on some others; it is least frequently found on the oak, on which its occurrence is considered a curiosity by botanists.

We have, however, in the month of January, occasionally, days which we, for the moment, regard as of exceeding beauty, because, perhaps, of the contrast between them and seasonable weather amidst which they occur. The sun shines bright and warm, the gnat is tempted forth from its secret dormitory, and we are apt to forget that the winter is not yet “past and gone.” The morrow recalls us to a full sense of our position in the scale of the seasons—the sky is black and threatening, or a pelting storm of snow and sleet so alters the fair face of nature, that we are glad once more to take refuge from her frowns amid the delights of the social hearth.

The amusements of sliding, skating, and other pastimes on the ice, give life to this dreary season; and during the continuance of our long frosts, armies of skaters of all ages may be seen almost equal to the skaters of Wilna, where the peasant girl frequently skates sixteen miles to market to dispose of her basket of eggs, which she carries on her head.

The opening and the close of the year each afford topics and occasion for mournful meditation. Who is he, on taking a view of the past, but would gladly recall many words and actions which at the moment of utterance were thought to be

correct, or actions for which he would gladly make restitution? The following reflections are very appropriate:

"I stood between the meeting years,
The coming and the past;
And I asked of the future one—
Wilt thou be like the last?

For sorrow, like a phantom, sits
Upon the last year's close;
How much of grief, how much of ill,
In its dark breast repose!

I think on many a wasted hour,
And sicken o'er the void;
And many darker are behind,
On worse than naught employed.

Oh vanity! alas, my heart!
How widely hast thou strayed;
And misused every golden gift,
For better purpose made!

I think on many a once loved friend,
As nothing to me now;
And what can mark the lapse of time
As does an altered brow?

Thus thinking of the meeting years,
The coming and the past;
I needs must ask the future one—
Wilt thou be like the last?"

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

In times of joy, when pleasure's glow
  Sends through the heart a rapturous thrill;
In hours of care and mournful wo,
  When all is anguish, pain and ill:

From the blest volume of God's word.
  The *light of life* shines bright and clear,
Awaking praise for good conferred,
  And bidding grief find comfort there.

CLARA.

DRAWN BY JOHN W. WRIGHT.

THE LIGHT OF LIFE.

ENGRAVED BY T. B. WELCH EXPRESSLY FOR GRAHAM’S MAGAZINE.

ABOUT CRITICS AND CRITICISM.

BY THE LATE EDGAR A. POE.

Our most analytic, if not altogether our best critic, (Mr. Whipple, perhaps, excepted,) is Mr. *William A. Jones*, author of “The Analyst.” How he would write elaborate criticisms I cannot say; but his summary judgments of authors are, in general, discriminative and profound. In fact, his papers on *Emerson* and on *Macaulay*, published in “Arcturus,” are better than merely “profound,” if we take the word in its now desecrated sense; for they are at once pointed, lucid, and just:—as summaries, leaving nothing to be desired.

Mr. Whipple has less analysis, and far less candor, as his depreciation of “Jane Eyre” will show; but he excels Mr. Jones in sensibility to Beauty, and is thus the better critic of Poetry. I have read nothing finer in its way than his eulogy on Tennyson. I say “eulogy”—for the essay in question is unhappily little more:—and Mr. Whipple’s paper on Miss Barrett, was *nothing* more. He has less discrimination than Mr. Jones, and a more obtuse sense of the critical office. In fact, he has been infected with that unmeaning and transparent heresy—the cant of critical Boswellism, by dint of which we are to shut our eyes tightly to all autorial blemishes, and open them, like owls, to all autorial merits. Papers thus composed may be good in their way, just as an impertinent *cicerone* is good in *his* way; and the way, in either case, may still be a small one.

Boccalini, in his “Advertisements from Parnassus,” tells us that Zoilus once presented Apollo with a very caustic review of a very admirable poem. The god asked to be shown the beauties of the work; but the critic replied that he troubled himself only about the errors. Hereupon Apollo gave him a sack of unwinnowed wheat—bidding him pick out all the chaff for his pains.

Now this fable does very well as a hit at the critics; but I am by no means sure that the Deity was in the right. The fact is, that the limits of the strict critical duty are grossly misapprehended. We may go so far as to say that, while the critic is *permitted* to play, at times, the part of the mere commentator—while he is *allowed*, by way of merely *interesting* his readers, to put in the fairest light the merits of his author—his *legitimate* task is still, in pointing out and analyzing defects and showing how the work might have been improved, to aid the general cause of Letters, without undue heed of the individual literary man. Beauty, to be brief, should be considered in the light of an axiom, which, to become at once evident, needs only to be distinctly *put*. It is *not* Beauty, if it require to be demonstrated as such:—and thus to point out too particularly the merits of a work, is to admit that

they are *not* merits altogether.

When I say that both Mr. Jones and Mr. Whipple are, in some degree, imitators of Macaulay, I have no design that my words should be understood as disparagement. The style and general conduct of Macaulay's critical papers could scarcely be improved. To call his manner "conventional," is to do it gross injustice. The manner of Carlyle *is* conventional—with himself. The style of Emerson is conventional—with himself *and* Carlyle. The style of Miss Fuller is conventional—with herself and *Emerson* and Carlyle that is to say, it is a triple-distilled conventionality:—and by the word "conventionality," as here used, I mean very nearly what, as regards personal conduct, we style "affectation"—that is, an assumption of airs or *tricks* which have no basis in reason or common sense. The quips, quirks, and curt oracularities of the Emersons, Alcots and Fullers, are simply Lyly's Euphuisms revived. Very different, indeed, are the *peculiarities* of Macaulay. He has his mannerisms; but we see that, by dint of them, he is enabled to accomplish the extremes of unquestionable excellences—the extreme of clearness, of vigor (dependent upon clearness) of grace, and very especially of thoroughness. For his short sentences, for his antitheses, for his modulations, for his climaxes—for every thing that he does—a very slight analysis suffices to show a distinct reason. His manner, thus, is simply the perfection of that justifiable rhetoric which has its basis in common-sense; and to say that such rhetoric is never called in to the aid of *genius*, is simply to disparage genius, and by no means to discredit the rhetoric. It is nonsense to assert that the highest genius would not be benefited by attention to its modes of manifestation—by availing itself of that Natural Art which it too frequently despises. Is it not evident that the more intrinsically valuable the rough diamond, the more gain accrues to it from polish?

Now, since it would be nearly impossible to vary the rhetoric of Macaulay, in any material degree, without deterioration in the *essential* particulars of clearness, vigor, etc., those who write *after* Macaulay have to choose between the two horns of a dilemma:—they must be weak and original, or imitative and strong:—and since imitation, in a case of this kind, is merely adherence to *Truth* and *Reason* as pointed out by one who feels their value, the author who should forego the advantages of the "imitation" for the mere sake of being erroneously original, "*n'est pas si sage qu'il croit*."

The true course to be pursued by our critics—justly sensible of Macaulay's excellences—is *not*, however, to be content with tamely following in his footsteps—but to outstrip him in his own path—a path not so much his as Nature's. We must not fall into the error of fancying that he is *perfect* merely because he excels (in point of style) all his British cotemporaries. Some such idea as this seems to have taken possession of Mr. Jones, when he says:

> "Macaulay's style is admirable—full of color, perfectly clear, free from all obstructions, exactly English, and as pointedly antithetical as possible. We have marked two passages on Southey and Byron, so happy

as to defy improvement. The one is a sharp epigrammatic paragraph on Southey's political bias:

> 'Government is to Mr. Southey one of the fine arts. He judges of a theory or a public measure, of a religion, a political party, a peace or a war, as men judge of a picture or a statue, by the effect produced on his imagination. A chain of associations is to him what a chain of reasoning is to other men; and what he calls his opinions are, in fact, merely his tastes.'

The other a balanced character of Lord Byron:

> 'In the rank of Lord Byron, in his understanding, in his character, in his very person, there was a strange union of opposite extremes. He was born to all that men covet and admire. But in every one of those eminent advantages which he possessed over others, there was mingled something of misery and debasement. He was sprung from a house, ancient, indeed, and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of crimes and follies, which had attained a scandalous publicity. The kinsman whom he succeeded had died poor, and but for merciful judges, would have died upon the gallows. The young peer had great intellectual powers; yet there was an unsound part in his mind. He had naturally a generous and tender heart; but his temper was wayward and irritable. He had a head which statuaries loved to copy, and a foot the deformity of which the beggars in the street mimicked.' "

Let us now look at the first of these paragraphs. The opening sentence is inaccurate at all points. The word "government" does not give the author's idea with sufficient definitiveness; for the term is *more* frequently applied to the *system* by which the affairs of a nation are regulated than to the act of regulating. "The government," we say, for example, "does so and so"—meaning those who govern. But Macaulay intends simply the act or acts called "governing," and this word should have been used, as a matter of course. The "Mr." prefixed to "Southey," is superfluous; for no sneer is designed; and, in *mistering* a well-known author, we hint that he is not entitled to that exemption which we accord to Homer, Dante, or Shakspeare. "*To* Mr. Southey" would have been right, had the succeeding words been "government *seems* one of the fine arts:"—but, as the sentence stands, "*With* Mr. Southey" is demanded. "Southey," too, being the principal subject of the paragraph, should precede "government," which is mentioned only in its relation to Southey. "One of the fine arts" is pleonastic, since the phrase conveys nothing more than "a fine art" would convey.

The second sentence is quite as faulty. Here Southey loses his precedence as the

subject; and thus the "He" should follow "a theory," "a public measure," etc. By "religion" is meant a "*creed*:"—this latter word should therefore be used. The conclusion of the sentence is very awkward. Southey is said to judge of a peace or war, etc., as men judge of a picture or a statue, and the words which succeed are intended to explain *how* men judge of a picture or a statue:—these words should, therefore, run thus:—"by the effect produced on *their* imaginations." "Produced" moreover, is neither so exact nor so "English" as "wrought." In saying that Southey judges of a political party, etc., as *men* judge of a picture, etc., Southey is quite excluded from the category of "men." "*Other* men," was no doubt originally written, but "other" erased, on account of the "other men" occurring in the sentence below.

Coming to this last, we find that "a chain of association*s*" is not properly paralleled by "a chain of reason*ing*." We must say either "a chain of association," to meet the "reason*ing*" a "chain of rea*sons*" to meet the "associations." The repetition of "what" is awkward and unpleasant. The entire paragraph should be thus remodeled.

With Southey, governing is a fine art. Of a theory or a public measure—of a creed, a political party, a peace or a war—he judges by the imaginative effect; as only such things as pictures or statues are judged of by other men. What to them a chain of reasoning is, to him is a chain of association; and, as to his opinions, they are nothing but his tastes.

The blemishes in the paragraph about Byron are more negative than those in the paragraph about Southey. The first sentence needs vivacity. The adjective "opposite" is superfluous:—so is the particle "there." The second and third sentences are, properly, one. "Some" would fully supply the place of "something of." The whole phrase "which he possessed over others," is supererogatory. "Was sprung," in place of "sprang," is altogether unjustifiable. The triple repetition of "and," in the fourth sentence, is awkward. "Notorious crimes and follies," would express all that is implied in "crimes and follies which had attained a scandalous publicity." The fifth sentence might be well curtailed; and as it stands, has an unintentional and unpleasant sneer. "Intellect" would do as well as "intellectual powers;" and this (the sixth) sentence might otherwise be shortened advantageously. The whole paragraph, in my opinion, would be better thus expressed:

In Lord Byron's rank, understanding, character—even in his person—we find a strange union of extremes. Whatever men covet and admire, became his by right of birth; yet debasement and misery were mingled with each of his eminent advantages. He sprang from a house, ancient it is true, and noble, but degraded and impoverished by a series of notorious crimes. But for merciful judges, the pauper kinsman whom he succeeded would have been hanged. The young peer had an intellect great, perhaps, yet partially unsound. His heart was generous, but his temper wayward; and while statuaries copied his head, beggars mimicked the deformity of his foot.

In these remarks, my object is not so much to point out inaccuracies in the most

accurate stylist of his age, as to hint that our critics might surpass him on his own ground, and yet leave themselves something to learn in the moralities of manner.

Nothing can be plainer than that our position, as a literary colony of Great Britain, leads us into wronging, indirectly, our own authors by exaggerating the merits of those across the water. Our most reliable critics extol—and extol without discrimination—such English compositions as, if written in America, would be either passed over without notice or unscrupulously condemned. Mr. Whipple, for example, whom I have mentioned in this connection with Mr. Jones is decidedly one of our most "reliable" critics. His honesty I dispute as little as I doubt his courage or his talents—but here is an instance of the want of common discrimination into which he is occasionally hurried, by undue reverence for British intellect and British opinion. In a review of "The Drama of Exile and Other Poems" by Miss Barrett, (now Mrs. Browning,) he speaks of the following passage as "in every respect faultless—sublime:"

> Hear the steep generations how they fall
> Adown the visionary stairs of Time,
> Like supernatural thunders—far yet near,
> Sowing their fiery echoes through the hills!

Now here, saying nothing of the affectation in "adown;" not alluding to the insoluble paradox of "far yet near;" not mentioning the inconsistent metaphor involved in the sowing of fiery echoes; adverting but slightly to the misusage of "like" in place of "as;" and to the impropriety of making any thing fall like *thunder*, which has never been known to fall at all; merely hinting, too, at the misapplication of "steep" to the "generations" instead of to the "stairs"—(a perversion in no degree justified by the fact that so preposterous a figure as *synecdoche* exists in the school-books:)—letting these things pass, we shall still find it difficult to understand how Mrs. Browning should have been led to think the principal idea itself—the abstract idea—the idea of *tumbling down stairs*, in any shape, or under any circumstances—either a poetical or a decorous conception. And yet Mr. Whipple speaks of it as "sublime." That the lines narrowly *missed* sublimity, I grant:—that they came within a step of it, I admit; but, unhappily, the step is that *one* step which, time out of mind, has intervened between the sublime and the ridiculous. So true is this that any person—that even I—with a very partial modification of the imagery—a modification that shall not interfere with its richly spiritual *tone*—may elevate the passage into unexceptionability. For example:

> Hear the far generations—how they crash
> From crag to crag down the precipitous Time,
> In multitudinous thunders that upstartle
> Aghast, the echoes from their cavernous lairs
> In the visionary hills!

No doubt my version has its faults; but it has at least the merit of consistency. Not only is a mountain more poetical than a pair of stairs, but echoes are more appropriately typified as wild beasts than as seeds; and echoes and wild beasts agree better with a mountain than does a pair of stairs with the *sowing* of seeds—even admitting that these seeds be seeds of fire, and be sown broadcast “among the hills” by a steep generation while in the act of tumbling down the stairs—that is to say, of coming down the stairs in too great a hurry to be capable of sowing the seeds as accurately as all seeds should be sown:—nor is the matter rendered any better for Mrs. Browning, even if the construction of her sentence be understood as implying that the fiery seeds were sown, not immediately by the steep generations that tumbled down the stairs, but mediately, through the intervention of the “supernatural thunders” that were *occasioned* by the steep generations that were so unlucky as to tumble down the stairs.

THE TELEGRAPH SPIRIT.

BY JNO. S. DU SOLLE.

The telegraph-wires utter, when the wind blows, certain singularly sad, yet spirited music-tones. When they pass through the leaves of a tree the effect is strangely beautiful.

Mysterious Spirit! hark! I hear thee voicing,
Up where the wind-breath woos thee, with its tone
Of mingled mournfulness and strange rejoicing —
As though ’twould fear thee, yet to love were prone.
What doth it whisper ’mid the green tree’s shading?
Or art thou trembling, not with hope but ire?
Chid’st thou its love? Or is it thee upbraiding
With thine inconstant tongue of living fire?

Is it some life-tale thou art subtly telling?
Some tale of dark and passionate romance —
That the young leaflets seem with wonder swelling,
Shrink at thy touch, and eye thee so askance?
Or are they timid only with emotion?
And pout their tiny lips up but for show,
O’er some new story of the heart’s devotion,
That thou art murmuring to the earth below?

Or, ravished from the grasp of Time and Distance,
Com’st thou with News, to gift, with sudden joy,
The sad heart with a sense of fresh existence —
Making the old man feel once more a boy?
Or bear’st thou words to soothe not, but to sunder?
Quietly rupturing the holiest ties —
Just as the lightning’s flash, without its thunder,
Blasts what it looks on with its venomous eyes!

Or is’t, oh, Captive One! thy life-voice fretting,
That, like a caged-bird wrested from its home,
(Thy fluttering wing its sky paths unforgetting,)

Along thy prison-wires such murmurs come?
I hear thee now! And chafing, ah, how vainly!
For they have chained the death-glance of thine eye —
Sightless as Samson—struggling more insanely —
Thou couldst not if thou wouldst, lie down and die!

CAIUS MARIUS

AMIDST THE RUINS OF CARTHAGE.

A SKETCH FROM HISTORY.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF “GUY RIVERS,” “THE YEMASSEE,” “RICHARD HURDIS,” &c.

The Dungeon of Minturnæ.
MARIUS. THE CIMBRIAN.

Marius. What art thou, wretch, that in the darkness com’st,
The midnight of this prison, with sly step,
Most fit for the assassin, and bared dagger
Gleaming in thy lifted grasp!

Cimbrian. I am sent by those
Whose needs demand thy death. A single stroke
Sets us both free forever—thou from Fate,
Me from Captivity.

Marius. Slave, hast thou the heart
To strike at that of Marius!

Cimbrian. That voice! that name
Disarm me; and those fearful eyes that roll
Like red stars in the darkness, fill my soul
With awe that stays my hand. Master of the world,
The conqueror of my people hast thou been!
I know thee as a Fate! I cannot harm thee.

Marius. Go to thy senders, and from Marius, say,
That, if they bare the weapon for my breast,
Let them send hither one who has not yet
Looked in a master’s eye. ’Tis not decreed
That I shall perish yet, or by such hands
As gather in Minturnæ. Get thee hence!

Public Hall of Minturnæ.
MAGISTRATES. THE CIMBRIAN. AUGUR.

Cimbrian. I cannot slay this man. Give me to strike

Some baser victim, or restore to me
My chains. I cannot purchase at such price
The freedom that I covet.

Magistrate. Yet this man
Conquered thy people.

Cimbrian. He hath conquered me!

Augur. And he must conquer still!
His hour is not yet come. The Fates reserve
His weapon for their service. They have need
Of his avenging ministry, to purge
The world of its corruptions. I behold
A fearful vision of the terrible deeds
That wait upon his arm. Let him go free.
Give him due homage; clothe him with fresh robes;
Speed him in secret with a chosen bark
To other shores. So shall your city ’scape
Rome’s wrath, and his hereafter.

Magistrate. It is well:
This counsel looks like wisdom.

Augur. It is more!
So the Gods speak through their interpreter.

Magistrate. Release him straightway—send him forth in honor;
We give him freedom—let the gods give safety.

———

Island of Ænaria.
MARIUS. CETHEGUS.

Cethegus. Thou hast slept, Marius.

Marius. And thou hast watched my sleep.
Ah! truest friend and follower, not in vain;
Dismiss that cloudy trouble from thy brows,
The doubts that vex thy heart; for know that Fate
Still has me in its keeping, and decrees
Yet other deeds and conquests at my hand,
And still one glorious triumph. I shall be
Once more, in Rome, a Consul! When a child,
Sporting, on summer slopes, beneath old hills,
Seven infant eagles, from a passing cloud,
Dropt clustering in my lap. The Augurs thence
Gave me seven times the Roman Consulate.

Cethegus. Thou hast had it six.

Marius. One other yet remains.

Cethegus. Alas! the Fates but mock thee with a dream;
For know that, while thou sleptst, our treacherous bark
Loosed sail, and left the shores.

Marius. Gone!

Cethegus. Clean from sight.

Marius. Ha! ha! Now thank the gods that watch my sleep,
And save me when the might of man would fail!
Courage, my friend, that vessel speeds to wreck,
Racked on some lurking rock beneath the wave,
Or foundering in the tempest. We are safe!

Cethegus. Thou’rt confident.

Marius. As Fate and Hope can make me.
Yet look! there is an omen. We must fly
This place for other refuge. See the strife
Betwixt these deadly scorpions on the sands.

Cethegus. What read’st thou in this omen?

Marius. Sylla’s soldiers
Are fast upon our heels. Get to the shore;
Some fisher’s boat will help us from the land,
And bear us whither the directing fates
Decree for refuge—safely o’er the seas
That gulphed our treacherous vessel.

Cethegus. Be it so!
I follow thee whatever be thy fate!

Marius. Hark! dost thou hear?

Cethegus. What sound?

Marius. The tramp of horse;
And lo! the boat awaits us by the shore!

——

Marius, alone, seated among the Ruins of Carthage.

Alone, but not a captive—not o’ercome
By any fate, and reckless of its doom,
Even midst the ruins by his own arm made,
There sits the Exile, lone, but unafraid!
What mighty thoughts, that will not be repressed,
Warm his wild mood, and swell his laboring breast;
What glorious memories of the immortal strife,
Which gave him fame, and took from Carthage life;
That giant-like, sea rival of his own

Proud realm, still challenging the sway and throne;
Doomed in long conflict, through experience dread,
To bend the neck at last, to bow the head;
To feel his foot upon her lordly brow,
And yield to him who shares her ruins now.

How o’er his soul, with passion still that gushed,
The wondrous past with all its memories rushed;
These ruins made his monument. They told
Of wisest strategy, adventure bold.
Dread fields of strife—an issue doubtful long,
That tried his genius, and approved it strong;
That left him robed in conquest, and supreme,
His country’s boast, his deeds her brightest theme;
Written in brass and marble—sung in strains
That warm the blood to dances in the veins;
That make young hearts with wild ambition thrill,
And crown the spirit with achieving will;
That seem eternal in the deeds they show,
And waken echoes that survive below;
Brood o’er the mortal slumbering in the tomb,
And keep his name in song, his works in bloom,
Till envious rivals, hopeless of pursuit,
Join in the homage, who till then were mute;
Catch up the glorious anthem, and unite
To sing the bird they could not match in flight;
Content to honor where they could not shame,
And praise the worth they could not rob of fame.

How, with these memories gathering in his breast,
Of all the labors that denied him rest —
Of all the triumphs that his country bore
To heights of fame she had not won before —
Broods he, the exile from his state and home,
On what awaits thee and himself, O Rome!
Of what thy hate deserves, and his decrees,
Whom thou hast brought unwilling to his knees.
No sad submission yields he to his fate,
So long as solace comes to him from hate,
Or hope from vengeance. In his eyes, ye trace
No single look to recompense disgrace;
With no ambition checked, no passion hushed,
No pride o’erthrown, no fond delusion crushed;
With every fire alive that ever swayed,

His soul as lordly as when most obeyed,
He broods o’er wrongs, forgetful of his own,
And from his heart hears vengeance cry alone.
Fixed on the ruins round him, his dread eye
Glances, as if fastened on his enemy;
His hand is on the fragment of a shrine
That Hate may henceforth deem a thing divine:
Grasped firmly—could the fingers but declare
How dread the oath the soul was heard to swear!
The awful purpose nursed within, denies
Speech to the lips, but lightens up the eyes,
Informs each muscle with the deadliest will,
But till the murderous moment, bids “be still!”

Come read, ye ministers of Fate, the lore
That fills the dark soul of the fiend ye bore;
Reveal the secret purpose that inspires
That deadly mood, and kindles all its fires;
Scan the dread meaning in that viperous glance
Fixed on those ruins in intensest trance,
That nothing speaks to that it still surveys,
And looks within alone with meaning gaze;
Unclose that lip, that rigidly compressed,
Stops the free rush of feeling from the breast;
And on that brow, with seven deep furrows bound,
Write the full record of his thought profound.
What future scene beneath that piercing eye
Depicts the carnage and the victory;
The flashing steel—the shaft in fury sped —
The shrieking victim, and the trampled dead:
Say, what wild sounds have spelled that eager ear,
That stretches wide, the grateful strain to hear;
How many thousands perish in that cry
That fills his bloody sense with melody;
What pleading voices, stifling as they swell,
Declare the vengeance gratified too well?
What lordly neck, beneath that iron tread,
Strangled in utterance, leaves the prayer unsaid?
What horrid scene of triumph and of hate,
Do ye discover to this man of Fate,
Which, while his Fortune mocks the hope he bears,
Consoles his Past, and still his Future cheers?

He hath no speech, save in the ruins round;

But there’s a language, born without a sound,
A voice whose thunders, though unuttered, fly
From the red lightnings of the deep-set eye;
There passion speaks of hate that cannot spare,
Still tearing those who taught him how to tear;
One dream alone delighting his desire —
The dream that finds the fuel for his fire;
Let fancy shape the language for his mood,
And speak the purpose burning in his blood.

——

Marius. “If thou hadst ears, O Carthage! for the voice
That speaks among thy ruins, it would cheer
The spirit that was crushed beneath my heel,
To hear the tongue of thy destroyer swear
To live as thy avenger. I have striven
For Rome against thee, till, in frequent strife,
Thy might was overthrown—thy might as great
As Rome’s in days most palmy—save in this:
Thou hadst no soul as potent in thy service,
As I have been in hers. And thou, and all —
The Gaul, the Goth, the Cimbrian—all the tribes
That swelled the northern torrents, and brought down,
Yearly, the volumed avalanche on Rome,
Have sunk beneath my arm, until secure
She sat aloft in majesty, seven-throned,
And knew or feared no foe. This was my work —
Nor this alone; from the patrician sway,
That used her as the creature of his will,
I plucked her eagles, casting down his power
Beneath plebeian footstep. For long years
Of cruellest oppression and misrule,
I took a merited vengeance on her pride,
Debasing her great sons, that in their fall
Her people might be men. I loved her tribes,
Since they were mine. I made their homes secure;
I raised their free condition into state —
And I am here! These ruins speak for me —
An exile; scarred with honorable wounds,
At seventy years, alone and desolate.

“But the o’er-ruling Deities decree
My triumph. From thy ruins comes a voice
Full of most sweet assurance. Hark! it cries

To me as thy avenger. Thou forgiv'st
My hand the evil it has wrought on thee,
That the same hand, upon thy conqueror's head
May work like ruin. The atoning Fates
Speak through thy desolation. They declare
That I shall tread the ungrateful city's streets,
Armed with keen weapon and consuming fire,
And still unglutted rage. My wrath shall sow
The seeds of future ruins in her heart,
So that her fall, if far less swift than thine,
Shall be yet more complete. She shall consume
With more protracted suffering. She shall pass
Through thousand ordeals of the strife and storm,
Each bitterer than the last—each worse than thine —
A dying that shall linger with its pain
Its dread anxieties, its torturing scourge;
A period long as life, with life prolonged,
Only for dire, deserved miseries.
Her state shall fluctuate through successive years,
With now great shows of pride—with arrogance
That goes before destruction—that her fall
May more increase her shame. The future grows —
Drear characters, as written on a wall —
In fiery lines before me; and I read
The rise of thousands who shall follow me,
Each emulous of vengeance fell as mine,
By mine at first begotten. Yet why gaze
In profitless survey of the work of years,
Inevitable to the prescient soul,
And leave our own undone? I hear a voice
Reproaching me that I am slow to vengeance;
I, whom the Fates but spare a few short hours,
That I may open paths to other masters,
For whom they find the scourge. They tutor me
That mine's a present mission; not for me
To traverse the wide future in pursuit
Of those who shall succeed me in their service,
But to speed onward in the work of terror,
So that no hungering Fate, the victim ready,
Shall be defrauded of its prey. I rise,
Obeying the deep voice that, from these ruins,
Rings on mine ear its purpose. I obey,
And bound to my performance as the lion,

Long crouching in his jungle, who at last
Sees the devoted nigh. The impatient blood
Rounds with red circle all that fills mine eye;
A crimson sea receives me, and I tread
In billows thus incarnadined from nations
That bleed through ages thus at every vein.
Be satisfied, ye Fates! Ye gods, who still
Lark homeless in these ruins that ye once
Made sacred as abodes, and deemed secure,
I take the sword of vengeance that ye proffer,
And swear myself your soldier. I will go,
And with each footstep on some mighty neck,
Shall work your full revenge, nor forfeit mine!
Dost thou not feel my presence, like a cloud,
Before my coming, Rome?[A] Is not my spirit,
That goes abroad in earnest of my purpose,
Upon thy slumbers, City of the Tyrant,
Like the fell hag on breast of midnight sleeper,
That loads him with despair? Alone I come;
But thousands of fell ministers shall crowd
About me with their service—willing creatures
That shall assist me first to work on thee,
And last upon themselves! The daylight fades,
And night belongs to vengeance. I depart,
Carthage, to riot on thy conqueror's heart."

Silent once more the ruins—dark the night,
Yet vengeance speeds with unembarrassed flight;
No fears delay, no toils retard the speed
Of that fierce exile, sworn to deadliest deed;
And thou, O Queen of Empires, now secure
Of state that might be peaceful, were it pure,
Too soon thy halls shall echo with the yell
That summons human fiends to works of hell!
Ambition, long unsated, urged by Hate,
Queen of the Nations, speaks thy mournful fate;
Thy valor wasted, and thy might in vain,
Thy virtues sapped to break thy despot's chain;
Long didst thou rule, in simple courage strong,
The guardian friend of right, the foe to wrong;
Great in thyself, and conscious of the sway
That kept meet progress with the march of day;
That from all nations plucked the achieving arts,

That make sway sov'reign in a people's hearts;
Proud on thy heights rose forms to worship dear,
There swelled the temple's crest, the column there,
Each with its chronicle to spell the soul,
And each most precious to the crowning whole;
A world thyself—a wondrous world—that made
The admiring nations silent in thy shade;
Genius and art commingling in thy cause,
And gods presiding o'er thy matchless laws.
But dark the hour impends—the storm is nigh,
And thy proud eagles flaunt no more the sky;
Thou hast not kept thy virtues to the last,
And all thy glories centre in thy past —
Thy safety in thy glories. From beneath
Thy altars swells the midnight cry of death;
The tocsin summons—not to brave the foe,
But to make bare thy bosom to the blow;
From thy own quiver flies the shaft of doom,
And thy own children hollow out thy tomb.
The exulting shouts that mock thee in thy shame,
Were those that led thee once to heights of fame;
The bird that swoops to riot on thy breast,
Is the same eagle that made safe thy nest.
Hark at his shrilly scream! the sleuth-hounds wake,
The bloody thirst which in thy heart they slake;
Thy proud patricians, hunted down, survey
The herds they kept most busy with the prey.
These are the flocks they fostered from their foes,
And these are first to drink the blood that flows.
Wondrous the arts of vengeance, to inspire
The maddened son to prey upon the sire!
Wondrous the skill that fierce plebeian wields
To make this last the bloodiest of his fields.
Vain all thy prayer and struggle—thou art down,
His iron footstep planted on thy crown;
But in thy fate, 'tis something for thy pride,
Thus self-destroyed, thou mighty suicide!

[A] The reader will be reminded by this passage of that noble and solemn speech made by the Ghost of Sylla, at the opening of Ben Johnson's tragedy of Catiline: “Dost thou not feel me, Rome, etc.”

SONG.—THE CONGRATULATION.

Give wings to thy wildest hopes,
   For thy destiny now is known,
And even a lover's dreams
   Could scarcely thus high have flown.

Give wings to thy wildest dreams—
   The loved one now is thine,
Nor moveth there on the earth
   A being so like divine.

A form so noble and free,
   A heart so high and so true;
Oh! thine is as bright a star
   As gleams in yon sky of blue.

Then give to thy glad thoughts wings,
   Thy raptures no more conceal,
For to thee every coming hour
   Can only new joys reveal.

WILFRED.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

GEMS FROM MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

NO. I.—THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

There are two things that never grow old—good poetry and good music. They live in the heart like the memory of a beloved friend. Good poetry is the out-birth of real emotions. It is the language of the affections. When the heart feels deeply its utterance takes the form of poetry; and when it seeks to vary its affections and give them a deeper and more expressive form, it seeks the aid of music. Poetry, in coming into the mind, touches it with a sense of beauty, moves its sympathies, or elevates it into a higher appreciation of the pure and heroic; but when music is married to immortal verse, all becomes more intense and real. How fully this is perceived when we hear some familiar ballad or fine lyric sung with skill and taste. We saw beauties before, but now we feel them.

With Moore's exquisite Irish Melodies, we have been familiar from childhood as poetry and music united. "The Meeting of the Waters," "The Last Rose of Summer," "The Legacy," "Come Rest in this Bosom," and a dozen besides that could be named, we think of but to love. Fashionable they are not, because the fashion of this world changeth, and in fashionable assemblages we rarely hear them; but now and then a gentle friend warbles them for us in private—or some one bold enough for an innovation, ventures upon a "Melody" in public. How the old sounds stir the heart! How old associations and old feelings come up from the dim past!

The words of these melodies were all written to old airs, familiar throughout Ireland—native airs born from the hearts of the people, and, like links in a golden chain, binding their hearts together. We need not say how well Moore performed his task. Their popularity, for nearly half a century, would make praise an idle tribute. Before these songs were written, the wildly-beautiful, tender, and often spirit-thrilling melodies of the people found only an imperfect utterance. But, when words in correspondence with the music were given, the whole island broke forth into song as by a single impulse. And, soon Albion took up the strains responsive to her sister Erin, (we wish she had not proved to Erin so unnatural a sister,) and for once, at least, found something to admire and love that was born in the Emerald Island.

A remarkable instance of the power of some of these melodies over the heart is that related of Lucretia Davidson. She was particularly sensitive to music, and there was a song, "Moore's Farewell to his Harp," to which she took a great fancy, and which always affected the fine poetical organism of her mind in a peculiar manner. She wished to hear it only in the twilight. Then she would listen to the strain until she became cold, pale, and almost fainting. It was her favorite of all songs, and gave

occasion to the verses addressed, in her fifteenth year, to her sister.

It was not the words of this song that alone affected Miss Davidson. Without the melody in which they found a more perfect utterance, she might never have thought of them after the first reading. But the music spoke to her in the heart’s own language, and her spirit felt an intense sympathy.

Of this particular native air, Moore says, it is “one that defies all poetry to do it justice.”

Among the most tender and beautiful of the Irish Melodies is that known as “The Meeting of the Waters,” Maclise’s exquisite illustration of which we give in the present number of Graham. In the summer of 1807 Moore paid a visit to the Vale of Avoca, in the county of Wicklow, where the two rivers Avon and Avoca meet, a most lovely and enchanting spot. This visit suggested the song which has since been so wide a favorite, and which has associated the vale of Avoca with all that is charming and romantic.

“THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

“There is not in this wide world a valley so sweet,
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

“Yet, it *was* not that nature had shed o’er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
’Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh! no, it was something more exquisite still.

“ ’Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve
When we see them reflected from looks that we love;

“Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best.
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.”

The vale of Avoca, thus made classic ground, thousands have since visited; and the tourist through Ireland would as soon think of neglecting the lakes of Killarney as “the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.”

From among the many descriptions of this beautiful spot, we will select that given by an American lady who visited Ireland in 1845. It is brief but eloquent. She says —

“It was Ireland’s summer twilight, lingering long, as though loth to draw the curtain closely about a bright isle in a dark world like this. It was early in July, the rich foliage had attained its maturity, and not a seared leaf was sprinkled on bush or tree, to warn that autumn was near. For the first mile the road was smooth and broad, lined with trees, now and then a white gate with white stone pillars, opening to some neat cottage or domain; the glowing streaks of the setting sun had not left the western sky, and glimmered through the trees; while the air, made fragrant by the gentle shower, diffused through body and mind that calmness which seemed to whisper, ‘Be silent; it is the Vale of Avoca you are entering.’ We descended a declivity, and the vale opened upon us at ‘the Meeting of the Waters.’ The tree under which Moore sat when he wrote the sweet poem had been pointed to me in the morning. We now stood near the union of the two streams, where the poet says,

> ‘There is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
> As the vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet.’

The rich variety of wood; the still, clear, limpid water; the hill and vale, in some parts dark and wild, in others light and soft, ever and anon relieving the eye by some new variety; but above all, the pleasant association that this vale, however dark and deep its recesses, harbors not a venomous serpent or reptile—no, not even the buzz of the mosquito is heard—made it unlike all others. We rode three miles, scarcely uttering a syllable all the while; a holy repose seemed to rest on this hallowed spot, as when it first bloomed under the hand of its Maker, and imagination was prompted to say, as no serpent has ever coiled here, the contaminating touch of sin has not left its impress.

“Never did I leave a spot more reluctantly; it was a night scene which never has faded from my eye, and I hope never will.

> ‘O! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
> Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.’

In the deep silence, the voice of God and the soft whisper of angels seemed to be there. These voices said kindly, ‘There is mercy yet for poor erring man.’ It appeared like the bow of the covenant, telling us to look and remember that though this world has been cursed by sin, yet a new heaven and earth are promised, of which this is a shadowy resemblance.

“The borders of this valley are interspersed with gentlemen’s seats, and here and there dotted with the white-washed cottages of the peasants; and the rich cluster of foliage upon the hill sides, upon bush and tree, almost persuade you that the dew of Hermon has fallen upon them. Stranger, when you visit Ireland, visit the Vale of Avoca. If you love God, here you will see him in a picture that must be read; if your stay be limited, waste it not in decyphering a time-defaced stone, telling the bloody deeds of some ancient warrior, or the austerity of some long-lived ascetic; but linger in this spot; stop at the neat little hotel, erected on purpose for the accommodation

of the stranger; and morning, noon, and night explore its never-dying beauties of light and shade. Three times did I go through, and when I turned away at last, I felt that

‘I could stay there forever to wander and weep.’ ”

T. S. A.

THE LONE GRAVE-YARD.

BY HON. J. LEANDER STARR.

On Nyack’s shore the mighty Hudson flows,
And on its banks the weeping willow grows;
A wood-embowered spot thus shaded o’er,
Lies half-concealed, sloping toward the shore.

Beneath the willows which are growing there,
Repose the forms of those once young and fair;
The aged, too, here rest in mystic sleep,
And here the widow often comes to weep.

It is a lovely spot for those who think —
For close beside the forest-covered brink,
The placid river rolls its gentle waves,
And breezes fresh fan o’er the silent graves.

Oft here I have sat on a still summer day,
When lured from city life, and cares away;
And lost in contemplation here reclined,
And sought to calm the turbulence of mind.

The bright sun sparkling on the rippled wave,
The light-winged bird chanting on every grave,
The balmy, pure, and health-restoring breeze,
Sporting its gambols through the leafy trees.

In such a spot whole hours have past and fled,
With no companionship except the dead;
Yet not *time lost*, for even the silent tomb
Proclaims its lesson—teaches of our doom.

And we may read, while thoughtful and alone,
A useful lesson from the sculptured stone;
And lay to heart, and in our own behalf,
The moral found in every epitaph.

How calm the mind when rambling ’mid such scenes,
What lessons thus the soul unconscious gleans!
How vapid—worthless—now seem worldly cares,
How vain and mad our mis-spent life appears.

The busy world drives fast its votaries on,
Months succeed days, and years these months again;
Then life is o’er—“the morning vapor” fled!
And we take rank with the unnumbered dead.

Who would not choose his grave in village ground?
Nature all calm—all sympathy—around!
Instead of that false mockery and wo,
Which city pageants, grand and heartless, show.

Numbered among the village dead I’d lie,
This be my resting-place whene’er I die!
No epitaph—no tomb-stoned fulsome fame,
But simply this—*the record of my name*.

THE CAPTIVES.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

No portion of the infant colonies suffered more from the rude and unsparing hand of war than did the South, and especially the Carolinas. The storm of desolation fell with double fury on those devoted sections of our country, not only from the foreign invaders, seeking to strike down the germ of our liberties, but also from the intestine foes with which she was cursed. This latter kind of warfare was the more to be dreaded, as it fell alike on the old and the young—the blooming youth and the blushing maiden. No condition was permitted to escape. Gray hairs were nothing in the estimation of those fiends in human shape, called Tories. Children were taken from a weeping mother and consigned to a lingering death; beauty was torn from the bridal altar, and innocence from the house of prayer; all the kind and holy feelings of the human heart were given to the winds, and the family hearth, and even the household circle were often made the scene of a brutal death. Such were some of the dangers and difficulties our fathers had to encounter in the struggle for Independence.

A beautiful day, in the spring of 1781, was drawing to a close. The day had been warm, but now the genial breeze of night, so peculiarly pleasing in southern climates, had sprung up. Dim twilight had taken the place of day, the song of the night-bird was beginning to be heard in the wood, the deep-green foliage of the pines looked still deeper in the fast increasing shadows of night, and one by one the stars took their places in the sky. Silence still and deep rested all around; and naught was heard save the occasional hoot of the solitary owl far in the sombre depths of the forest that shaded both sides of the road, (if such the dimly marked path might be called,) which led through this section of the wood. The ground was covered with a dense growth of pines and other trees, interlaced with wild vines and smaller shrubbery, so that their shade, even in daylight, excluded from the eye every thing that was removed a few paces from the road-side, but now, as the darkness came down, all was a blank. Suddenly the stillness of the scene was broken by a slight noise, and a solitary horseman emerged from the cover of the wood into the opening. When he had gained the road, he checked his horse, and carefully examined the vicinity, as if to satisfy himself of the safeness of his position, as well as to mark the locality of the spot. This caution seemed to proceed as much from a settled habit of watchfulness, common in days of peril, as from a sense of personal

danger. In appearance the stranger seemed not to have arrived at the full age of manhood. He was clad in a hunting-frock of blue domestic, common in those days among the inhabitants of the Southern States. The style and finish of the dress, however, bespoke more than usual attention to the fitness of the articles. Around his waist was girded a broad leather belt, embellished in front with a massive buckle, and underneath this might have been seen, almost concealed by the folds of his coat, a pair of pistols, such as were used by the horsemen of that day. His pantaloons were of the same materials as his coat, and on his head he wore a hat that differed from that of a common citizen of the times, only in the additional ornament of a small cockade, worn on the left side near the top. This, with a pair of boots made of untanned leather, and armed with rude spurs, made up the costume of the new comer. In stature he was rather over the usual standard, but not so much so as to take from his figure its appearance of grace and activity. His features were large and manly, and his complexion, though darkened by exposure to the burning rays of the southern sun, still showed the tinge of blood upon the cheek. His eyes were dark and piercing, and a profusion of black and curling hair covered a finely-shaped head. In the whole appearance and bearing of the individual could be read the love of the daring and adventurous, shared in common with the noble and chivalrous sons of the South in those days of peril and danger.

After he seemed to have been satisfied of the absence of any intruder, he advanced a short distance up the path we have mentioned, until he gained a place where the underwood was still more dense and impenetrable. It was a small ravine, made by a rivulet in the wet seasons, but at this time was dry. There the branches of the trees interlaced and formed a natural retreat, so dense as to preclude its being reached with any chance of success. When immediately in front of this, he raised his hands to his mouth and produced a sound so nearly resembling the cry of the wood-owl, that a person who was not very familiar with the singular note of this bird must have been mistaken. It was immediately repeated from the ravine, and in a short time a second person made his egress from the leafy ambush. The appearance of the new comer differed in all respects from that of the first. He was a modern Hercules in frame and figure, and bore the marks of long and severe service in sun and storm. But he was dressed much after the fashion of his companion, though the materials were of a coarser kind, and boasted no ornaments. He wore on his head a cap made of the skin of a fox. His arms were the usual brace of pistols, but in addition he bore in his hand a short rifle, and slung from his broad shoulder was the powder-horn and bullet-pouch of the forest ranger. In his face could be seen the marks of the frontier life—good-nature and courage—a man to trust in danger—a friend when most needed. He advanced with slow and cautious steps until he gained the edge of the wood, and then raising his rifle into a position for immediate use, he breathed in a faint but distinct voice “Hawks.” He waited a moment, and then the voice of the stranger repeated, “*They fly*.” “*All’s right*,” was the glad answer from the forester, and breaking from the thicket, he seized the hand of the horseman with a nerve and energy that made the blood tingle to the ends of the fingers.

“Well, Harry, what of the cavalcade?” asked the younger of the men, in a voice that bespoke the excitement under which he was laboring. “Have they passed? How many of them were there?”

“Oh, a score or more of the villains,” answered the other, in a bold, free voice, “and young Wilson and his sister in the midst. They seemed particularly choice of him, as he was lashed to one of the largest of the gang; but what is to be done—have you seen the captain?”

“No,” replied the other, in an excited manner, “he has not returned from the Santee. If the captain was but here, we would soon teach these renegades better manners than to fire and kill at pleasure; and the sister, too—was not the brother enough?”

There was something in the voice and manner of the speaker when he alluded to the capture of this couple, that told a tale of the feelings, plainer, perhaps, than he would have wished, if he had been in other company than that in which he was. When he again spoke, however, he was more calm and collected. Addressing himself with confidence to his companion, he said,

“Harry, what would you advise? You have had more experience in this mode of life than I, and this is an occasion which calls for all our energies.”

A look of honest pride stole over the face of the forester at this marked display of the confidence of his superior in rank; but it was only for a moment, and then the old expression of caution and determination again resumed its place. After a pause, in which he seemed to be debating in his mind the better way of serving the wish of the other, he appeared to have hit upon the plan, and advancing still nearer to his companion to prevent the possibility of being overheard, he said, in a low whisper,

“You must go back to the camp and raise the men, I will follow in the trail of the party; they must have taken the lower route, as the late defeat of the Tories in the north would make the other unsafe. If I fail I will meet you at the Big Pine—you will take that road—they cannot get farther than the Cypress Swamp to-night—I will be there.”

This arrangement seemed to meet the views of the other, as he made no objections to it, but after some minor matters had been disposed of, the two prepared to separate. Shaking his companion heartily by the hand, the younger of the friends struck into the forest in the same direction as that from which we saw him emerge. The other gazed after him until he became lost in the darkness of the shadows, and then striking into the wood in the opposite direction, he proceeded for some distance with hasty steps, until he gained a spot more densely shaded than usual. Parting the branches, he entered the enclosure, and in a few moments came forth leading a horse, which he immediately mounted, and plunged more deeply into the wood. Leaving our two friends to the fulfillment of their tasks, we must give the reader some account of the circumstances that preceded their introduction to us.

William Seaton, the hero of our narrative, was the only child of one of the oldest families in the South. At the breaking out of the war of the Revolution, his father took a firm and decided stand in the defense of the rights of the Colonists, and

sealed that defense with his blood. He fell at the Siege of Charleston, bequeathing to his son the care of a mother. With the same bold and fearless love of his native land that distinguished his sire, young Seaton, on the receipt of this intelligence, hastened home from the little band of men to which he belonged, and bearing his mother to a place of safety, hurried to rejoin his comrades again. He had joined that band, by the consent of his patriot father at the outbreaking of the war, though then but a stripling, and had acted with them in all those prominent events that has rendered them so famous in the annals of freedom.

Attached to the same company as Seaton was a young man named Wilson, like him a volunteer in the cause of liberty; and both being in the spring of youth and promise, they became mutually attached. The hours not devoted to labor were spent in the society of each other. In one of the many changes that the fate of war made in the position of this band of patriots, they encamped in the vicinity of Wilson's father, and now, when the duties of the camp did not call for the attendance of our friends, the snatches of time were spent at the paternal residence. George Wilson's father was far advanced in the vale of years, and consequently remained neutral, as far as actions went, in the excitements of the day. But still his heart was with the Colonists in the unequal struggle for their rights. The chief attraction for Seaton, however, was Emma Wilson, the sister of George; and she was well worthy a soldier's admiration and love. She was a soldier's sister, full of noble daring, and untameable spirit. At each visit Seaton lingered longer and longer. Each glance of his eye was full of meaning, and told more truly to Emma, than words, the conquest she had made. Seaton feared to offer the hand of a nameless soldier to the sister of his high-souled friend, though that hand had been raised at the altar of liberty. But he was poor, his father had periled his all in the cause of his country, and it had been wrested from him; and now the son had nothing, save his sword and the consciousness of rectitude. But that could not prevent the growth of the passion in the breast of young Seaton; and how often would he think he saw in the hesitation and blushes of Emma, when he requested her to sing his favorite songs, something on which to build a lover's hopes; and this, though slight, would raise into a flame the fire of his affections.

Thus stood matters, when, one evening, Seaton started to visit the Wilson's, George having been absent some days on account of the illness of his father. It was some distance from the camp, and as he was in the dreaming mood, he suffered his horse to proceed at a slow pace, and gave full vent to his fancy. From this trance he was aroused by a slight noise, and raising his eyes, he beheld (for a turn of the path brought him within view of it) the mansion of the Wilsons in flames. Putting spurs to his steed he soon arrived at the spot. Here all was desolation and ruin. The truth flashed upon him. It was the work of the Tories. But what had become of the inmates? Had they fallen victims, or had they been made captives? No one was visible to solve the question. But no time was to be lost, and after a hasty survey of the vicinity, he started in the direction of the camp to report the affair and procure assistance for the prisoners. On the return he fell in with one of the scouts, and

making known the affair to him, it was determined to fall upon the trail of the party, if possible to watch them until they should encamp, and then the scout, by superior knowledge of the windings of the forest, must return to the camp and ensure the surprise and capture of the foe. Acting on this, and knowing that the captain was at this time on his way from the Santee with a body of recruits, Seaton chose the route most likely to fall in with him, to whom he would communicate the intelligence and obtain assistance. Giving his instructions to his companion to await him at the Crossings, he gave the reign to his horse and dashed into the wood. With the result of this meeting the reader is already acquainted in the conversation between the two at the commencement of the story. Buried in the gloom of the ravine, Harry Burton saw the prisoners pass, guarded by a strong band of the Tories. Marking their direction, he had in quiet awaited the coming of his comrade.

Our business now is with the scout. After he parted from his companion, he left the main route, and striking deeper into the forest, pursued his way for some time with as much rapidity as the nature of the ground would admit of, appearing to be guided more by instinct than reason, so well did he, amid the darkness of the dense wood, find out the different pathways and crossings of the forest. After continuing his unbroken course for some time, he turned again in the direction of the main path. Falling into the stream of a small rivulet that ran in that direction, he followed it up, as if to prevent any marks of his horse's feet being seen in the coming light, if he should not succeed in his enterprise. Silently and steadily did he ride on until he gained a bend in the stream, where he dismounted, and leaving his animal in the deep shade of the trees, continuously advanced to the edge of the pathway, and bent his gaze long and earnestly along the road. Satisfied of the absence of any hostile party, he emerged into the clearing, and commenced a careful survey of the path, with as much accuracy as the faint beams of a partially risen moon would permit. Long and anxious was the labor, and not till he was satisfied of the recent passing of a band of mounted men did it cease. Once confident of this, he again mounted, and pressed on with renewed vigor, still keeping hid in the shade, though not at so great a distance as before. Continuing his course for some time, he gained the top of a hill, and here, for the first time since the passing of the band at the Crossings, he again gained sight of the captives. Halting, that the distance between them might be increased, and thus the danger of discovery lessened, he had a full opportunity to observe them. No material change had taken place in the aspect of the party since he last saw them, save that the bonds of the female had been unloosed, and she was suffered to ride between two of the band. Her brother was still bound, and his horse fastened to that of one of the escort. The only circumstance that struck the quick sight and sense of the scout was the want of that caution and discipline that betokens the consciousness of danger.

Taking advantage of this want of prudence on the part of his enemies, the active mind of the scout suggested the bold expedient of pushing into the front of the party, and by secreting himself in the dense foliage that skirted both sides of the road, gather, if possible, from the lips of the Tories, some hints of their designs. Without

waiting to calculate the danger of the undertaking, he again took to the forest, and putting his steed into a swifter pace, made a circuit of some distance to avoid the most remote possibility of being seen. Having again gained the road-side, he took a position more favorable for his purpose. He did not wait long ere the foremost of the band came in sight. When sufficiently near, Harry recognized him as one of the most active and unprincipled of the men who had long been a terror and dread to that vicinity. He had been an unsuccessful suitor for the hand of Emma Wilson; and this, joined to his unrelenting hatred of the Whigs, made the object of the recent attack apparent to the scout. He was attended by several others of the same character —some actuated by motives of personal malice, and others by the love of plunder. The leader appeared in earnest conversation with those who rode near him; and, as they neared the place where the scout was concealed, the words of some of them reached his ear. They were directed to the captain of the band, and were spoken as if in continuation of a question.

"But what do you intend doing with the brother? He fought well, no matter what else he has done, and deserves a better fate than I fear you intend for him."

"He shall have the same fate as his father—death. The one fell by this hand, by the sword it is true; his son shall die by the rope. I'll teach them to refuse me. One more, and then my vengeance is complete. That young lover of hers, Seaton!—but he cannot escape me; we have tracked the band that he belongs to, and in a few days he too will be mine. But how stands my modest beauty?" he asked of one of the gang who just rode up from the rear. "She shall have a merry ride to-night, and in the morning—"

"She has fainted from fatigue, and cannot ride farther," interrupted the other; "what must be done? As there is no danger from pursuit now, I think we had better halt for the night. The Cypress is nigh, and that will be the safest place between here and the Corners. Besides, the captain, as they call him, is in the south now. So no fear of him."

"I do not fear him," answered the leader; and then after a pause of a few moments he resumed—"Well, give the command to encamp at the swamp. In the morning we will see what is to be done."

Saying this, he relapsed into silence, and the other fell back on the rear to give the orders for the night. Harry waited until the last of the band had passed his place of concealment, and faded from sight in the direction of the proposed stopping-place for the night; and then, as if satisfied with the result of his plan, he again took the backward trail to wait at the appointed place young Seaton, and his band, if he should succeed in raising them.

Morning broke upon the forest with unusual freshness and beauty. The dew sparkled on the young grass—the birds caroled sweetly from the trees—the streamlet went leaping on its way in gladness, and sending its music out into the sunny air as if the spirit of rejoicing sat upon its tiny waves. It was yet early morning when our scene opens in the camp of the outlaws. Here all was bustle and excitement. Men could be seen gathered in groups in low conversation, as if some

event of more than usual interest was about to take place. In the centre of the encampment could be seen two persons we have heretofore described. They were seated some distance apart; the brother being fastened to a tree in a sitting posture, with his hands confined to his side, while the sister was suffered to remain unbound, but subject to a strict guard. He was already doomed to death, and that the shameful one of the gibbet. Bitter as was the pang at being cut off in the bloom of life, when the road to fame was open to his view, and when his suffering and bleeding country called aloud on all her sons for aid in this desperate contest. Still this was nothing for him. But then his sister, and that sister the witness of a father's murder, was now a captive, and at the mercy of that father's murderer—this made the doom doubly bitter. And there at his side sat that sister mute and tearless, for the dreadful scenes through which she had passed seemed to have shut up the fountains of her grief, while he who should have been her protector was now helpless as herself. These were the thoughts that were coursing through his mind when the leader of the band approached the spot where he was confined. If ever vice and malignity had chosen a resting-place, the face of that man was their home; and now as he gazed upon the consummation of all his long-cherished plans of lust and vengeance, the time for which he had hoarded up the passion of years, his look assumed the aspect of a demon. Calmly he gazed upon the captives, as preparing himself for the outbreak, and then advancing still nearer, he said —

"Do you accept my proposals, or must I compel you to that you cannot now avoid?" This was addressed to Emma Wilson. "Accept this hand, and your brother lives; refuse me, and he dies upon the tree before an hour."

What answer Emma would have given is unknown, as at this moment her brother caught the question, and turning to the ruffian, he answered —

"No, Emma, murderer as he is, he dare not do this; and if death must come, it would be nothing compared to the union with a wretch like this."

But then as the helpless condition of that sister, already in the power of this man, and as the desperate and lawless character of the band, all pressed upon the mind of the brother, he sunk his voice to a whisper, and said, as the tears came gushing into his eyes —

"Man, man, if you have the commonest feelings of humanity, I implore you do not harm my sister. Do with me as you like—give me to the fire, or the tree—but spare a brother the agonizing thought of a sister's shame."

A bitter smile passed over the face of the outcast as he saw the agony of his prisoner—a smile that spoke of triumph and revenge—but it was only for a moment, and when he again spoke, his voice was calm and resolute.

"And does the high-spirited and haughty blood of the Wilson's deign to supplicate me? Me! the outcast they once spurned. To what am I indebted for this favor? But no!" and sinking his voice into that of a person fearful of his own passions, he proceeded, "I offer her this hand—if she accept it you are free, if not, you die—not the death of a man, but the death of a dog. And still she shall be mine."

For the first time since the captain of the gang had made his appearance, Emma raised her eyes to those of her brother. She heard the determination of the ruffian, and knew from his previous acts that to will and to do was the same with him. Nerving herself, therefore, for the contest, she said:

"Do your worst—I never will be yours. Your hand struck down my gray-haired father when he knelt to you, and your hand raised the torch to the family roof-tree, and sent us, homeless orphans, out upon the world. It can but be death, and that is paradise compared to a life with you." And then turning to her brother, she continued—"George, I would do all to save you but dishonor myself and our spotless name—that I cannot do—forgive me—that is a sister's resolve."

"Bless you, Emma, for those words—now I can die." And sinking his voice, he continued—"But there still may be hope—our men cannot be far off, and if Seaton did but know of this." The paleness of his sister's cheek told George he had touched a tender chord, and hastening to redress the wound he had inflicted, he said—"I do not entirely despair, if I could but gain a few hours; the captain is still in the field, and there is still hope."

The leader had now left them, and the brother and sister now talked of the past, and Emma's heart was fast telling her, as the name of Seaton was mentioned, that she had long and fondly loved him. But this reverie was interrupted by the return of the outlaw, who had been talking with some of his band. Advancing still closer to Emma, he said:

"Have you decided?—the time has come, and I am in no mood for trifling—remember, this is the last chance for your brother's life."

"I remember," replied Emma, "and I have decided—for death—both of us, for I survive not him." And drawing a small knife from her bosom, she said—"Now leave us."

" 'Tis well—you will find me no sluggard in the fulfillment of my promises," said the other, his voice hoarse with suppressed passion. "Here, guard, hang this rebel to the nearest tree; we will find if his high-bred sister can act as well as talk."

Obedient to their leader's command, the outlaws seized upon the prisoner, and leading him to a little distance from the spot where his sister sat, commenced the horrid preparations for his death. Shading her eyes with her hands, Emma sat mute and motionless, the picture of despair. In haste the fated noose was made and fastened around the neck of the captive, and now all was ready. Again did the heartless villain urge the sister to accept the offer of his hand, but this time in mere mockery; but the words of her brother, as he blessed her for the resolve, came to her and she sat mute. Stung by this display of courage, the ruffian now gave the word for the completion of the execution.

The cord had been run over the limb of the tree, and two of the band waited the signal from the captain. Around had congregated the gang to witness the proceeding. All was stillness. The spot was wild and lonely—a single open space amid the dense swamp that on every hand spread its curtain of foliage, so that the eye could not reach but a small distance into the environs of the encampment. And

there stood that brother. He had taken the last view of nature—the last farewell of his sister—the last thought of his country—and now, he stood firm and collected. And near him was the leader of the band, a glare of triumph lighting up his eyes as he saw the end of all approaching. Gazing upon his victim's face for a moment, he said —

"George Wilson, you once despised me and rejected my friendship. I loved your sister—you thwarted me in that love, now I am your captor, ask no mercy—I will grant none."

"Wretch!" replied Wilson, "I despise alike your friendship and your mercy. Talk not of love. Such a villain cannot feel the passion; but think not to escape for this deed, the band to which I belong will not let my blood be spilt in vain. You tremble at the name—well you may—it will be a curse on your path, and you will pay a heavy penalty for this day's work."

"No more of this ranting," interrupted the outlaw. "Think not to fright me from my purpose. Marion himself could not do that. Ha! ha!—who conquers now?"

As he finished, he raised his bugle to his lips and blew a shrill blast—the signal for the execution. The blast was repeated from the wood, and the last note had not died upon the ear, when breaking from the thickness came the band of Marion. Had the trump of the Archangel sounded, it could not have struck greater consternation into the gang, who stood paralyzed, mute and lifeless as statues. A moment after came the crash of a hundred rifles, carrying death and dismay into the ranks of the Tories, followed by the sabres and pistols of the men, and the iron heels of the horses. Escape was impossible. Surrounded on all sides, and struck with terror at this unthought of rescue, the ruffians made no resistance, but fled. Dashing into the midst of the scene, the rescuers, with young Seaton at their head, soon made a clear field. Giving orders to capture the few remaining Tories, he dismounted and cut the bands that confined his friend, who until this time seemed unconscious of what was acting around. But as he saw the face of his companion, and recollected other familiar comrades, he awoke, and seizing the hand of his friend, pressed it in silence.

When the first moment of surprise was over Seaton asked the fate of Emma, in a tone and manner that told how much of his happiness was centered there. Her brother pointed to where he had left her, and there she lay upon the green sod, for she had fainted amid the noise and tumult of the last few moments. To fly to her and raise her up—to clasp those soft hands, and sprinkle the pure brow with water, was the work of a moment for Seaton, and as she recovered and rested her head upon his bosom, to tell her she was safe, and that her brother was safe, was a sweet task; and then to hear from those lips the throbs of a guileless heart, and to read in those bright eyes more than a maiden's modesty would tell, was a sweet recompense for Seaton. And now the brother and sister were united, and Seaton left them to complete the victory. He saw the day had been won, as one by one his men returned, bringing with them the bare remnants of the gang. On the ground he discovered the scout engaged in searching for the body of the leader. It was found, still holding in

his hand the trumpet, as he had held it when the death-shot had struck him. Giving his orders to the scout, Seaton made instant preparations for departure. The lover rode by the side of Wilson and his sister, and from them he heard all the occurrences of the last few hours. After a ride of some length they reached the camp in safety, and the next day Emma Wilson was placed under the charge of some friends remote from the scene of war; but not until she heard from the lips of Seaton the confession of his love, and he received in return the assurances of her affection.

The conclusion is soon told. After Seaton left the scout, he repaired to the camp, and as Marion had not arrived, he assumed the command of the band, and led them to the place agreed upon by him and the scout. Here he fell in with Harry who was waiting for them, and he led them to the Tories' encampment, where they arrived just in time to thwart the designs of the outlaws.

Seaton and Wilson continued to serve with Marion until the close of the war. Both were in most of those daring and successful enterprises which so distinguished that gallant officer. Harry also served out the war in the capacity of scout, one of the most dangerous, as well as useful posts in the army. After the close of the war Seaton pressed his suit with Emma, and she again became a captive, though this time the chains were garlanded with flowers. They rebuilt the old family mansion, near which they erected a monument to the memory of Emma's father, and with her brother, who still continued a bachelor, they made their residence there. Harry had his home there, and in the long winter nights would tell to the children the story of "The Captives."

THE POET.

Who is the Poet? Know him by
The downcast and abstracted eye;
By careless mien and lofty brow;
By tones so musically low;
By a pale cheek of spirit light,
Telling of hopes and visions bright;
By a deep communing with all
That earth can good or gentle call;
By silent reveries and lone
The Poet, God's best work, is known.

Where dwells the Poet? Seek him where
Voices of music fill the air;
Where flowers in beauty meet the sun;
Where streams in gentle silence run;
Seek him beneath the forest tree,
Where bird and breeze meet whisperingly;
Seek him where thunder peals are heard;
Where the proud elements are stirred;
Where Nature shows her giant force,
And earth is troubled in its course.

Seek him where all that stirs the soul
Is independent of control;
Where torrents rush, and lightning gleams,
Till earth a fierce volcano seems;
Where the proud ocean, boiling o'er,
Lashes the weak and frightened shore;
Where Nature moves in awful might,
Or proudly smiles in living light;
Wherever earth hath might or bloom —
There is the Poet's cherished home.

What is the Poet? One who hath
A lonely and a troubled path;
He walks through life as in a dream —
Among mankind, but not of them;
A strange anomaly of earth —

A compound of despair and mirth;
A proud, high spirit, strange and wild,
Yet gentle as a little child;
A being filled with love and hate —
Each powerful—a thing of fate!

Who are the Poet’s friends? Alas!
But few in human shape he has;
Yet Nature shrines a hoard for him,
Far in her sanctuary dim:
Forth, from the flowers and gentle streams,
For him a ray of friendship gleams;
The breeze that shakes the forest-tree,
For him hath love and sympathy;
The sunset cloud a radiance lends —
And wave and star to him are friends.

Who is the Poet’s worshiped love?
A being from the halls above;
A thing of ideal life and light,
Intensely beautiful and bright;
Embodying it in human form,
With passions redolent and warm —
But sees, upon a near survey,
The visionary pass away;
And finds, instead of hope’s ideal,
A being cold, and false, and real.

What is the Poet’s heritage,
In every clime, in every age?
While living, disappointment, doubt,
To wear his wasting spirit out;
To feel ambition’s haughty fire,
Yet doomed to see its light expire;
To struggle on, and toil for fame;
To bear with scorn, and want, and shame;
To hope, and find that he must die.
For him, is life’s sole certainty.

What is the Poet’s meed, when life
Has passed, with all its toil and strife?
A tardy justice to his name;
A place upon the scroll of fame;

A wreath of praise which must atone
For years of suffering dark and lone;
A guerdon valueless at last,
When he who would have prized has past
Far from the sound of man’s rank breath —
A victor over all—even Death!

When should the Poet die? At eve,
When dew-drops glisten on each leaf;
When stars come forth from their abode
Beneath the footstool of our God,
And linger on the holy sky;
Then should the earth-worn Poet die:
When all is still, and pure, and calm,
Beneath the twilight’s hallowed balm —
When flowers and stars unfold to pray —
The Poet’s soul should pass away.

Where should the Poet sleep, when death
Has chained his proud, aspiring breath?
For those who loved earth’s gentle bloom,
Within a quiet lonely tomb,
Afar the deep still woods among —
Beneath green shadows, where the song
Of bird, and bee, and breeze can fall,
Making it pure and sacred all;
Where flowers pour forth their latest sigh —
There should the lowly Poet lie.

The proud in heart should slumber where
Enters no sound of earthly air;
Silent, in some cathedral old,
Where shadows fall from each marble mould;
Where the colored radiance scarce can tell
Of the world he toiled for, long and well —
Where, side by side, the mighty dead
A hallowing spell from their proud tombs shed —
Where the kings of the earth to muse may come —
The Poet may find his last, long home.

What is the Poet’s future lot
When death has passed? Oh, question not!
Those who in virtue’s pathway trod
Have found a dwelling with their God;
Those who, like straying sheep, have erred,
And doubted His revealed word,
Their fate is in His power who tries
Each pilgrim underneath the skies;
And He who kept the Poet here
Will bless him in a holier sphere.

TAKING TEA SOCIABLY.

FROM MY BUDGET OF ADVENTURES.

BY ELLA RODMAN.

It was a most lovely afternoon in June, neither inconveniently warm nor uncomfortably chilly; the birds were singing merrily around, the breeze came clear and refreshing, and an inexpressible gladness seemed to be borne on the very atmosphere, while I stood in a state of considerable satisfaction before the toilet-glass in my own particularly pleasant little room. Not that I was in the least vain; oh no, I do not think I was, because I remember wishing that my nose was not quite so *retroussé*, and wondering if people could have the assurance to call my eyes green, though, to tell the truth, I did not exactly know what else to call them myself. I was going out to tea that afternoon; not to meet a bevy of girls and get up a complete frolic, but to see an old friend of my mother's, a regular married woman, with several responsibilities, who claimed all her care and attention—a place where there was not an article in the shape of a beau, and yet I wished to be particularly fascinating, interesting, and agreeable. I wore nothing but a simple white muslin to be sure, yet I think I have seldom, if ever, taken as much pains with my toilet as on that particular afternoon. I brushed, and brushed my hair, which would friz in spite of me; and at last, finding that I could do no better, I concluded to be sweet simplicity in natural curls and unadorned innocence. I was pretty short, and pretty stout, and not much calculated for a heroine at best, and yet as I clasped a certain little gold cross around my neck, I fell to building castles in the air, and dreaming scenes from life, in which I figured as chief performer.

Must I explain? It is rather awkward to expose one's own little plots and manœuvres, but I really see no help for it, as this particular one happens to be the centre around which all my movements revolved. We lived in the village, which was quite a pretty collection of half houses half villas, but still it was not *quite* the country; there were no handsome edifices standing far back from the road, with noble, English-looking lawns in front, and endless gardens and a beautiful water prospect back; oh no! every thing looked far more exact and methodical, and an actual tea-drinking, with strawberries and cream, at a real country-seat was not to be despised. There was a very handsome place about a mile from the village, which had lately been taken by an old friend of my mother's, who, on moving from the city, was considerably shocked and discouraged by the many inconveniences attending a residence in the country.

Mrs. Morfield, when she had time, was a very entertaining woman, and always had a great deal to say to my mother, and not much in particular to me; but she had repeatedly pressed me in a very kind manner to come and take tea with her sociably; and having never before availed myself of this invitation, I had now concluded to go. Mrs. Morfield's good qualities, however, were considerably enhanced in my estimation by the knowledge of her being the happy sister of a brother who had been quite a favorite with me in my younger days. It was now three years since Henry Auchinclass departed for college, and during that time I had never once seen him, but his name had been frequently brought forward with a grand flourish of trumpets, till my curiosity was quite excited to see if he had altered so much from what I remembered him. Once a fugitive piece of poetry fell into my hands, after passing through various channels, and having just begun to admire sentiment, this production of my old playmate's stirred up all my ecstasy and enthusiasm. Prizes were showered upon him at every examination, and in the eyes of his old acquaintances his brow was encircled with a wreath of laurel that raised him almost to a level with Shakspeare and Milton. This hero was now actually coming among us with all his honors fresh upon him; whether he really had arrived, or was going to arrive that afternoon, I did not know, but thinking it extremely probable that, as the distance from Mr. Auchinclass was not far, he would visit his sister as soon as possible, I was seized with a sudden fancy to execute one of my long promised tea-drinkings. At our last parting something of a fracas took place; but I was quite a juvenile then, not more than fourteen, and now, with the experience and improvement of three additional years, I *collected* all my energies to startle him with my fancied transformation.

There was a gentle tap at my door, and, her face quite radiant with excitement and anticipation, in walked (or rather bounded, for she never walked,) my chosen colleague, Annie Wilmot. A small basket hung on her arm, a huge sun-bonnet almost concealed her pretty face, and she was evidently bound on a strawberry excursion.

"Come, quick!" she exclaimed, "put on your hat, snatch up a basket, and let us be off, for we shall have a grand time of it. The girls are all pretty lazy, and require considerable stirring up, but there is a whole caravan at the door now, waiting for the light of your presence. Come, Ella, you're a terrible snail! do make haste!"

A strawberry excursion! Dear me, what an idea! my lip curled at the very thoughts of it. Soil and tear my white frock among the brambles, disarrange my carefully smoothed ringlets, and stain my hands like any old strawberry-picker! I, a young lady of seventeen, perform such an undignified part!

"I am sorry, Annie," I replied, "but you really must excuse me in consequence of a prior engagement."

"*Prior engagement!*" repeated the laughing girl, mimicking my tone, as she eyed me from head to foot, "I am afraid you will choke yourself with big words—have you swallowed Webster, my dear? But really," she continued, with a courtesy of mock reverence, "you must excuse my not being struck with your resplendent

appearance before. Pray, if I may be so bold as to ask, what do all these curls mean, and that cross, and that particularly unrumpled-looking dress? Do initiate me as to this prior engagement."

"I am only going out to tea," I replied, a little confused, while I determined not to tell her where, for fear of her suspecting me. "But I really think," said I, "that we are too old to go a-strawberrying, Annie—remember that we are no longer children."

"Mercy on us! what has got into the girl? *too old to go a-strawberrying!* If we are too old to *gather* strawberries," said she, "we must be too old to *eat* them, so I advise you to give them up at once. Farewell, Miss Propriety; I shall certainly send you a cap and a pair of spectacles suited to your advanced years. Wherever you are going," she concluded, "I hope you will enjoy yourself as much as we expect to—but I very much doubt it."

"So much you know," thought I; and away bounded my merry visiter, probably to enlighten the waiting bevy as to the nature of my objections, for I soon heard a great deal of buzzing and laughter as the whole troop finally disappeared.

My toilet had received its last finishing touch, I screened my face with a large sun-bonnet, and taking my parasol for further protection, sallied forth. I entered upon my journey in a very pleasant frame of mind; I was benevolently inclined that afternoon, and quite disposed to view every thing in the best possible light; but notwithstanding this happy temper, I became reluctantly convinced that walk was one of the hottest and most disagreeable I had ever taken; the trees were few and far between, so that it was really fatiguing to get from one to the other, and scarcely a blade of grass refreshed the eye—nothing but barren, parched, discouraging looking soil, whereon nothing ever could, would, or did grow. Resolved, however, not to be damped at the very outset, I toiled along, shut my eyes to keep out the sun, and tried to feel happy and contented with my mouth full of dust.

At length, to my great relief, I approached the house, and worn and exhausted as I was, it burst upon me almost like a vision of Paradise—looking as cool and shady as possible in the midst of trees that appeared at least half a century old. I closed the heavy gate behind me, and walked leisurely up the graveled walk, quite charmed and enraptured with every thing I saw. Here and there was placed a handsome marble urn; tubs of orange and lemon-trees lined the whole walk from the house; and in the back-ground I perceived strawberry-beds, cherry-trees, and a large green-house. The steps leading to the front entrance were very broad, and with a light step I sprung up the whole flight, quite prepared for an afternoon of felicity. Those dark, solemn-looking trees—there was something sad in their very grandeur. A low melody played among the leaves as the summer wind wailed gently through them, and I stood watching and listening, fascinated by a strange power, until I almost forgot that I was to enter the house. All appeared very still around, the blinds were closed, and the sound almost startled me as my hand touched the bell.

Some time elapsed before the ring was answered; I was obliged to give another, and another—and at length a slatternly-looking Irish girl made her appearance, who

kept the door as closely shut as possible, and by placing her own substantial person in the aperture, effectually prevented my efforts at ingress. She appeared by no means to relish my intention of entering, and saying, in no gentle key: “And is it the misthress ye’d be wanting to see? She’s busy with the childer, and pr’aps will not lave them—but walk in a bit till I see.”

I followed my conductor, and entered an apartment on the first floor, which evidently answered the purpose of a dining-room, and was, without exception, as dismal-looking an apartment as I ever entered. The black hair-cloth sofa was ornamented with slits in various places, from which the stuffing was peeping forth, an exploit of which the young Morfields were particularly proud; the chairs were in the same condition, the carpet was torn in various places, and the whole room had a very poverty-stricken appearance. On the mantel-piece were two large glass jars, covering pots of very unnatural-looking artificial flowers, considerably faded; over the sofa hung a picture of a sinking ship, and on one side a representation of Robinson Crusoe landed on the desert island. I felt irresistibly drawn toward that picture—it was dark, gloomy, and discouraging, and it sympathized with my own feelings. My hopes, too, had suffered a complete wreck; I entered upon the expedition with warm, glowing feelings, but the walk, the Irish woman, and the hopeless-looking apartment had blasted them entirely; and I was almost wishing myself with the strawberry party, when the door opened, and Mrs. Morfield entered, with a very bold, staring baby in her arms.

She appeared delighted to see me, and welcomed me so cordially, that I quite forgot my recent dissatisfaction. She had one of the most sunny, joyful dispositions I have ever encountered; she would have turned a desert island into sunshine, and laughed at every trouble that came in her way. Her temper must have been a happy one to stand the wear and tear of six noisy boys; but although a delightful and entertaining companion, she would have been still more so had she not always been in a hurry. All she said was uttered so fast that her auditors were in continual fear of her losing her breath; and one carefully avoided lengthy replies with her, she always seemed so pressed for time.

“I am very glad,” said she, with a merry laugh, “that you have come, for my own sake—and very sorry for yours, for both cook and nurse left me this morning in a fit of ill-temper; and as I have only Kitty for a helper, I am afraid you will fare but poorly for your tea. However, I shall not make a stranger of you.”

I hastened to assure her that it was not of the least consequence to me, for I thought to myself that with strawberries and cherries, a person need not care for any thing else; and having succeeded in setting her mind at ease on that point, she proposed that we should leave our room for some other apartment. “Exactly like Kitty to put you here,” said she, laughing, “but we will try if we cannot find a pleasanter.”

The baby, who behaved very much like a wooden machine, with the exception of staring and sucking its fingers, was again clasped in her arms, and we proceeded to the parlors. The blinds were shut closely and fastened to, and Mrs. Morfield,

encumbered with the baby, tried in vain to open them. I gazed around, as well as I was able in the dark, and saw that the rooms were very large and handsomely furnished—having a cool appearance that was extremely pleasant. Very well satisfied with this prospect, I lent my assistance to unfasten the shutters—but in vain, they were obstinately determined not to open; and with a sigh I followed Mrs. Morfield into the hall.

“Come here,” said she, as she threw open a door on the other side, “here is a room that will just suit you, Miss Ella. I believe you are a little romantic, and the prospect from these windows cannot fail to please you.”

It was a complete fairy bower; the floor was covered with a light straw matting; the pretty French bedstead had a canopy of thin white muslin, bordered with lace, with a corresponding cover on the little toilet-table; the chairs were of wood, prettily painted, and every thing looked as light, airy, and country-like as possible. I was in ecstasies with the whole arrangement, and on glancing from the window, I found that the prospect quite justified Mrs. Morfield’s praises. Directly beneath was the green, close-shaven lawn, studded with wide-spreading trees, across which a majestic peacock every now and then strutted in all the glory of beauty and splendor; while far away rose a dim, indistinct mist of blue waters and purple mountains.

Mrs. Morfield, having placed her marvelous baby on the floor—marvelous because it had been so quiet—seated herself in a low rocking-chair, and gave me the whole history of her morning’s misfortunes. I was totally uninterested in the whole proceeding, but not being required to make any responses, I fixed my eyes on the scene without, and listened patiently to the end. She then commenced a panegyric on the still piece of humanity that sat sucking its shoe, which was quite natural, considering that it was the only sister of six brothers. I even joined in these praises, for its not crying appeared to me remarkable; and I began to think that I had at length met with that often-described, but always invisible curiosity—*a good baby*! The young lady was lifted from the floor, and even bribed to sit on my lap, which surprised me still more, as babies always had an invincible repugnance to me, which I returned with interest, and no performance was more disagreeable to me than baby-talk. I quite sympathized with the old bachelor, who, having picked up a woman and baby on the road, took them into his wagon on condition that the mother refrained from talking nonsense to her child. This the lady readily promised; but forgetting at length the scruples of her companion, she burst forth with: “Bless its little heart! so it should go ridy pidy in the coochee poochee—” “Get out of my wagon!” thundered the exasperated gentleman.

But the baby in question behaved remarkably well, and I really began to feel quite an attachment for it. It was no great beauty, certainly; and I did think I had seen heads that boasted more hair; but in its mother’s eyes it was pre-eminently lovely, and as I wished to earn a character for amiability, I praised it up to the skies. Its eyes were round, and very staring, so I remarked on their unusual size, and Mrs. Morfield observed complacently that they were exactly like its father’s—its

forehead was high and broad, which of course was a mark of genius—and thus, with my own skill, and some promptings from the mother, I patched up quite a beauty out of materials which seemed to have been thrown together at random.

We had been chatting gayly for some time, and with the prospect from the window, the charming room, and the pleasant manners of Mrs. Morfield, to say nothing of what was yet in expectancy, I looked forward to a delightful afternoon, when my entertainer suddenly rose, and declaring she had quite forgotten Kitty, requested me to watch the child during her absence.

"You seem to be so fond of her," said she, "that I am going to make you head nurse for a little while; but all you will have to do is to see that she does not get into mischief. Just keep an eye upon her, will you?"

I smilingly consented to perform this slight service: and skillfully manœuvering her way out without attracting the child's attention, Mrs. Morfield closed the door behind her, and left me absorbed in a train of very pleasant fancies. I thought it very probable that she would ask me to make her a visit of a week at least; she must be so lonely, with no companions but those riotous boys—for her husband, having just become initiated into the mysteries of farming, spent his whole time out of doors, directing, arranging, and often hard at work himself. He was only visible at meal times, and I did wonder what had possessed his wife to marry him, he was so little of a companion; but she appeared quite satisfied with him, and looked upon all he did with admiring eyes. I intended, during my visit, to be the tenant of the pretty room in which I sat, and I pictured myself early in the morning throwing up the sash, and leaning out to catch the sweet air of summer as it played amid my hair, while a perfect burst of melody swept around from the birds, who always took up their station in those grand old trees—or at evening, when I wandered over the lawn, or rested, with a book in my hand beneath one of those spreading oaks—oh, it would be so delightful!

Here my attention was suddenly brought back to realities by a loud squeal which proceeded from the mouth of my forgotten charge. The young lady, having grown tired of amusing herself with an old shoe, glanced about for further employment, and not being at all pleased to see a stranger substituted for her mother, gave vent to her indignant feelings in a succession of particularly edifying screams. I was at first quite surprised, having been deluded into the belief that she was an excellent kind of a child, who would maintain almost the same position for a whole day at least. I did not suppose it necessary to feel the least responsibility concerning her; but I soon found that nothing was further from her intentions than to be neglected in this manner. Having a mortal aversion to strangers, the child crept rapidly toward the door, crying all the time, and it seemed almost impossible to pacify her. But at length I succeeded in placing her on my lap, where I tried very hard to convince her that the cross which I wore, and two or three rings, were the greatest curiosities that had refreshed her sight in a long time. For a little while she condescended to be duped by the lavish encomiums which I bestowed upon these articles; but soon recollecting that she had seen very much such things before, she broke forth anew. I

then resorted to the very original amusement of shaking a thimble on a pair of scissors; but quite enraged at the idea of my attempting to quiet her in this manner, she screamed louder than ever, and I was obliged to surrender my poor curls to her savage grasp.

She even deigned to laugh and be quite amused with this employment for some time, especially when she saw my evident reluctance to be so tortured; but after a while I grew more accustomed to it, and endured her pulls with so much philosophy that she left off in high dudgeon. She then became quite interested in the excitement of scratching at me with her nails, and crying between spells; but finding this performance any thing but pleasant, I placed her on the bed and gave her a small box of tapers from the writing-table, which she opened and shut, and scattered about with evident satisfaction. Finding the young termagant so quietly disposed, I ventured to glide back to my window, and wondered what could keep Mrs. Morfield so long—not feeling exactly satisfied with this baby-tending. But then as her sunny face rose up before me all my anger vanished, and I felt quite sorry and concerned to think that she was probably busy in the kitchen with the awkward Kitty, in order to get a presentable tea for her visiter. The baby was now so quiet and well-behaved, that I almost regretted the hard thoughts I had entertained toward it; and in a more pleasant frame of mind, I took up the last number of “Graham,” which lay upon the table, and was soon deeply buried in its fascinating pages.

The quiet, however, was of short duration; I was startled by a noise of something falling, and on glancing at the bed, it was empty! In horror and despair I sprung to the other side, and there lay my young torment, quite purple in the face, with the tapers scattered around, and one of the large, ruffled pillows under her. I fully expected to be imprisoned and tried for murder, and hesitating to have my fears confirmed, I caught up the child to see if it still breathed. My touch immediately restored life and animation; having fortunately fallen with the pillow under her, she had not been hurt in the least—but extremely frightened and angry at her unceremonious descent, she held her breath for some time with passion, (an exploit in which good babies are very apt to indulge,) but she now sent forth screams that were absolute music in my ears, as they assured me beyond a doubt that my tormentor was still in the land of the living. The tapers were bitten quite flat in various places, and several had disappeared—whether down her throat or not I could not tell; but I gathered up the remainder, and devoted myself to the task of quieting the child.

I was now fairly in for it; I reasoned with myself a short time, and became convinced that the fault must be entirely my own—*I* was the one to blame, for its own mother had praised it as an excellent baby, and she surely ought to know—my bad management was the sole cause of its present behavior. My ambition was concerned to restore its good humor; Mrs. Morfield would be far better pleased to be relieved from the trouble of tending it, and animated with new energy, I seized it in my arms, and began dancing wildly around the room. The young lady regarded me with a look of approval, and sucked her fingers in quiet content. It was very

solid, and appeared to me the heaviest baby I had ever carried, still I toiled on as long as I was able, but the moment I sunk into a seat she began to scream; and as I had at length found the means of quieting her, I endeavored to keep up for a short time longer—hoping every moment that Mrs. Morfield would enter the door and relieve me. I wondered that she did not hear the child cry; it seemed as though such screams must pierce the thickest wall; but the time passed on, and I was still imprisoned with my tormenting charge. At length I was obliged to give up—I really could not lug her around any longer; and sinking down in a kind of despair, I was entertained with an interminable fit of crying.

In the midst of this ebullition I happened to look out upon the lawn, and seeing a peacock pass leisurely along, I resolved to turn it to some account. Resting my heavy burden on one arm, with the other I pointed out the bird, knocked on the glass to it, talking as much nonsense in the meantime as I had ever heard in my whole life. The young lady was highly delighted—she stopped crying, and gazed with rapture on the brilliant color of the feathers. But at last, the peacock grew tired of spreading out his tail, and walked slowly away to my great annoyance, and also to that of my charge—who, finding that no more was to be seen, resumed her customary music. If ever a full sense of the beautiful dawned upon me, it was at the sight of a black hen and a brood of little chickens, who very obligingly supplied the absence of the peacock, and quarreled over some crumbs which had been thrown beneath the window. The child appeared to be fascinated by any thing that had the power of life; on the disappearance of the hen and chickens she transferred her raptures to a grave-looking cat; and I even hailed with delight the appearance of a grasshopper, if he took a pretty high spring.

But at last everything was gone; there seemed to be a strange perverseness among the live-stock that afternoon—not a peacock refreshed my sight, not a chicken could I spy, not even a grasshopper beamed upon my eagerly strained vision; and evidently regarding me as the cause, the child screamed furiously, and struggled to escape from my hold. Oh, how my poor arm did ache with tending that little termagant! I was hot and exhausted with my efforts to amuse her, the afternoon was now rapidly passing away, and as yet I had tasted none of my expected felicity. The child was screaming; I sat quite listless and passive in a large easy-chair, regarding my burden with a look of hopeless weariness, and wondered if this could possibly be the excellent baby who had only wanted an eye kept upon it. An eye, indeed! Eyes, arms, tongue, feet, breath, every thing had been spent in vain; and now, in a state of desperation, I resolved to be freed from my odious bondage, and flung wide open the door leading into the hall, that Mrs. Morfield might reap the full benefit of her child's inexhaustible lungs.

This manœuvre answered the expected end; my hostess soon made her appearance with a troubled look, and relieving me of the torment, she clasped it fondly in her arms, saying in a soothing voice:

"Did they leave it, darling? No, they shouldn't plague my baby, no they shouldn't—mother's own pet! Ah, oh, you naughty girl!" with a pretended slap,

"I'll teach you to plague my darling!"

The young lady, having satisfied herself that I was undergoing proper correction for my misdemeanors, condescended to be pacified, and surveyed me with an aspect of great complacency. Quite wearied out with her superhuman exertions, she soon fell asleep; and having deposited her on the bed, Mrs. Morfield expressed her wonder at the child's behavior.

"It is quite surprising," she continued, "she is generally so good and so little trouble—I begin to think, Ella, that you cannot be very well versed in the accomplishment of nursing."

I was quite provoked at this insinuation, after all the pains I had taken, and replied with some warmth, that good or bad, such a child was enough to provoke the patience of Job.

"Oh, stop! stop!" said she pleasantly. "It is easy to see that you are cut out for an old maid."

Well, if this really was not too much! wasn't it, now? To be sure old maids are very nice people—I would speak of the community with all due respect; but still no girl of seventeen likes to be threatened with a life of single blessedness, because she cannot regard with much affection a cross, troublesome baby, who has teased and tormented her a whole afternoon. I was too full to speak, and Mrs. Morfield regarded me with considerable amusement; but swallowing my irritated feelings as I could, I complied with her invitation to walk out to tea. I fear that I regarded the table with a blank look of astonishment, for not a sign of fruit could I discover; and Mrs. Morfield apologized for the omission by saying that she had no one to gather it. I had quite forgotten that fruit did not drop into dishes of its own accord; and in no very amiable mood I sat down to a supper of flannel-cakes, which I soon found had been very appropriately named.

Mr. Morfield now made his appearance, and took his seat without a coat; the table being further embellished with the six young Morfields, who had been sent out with their father. Mr. Morfield liked every thing countrified, and in accordance with this prejudice, the eating utensils consisted of large buck-handled knives and forks, which, after my fatigue, I could scarcely hold; and my hand trembled so in lifting my cup that I narrowly escaped spilling the whole contents. I never worked so hard in my life as I had then; I felt completely reduced and enervated, and could scarcely move my arms.

"It is rather strange," said Mrs. Morfield, "that Henry has not been here—he was to have come to-night, was he not, father?" Mr. Morfield nodded assent, being busily engaged with the flannel-cakes, and she continued—"It is really too bad, Miss Ella, to have no beau to offer you—but have patience, and perhaps the truant will come yet."

After tea I concluded to reconnoitre the garden; but there was not much pleasure, after all, in wandering off alone; Mrs. Morfield being engaged with the baby, who was now wide awake, and Mr. Morfield occupied in some distant part of the ground. Then, too, the view of ripe fruit staring one right in the face with such

an impudent kind of an air, as if it knew that I could not get at it, was any thing but agreeable; I thought of the baskets I had intended to bring to carry home all my spoils, and turned aside in extreme irritation. I looked up and down the road, but the tardy collegian was not to be seen; and with no very high opinion of “a social tea-drinking,” I returned to the house. We passed a tedious evening, and at length quite tired out, I announced my intention of going home. With Mr. Morfield for an escort, I again traversed the weary road, forcibly impressed with the difference between Romance and Reality.

Oh, how they did laugh at me! as bursting into tears I recounted all my toils and troubles; the idea of going out sociably to tea, and tending baby for an afternoon’s amusement, drew forth bursts of merriment, that grated on my ears as if in mockery of my overthrown expectations. But I seemed to dwell more particularly on Mrs. Morfield’s disagreeable prophecy than the unsatisfactoriness of the visit, and their laughter redoubled when after representing in glowing colors my toiling efforts to gain the name of a good nurse, I told of my dismay at finding myself branded with such an epithet. This appeared to strike them as the most ridiculous part, and I sat in sullen silence while they gave vent to their amusement. “So much for sympathy,” thought I.

For myself, I was thoroughly disgusted with “not being made a stranger of;” but my mortification was complete when the next morning Anne, looking over the fence which joined ours, exclaimed —

“You cannot tell what a delightful strawberrying we had. None of us returned with empty baskets, which you know has sometimes been the case; and we not only found strawberries, but, would you believe it, picked up a real, actual *beau*! Now, guess who it was—some one you have not seen in a long time?”

I *did* guess, but remaining silent, my companion continued —

“Why, we were actually discovered by the college-poet, Henry Auchinclass, just returned to be lionized and spoiled—who came upon us rather suddenly as we were making somewhat of a noise for well-behaved young ladies, and insisted upon helping us. What a merry time we had! He told us so many funny stories, and then we all concluded to take a walk off to the mill-pond; and I believe we stayed almost as late as you did. Now, where were you?”

Where, indeed! Oh, that I had gone with the strawberry-party! Anne communicated many more particulars, and then, unperching herself from the fence, ran into the house, while I, in quite a brown study, followed her example. That very afternoon I beheld the object of this commotion, but with that one glance vanished all my disappointed feelings—for *he had a cigar in his mouth*! Sentiment, vanity, castle-building, all ended in smoke. I had always despised tobacco-snuffers, tobacco-chewers, and tobacco-smokers; that one cigar brought down my hero from the pedestal whereon I had placed him, and again I “roamed in maiden meditation, fancy free.”

By the bye, Mrs. Morfield never did ask me to make her a visit—she would doubtless require a better baby-tender; and ever since I have had an unconquerable

aversion to taking tea sociably.

THE COQUETTE’S VOW.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

I promise *while* I love you,
To love you true and well;
But, by that cloud above you,
How long—I dare not tell.

I promise to be tender,
And docile to your sway;
I promise to surrender
My soul—at least—*a day*.

But if—but if—to-morrow
I chance to grow more wise—
If Love should dream you borrow
Your light from Fancy’s eyes;

If I should weary, playing
On one eternal lyre,
And touch, with fingers straying,
Some other chords of fire;

If they should answer willing,
In sweeter tones than you,
Forgive my heart for thrilling,
And own *my ear is true*.

You have the same permission
To tire, to change, to go,
With only one condition—
That you will *let me know*.

Then chide me not for changing
When I’ve gone through the book,
But chide the bee for ranging,
And chide the sportive brook.

When through the dark cloud smiling
The sunbeam wandered warm,
A rainbow came, beguiling
To beauty all the storm.

But if when light was banished
By cold, unwelcome rain,
That rare guest paled and vanished,
Oh! could the cloud complain?

A wild bee found a rose
And nestled in its heart,
But when its leaflets close
The flutterer fain would part.

Air, freedom, light and heaven
It would not so resign;
Then if those leaves be riven,
Ah! should the rose repine?

Since round your being real
My fancy deigns to fly,
Keep up to my Ideal,
Or you are false—not I.

Yet though unlike most lovers,
I vow at once to change
If fancy e'er discovers
A nobler field to range.

Of this at least be sure,
That even when I go
I'll probably be truer
Than some who swear they're so.

And though less true than truant,
I shall not *fall* in love;
But of some star pursuant,
Still rise to light above.

Then, since around your Real
My Fancy deigns to fly,

Keep up to my Ideal,
Or you are false as I.

STANZAS.

Harm not the living—on the stage of life
Play well your parts, that when the bell shall toll
To note your exit, ye shall hear the strife
Of echoing plaudits, and the deafening roll
Of music round you. O! across the soul
Will come the freshness of its dewy Spring;
And ye shall leap toward the destined goal,
And snatch the victor’s garland; while there ring,
Through the arena, shouts of kindly welcoming!

So live, that when upon the voiceless air
Shall come the echoes of your passing bell,
From the lone minster, they to you shall bear
Sweet thoughts and pleasant memories—the dell
Where grew the violets, shall, like a spell,
Rise up before your spirit, and the rill
That wantoned with them, laughing, ere it fell
For very joy adown the craggy hill —
And so your dream shall end—awake in Heaven ye will.

THE REVEALINGS OF A HEART.

BY D. T. KILBOURN.

"Oh, Ellen! is not this a most enchanting prospect! How lovingly those little islands rest their grassy heads upon the tranquil bosom of the deep blue waters! And those distant sails—how like beings of life and thought they seem, gliding so gracefully over its glassy surface. Indeed, when one views this noble edifice—these cultivated gardens—this lovely prospect—and inhales the cool sea-breeze wafted from the bosom of the mighty ocean—instead of the abode of the poor, helpless and forsaken, he would suppose it the resting-place of some of the great from yon proud city; who, weary of its noise and din, had retired hither to enjoy in sweet repose the accumulated wealth of years."

"It is, indeed, a lovely prospect," said her companion, gazing thoughtfully upon the scene before her—and as a pensive smile lit up her expressive features, she continued—"Invariably after visiting an institution of the kind, such a weight of sadness seems to oppress me, that my mind is little calculated to enjoy the beautiful."

"Sadness, Ellen! What is it possible you can find here to make you sad! For, laying aside the beauties of nature, have we not seen with what care and neatness every thing is arranged—what a regard to comfort. And then not only are the physical wants of the inmates provided for, but the mental and religious seem not forgotten."

"Mental, Lucy! Where the mental?"

"Why," said her companion, slightly coloring, "did we not see those spacious school-rooms for the children, and the chapel, where public services are held every Sunday?"

"Why, Lucy, you cannot possibly suppose some eighty or a hundred children, placed under the care of one instructor, and that one, perhaps, taking no interest in his duties further than to secure a livelihood, as likely to derive much benefit from such a course of mental instruction. But," added she, in a more lively tone, observing the embarrassment of her companion, "but, dear coz, those little ones formed not the burden of my thoughts—for children, you know, like flowers, though crushed to the earth by the pelting storm, the drops which weigh down their trembling petals, reflect but light and love. And however the foreshadowings of their destiny may creep upon the soul, it requires but one bright smile to chase all gloom away. Bless their sunny hearts! this earth would be a dreary waste without them. But, Lucy, what makes me particularly sad, is that whenever I visit a place of

the kind, I see so little of joy and gladness; so much of sorrow and concealed despair expressed in the countenances of its inmates."

"But, Ellen, is it not always thus wherever we meet the unfortunate?"

"This is precisely what oppresses me—to see their physical condition so materially altered, while the diseases of the mind remain unchanged. I may be, Lucy, like 'the Charming Woman,' talking of things which I do not understand, but still it is no *heresy* for me to express my thoughts, at least to yourself, dear coz. It seems to me, could we but raise the veil which shrouds the human heart, and witness there its temptations, its hopes, its fears, its anguish; its struggles to free itself from the incubus of passion which weighs it to earth; its ardent longings for the soothing dews of Heaven to cleanse and heal its poisoned wounds; yes, could we but look into the heart of the veriest wretch that breathes, and trace throughout the searing hand of sin, and then into the depths of our own bosom, it might be that the only difference we should find between that blackened, noisome thing, and our own boasted purity would prove but the absence of temptation! And yet, when we see around us all the exertions which are made for the relief of the poor and distressed, the imperfection of the work seems not so much a lack of *will*, as a lack of knowledge of its cause. Had there been but one-fourth the time devoted to man's spiritual, that has been to his physical being—to the habits, dispositions and sagacity of the inferior animals—or even to the investigation of unorganized matter—how different would have been the result."

"Ellen," said her cousin, "can you believe that *every heart* craves the pure aliment of Heaven! Are there not some, who, place before them what inducements you might, would still prefer the grosser joys of earth?"

"Lucy," answered she, while from her deep blue eyes beamed Heaven's own purity—"look at those beautiful islands, like so many emeralds embedded in the deep. Those cultivated fields, rich with the burden of a coming harvest. Should the dews of Heaven cease to refresh them what would they present? One barren, scorching waste, from which the eye would turn with pain. Our body, too, deprive it of its proper sustenance, how soon would it sicken and die! And thus, if the soul be immortal (and surely it must be so, since it is a breath of Deity!) then must it ever crave the food of immortality, though the poor trembling wretch, led blindfold by his passions, may not know for *what* he so longingly sighs, nor why his earthly pleasures, as soon as tasted, become a nauseous drug. But see, uncle is waiting for us."

The foregoing conversation was held between the daughter and niece of a wealthy merchant of one of our populous cities. His daughter, Lucy, the younger by two years, possessed, together with great personal beauty and love for the beautiful, an active and playful imagination, which, like the first glad rays of the morning sun, that sport around the mountain's brow, gilding its summits with a thousand varied hues, but never penetrate the depths below—while from Ellen's stronger and more highly cultivated intellect (though possessing in a less degree the light attractiveness of morn,) there radiated the glowing and vivifying influence of its noontide

intensity. Lucy, with her merry laugh, sunny smiles, and playful wit, was the delight of her father. Ellen was his support! She prepared his favorite dishes—she charmed him with her conversation, and soothed him with her song. Often was the old gentleman heard to exclaim—"Never was a man so blessed in his children! My merry Lucy forms the sunny spot in life—but my beautiful Ellen gives to life its charm." Though few beyond her own domestic circle, and the poor, were ever heard to call her beautiful! To a common observer, or (in the circles of fashion) as she moved by the side of her lovely cousin, there appeared little in Ellen's face or figure to call forth admiration; although, as mistress of a large fortune, flatterers were not wanting. But, as one gazed upon her animated countenance, as with witching kindness she endeavored to chase from the brow of her aged uncle, some cloud of anxious care, or bent over the couch of distress in the home of the wretched, and, with the soft low tones of sympathetic melody seemed to quell the raging storm in the bosom of the blasphemous inebriate, such a halo of purity seemed to encircle her broad, thoughtful brow, that the gazer turned away a better and a holier being.

The two girls had been standing on the eastern balcony of the Alms-house at ——, so absorbed that they noted not the flight of time, until Ellen's exclamation, "Uncle is waiting for us," aroused them.

"My children," said Mr. Norton, as they descended, "I had begun to think you had quite forgotten me, and my rheumatism prevented me seeking you above stairs; but, now that you are here, Mr. Barker is going to accompany me through the insane department—you, Ellen, I know would like to go—but what says my little Lucy?"

"If you please, papa, I will wait here your return, and watch that noble steamer as she ploughs the wave, proud as it were of her happy burden, for from the music and the throng, I judge they have a pleasure-party on board. And as cousin Ellen seems determined to chase away all my fairy visions, do, dear papa, take her with you while I endeavor to recruit my spirits."

Ellen, smiling, placed her arm within her uncle's, and Mr. Barker led the way to a long low range, not far from the main-building.

Entering an apartment from which the light and pure atmosphere of heaven seemed banished, while the howls of the wretched maniacs (caged, like so many wild beasts, in their dreary cells, with naught upon which to rest their weary, lacerated limbs, but a heap of filthy straw,) struck upon the ear like the shrieks of the lost, causing the warm life-blood to recede from the heart and curdle in the veins. Mr. Norton, feeling the sudden grasp of Ellen, and noting her pallid countenance, said hurriedly —

"My dear, we had better not proceed; let us turn back."

"Oh, no! dear uncle," she exclaimed, making an effort at composure, "do not think of me, it was but a momentary weakness."

As they proceeded from cell to cell, Ellen's kind tone and pleasant smile, seemed to touch some hidden spring in the heart of these wretched beings, causing the jarring discordant strings to vibrate in momentary harmony. Each strove to withdraw her from the other, to listen to his tale of wo or imagined felicity. Some

insisted that she was a being of superior order, sent to release them from their horrible confinement—until at last, overcome by her feelings, she leant for support against the frame of a half-open door that led to an inner apartment, lost in thought, and taking no cognizance of what passed around her.

From this abstraction she was aroused, by—"Madam, he has been dying these two days. I do not think he can last over to-night."

"Who dying?" said Ellen, with a shudder, observing at the same time the coarse, hard-hearted looking female that addressed her.

"I thought you were looking at that gentleman," pointing to a low cot. "Yes, as I said, he has been dying these two days; and a hard time we've had of it with his endless screeching and screaming for somebody to pray for him! But hard praying it would take, in my opinion, to do much good for the likes o' him! Why, madam, you should have heard his raving—it would have made your hair stand on end!"

Ellen approached the bed. Before her lay, though pale and motionless as in the cold embrace of death, a being of God-like impress. His jetty locks flung from his upturned face, fell in loose masses on his pillow, displaying a brow which bore the stamp of high and lofty intellect: while drooping lashes of the same dark hue, pressing so heavily on his marble cheek, contrasted strangely with the deathly pallor of his chiseled features, on which were marked deep furrows—not such as wrought by either time or care, but mighty convulsions of the soul!

It was a dreary night in the month of November—the dark spirit-wind which had all day murmured in sullen grandeur the funeral dirge of the departing year among the leafless branches of the mighty forest, as the sun sank in the cloudy west, and the gray mists of evening closed in around the cheerless earth, swept forth in strains louder and more terrific, until the naked branches of the towering oaks danced in wild glee, as it rushed past them howling along through the caverns of the giant mountains, and playing its rude gambols round their hoary heads, exulting in barbarian triumph over the gentler spirits of earth.

But though he had frightened the spirits of song from the woods, and chained the melody of the little brooks, banishing from the laughing fields the spirits of the flowers, and leaving them all barren and desolate—yet some of these sweet fugitives had sought a refuge in the habitations of man—for, in a neat little cottage, sheltered in the valley beneath, one might be seen peeping from the petaled cup of a snowy japonica. And as it looked forth from its pearly bed, when the storm had passed by, sweet delicious tones of a thousand lutes and harps, as touched by the spirits of the sunbeams and showers, burst upon the ear, filling the room with an atmosphere of strange delicious melody. Forth, on aerial pinions, floated the little flower-spirit, and lit upon the mossy sepals of a bursting rose-bud—beneath upon a downy couch lay a sleeping babe—above and around hovered a choir of cherub angels, some playing with its golden locks, and others whispering sweet words of peace and love, parting its rosy lips with a bright, sweet smile.

On wings of dreamy light was a shadowy form of beauty inconceivable! Its long, fair hair floated on the rosy air, while encircling its radiant brow was a chaplet of beautiful flowers, sparkling with dew drops fresh from heaven's own bowers. This bright and glorious being, sent from the presence of the great "I Am!" to guard the footsteps of this precious child, just purified from every stain of earth in the regenerating waters of the sacred font—the image of its God restored; the object of a Saviour's fondest love; a spectacle for angels and for men.

As the little flower-spirit gazed entranced upon this glorious scene, a tear drop seemed to sparkle in the angel's eye. In mute surprise it left its mossy couch and lit upon a drooping floweret grasped within the sleeper's tiny hand, and as it gazed to where the angel's eyes seemed bent, there lay exposed to view that infant's fluttering heart, pure and white as fresh fallen snow-flakes; and there, too, glistened the angel's tear. And then was borne on zephyr's wings, a sweet and sorrowful supplication to the Majesty enthroned on high, "Oh, Father! give to me the power to banish from this little heart those dark and dreary shadows that are hovering near: that I may bring it thee when life shall cease, all pure and beautiful as now it is, a trophy worthy the redeeming love of thy dear Son."

And a voice, like the murmuring of many waters as they rush through the caverns of the deep, replied:

"My laws are fixed, immutable—man was made for glory, pure and holy—the breath which animates his clay is breath of Deity—it gave the power of a God, the power to *choose* between the good and ill. Those dark forms you so dread, are the effects of laws transgressed; for it is written in my sacred word—'the father's sins are visited upon the child.' "

"But, oh!" still pleaded the angel-voice, "this babe is sinless, stainless, pure as those sweet flowers that wave upon the banks of Paradise."

"He's born of flesh, and like the Holy One of God, he's heir to its temptations; but *Calvary* is on earth, and one *free,* ardent sigh, heaved by that heart, and borne upon thy wings to Calvary's height, can have the potency to banish far *all* the contending powers of ill."

The angel's head bent low in silent adoration.

Four years had passed. 'Twas in the month of May. The earth was clothed in emerald-robe of varied hue, begemmed with sparkling flowers. The blushing trees poured forth their spicy fragrance on the hazy atmosphere, till it seemed heavy with their odorous breath. The social hum of a thousand insects—the carol of the feathery songsters, warbling forth their richest strains from the topmost boughs, rousing the wood-nymphs from their mossy beds to mingle their wild music with the laughing brooks that gurgle at the shaggy mountain's base—all, all shone forth with the unrivaled splendor of the primal moon, when Nature first, awaked by God's command, burst forth from chaos!

Such was the scene—well suited to the gambols which a fairy child held with

his guardian-angel as they played along the flowery meads, like cherub spirits in the fields of Paradise. As the little one would tottle o'er some tiny shrub, the angel form with outstretched wing upheld him, and he rose unhurt, and onward ran, till charmed by the music of some little flower, he wondering stopped to pluck its shining blossoms, and as the golden petals of a buttercup were scattered in his grasp, the little spirit freed, beheld the rosy babe that erst had slumbered on the downy couch —the same sweet angel by his side. Full in the pathway of the innocent there lay a sleeping reptile—his tiny foot was raised to tread upon the venomed head—when lo! a gaudy butterfly, lured by the angel's whisper, lit on his outstretched arm, and when from shrub to shrub it flew, the little rover turned in eager chase.

Time sped again. The sweet flower-spirits had, once more, sought the abodes of man. One rested on a nectared leaf of rose-geranium; a low moan roused it from its fragrant couch; and there before it lay the little child, and near, hovered the angel! But, as it bent over the restless sleeper, a cloud, like mists that veil the evening star, shadowed its beaming face: for, on the surface of that snowy breast, there sat a little elf, tracing dark characters. A rude blast whistling through the trees shook the loose casement. The dreamer woke—and, clambering from his little bed in haste, he sought his mother's couch. "Oh! mother, mother dear!" he cried—her arms were forth to meet him—and as she clasped his trembling limbs, and folded him closer to her breast, he murmured, "Dear, dear, sweet mamma! let me sleep beside you! I'm afraid to stay in that cold, dark room alone!"

"My love," answered a mild, sweet voice, "Arthur is not afraid—Arthur's a little man!"

"But Arthur *is* afraid to-night, mamma!" cried he, nestling still closer to her breast.

" 'Tis nothing but the wind you hear, my love; the good wind, that blew down Arthur's pretty kite when it had lodged in the high branches. And will it not displease papa, when he comes home, to find his little son afraid to stay alone."

"Mamma, but will the wind not hurt me when it blows so hard?"

"No, my love; God will let nothing injure Arthur while he is good."

"But Arthur's not good! Arthur's naughty. Arthur did not say his prayers!" And here, bursting into tears, he clung sobbing to his mother's neck; while her fond arms encircling his form pressed him still closer to her heart in yearning tenderness. Then, in a voice so sweet, so gentle, she inquired, "Why did my love not say his prayers?"

"Arthur was thinking of his pretty new hat and coat, and so forgot them; and oh! mamma, I felt so badly here, (pressing his little hand upon his heart,) I could not sleep! and something seemed gone! and then it was so dark, I was afraid. Mamma, I will not wear them any more; they make me forget my prayers!"

"My love, the fault lies with yourself—not with your hat or coat. It was that you thought more of them than of the kind, good God, who gave them to you."

"Mamma, if I say my prayers now, will God forgive me, and will he let me feel afraid no more?"

“Yes, love, God will forgive you, if you are sorry for forgetting them.”

He knelt—and while that cherub face, now bathed in pearly drops, was raised to heaven, he lisped, in accents sweet, a prayer to Jesus. Then, clasping his hands in joy, while a gleam of sunshine glistened through his tears, he cried, “Arthur’s not afraid now, mamma; he don’t feel alone any more!”

One fond embrace—and soon the little penitent was locked in slumbers sweet; while near, all radiant with the smiles of heaven, hovered his angel guide.

In an arbor, round which the jasmine and honeysuckle gracefully clung, mingling their spicy breath with the gentle zephyrs that fondly caressed their trembling leaves, sat a beautiful child, his curly locks resting upon his little arm, his whole soul mirrored in his deep, full eyes, as he gazed out upon the distant hills, now bathed in sun-set splendor. And, as he continued thus in childish thought to muse, the spirit of the flowers saw him encircled with an atmosphere of strange, mysterious beings; some, in their dull and heavy flight scarce rising from the earth, seemed busy linking chains to bind his spirit to their groveling appetites; others, with silvery wings sporting in sunbeams mounted high in air, while others still, of diamond light, to which the rays of mid-day sun looked pale, played round his noble brow.

As the bright guardian whispered sweet visions to the innocent, it saw the little flower-spirit gazing inquiringly upon the scene, and in a sweet melodious voice, it said, “The beings that you see belong to this fair child. Together, all, they form what man calls *life*! The beauteous form he bears is made of dust; and when this *life* forsakes it, it returns to dust. Those beings creeping on the earth are ministers of flesh. They add to its pleasures, modify its pains, and by collecting other particles of dust together, construct for, feed, and clothe it. Every creature crawling on the earth partakes this life, these appetites. Their home is in the flesh, and with the flesh they die. In worldly language, these are called ‘The Passions!’

“Those pure, bright spirits, sparkling like the rays of morn upon the ice-capped mountains, gamboling in sunbeams, are formed to worship, to adore; to bask forever in the beauty, power, and wisdom of creation’s God. These are called ‘Moral Sentiments.’

“And those that cluster round his brow, beings of power, called ‘Intellect,’ encompass sea and land, penetrate the deep bowels of the earth, and mount on wings of light to the revolving spheres, tracing in all the wisdom, power, consistency of nature’s laws, then tracing all to God.

“See’st thou yon radiant vision clothed in light, reflecting every tint of joy in earth and heaven? Its name is *Love*. Its birth-place is the bosom of a God. ’Twas sent from the high court of heaven as help-meet to man’s *will*—that power which likens him to Deity. Together, they are ministering angel and guardian of the soul, while prisoned in its earthly tenement. While free, love bears the smiles of heaven reflected on its wings to the bright beings of the mind. These crave a still higher

aliment—*knowledge of God*! Unsatisfied, they pluck the specious fruit which earth presents, and hug it to the heart, believing to have found the 'Pearl of Price.' In haste, ere they awake from the delusion, the Passions weave their dull and heavy chains fast round the Will, and with it, *this* bright being's dragged to earth. Love's pinions may be clipped, its lustre dimmed, its beauteous form be shrouded in earth's clay; but its celestial nature can't be changed. Disfigure it, crush it to dust if you will, the glory of heaven will cling round it still, and hallow all on whatsoe'er it rests. And when this pure and holy vision forms a chain, linked by the will, uniting the brilliant powers of intellect with the bright spirits that adore, then is man god-like.

"Each of these orders leaves its impress on the heart for weal or wo. The heart, that great 'Recording Scroll' of Majesty Supreme."

Again the dark spirit-wind held upon earth his desolating reign, and breathing forth his icy breath till all nature seemed locked in the frozen embrace of death; then, as at loss whereon to wreak his wrath, he sought the haunts of men.

All day long had he pelted his missiles of snow and hail on the defenseless heads of the weary pedestrian in the city of ——. The rich heard but his threatening war-notes, as he rushed madly, but harmlessly against the casements of their luxurious homes; but the trembling poor felt the full burden of his merciless ire, as he swept through the gaping crevices of their time-shattered dwellings. Thus, as he fled howling down a dark, dismal alley, a creaking-door flew wide at his approach, scattering the blaze of paper and shavings, over which a little girl was stooping. As she endeavored to close the resisting door, a feeble voice from the corner of the miserable apartment whispered,

"My son, have you returned?"

"No, mamma, it is not brother," answered the sweet voice of the child. "It was the wind, and it has blown all my fire away." Then seating herself by the low bed of her mother, and endeavoring to cover her little red feet with her scanty robe, she said, "Dear mamma, did you feel any warm when I made the fire?"

"I saw the blaze, my love, and it looked warm," was said, in a low, hoarse tone; "but come, my Amy, lie down beside me, and I will try to keep you warm."

Shrinking back from her mother's arms, while the tears flowed down her wan little cheeks, she cried, "No, no, sweet, dear mamma, you are so sick and I am so cold; I told brother Arthur I would try to keep you warm till he came back." And seeing the tears fill her mother's eyes, she continued, "Dear, pretty mamma, *I* am not cold, but Buhddy said I would make you sick; and when he comes home, he will bring me some bread, and take me in his arms to warm me"—and she continued blowing on her little cold fingers.

On rushed the spirit-wind along a public thoroughfare, making harsh music with the loose shutters and creaking signs, while the gas-lamps shone with a ghost-like light through the murky atmosphere. On a corner, heedless of the beating hail, stood

a lad of some twelve years; near hovered an angel, as if to shelter him from the storm—but he heeded it not. Dark forms of temptation encircled him—hunger, want, and despair shone from his dark, full eyes, as he gazed eagerly into the countenance of each passer-by. Oh! could but one have heeded that imploring look—given but one word, one tone of sympathy, one mite from their abundance, what a host of dark spirits had been banished, what years of misery had been saved.

But no, each one hurried on to his own comfortable abode, leaving that young, untaught heart to battle with its fierce temptations. At length, as the pale faces of his mother and sister rose before him, he put forth his hand for charity. It was repulsed—and oh! with what withering blight that look sunk to his heart, while the dark spirits gathered round him closer and closer. But still his angel hovered near, as he rushed recklessly along the streets, until exhausted nature yielding, he sunk on the steps of an elegant mansion. The soft light peeping through the half-closed shutters, whence issued the sound of merry voices, recalled to mind the dear image of his once happy home. Again the voice of the angel echoed in his heart, "Here is plenty of bread, and here are kind hearts also!" One hand was tremblingly raised to the knocker, while the other was pressed upon his heart to hush its throbbings.

A liveried porter answered his feeble summons. Again was he repulsed, and with harsh words. Despair now seized his heart; and as the dying form of his mother, that mother, so dearly, fondly loved, his only parent and friend in the cold, dark world—and the little patient, suffering face of his sweet sister, whose smile was once so bright—as they rose before his reeling brain, he rushed toward the market-place. Here was bread enough—and should all that he loved die for one morsel? The angel whispered him a Father in heaven—but hunger, and love, and despair urged him on; and as the vender turned from the stand, he seized a loaf, and thrusting it beneath his threadbare coat, sped with the wings of lightning along the now nearly deserted streets until he entered a dark alley.

A few moments brought him panting to the abode described. Raising the latch, one bound brought him to the centre of the room. Amy uttered a cry of joy, and would have sprung to meet him, but her little limbs, weakened by long fasting, now stiff with cold, refused to support her trembling frame, and staggering forward, she fell upon the hard, damp floor, ere his outstretched arms could save her.

Clasping her to his heart, he cried, "Amy, dear—dear sister! don't, don't die! see, I have brought you bread!" and he seized the loaf, which had rolled upon the floor, broke, and pressed some to her quivering lips.

Raising her blue eyes to his, and clasping her little cold arms about his neck, she murmured, "Oh, Buhddy, you have been gone so long! and I have tried to keep dear mamma warm, and did not cry! The wind blew all my fire away—but I would not lie beside mamma, because I was so cold, and I would make her sick, you said. But mamma's asleep now. I have been blowing on her cheeks to warm them, they are so cold. Shall we not wake her, Arthur, and give her some bread?"

"No, Sissy, while she sleeps, she don't feel hungry and cold. She don't know that we are cold! We will sit beside her and wait till she wakes."

“Buhddy, don’t you think that God will send somebody to take care of dear mamma in the morning? I tried to pray when I was waiting for you, Buhddy. I know he will. I prayed for bread, and he gave you some.”

Every word of the little prattler struck like a dagger on the poor boy’s heart. Yet, as he saw how greedily she swallowed the crusts, carefully laying aside the soft part for her sleeping mother, and felt her warm breath upon his cheek, a wild delight seemed to fill his heart that he had procured the bread. And he dared not pray, for he recollected his mother had told him he must be sorry for his fault, ere he asked God’s forgiveness. Wrapping her little purple feet in part of his own scanty covering, and pressing her closer in his arms, her little prattle soon ceased, and she lay asleep upon his breast. With his precious burden he crept nearer to his mother’s side, and anxiously watched her pallid countenance as the uncertain rays of the glimmering taper, flitted across that form, once so beautiful, still so loved, so reverenced. Dark shadows seemed to gather round him, as he kept his lonely vigils; and at every gust of wind, fear, to which he had before been a stranger, crept chillingly along his veins. Some genial influence seemed to have left him. No more he raised his eyes in confidence above. All was lone, and dark, and desolate.

Thus wore on each weary hour; and, oh! how that young heart did yearn to pour forth its sorrows to his mother’s fond ear, that she might, at the throne of heaven, plead for his forgiveness. But when he gazed upon her tranquil slumber, and then around upon the cold, dark room, he could not wake her; it had been so long since she had slept. Perhaps she would be better in the morning; and at the thought, oh, what a thrill of joy shot through his heart.

Where was his angel-guardian? Had that fled? Oh no, it hovered near, though shrouded; and on the wings of the winds was borne a prayer so sad, so mournful, that the angels paused in their songs of bliss around the throne of God.

The morning-sun beheld the poor boy gazing in speechless agony upon the cold, stiff form of his dead mother, while the little Amy, to whom death was a stranger, endeavored by every fond endearment, to awake her from that long, long slumber.

It was the hour of midnight; not a cloud veiled the faces of the clear stars, as they looked down in their silent beauty upon the slumbering earth, throwing around it a holy light, such as emanates only from those spheres unknown.

One soft ray, borne upon the balmy breath of spring, stole through a casement, across the bed of a sleeping boy; and, as it rested on his downy cheek, one by one, the big tears started from his closed lids, and trembling upon the drooping lashes, dropped heavily upon his pillow, while in his feverish dreams, accents of love trembled upon his quivering lips, as he seemed endeavoring to clasp some cherished form.

Near by was his celestial guardian, but a hazy mist obscured it, rising from that child’s fluttering heart, from which the angel seemed trying to obliterate with its tears, the dark unformed images traced thereon.

The dreamer woke, and starting up, looked fearfully around; but as his eyes rested on his little sleeping companions, consciousness seemed to resume her

throne. Creeping from his bed, he gazed awhile upon the shining stars, then throwing himself upon his pillow, wept long and bitterly. Again he went to the casement, and seemed watching for the coming dawn. Its gray robe at length appeared in the east, when hastily throwing on his clothes, he stole cautiously, as if fearful of awakening his companions, to a side door, and rapped. A harsh voice asked from within, "Who's there?"

"It is Arthur," answered the child. "Do let me see dear sissy, before they come to take me away."

"There's time enough—go to bed," was the impatient reply.

"Oh, good Mrs. Williams, do, do let me see her alone, before they are all up!"

Whether the woman's heart was touched, or that she foresaw she could not easily rid herself of his importunities, we know not, but rising and opening the door, she said, "You're a very foolish boy, to be crying so about your sister! Like as not, you'll never see her again after you leave here! But go down stairs, I'll send her to you."

A few minutes, and the little Amy was clasped in the arms of her brother. She was the same little fragile being that we saw watching beside the form of her dead mother; but there was a subdued shade of touching sadness in her sweet face, that showed the blight of sorrow was on her young heart. Twining her arms about her brother's neck, and kissing the tears from his cheeks, she said,

"Dear Buhddy, don't cry. I know that they are going to take you a long way from me; but don't cry, dear Buhddy, I shall not be left alone long. I am going to dear mamma. Last night, when they told me they were going to send you away from me, oh, how I cried. I could not sleep; and then Sarah whipped me, because I kept her awake. I could not help crying—I tried not to cry; and then I dreamed there came such a beautiful little angel, and it sat down beside me, and told me not to cry, for it was going to take me home to dear mamma. You will go too, wont you, Arthur?"

"I dreamed, too, that the angels had taken you away; but you wont go, dear Amy, will you? I will grow to be a man; I will get money, and come and take you to a pretty home."

"Will dear mamma be there, Arthur?"

"No, mamma's dead!" and here again the tears filled his eyes.

"Buhddy—what is dead?"

"I don't know; but they put her, when she was so pale and cold, and could not speak to us, into the ground; and they said that her spirit had gone to a good Father in Heaven, who made her die, and can do any thing. But I don't think him a good Father, who let the fire burn up our beautiful home, and killed papa, and made dear mamma die of cold and hunger, (as that good man said she did, who cried so, when he came in and found her dead,) and let them bring us to this ugly old Alms-House."

"Buhddy, but that pretty lady who came here the other day, and gave me those sweet flowers, said that God had taken mamma to his own beautiful home in the clouds, where there was no cold, and she could never die any more, and that we

would go there too, if we are good. Dear mamma always said that God was good, Buhddy."

Here Mrs. Williams entered, and told Arthur that the man was waiting for him. But seeing that he clasped his little sister still closer to his heart, she tore her forcibly from his arms, and bore her struggling form to another apartment.

"Who could have foreseen this, Mrs. Buckler? I wonder where the boy can be gone. I must certainly advertise him," was said by a wealthy merchant, as he impatiently threw himself upon an elegant lounge, regardless of his lady's favorite *poodle*, that lay upon its velvet covering, one eye half open, as if ruminating on the luxuries of his home, and of his importance in comparison with the rest of his canine race. From these cogitations he was aroused to a sense of danger by the descending form of his master. Giving a loud yelp, he endeavored to elude the honor, but not quickly enough to save one of his outstretched paws.

At this outcry, the lady sprung from her languid position, followed by her daughters, and folding the trembling dog to her bosom, exclaimed, "Oh dear, Mr. Buckler, you have killed my darling *Adonis*!" while the elder daughter flew to the bell and rang it violently. "Oh, Martha," cried Mrs. Buckler, as the frightened domestic made her appearance, "for Heaven's sake, make haste and bring the linen and hartshorn! I fear my sweet pet's foot is broken."

"This all comes, pa," said Clementina, the younger daughter, "from your thinking so much of that *low boy*! Indeed, I feel relieved that he's gone. To have a creature about one who has been the inmate of an Alms-House—it is so vulgar! And then one always feels afraid of being contaminated!"

"I do not know why you should be afraid of him, Clem; he's a very gentlemanly little fellow, and I would not part with him for five hundred a year. The store has never been opened so early, nor things kept in such order since I have been in business, as during the time Arthur has been in it."

"Why, papa, the cook told me to-day that he is in the habit of sitting up half the night studying and writing."

"I don't care what he did, nor how he sat up, as he was at the store, and all things ready betimes. And so provoking, to have him go away just at Christmas, when we have so much extra to do in the store, and so many bills to send out!"

"Do you think, my dear, it is possible he can have gone to the Alms-House? You know he left a sister there," said Mrs. Buckler, looking up from her poodle, who had now been *be-hartshorned* and *be-linened* to her satisfaction.

"Oh, surely not—that is more than fifty miles distant. Beside, he has no money to pay his fare; and more than all, he does not know the way. But now, I think of it, he did want me to let him go there at Christmas; but I told him I could not spare him, and he had better not think of it. Beside, it was very unlikely he would find his sister there, as in all probability she had been taken out by some person before now."

“Yes,” continued Mrs. B., “he seems to have had it on his mind; for last summer, when he saved our little Willy from drowning, and I in gratitude asked him what I should give him, he said he wanted nothing; but if I would only beg of you to let him go to see his sister. I told him I would; but I thought afterward, if he was going to remain with us, it were better he should give up such associations.”

During the above conversation poor Arthur was pursuing his tedious way along a rough frozen road toward the city of P——. In his hand he bore a little bundle, the hoarded treasures of months, destined as gifts for that dear, loved sister. The day had been beautifully clear, but as night approached, dark clouds hung over the earth, and the snow had already begun to fall. Still Arthur continued his lone and weary way; sometimes blinded by the snow, he would stumble into a rut, or fall upon the slippery ground, until completely exhausted, he leaned against a tree for support.

“Who goes there?” cried a rough voice—and a man, bearing an axe upon his shoulder, emerged from the gloom.

“It is a poor boy,” answered Arthur, “that’s going to P—— to see his sister.”

“To P——! not to-night, surely! that’s thirty miles from here. Where are you from, my lad?”

“From L——, sir,” answered Arthur.

“From L——! and have you walked all that distance to-day?”

“I have, sir,” was Arthur’s reply.

“Then you’ve walked far enough for one day, my boy; beside, you are on the wrong track. Come, go home with me, take a good sleep, and start fresh in the morning.”

“Could I get there, to-morrow evening?” asked Arthur, hesitatingly.

“You may not—but what then, there’s another day.”

“But to-morrow will be Christmas Eve!” here his voice began to tremble.

“Never mind, my lad, come with me, and if I find you a good boy, I will try to help you on the way.” And reaching forth, he grasped the unresisting hand of Arthur.

It was long since the poor boy had heard words of kindness, and there was something in the warm grasp of that hard hand, and in the tones of that coarse voice which recalled the visions of the past, and the tears silently coursed each other down his cheeks, as he involuntarily clung closer to the side of his companion.

When the cottager arrived at his neat home, there burned a bright, cheerful blaze, around which his wife and children waited his return. He presented Arthur, saying, “Here, Mary, I have brought you a little traveler to spend the night, who is on his way to P—— to see his sister, and has walked all the way from L—— this cold day.”

“Poor boy!” said she, rising, and taking his cold hands within her own, then brushing his dark locks from his pale brow, and glancing at her own hearty, cheerful-faced little ones, (who had clustered around to get a sly peep at the stranger,) she murmured, “Poor boy, a mere child, to be going so far! Have you no mother?”

Poor Arthur could bear no more; at the name of *mother*, he bent his head, and sobbed aloud.

Pressing him to her heart, while the tears streamed down her own benevolent face, she said, hushingly, “There, there now, never mind! God takes care of the orphan!” while her good husband, who had taken the youngest child upon his knee, brushed his sleeve across his eyes, saying, “There, there, never mind; don’t cry, and to-morrow Johnny shall take you a good bit of your journey on the old mare.”

The good couple had so won on Arthur’s heart, that ere supper was over he had told them his simple tale; and they felt a still deeper interest when they found in him the companion of their eldest son, who had been in Mr. Buckler’s store for several years. And as he knelt with them ere he retired to rest, and heard them ask God to bless and protect him, a feeling of happiness crept over his soul, such as he had never felt since that fearful night on which he had sought bread for his dying mother.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

THE BELLE OF THE SEASON.

Engraved expressly for Graham’s Magazine by A. S. Walter.

THE BELLE OF NEWPORT.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

It was the height of the season at Newport, and the long piazza of the Ocean-House was crowded with loungers. Suddenly a young man, with something of a foreign air, exclaimed—

"Heavens, Harry! what a divinity!"

He pointed, as he spoke, with his light cane to a young lady, who, having approached on the other side of the street, was now picking her way daintily across the dusty road. Her figure was one of unusual grace, and her step light and elastic. When she reached the pavé she glanced up at the piazza, but seeing a score of idle eyes fixed upon her, she dropped her veil, and advanced to the ladies' entrance with a slightly hurried pace.

But the momentary exposure of her countenance showed that its beauty justified the general look of admiration. The eyes were lustrous and dark, a rich bloom mantled healthily on her cheek, and the fresh air blew freely to and fro her redundant curls of glossy raven hair; added to this the mouth was one of indescribable loveliness, around the dimpled corners of which Love himself seemed to lurk.

"By Jove!" said the gentleman who had spoken before, "I have seen no woman so beautiful in all my travels abroad. What eyes! they seem to look into one's very soul. And such a step, free and graceful as a fawn's, or rather like that of Diana, the maiden huntress, herself."

"That, Derwent," replied his companion, "is Miss Stanhope, the belle of Newport we call her; beautiful enough, to be sure, but only the companion to some rich Southern heiress."

"And half the house, I suppose, is in love with her?"

"No, and yes," replied Harry. "She has plenty of admirers, but no suitors; her friend, the rich Miss Arnott, though as ugly as a giraffe, carries the palm off from her."

"I find my countrymen as mercenary as foreigners, though without half the excuse," said Derwent. "However, they can't be blamed. Take my own case, for instance. Here am I with just income enough to support myself, and no prospect of being able to marry unless I select a rich wife, or what is even worse, go to work in earnest at my nominal profession! In such a case, one must either remain single or look out for an heiress. It is well enough to talk of 'love in a cottage,' but what can two people accustomed to the luxuries of life do in a house no bigger than a dog-

kennel, and with but one servant, a maid-of-all-work. However, you must introduce me to this Miss Stanhope, I may as well flirt with her like the rest." Thus spoke Derwent, one of whose affectations was to seem worse than he was.

That evening accordingly saw Derwent numbered among the acquaintance of the belle of the season. She received him graciously, for in addition to a remarkably fine person, he had an air of high-breeding; while his countenance carried assurance of the owner being something more in both intellect and heart, than the ephemeral men of fashion around him. Indeed, Derwent possessed unusual ability, improved by book-study and travel. He talked to Miss Stanhope of England, and its lordly demesnes; of Paris, and its boulevards; of Germany, and the Rhine; of Italy, and her priceless works of art; of Greece, and her temples, even in decay the wonder of the spectator; and of Egypt, the parent of all, with her venerable Nile, her Luxor, her Philæ, and her pyramids, which though they have braved three thousand years, seem as if they will yet, in the minds of the awe-struck Arabs, conquer Time itself. Nor did he confine himself merely to these monuments of the past. He spoke of the manners, the religious and the social condition of the nations he had traveled among, from the starving operative of England to the free Bedouin of the desert. This style of conversation, so different from the empty small talk and insensate flattery with which her ears were usually greeted, arrested the attention of Miss Stanhope; for being of a cultivated mind herself, she not only appreciated what he said, but felt it as a compliment to be talked to thus. In a word, Derwent managed to monopolize her evening, and when the hour of retiring came neither imagined it was half so late.

"And so you were engrossed by the beauty the whole of last evening," said Harry, as the friends sauntered to the billiard-room the following morning. "You had other listeners, however, than Miss Stanhope; and, let me whisper to you confidentially, have made quite a conquest in a certain quarter. Miss Arnott herself, it seems, heard you describe your presentation at St. James', and was so charmed with your account of the queen, that she has asked to be introduced to you; a favor never bestowed on any gentleman before."

"I forgot all about Miss Arnott, last night," replied Derwent. "How does she look? Is she a woman of sense?"

"As for how she looks," replied Harry, "here she comes with Miss Stanhope: you see her now, a tall, lean figure, with a face that might be pretty if it had a bit of expression. There, that slouchy, awkward figure, is worth just twenty thousand a year; while the one beside it, all grace, beauty, and vivacity, has not a cent. Whether Miss Arnott has common sense you must decide for yourself, for I intend to introduce you on the moment."

Before Derwent had time to reply, the introduction had taken place, and Derwent been left dexterously to Miss Arnott, while his friend had contrived to monopolize her companion.

It was a lovely morning for walking. A shower the preceding evening had laid the dust, the sun shone without a cloud, and a cool breeze, laden with saline

freshness from the sea, blew pleasantly past. The ladies were executing a long cherished determination to visit the cliffs on foot; and the two young men solicited leave to accompany them. In a few minutes Derwent had grown heartily tired of his companion. She was, he thought, the most insipid creature he had ever met. Yet, to do Miss Arnott justice, she was quite as interesting as most fashionably educated young ladies; but then Derwent could not help contrasting her with Miss Stanhope, whose playful wit, strong sense, and rich stores of reading rendered the penniless companion as fascinating as the heiress was dull. He was glad when, the cliffs being reached, his *tête-à-tête* was broken up. He had secretly resolved to be revenged on Harry, and accordingly luring Miss Stanhope off to look at the sea from a new point, he set out on his return, without going back for Harry and Miss Arnott, contenting himself with waving his hat for them to follow.

If Miss Stanhope detected his little stratagem, she was not displeased with it; and the walk back to the hotel comprised an hour of the sweetest enjoyment to Derwent. Though the beauty of Miss Stanhope had first attracted his attention, it was the qualities of her mind that now fascinated him; yet we will not deny that what she said received additional interest by falling from such lovely lips. In short, from that morning Derwent became the constant cavalier of Miss Stanhope; and this, notwithstanding the marked efforts which Miss Arnott made to attract him to herself. At last, the partiality of the heiress became so strong that she frowned openly on her companion whenever she saw Derwent and Miss Stanhope together—finally, the latter from some cause avoided his attentions, and left the field open to her more fortunate rival.

Whether, however, this was the result of Miss Arnott's direct interference, or whether Miss Stanhope herself began to think Derwent only trifling with her, our hero had no means of discovering. For three or four days he bore the avoidance of his mistress with comparative patience, but when he found that she persisted in it, and was apparently not governed by any whim, he became almost mad with jealousy and despair. For the first time in his life he was really in love. He no longer thought of the comparative moderation in which he would have to live, if he married a woman without fortune; on his part he was now willing to make any sacrifice. After a sleepless night, he arose resolving to seek Miss Stanhope to offer his hand, when, on opening a letter that had been sent up to his room, marked "in haste," he read the astounding intelligence that the bank in which most of his fortune was invested, had stopped payment, and that he was now comparatively a beggar.

Those who have never experienced the sudden loss of wealth, and who have never found themselves reduced, as it were in an hour, from a competence to poverty, know nothing of what Derwent suffered. For awhile he even forgot his love. He read and re-read his letter, but there was no mistake in the fact; he rang for the public papers, the announcement of the bank's failure was there too. He paced his chamber, how long he knew not, until at last the door was thrown violently open, and Harry entered.

"What, in heaven's name, is the matter?" cried his friend. "Have you forgotten

your engagement to ride with me this morning? I waited till past the hour, and then came up and knocked at your door; you gave me no answer, though I heard you walking about like a mad lion in his cage; so I made bold to enter *vi et armis*, as a plea of trespass says. Now, don't look as if you would eat me—but tell me what's the row."

Derwent had indeed glared at Harry like an enraged wild beast when the latter entered. He did not wish to be interrupted, much less by his mercurial companion; but, while Harry was speaking, he reflected how ridiculous anger would be, and hence, when the latter ceased, he advanced to the table by which Harry stood, and pushed the open letter, which contained the news of his ruin, to the intruder.

"Good God!" cried Harry, when he had perused it, "how unfortunate. I saw the failure of the bank in the papers, but did not know you owned any of the rascally stock. How came it, my dear fellow? I always invest in mortgages or ground-rents."

"It was left there by my guardians, and since I came of age I have been abroad. I intended to change the investment, but left the business, with other things, till fall, intending to be here all summer. And what is worse, it is my entire fortune, except about five thousand dollars."

"You shock me," said Harry. "I did not think it was half so bad as that." He paused, mused, and then said, looking up brightly—"However, Derwent, you are a lucky fellow yet. I have seen, for some days, that you have had half a mind to make love seriously to Miss Stanhope; now this blow will rescue you from that folly, for to marry on three hundred a year would be lunacy itself. Miss Arnott will have you, if you speak quick, so cheer up, it is always darkest just before the day."

Derwent looked at his friend sternly, and was about to characterize the proceeding Harry advised as villainy; but he said nothing, only mournfully shaking his head.

"Pshaw!" said Harry, "what foolish notions have come over you? Be a man, Derwent. I wish to heaven Miss Arnott would only have me; I like to talk to her companion well enough; and it's pleasant, too, to dance with such a beautiful creature; but, egad, my two thousand a year would not go far toward supporting a wife."

"I will be a man," replied Derwent, with sudden energy, "I will not yield to this blow. There, Harry, good-bye for the present—I will join you in an hour."

When the door had closed on his friend, Derwent said—

"Yes! I *will* be a man. All thoughts of Miss Stanhope must now be dismissed; the most delightful dream of my life is over. I must hereafter toil for my very bread. Well, let the storm rage—I can breast it!"

In this half defiant, half despairing mood, he concluded his toilette and went down stairs. His first visit was to the office, where he announced his intention of leaving early the next morning—"For since," he said, "I must pull the oar, the sooner I begin the better."

He hesitated whether to seek Miss Stanhope and tell her all, or to leave her without explanation. "I will say nothing," at last he said. "She will hear of the cause

of my departure soon enough; and even if she had thought of me, will then bless her good fortune which preserved her from marrying a beggar."

He had scarcely arrived at this conclusion, however, when he met Miss Stanhope herself face to face. He had been sauntering up the street, his hands folded behind him, his whole air listless and dejected. He was taken by surprise, bowed to her with embarrassment, and then, after she had passed, remembering that she looked amazed at his manner, he turned about and joined her mechanically. He scarcely knew why he went back; and when he had done it, he was more embarrassed than ever. Miss Stanhope was the first to speak.

"Are you ill, Mr. Derwent?" she said, in a voice of sympathy, "you look so."

The tone of kindness in which these words were spoken opened the flood-gates of his heart, and he could not resist the impulse to tell her how much he had loved her, and how he should cherish her memory, though fate had placed an insurmountable barrier between them. His words flowed in a torrent of burning eloquence. Unconsciously he and Miss Stanhope walked on, though they had long passed the hotel; and when he had concluded they were at the end of the street, on the wild, bleak common.

Not until he had told his tale, and a minute or two of silence had followed, did Derwent venture even to look at his companion. But, on doing so, he found she was scarcely less agitated than himself. She trembled visibly, and when, as soon happened, she turned to answer him, traces of tears were on her cheeks.

"Mr. Derwent," she said, "I will be frank with you, for, in these matters, perfect frankness is a suitor's right. I will not say that this declaration of passion surprises me, for, in spite of my having heard that you were insincere, I thought I saw in you a real esteem for me. It would be affectation for me to deny this. That I am shocked at your loss of fortune, I need not say; I feel too great an interest in you to do otherwise, and this interest I am not unwilling, you see, openly to acknowledge."

She looked at him with such noble frankness, that Derwent, enraptured by so unexpected an avowal, could scarcely refrain from snatching her hand and carrying it to his lips. But he thought of the public common; and then he thought also of his poverty, and how idle all this was—so he remained motionless and silent.

"You tell me," she continued, "that you are now almost a beggar; and that, therefore, you resign my hand. But, excuse me—for surely it is not unmaidenly for me to say this—are you doing right in acting thus? Is wealth necessary to happiness? Will not a sufficiency insure felicity if there is real love in the union? You have talents, and I hope, energy; if I thought otherwise I could not love you. You have also a profession, which you avow your intention of following. Pray do not misunderstand me—I do not wish to make myself a burden to you—but neither must you suppose that I am base enough to you, or sufficiently ignorant of what will constitute my own happiness, to refuse you because you are a poor, instead of a rich man. In a worldly view even a penniless lawyer," she said, smiling, "is a very good match for the companion of a rich heiress."

Amazement at this noble conduct had kept Derwent silent until now, but he

could no longer remain quiet.

"And you are generous enough," he cried, "to unite your fate with mine, if ever I grow rich enough to offer you a home?"

"I am not very exacting in my tastes, Mr. Derwent," replied the fair girl, "and, therefore, shall be contented with what you would think a very humble home. The moment, therefore, that you can give me one, in which you will be willing to live yourself, that moment I will become your wife. But remember," she added archly, "I am flesh and blood after all, and cannot live merely on love. I am willing, with that confidence which my affection inspires, to wait for you, and believe you will never seek me until you can support me; but that will not be long hence, if I judge your talents aright. And now never, never," she added earnestly, "doubt again a woman's single-heartedness in love."

Derwent was equally bewildered and transported. In his wildest dreams he had never imagined Miss Stanhope as noble and generous as he now found her. He told her as much.

"You flatter me more than I deserve," she replied. "Life, in all circumstances, is a season of trial; wealth cannot secure immunity from trouble; and perhaps the happiest, after all, are those who labor for their daily bread, because their toil sweetens the meal. Nay, I am sure I shall love you more, because I shall think you more manly."

Derwent parted from Miss Stanhope a different man from what he had been before the interview. It was not the knowledge of her love merely which had worked the change in him, but it was the discovery that he had thought the human heart more selfish than it is, that he had doubted the existence of a generous affection.

They parted that evening. Miss Stanhope, though she pledged herself to Derwent, stipulated that he should not accompany her to the South, but that he should at once begin the practice of his profession.

"You may write to me," she said, playfully, "and I will answer, and we shall then see, from the punctuality of the answers, which loves the most. Next year I shall probably come North again with my cousin, and be assured I will let you know of my arrival the instant we are established at the hotel in New York."

Derwent had now an object for which to struggle, and nobly did he labor for the great end he had in view. The fall and winter he devoted to assiduous study, taking no relaxation except what was necessary for health, visiting nowhere; his sole solace being a weekly letter to Miss Stanhope. Her replies still breathed unabated affection. High as was the estimate he had placed on her abilities, they fell short of the reality as he discovered by this correspondence, and proud was he that such a woman was some day to be his wife.

Nor did that day appear far distant. His knowledge of European languages brought him several foreign clients, whom other lawyers were unable to converse with; and one of these clients placed a case in his hands which he won, and which from the large claim at risk, as well as from the abstruse points of law involved, brought him much reputation. His business increased so fast that he wrote to Miss

Stanhope:

“Congratulate me, I have gained the first move in the game, and am now considered a hard-working lawyer; I am already able to offer you a home, but let us wait another year that we may be certain.”

And she replied—“I have placed my fate in your hands, and rejoice to find you all I hoped. Dear Derwent, you are more precious to me now than if worth millions, since you have shown that you are something more than an idler.”

About a month after Derwent received this letter, a note was brought to him, the superscription of which was in the handwriting of his mistress. He opened it with emotion, for he knew from it that she had arrived in New York. The delicate little missive contained but three lines:

“Come to me: I am in New York; my present home is No. — , Union Square.”

“Who does she, or rather Miss Arnott, know in Union Square?” he said. “I expected to be summoned to the Astor or the Irving.” He thus soliloquized as he drew on his gloves.

It does not take an expectant lover long to walk two miles; so Derwent found himself, in half an hour, at the door of a magnificent mansion, on which he saw, with bewilderment, the name of “Stanhope.” Just as he had rung the bell an elegant private carriage drove up, and Miss Stanhope herself stepped out. He looked for Miss Arnott to follow, but she did not. His mistress was quite alone. The servant obsequiously bowed, and showed the way into the drawing-room, whither, first giving her hand to Derwent, Miss Stanhope led our hero, his amazement increasing as a strange, wild suspicion, which the name on the door had first suggested, grew stronger within him.

His affianced bride laughed musically at his perplexity; and leading him to a *tête-à-tête* said, as she laid her hand fondly on his shoulder:

“Are you astonished? Will you believe me when I tell you that all this is mine? You have thought me a pattern of frankness, dear Derwent, yet I have been deceiving you for a whole year; making you work, when I had enough for us both. But I wished to test you; and now that I have found you even more than I hoped, and that I love you better than ever, you will not,” she continued, looking up archly into his face,—and, truth must be told, positively kissing him—“disown me, even though I am co-heiress with my cousin, in my own right, to twenty thousand a year.”

How would you have acted reader? We will tell you how Derwent did; he took the beautiful creature in his arms, and blessed her over and over again. Blessed her, not for her fortune, but for her having taught him to rely on himself, and not to live the idle life of a mere man of fortune.

“And you will still follow your profession, and win an even greater name?” said his lovely mistress, her fine eyes kindling with enthusiasm. “I want a husband I can be proud of, and I know I have found such a one in you.”

Derwent made the promise, and she continued —

“As a girl, I wished to be loved for myself rather than my fortune; and my

scheme of going to Newport, as my cousin's poor companion, was the result of that desire. There I found one whom I felt had but one fault, and that was idleness. There I found you preferring the penniless girl to the rich cousin. But I saw you wasting your fine powers away in a life of mere fashion, and was hesitating whether I ought not to strive against my increasing affection, when your ruin"—she hesitated, and then added quickly, blushing roseate over face, neck, and bosom—"but you know the rest."

Derwent has now no superior as an orator, and has declined a nomination to Congress, because even higher honors are open to him. His wife loves him more devotedly than ever, and is still as beautiful as when known as THE BELLE OF NEWPORT.

I'M DREAMING NOW.

Speak gently, tread lightly—I'm dreaming now,
And the soft light of Hope gilds my upturned brow,
While brightly love-phantoms before me shine,
And joy's festal garlands around me entwine.
Light carols the Future—I echo its lay,
And am happy and glad as a young child at play.

Speak softly and low:—Though I'm dreaming now,
A shade from the *past* presses cold on my brow:
I list for loved voices—they greet not mine ear;
And I watch—all in vain—for the forms once so dear.
Naught, naught is forgot—and a quivering thrill,
As I dwell on lang-syne, in my breast responds still.

Speak gently no more; I'm awak'ning now,
And *Care's* darksome shadow steals over my brow;
My spirit has lost its fair rainbow hue,
And wrong, and deceit, cloud its roseate view:
With a mournful cry, through the wild rustling air,
Comes a voice which breathes ever a strain of despair.

Speak boldly and free—*I'm not dreaming now*;
Reality's signet is stamped on my brow:
Gone, *gone* are Hope's beacons, and faded is joy;
The shroud mantled Future all bliss doth destroy!
With a heart stricken sore—a soul that's bowed low,
I am pinioned to Earth by the fetters of *wo*.

CHROMIA.

THE ADVOCATE OF LOVE.

BY CAROLINE C——.

"These things write we unto you that your joy may be full."

Let us by earnest thought, make this fleeting hour of a fleeting existence sacred to the memory of the Evangelist. For to the striving actors of the "living present," the past can offer few better gifts than the scripture "record" of this "good man's life."

He was one other of that band of obscure fishermen, who, adorned with none of the pride and pomp of official station—destitute of all the attractions of wealth—distinguished by none of the refinements and graces of cultivated life, appeared before the astonished people and rulers of Judea and all the East, suddenly gifted with such miraculous powers as enabled them to proclaim, and enforce, the most important truths on the minds of a nation, which counted itself, in every respect, far beyond all necessity of instruction.

Rightly to study and to estimate the record of St. John, cannot prove to us a profitless task; a deeper feeling than admiration, and an exalted appreciation that will not subside into mere respect for him, is sure to be aroused. The conviction will *force* itself upon a searcher after truth, of the exceeding beauty and excellence of the character of this Apostle, and disciple—the brother of James—the son of Zebedee and Salome—the fisherman of the Sea of Galilee—the man to whom was revealed the volume of deep mysteries—the meek, attentive, self-forgetful follower, whom Jesus loved.

He lived through all those convulsions, wondrous and terrible, that marked the first century of the Christian era; and when was he found wanting in that indomitable courage that suffered and endured *all* things for the love of the blessed Jesus? True, it is recorded that when alone in the place of banishment, the Angel of the Lord appeared before the exiled man, uttering the divine proclamation, "I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending—which is, which was, and which is to come, the Almighty," he fell as one dead at the angel's feet. What then? Dwells there a mortal on the earth, whose spirit and whose form would not perforce bow before the messenger of Jehovah, crushed by the thought of utter impotency and nothingness? Indeed one might well be called fool-hardy, and idiotically bold, rather than really brave, who could look unabashed and undismayed upon the "terrors of the Lord," and on "the glory of His power."

John had not perhaps the ever-glowing ardor of the great Peter—his career may

not have been marked by the constantly self-possessed bravery with which that Apostle every where, and at all times, stormed the citadels of Satan, casting in all directions his weapons of spiritual defiance, and carrying on unceasingly what was most emphatically a warfare; but we are not told that he ever denied his Master; we have no proof, we receive no intimation that he was ever a weakly or blindly zealous preacher, or one unreasonably secure in his powers. Never was he a withholder of the truth when once it was revealed to him—and not an inefficient leader in the valiant army of the saints—no weak defender of the moral rights of man, and the sacred truths of eternal life.

And to whose written or spoken words shall we turn, to find a better exemplification of the milder truths, and the more endearing graces, of that faith, of which our Saviour is the chief corner-stone, than to the record of John the Evangelist.

The language he almost invariably adopted to address lost sinners, was not that of denunciatory wrath or of stern condemnation—but rather was it mild, persuasive, gentle and loving, such as tended to soften and win the rebellious heart, rather than terrify it and repel. The great truths of religion as uttered by his lips, were the love and infinite compassion of God—the constant care with which He watches over and provides for all things created; the readiness and joy with which He ever listens to the cries of those who in a right spirit draw nigh to Him.

Never, or very rarely, did he seek to frighten and compel sinners to repentance, by proclaiming to weak and helpless beings the wrath of a God who would surely destroy if they did not instantly yield their allegiance. He did not, to add force to an argument which in itself he conceived all-powerful, strive to make predominant in the minds of terrified hearers the thought of the avenging arm uplifted—the bright sword suspended over the heads of all offenders, threatening to cut them instantaneously from the land of the living. Nor was it the lake of eternally burning fire, nor the deep, dark, dreadful pit, nor the everlasting torments, nor the never appeased wrath of God—nor the undying worm, that he made the themes of his eloquent appeals. Ah, no! but ever was his voice heard urging the beloved in Christ's name to be reconciled to God; the mild eyes fixed on the people, who *could not* listen unmoved to his pleading words, and the gentle voice, was sounding in their ears who had been deaf to sterner commands, like sweet and never to be forgotten melody. And tears were shed, and groans were heard, when he stood like an angel of light and of mercy amid the unrepentant and unforgiven.

Childlike, pure-minded, and kind, and charitable in his dealings with the most grievous sinner, as he delivered the doctrine of redemption it became peculiarly the doctrine of reconciliation. And yet, the gentleness and affectionateness of John's nature, evinced in his every word and deed, may not be taken as a proof, or as a support, of the idea that either personally or spiritually he was a coward!

It was surely no evidence of a weak or trifling character, the readiness with which in his early manhood he listened to and obeyed the Saviour's "follow me." Could we even for a moment suppose that his mind was cast in a mould so weak as

would render him unable to resist any command made, with a show of superior power? Speedily that thought would die away in the reflection, that no power or authority on earth could in such case have held him steadfast to his vows, till the shadows of a century clustered around him! To the cause which he espoused that morning when the people's Heavenly Teacher promised that He would make them "fishers of men," he cleaved steadfast, through persecutions and fiery trials innumerable, until worn out by many toils, and many years, he died. The love of God, revealed by his son, Jesus, extended to miserable, erring man, was the great truth that first touched and won his heart; and it was because he fervently believed that the marvellous mercy of God could not be otherwise than powerfully efficacious in turning sinners from the ways of death, that he so constantly presented that blessed thought to the mind of his hearers. In the recesses of his once darkened mind had penetrated the glorious mystery "God is Love." To a generous, lofty spirit, that truth having made his own peace, it was the instant and abiding impulse, that he should always, and most earnestly, *by* that argument, urge the Christian duties on his fellows.

The recorded deeds of this missionary do not occupy so important or prominent a place in the sacred pages as do those of Peter, and of Paul, but by no means are we to consider him as gifted with less natural, or less miraculous power; neither was he subordinate to them in any particular.

When we think of these remarkable men, it is true, we are struck with their boldness, and perseverance, and unconquerable energy—we regard with admiring thought the action of their strong will, directed to the attainment of the most holy, heavenly objects; but even such contemplation does not take away the interest with which we consider him, on whose manly nature was laid the crown of loving gentleness; which, when we consider what his mission was, and what he taught, seems peculiarly and beautifully appropriate, and renders his character irresistibly attractive to whosoever studies it.

God and Love were the words graven on his spirit. Indeed, they were terms almost synonymous to his apprehension. God was love—and love an emanation from God, and these two, (if we may call them *separate* thoughts) induced as great a result, and as strongly marked John's character, making so prominent the angelic features of his soul, as did self-love and covetousness stamp that of Judas—as did defiance of evil, and confidence in God's justice, mark that of Paul; or, as did persevering faith, and determination for victory, distinguish the career of Peter.

His amiable and conciliatory nature did not exempt him from suffering, any more than did the straight-forward boldness of the bravest disciple of Christ. Distress and danger were *his* hand-maids, as they were of all who in that dark age advocated Christianity, and never could the humility, kindness, and forbearance of John, by his most bitter enemies, be construed into meanness, or to the promptings of a paltry spirit that weakly cringed to the rich men and the powerful.

In that solemn hour when Judas went forth from the presence of the Lord, convicted of his foul treachery, when the Saviour addressed to his disciples the

saddest words of prophecy, speaking to them in that tender manner which won their deep attention, and lasting affection. He called them "little children"—saying—"A little while and I am with you, ye shall seek me, and as I said to the Jews, whither I go ye cannot come; so now I say unto you. A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another, as I have loved you. By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, *if ye have love one to another*."

Not one of the eleven listened to those words in vain, but a deeper impression seem they to have made upon the youngest of that honored group, the holy John; for the sentiment of that most impressive address was the burden of his thought and of his voice, to the last hour of his life.

Among the weeping women who gathered around the sacred Cross, the youngest disciple stood, notwithstanding his recent desertion, still the object of his Master's kind regard and favor. How lovingly did the Saviour's eyes rest upon the apostle—with what earnest emotion he directed John's attention to the Virgin Mother, saying to her, "Woman, behold thy son!" and to John, "behold thy mother!" remembering even in that hour of bitterest sorrow, to provide for her who had been the guardian of his infancy, the fond, unfailing lover of his manhood.

To think on that obscure home of poverty, where the blessed Mother Mary dwelt, with the beloved disciple!

Blessed indeed was she, most worthy to be held by all the world in an ever affectionate remembrance; and yet, as a mortal woman, subject to like infirmities, passions and sins, with all born of the flesh, altogether unworthy adoration or worship!

What a communion of thought, and of hope, must there have been between those two human beings, in the years when, as mother and son, they dwelt together! With what inconceivable interest must the narratives of Mary respecting the Redeemer's early life, have fallen upon the ear of John, when, after his fatiguing labors were for a brief time suspended, he would return to his home, and to her! How must his heart have thrilled, as he listened to the mournful words, and witnessed the regretful tears with which she called to mind His days of helplessness—when he lay beautiful in his weakness in her arms, and she knew that he was the Son of God! Fraught with intense interest, as she related it, must have been the story of that visit of the wise men from the East, of whose fame she had often times heard, but whom she had always regarded as a superior race of beings! How eagerly must he have listened to that tale which had so many times been repeated in his hearing, of the shepherds who came in the night time to worship Jesus. Of how, while they looked with so much wonder and awe on the infant, so like in all respects to their own children, their faith grew strong to recognize in Him, even while He lay helpless in the manger, a mighty ruler—a lord over them all—a king greater than any that had ever reigned on the throne of Israel.

And how must John have rejoiced as he beheld anew the proof of the all-protecting power of God, when many spoke of that most opportune gift of the wise men, which enabled the distressed parents to escape with their child to the land of

Egypt, where in safety they might dwell, far removed from the cruelty of Herod.

As she told the faith that upheld both Joseph and herself when they set out on that long, tedious journey toward the strange land, which had proved a land of such dread bondage to their fathers, how greatly must his courage have revived, how strengthened must have become his confidence in God! And then, how must the desire, and the ability which almost invariably accompanies strong desire to labor, have increased, when John heard from Mary's lips the story of the perseverance, humility and diligence, with which her child had applied himself to learn his father's craft, how he had so faithfully labored to better the temporal condition of his poor parents, giving thus to the whole world an example of patient and uncomplaining perseverance, beneath the strong test, poverty—and proving that when he adopted the nature of humanity, he did not exempt himself from that dread curse pronounced on Adam, "by the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat thy bread."

With no common emotion could that disciple have listened, when Mary told of Jesus as he was in the years of his boyhood, while he was increasing in stature, and in favor with God and man. With no unsympathizing ear could he have heard her tell of those days, when she, with Joseph, sought for the child with tears, finding him at last in the temple questioning and arguing with the learned doctors and teachers!

And then, what sorrowful tears must they have wept together, as they recalled the scene of His last bitter agony!

She, the mother, with a sorrow which at times would not be comforted, lamented the child who was ever so affectionate, obedient and truthful—the son of her heart, her pride, and her deep love—who, born under the most adverse circumstances, had lived a life of great exertion, of poverty, persecution, and deep sorrow, and oh, horrible and most strange consummation of such a life! She had seen him, the blameless and the perfect, ignominiously sacrificed upon the Cross, with malefactors!

And John, the companion of that Saviour's manhood, while with regretful thought he pondered on all these things which had come to pass, still buoyed up by a hope that never faded, would seek to comfort her, repeating the kind words of encouragement *their Lord* had spoken when He was alone with the disciples. The mother mourned a son, such as never was given to another parent—and the apostle wept over the memory of a friend, whose like neither before or since His coming, has the world ever seen!

Ah, never was there *such* a mingling of thought, and of prayer, as in that humble household!—never were such regret, and hope, and love rising with the memory of one departed, as with His, whose image was so devoutly shrined in their hearts!

When Mary, (unable always to merge her affection as a mortal mother, in the thought that the risen Lord was no more *her son*, that as the ascended God, he was to her only as to all the world, a Redeemer, a Saviour, and a Judge) wept, as she remembered the "wonder child," her first born, whose infancy Joseph and herself had watched with the fondest care, and with such an ever-present feeling of

responsibility, with what consoling words, taught him by that spirit which Jesus had sent to all his apostles, must John have comforted her! And there was efficacy in his words to calm the troubled waters of her soul, and the "peace! be still!" he spoke, was singularly powerful to reconcile her, to cheer, and to inspire with new hope.

For fifteen years, as is supposed by some, John dwelt in Jerusalem with that woman, who to this day is honored of all who have received the truth, and adored, and glorified, and worshiped by that church built on the unfailing foundation, "the infallible Peter"—as its members declare. Yes! and there are myriads who never heard that the great Cæsar reigned once in power and magnificence—to whom the rulers and the high-priests of that day are as though they never had been. There are multitudes of these, who, even at this distant day, bow down to the very dust to supplicate a blessing of Mary, the Mother of God!

Tenderly, as over an aged mother, did St. John watch her declining years, providing for her comfort, soothing and cheering her heart, and smoothing the pathway to her feet, as they tottered toward the grave. But during all this time the apostle had not forgotten the duties of his more important and more dangerous vocation.

In the great, the holy city, he had performed the duties devolving on his ministerial office, with great encouragement. Though, with Peter, he had suffered cruel imprisonment, and wicked men had not failed to afflict, and torment him, by bringing evils in innumerable shapes upon him—for in such ways did they seek to dissuade the apostles from preaching, and the people from lending a listening ear.

Many times St. John had journeyed to the various churches scattered round about, unfolding in every place where he sojourned the heavenly message that was given him to reveal, but invariably he had returned to Jerusalem, and to Mary, making his home with her.

As has been stated, it is supposed by many that at the expiration of these fifteen years, the mother of Jesus died; and, that John then removed from Jerusalem to Asia Minor, where he founded seven churches, while he resided chiefly at Ephesus.

In this new scene of labor, St. John did not escape persecution—surrounded, as he was, by a superstitious and idolatrous people, danger and sorrow constantly attended and awaited him.

Neither was it given him to labor in a portion of the Master's vineyard, untroubled by the distress and misfortune that attended his distant brethren. The tidings which from time to time came to him of the progress of the holy work, and the welfare of those, who, from the peculiar ties that bound them to him, he held most dear, were such as caused his heart to ache, and his tears to fall, oftener than they aroused his soul to gratitude, or his voice to thanksgiving.

And all this time the missionary was not continuing in the "vigor of his youth;" old age was rapidly taking from him his strength, and his power of exertion—but wondrous scenes were yet to be revealed to John before his final departure. Jerusalem, the vast, proud city, whose destruction the Jews held to be a thing impossible, when Jesus foretold its ruin, deeming it the wildest and most absurd

idea, that a misfortune so overwhelming should overtake *them*. Jerusalem, the glory of monarchs, and of whole generations of men; Jerusalem, the stronghold of pride and intolerance, was destroyed!—completely despoiled, and ruined!

Many authorities agree that this signal punishment of sin occurred seventy years after the death of Christ. Assuredly it *was* a complete, an awful visitation to those proud, rebellious, persecuting Jews, who raised the cry—"His blood be upon us and on our children!" Never since that time have they become a united, separate people—never yet have they regained their country, or a shadow of their former power!

John had outlived all his apostolic brethren. And it was in that trying time when the care of all the churches devolved upon him, that the sentence of banishment was pronounced against him. It was like taking the deputed shepherd, the watchful and careful guardian, away from a helpless and wandering flock; for not well could be spared, at that time, his vigilant eye, his loving heart. Especially needed then, was his voice, to warn, to teach, to cheer, and to encourage. They who were weak in the faith required to have much before their eyes that living witness of the power of faith—the old man, who through so many years, even from his youth, had fought a most excellent fight.

During the loneliness of his exile, the marvelous Revelation was delivered to the veteran apostle. In a dreary island, uncheered by the sound of human voices, those aged eyes beheld the glory of the Lord revealed—saw the heavenly angel, heard the wondrous voice. It was there those mysterious shadowings of things to come, were given him to spread before all men. The voices of the prophets all were hushed—now came one forth from the very presence of God, to prophecy great and wondrous things indeed—to foretell the before unuttered secrets of time and eternity; to "win souls to repentance," by revealing one glimpse of the blessed land, which needeth not sun, nor moon, nor candle—which the smile of the Lord God illumines forevermore; to point out to the hardened and presumptuous hearts of sinners the horrors of the second death—to tell of the worm that dieth not, and the fire that is unquenchable!

How strange to think of that white-haired man, severed from all he held most dear on earth, distressed with constant tears for the firmness of his repentant people, bearing in mind many beloved ones whom he yet hoped to see bowing down to the mild sceptre of Jesus, and whom daily he presented before the throne of God in prayer, and fearing ever for the steadfastness of the churches he had established in the midst of the idolatrous and unbelieving, and separated from all who through years of friendly companionship had grown very dear to him.

Well nigh seventy years had passed since John, in the vigor of his youth, had stood a horrified witness of the death of torture to which the Almighty Master had submitted; and there he was, having passed bravely through the raging sea of persecution, bearing up bravely under all the infirmities of age, heightened by a life of exposure and hardship, banished to an island where, we are not aware, was one congenial companion to cheer his lonely hours; compelled, after so many years of unceasing exertion, to what would at first, perhaps, seem a most wretched kind of

rest.

A wretched rest? dreary loneliness? Ah, no! such peace, such joy as the most prosperous worldling never knew, made sweet and bright the days of that man's exile!

God the Father watched over him, assuring him, in the hour when his mortal courage and strength utterly failed him, whispering "it is I! be not afraid!" God the Son, the exalted, glorified Friend, was, though invisible, ever nigh at hand! and John knew it, and as in a dream, he heard the echo of the words the Saviour had once spoken on earth, "Whatsoever ye ask the Father in *my* name, He will give it you." And God the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, was ever near, sustaining and cheering with a power nothing less than Almighty.

Was he alone, then? Alone! God was with him, a Friend, a Companion, a Guide, a Consoler. Alone! Methinks in that banishment St. John could scarcely have learned the meaning of the word!

Considering the subject of the Revelation delivered to him, we are struck with the peculiar fitness attending all the circumstances of its delivery.

To whom were the mystical words given? Not to a youth brave-hearted, and fiery, whose feet were newly shod with the "preparation of the Gospel of Peace." Not to a man who had served the Lord Jesus for a few troublous years, but to one who, from youth to extreme old age, had wrought in the fields of his Master, bearing with all patience and meekness, the burden and the heat of the day, and who now stood upon the very verge of the grave! Observe, too, the *time* that was chosen for the Revelation to be made. It was not while St. John was borne down by anxiety, and exposed every hour to danger, insult, and all that could distract his mind, but when far-removed from the scene of his labors, it was impossible for him to longer turn up the furrows of the field, or gather in the fruit ripe for the harvest. And the place! far removed from his home, surrounded by a quiet "deeper than silence is," safe from persecution—away from the jarring sights and sounds of a busy world.

Beholding under such circumstances a vision so wonderful, so miraculous, listening for the first time to a voice whose sound was like the rushing of many waters, it is neither a very strange thing, nor the slightest evidence of a want of entire confidence and faith in God, that John fell as one dead at the feet of the Son of Man, whose countenance was like the sun shining in his strength.

Into that mystery of mysteries, the revelation of the Divine, it is not my purpose now to look.

Its deep things which remain yet unsolved, I cannot flood with light, and as regards much of the Revelation, far-reaching, keen, and subtle minds, have endeavored (with how much of success it were best each reader should determine for himself) to sweep back the clouds which hang around that declaration of things that *have* been.

Of those pages St. John has said, "Blessed is he that readeth, and they that hear the words of this prophecy, and keep those things which are written therein, for the time is at hand." And surely we are not to consider those words as applicable only to

the Seven Churches to which they were first addressed. And if, in all those pages so gorgeously illumined with prophecy, there is advanced no truth the mind can comprehend, save the record of the New Jerusalem's glory, if that, and the promise of the everlasting "rest of the saints," only inspires the reader to strive without ceasing for the blessings that await the redeemed, it will surely not have proved a sealed volume to him.

There are none who *by searching* may find out God, further than he in his good pleasure chooses to reveal himself; but there can be no one who is possessed of a "seeing eye," or a "hearing ear," who is incapable of perusing this allegorical or highly figurative series of prophecies with an uninterested or uninstructed mind and heart.

Who that has once read, can forget "the pure river of the water of life, pure as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb?" or who that toils on, wearing in weariness the burden of life, does not rejoice to think of that "tree of life, the leaves of which are for the healing of the nations;" and of that blessed land, whereof it is told "there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, nor light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign forever and ever?"

Or who that would make a jest and a mock of sacred things, can read without a thrill of terror of the "great white throne, and Him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and heaven fled away, and there was found no place for them;" and of the dead, small and great, whom he saw stand before God, when the books were opened, and "the sea gave up the dead which were in it, and death and hell delivered up the dead which were in them—and they were judged every man according to his works, and death and hell were cast into the lake of fire?"

Was it strange that he to whom this marvel was revealed fell even as one dead?

Overpowered by the glory of the "mighty angel," the aged saint would have knelt to worship him. So great was John's reverence for his Maker, that he felt constrained to render homage to his ambassador also. But the angel said, "See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book—*worship God*!"

History says that "After Dominitian had reigned fifteen years, and Nerva succeeded to the government, the Roman Senate decreed that the orders of Dominitian should be revoked, and that those who had been unjustly expelled should return to their homes, and have their goods restored." And among those banished men then recalled was St. John, who, with great joy, returned again to Ephesus, bearing with him a scroll, that was to him more precious than was in the eyes of Nerva the crown and the throne which had fallen to him.

It is estimated that the Revelator was at this time ninety-seven years old; but even then—and it is a fact on which the laggard may well ponder—even then, though infirm, and struggling with the weariness of years, gladly and zealously (as though he had but just received his commission to labor,) did he set out on the homeward journey.

He was returning to his churches and his people; should he find them faithful

still, or would they all be gone astray? Would they receive him as a friend who had taught them truths most blessed and welcome, or would they meet him with cold words and scornful looks, and despitefully treat him, as though they were ashamed to have been once beguiled by what they now believed to be a foolish, senseless humbug?

Once more among that people, the doubts and misgivings which probably so troubled the aged preacher on his homeward journey, were happily all put to flight. The good work had gone forward, the prayers of repentance were not hushed; the songs of praise which burst from the redeemed on earth, so far from dying utterly away into a mournful silence, had gathered strength and caught the tone of triumph! the voices of the "ministers of grace" were still adjuring sinners by the love of God to put away the thoughts and deeds of unbelief; the tears of men subdued by the striving spirit were falling yet.

It was after his return to the field of his labor at Ephesus, as is supposed, that John wrote his gospel, or a great portion of it, together with the Epistles addressed to his brethren.

Even when the day of his death drew near, and the weakness of the time-worn body prevented his moving among them, even then his spirit labored, and they who so loved and reverenced him, feeling that when he was among them their prayers would prove more "articulate in the ear of heaven," would bear him in their arms to the place of worship, that his so dear, but feeble and faltering voice, might be yet once more heard teaching them with words of inspiration.

Well might they love him who had spent himself in their service; well might they venerate the aged preacher, and treasure up his mild and peaceful words in their hearts; well might they give heed to the dying entreaties of the saint, "Little children, keep yourselves from idols," and "love one another."

In his one hundredth year the faithful missionary died, breathing his last amongst the grateful people for whom he had so successfully labored, and making them, and all the world, heirs of a treasure of blessed example, by which whosoever shall be led, will not *need* to go through life,

"Forever sighing
For the far-off, unattained, and dim!"

because, in that case, Love, the first-born of the Father, will have entered the heart, and in the brightness of her smile fruits will ripen, which will certainly prove other, far other than the poor "apples of Sodom."

Is it a vain thing to urge upon the reader a careful examination of his character, the scenes of whose life we have now so rapidly glanced over?

Is there, my beloved, no reason why we should turn our eyes to the distant Past for lessons of wisdom, because the brightest sunlight streams around us now?

Ah! whence come all these rumors of wars—these unlawful strivings after power—these convulsions of governments—this inordinate seeking after riches? Why art thou, oh earth, so disquieted within thee, when so many centuries ago

angels came unto thee, singing "*peace* upon the earth?" The Prince of Peace has lived and died, and now reigneth forevermore in glory; the Prophets are also dead; and the Apostles—what, *are* they dead to us? Not so! they are "alive unto God!" and behold what they have left to us in this world! A treasure-house, where are garnered riches they have bequeathed to all posterity, which are vast enough to ransom an enslaved world!

Within those jeweled gates, glistening and glowing in the light of the Father's smile, we may enter, we may take to ourselves what shining gems we will, for, enriched as we shall be, the treasury will not be impoverished—the riches there are exhaustless as is the compassion of God.

Then why is it that we consume our years, our hopeful youth, our powerful manhood, our perfected age, in a search that never yet, in any case, has proved successful; hunting forever amid the sandy wastes of time for what is constantly eluding our grasp? Why is it that we seek continually a good that never satisfies? Why is it that we are ever so averse to entering that place which is so radiant with the purest gold and gems magnificent?

Oh, can it be because the portal is so narrow and so low, that we must bend to the dust if we would enter, or because our worldly garments must be flung aside, that we may say with truth, "we are miserable, blind, and naked?" Is it because we are required to give to the winds the dust which we have gathered through years of wasting toil? For, bearing only the olive branch, freed from pride, from disbelief, from ingratitude, thus only, *thus only*, may we enter the treasury of God!

By wisdom we shall seek the entrance-gate in vain. Faith and Love alone can guide us. Had it been possible that the world should by the light of wisdom know God, then had the multitudes who have followed the plausible imaginings of their own hearts never perished so miserably! the Celestial city had at this hour been revealed for the misguided ones, who for years sought it carefully and with tears!

Oh! let us remember that it was Love that created us; it was Love that redeemed us! And shall we madly refuse to know aught of that Divine effulgence—that centre of all life—that light of the world—that God? Through the coming ages, by the light of Revelation I behold the day when He shall come again in power and great glory, to judge the world—and it will be in *righteousness*!

Let us not deceive ourselves! God is Love, but He is also Justice! If one of earth is saved, it will be through His boundless mercy; if we are lost, only upon ourselves can be laid the burden of such unaccountable folly.

THE ORPHAN.

BY CLARA MORETON.

“But of all the pictures, there were none as beautiful as ‘The Orphan,’ by an unknown artist. The expression of *utter loneliness* depicted upon the serene, but pensive face, and that of the soft blue eyes, revealing the heart’s yearnings for the love it had lost, were touchingly beautiful.”—LETTER.

I am alone! in all the world
   There’s none to care for me —
None who would miss my sad-voiced tone
   If I should cease to be;
I am alone! yet in my heart
   The founts of love o’erflow,
For all the lovely things of earth —
   For all that’s bright below.

The tree that waveth from the woods —
   The vine that clasps it round —
The bird that buildeth there its nest —
   The wild flower on the ground —
I love them all; they need it not,
   For they are not alone;
They know no grief—no loneliness —
   No joys forever flown.

The melodies of earth I love;
   The music breathing sea,
The wild wind’s loud and clarion notes,
   The streamlet’s laughing glee.
Strange chords within my heart are swept;
   Their echoes linger long,
Till I forget my lonely fate,
   In gushes wild of song.

Oh, earth is very beautiful

In sunshine or in storm!
I only wish I had one heart —
One gentle loving form,
Which in dark hours of sadness
Would ever cling to me,
Even as clasps the humble vine
About the wild-wood tree.

THE END OF ROMANCE.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

She was beautiful, and pure of heart, but from her very infancy a child of romance. In this short sentence is included a history of suffering, and a broken-hearted death. I will call her Grace. She was my near relative, and I loved her very dearly, though I could not always sympathize with her wild idealities.

Sometimes, when we went out with a merry band of our school companions, to range the hills, or gather flowers by the river's brink, I have missed her from our company, and on searching around, discovered her seated in some sheltered nook, or on some picturesque eminence, so wrapped in contemplation, that it was with difficulty she could be aroused from her musings. I used to fear that she was laboring in the incipient stage of some mental disease, and to dread that she would become crazy.

As soon as she could read, she seized with avidity upon works of romance, and sentimental poetry, and would talk so much transcendentalism, that I used to doubt whether she understood herself, or knew what she was wishing to express.

Her thoughts of heaven were beautiful as angels, and quite as untangible; and her views of life were as unreal as the view of a landscape when it is shrouded in a silvery mist. But in her eyes every thing was beautiful, and pure, and full of love, just as she was herself. From the every day things of life she seemed to shrink, as from a copse of brambles; or, if she could not escape them, she would cover them with wreaths of artificial flowers.

It was almost amusing to hear her, as she grew toward womanhood, expatiate on the perfect happiness of fervent and mutual affection, friendship, she named it thus, but the friend she had not found. I might have been the one, only I could not understand her spirit, she said, and of a truth I could not, and I much doubted whether she understood it herself. But I frequently assured her that she would go all her life mourning, for that the perfection she sought did not exist on earth.

But it was really distressing to hear her talk of love; "the perfect adaptation, the blissful union of heart and soul, the blissful blending of the whole being, the pure, unselfish devotion; and, finally, the happiness, the certain, the enduring, the all-pervading happiness of mutual and successful love." She could not see that her parents, though affectionate and devoted, were not always happy; she could not perceive that all the married people of her acquaintance had cause for dissatisfaction, and were more or less unhappy.

Finally, the beautiful imagery of her pure and loving nature began to take form,

and portray itself in song. She was a true poet, for she gave voice to the real feelings and convictions of her soul; she was a visionary poet, for all her feelings were of romance, all her convictions were fanciful and extravagant. But time would have made of these a real, as well as true poet, by chastening the romance, dispelling the visions of fancy, and sobering the young spirit with the lessons of experience and the teachings of reality. The seclusion in which she passed her life, while it shielded her purity from the heartless world's contamination, afforded every facility for the fostering of her constitutional romance of feeling. Shut up within the little circle of her kindred and early friends, she knew nothing of the deceit, the fickleness and selfishness of the human race; and her opinions, formed from high colored novels, were all extravagant and unreal.

Have you ever seen a country Miss appear in a city, dressed and adorned, according to the pattern of the last fashion plate of the city magazine, and presenting a perfect burlesque upon the real fashion of the day? Just in this way was the mind of poor Grace furnished after the exaggerated patterns of the heroines of romance. Well, her "destiny" came at last. Her father was a noted member of one of our innumerable Christian denominations, and his house was a resort of all the traveling preachers of that particular sect. Grace believed them all to be, as indeed they ought to have been, holy and sincere men, and delighted to sit at their feet, as Mary of old sat, at the feet of Him whom they called Master. Finally, a young and handsome man appeared amongst the preachers. Gifted with an abundance of self-esteem, confidence in his own merits, and considerable oratorical talent, Mr. Blane was creating a great excitement wherever he went. He was precisely the man to take captive such a woman as poor Grace. And she did worship him, trembling upon his words, and living upon his smile. And he paid her every flattering attention, induced her to read for him, and went into rapture with the magnificence of her selections, and the pathos and justness of her delivery. He praised her own poetic effusions with expressions of ardent delight; and gave admiring assent to all her romantic dreams of life, death, and heaven.

And she had found the brother of her soul, the kindred spirit after whom she had been yearning ever. In this vision of bliss two whole years rolled away; and then this same perfect Mr. Blane—this idol of her soul—this sun of her existence—this cynosure of all her hopes, aims and aspirations—sat calmly down beside her, and told that before he had seen her, he had plighted his faith to one less excellent, less beautiful than herself, but nevertheless pious, gentle, and pure. That the time had arrived when his vows must be redeemed; but knowing the ethereal loveliness of her nature, that it could harbor no earthly passions, he felt confident his marriage would occasion no jealousy in her angelic soul; and that though another must be his wife—she must remain his familiar spirit; and he hoped the dear communion which had been theirs so long, might continue uninterrupted through life, and through eternity.

And so her heart was broken. She saw life a blank, and death the only refuge from her agony, and in the romance of her broken hopes, she resolved to die—not by any self violence, but by the cankering broodings of a wounded spirit. She

contemned all the precious things that God had given her, because the idol that her fancy had made, crumbled down to common dust. She counted as naught the strong, pure love of her parents, her bright-eyed brothers, and gentle sisters; she turned away from the consolations of long-tried and fervent friendship, and wept away her hours in her solitary chamber—wandered alone, by woodland and mountain, or sat in the dewy twilight upon the river bank. Is it strange that consumption found her, that she faded away from the tree of life, and with beautiful visions of heavenly beatitude, went down to the silent house of death?—leaving hearts reft and bleeding, duties unfulfilled, her place on earth vacant, and the honor which she owed to God unpaid, and unredeemable. This was the end of Romance—which is always a beautiful parasite, displaying its tender foliage and fragile blossoms, at the expense of the soul in which its insidious roots find nurture, weighing it down with an unprofitable burden, concealing its symmetry and natural excellence, and wasting out the very sap of its life.

COLORED BIRDS.—THE GOLDEN ORIOLE.

FROM BECHSTEIN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This species, the male of which is very beautiful, is about the size of a blackbird. Its length is nine inches, of which the tail measures three and a half, and the beak one. The head, neck, back, breast, sides, and lesser wing-coverts, are of a brilliant golden yellow; the wings and the tail are black, with yellow gradually increasing to the outer feathers.

The female is not so brilliant, the golden yellow is only visible at the tip of the olive feathers in the tail, and in the lesser and under wing-coverts. All the upper part of the body is of the green color of the siskin, the lower part greenish white with brown streaks, and the wings gray black.

Habitation.—When wild, it generally frequents lonely groves, or the skirts of forests, always keeping among the most bushy trees, so that it is rarely seen on a naked branch; it always frequents orchards during the time of cherries. It is a bird of passage, departing in families in August, and not returning till the following May.[2]

In the house, if it cannot be let range at pleasure, it must be confined in a large wire cage.

Food.—When wild, its food is insects and berries. In confinement, and if an old one be caught by means of the owl, like the jays, it must be kept at first in a quiet and retired place, offering it fresh cherries, then adding by degrees ants’ eggs, and white bread soaked in milk, or the nightingale’s food. But I confess there is great difficulty in keeping it alive, for with every attention and the greatest care, I do not know a single instance of one of this species having been preserved for more than three or four months.

Breeding.—The scarcity of the golden oriole arises from its breeding but once a year. Its nest, hung with great art in the fork of a small bushy branch, is in shape like a purse, or a basket with two handles. The female lays four or five white eggs, marked with a few black streaks and spots. Before the first moulting, the young ones are like their mother, and mew like cats. If any one wishes to rear them, they must be taken early from the nest; fed on ants’ eggs, chopped meat and white bread soaked in milk, varying these things as their health requires, and as their excrements are too frequent or too soft. In short, they may be accustomed to the nightingale’s food. I must here remark that a very attentive person alone can hope to succeed.[3]

Attractive Qualities.—I have seen two golden orioles that were reared from

the nest, one of which, independent of the natural song, whistled a minuet, and the other imitated a flourish of trumpets. Its full and flute-like tones appeared to me extremely pleasing. Unfortunately, the fine colors of its plumage were tarnished, which almost always happens, above all if the bird be kept in a room filled with smoke, either from the stove or from tobacco. One of my neighbors saw two golden orioles at Berlin, both of which whistled different airs.

Its note of call, which in the month of June so well distinguishes the golden oriole from other birds, may be well expressed by "ye, puhlo."[4]

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[2] It is rarely found in Britain.—*Translator.*

[3] These young birds like to wash; but it is dangerous for them to have the water too cold, or to let them remain too long in it, as cramp in the feet may be the consequence. In one which we possessed, the accident was more vexatious as the bird was otherwise in good health, having followed the above-mentioned diet.—*Translator*.

[4] The natural song is very like the awkward attempts of a country boy with a bad musical ear, to whistle the notes of the missel thrush.—*Translator*.

LEAVES IN OCTOBER.

BY EMILY HERRMANN.

The forest leaves are falling
Throughout the quiet day,
And dreamy haze is shutting
The outer world away;

They move along the sunlight,
Upon their shining cars,
With golden edges burning,
Like lines of midnight stars.

Slowly and silently, falling,
Dreamily floating by,
Down on mosaic mosses
Their purple vestures lie.

Move they in stately sorrow,
Out from their palace-home,
Where they reveled, alike in star-light
And when the day had come?

Sink they, in sad bereavement,
Along Despair’s dim shore,
Because to their sheltering shadow,
The young birds come no more?

The sunshine and the starshine,
Will seek their summer homes
Full oft, in pleasant weather,
And find them in their tombs.

The little birds will seek their
Well-remembered shadow,
And build their nests above them,
In the meshes of the meadow.

Like travelers benighted,
  Where heaping snow-drifts lie,
They'll wither all the winter
  Beneath the open sky.

Like fated generations
  They vanish, in a light
That flings a treacherous beauty
  Above its deadly blight.

Like altars, strangely lighted,
  That burn in human souls,
They shed their sparkling showers
  Before the blackening scrolls.

As roses we have tended,
  Though fainting in the noon,
Still kept a pleasant fragrance
  Until the eves of June.

Our forest, from the summer,
  Is fading in the frost,
And the glories of his dying
  Are more than she could boast.

Here in their mottled shadows,
  With bended heart and knees,
Sweet thought comes to my spirit
  From out the aged trees.

It seems, when flesh is failing,
  And Life folds up her wing,
That soonest, in these crimson tents,
  We'd hear the angels sing!

And many a bright and tangled thread,
  Here Fancy ever weaves,
And Faith lifts up her trustful eyes
  Above the falling leaves;

She knows that, to her native hills
  No blight can ever come,

That trees, with leaves of healing, rise
    Forever round her home!

THE EMIGRANT CHILD.

Small, yellow leaves, from locust boughs,
Sprinkle the deep green grass,
Where drowsy herds, on a zigzag path,
To bubbling streamlets pass.

The earliest lamps of fire-flies
Grow dim with the rose of June,
Now droning pipes, of the insect tribe,
Practice an autumn tune.

The clover-blooms, ’mid scented grass,
Await the dews of night,
The western pane, through clustering vines,
Shines in the evening light.

Yet why so light the hurrying tread
Across yon entrance hall?
And why no more on the garden walk,
Do children’s shadows fall?

The little stranger’s fevered lips,
Like sound of struggling rills,
Murmur of far, familiar things,
Among his native hills.

His words go out on evening airs,
Where glancing leaves are still,
And sadly tones of a foreign land
In the pleasant homestead thrill:

“Weep not, dear mother! think how great
With Jesus Christ the joy.”
Thus, ’mid our changing forest, lies
The little German boy.

E. H.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.

THE PELICAN.

The Pelican, (*Pelecanus Onocrotalus*) says Nuttall, the largest of web-footed water fowl, known from the earliest times, has long held a fabulous celebrity for a maternal tenderness that went so far as to give nourishment to its brood at the expense of its own blood. Its industry and success as a fisher, at this time, allows of a more natural and grateful aliment for its young, and pressing the well-stored pouch to its breast, it regurgitates the contents before them, without staining its immaculate

robe with a wound.

In America, pelicans are found in the North Pacific, on the coasts of California and New Albion; and from the Antilles and Terra Firma, the Isthmus of Panama and the Bay of Campeachy, as far as Louisiana and Missouri. They are very rarely seen along the coast of the Atlantic, but stragglers have been killed in the Delaware, and they are known to breed in Florida. In all the far countries, they are met with up to the 61st parallel of northern latitude. Indeed, in these remote and desolate regions they are numerous, but seem to have no predilection for the sea coast, seldom coming within two hundred miles of Hudson's Bay. They there, according to Richardson, deposit their eggs usually on small rocky islands, on the banks of cascades, where they can scarcely be approached, but still are by no means shy. They live together, generally in flocks of from six to fourteen, and fly low and heavily, sometimes abreast, at others in an oblique line; and they are often seen to pass over a building, or within a few yards of a party of men, without exhibiting any signs of fear. For the purpose of surprising their prey, they haunt eddies near water-falls, and devour great quantities of carp and other fish. They can only swallow, apparently, when opening the mouth sideways, and sometimes upward, like the shark. When gorged with food, they doze on the water, or on some sand shoal projecting into or surrounded by it, where they remain a great part of their time in gluttonous inactivity, digesting their over-gorged meal. At such times they may be easily captured, as they have then great difficulty in starting to flight, particularly when the pouch is loaded with fish. Though they can probably perch on trees, which I have never seen them attempt, they are generally on wing, on the ground, or in their favorite retreat.

In the old continent, the pelican is said to rest on the ground in an excavation near to the water, laying two or three, and rarely four eggs, which are pure white, and of nearly equal thickness at both ends. Their nesting in deserts remote from water, and the story of the parents bringing water for their young in the pouch, in such quantities as to afford drink for camels and wild beasts, appears only one of those extravagant fictions, or tales of travelers, invented to gratify the love of the marvelous. Yet so general is the belief in the truth of this improbable relation, that the Egyptians style it the camel of the river, and the Persians *Tacab*, or the water-carrier. The pouch of the pelican is, however, very capacious, and besides drowning all attempts at distinct voice, it gives a most uncouth, unwieldy, and grotesque figure to the bird with which it is associated. The French very justly nick-name them *grand gosiers*, or great throats; and as this monstrous enlargement of the gullet is capable of holding a dozen quarts of water, an idea may be formed of the quantity of fish it can scoop, when let loose among a shoal of pilchards or other fish, which they can pursue in the course of their migrations.

[Phaleris psittacula.]

THE PERROQUET AUK. (*Phaleris Psittacula.*)

One more specimen, and we have done with the whole family of the *Alcasæ*; nor will we detain the reader long with its description. It is the Perroquet Auk, of the sub-genus *Phaleris*, an inhabitant of the dreary region of Bhering’s Strait, where multitudes of them may be found. They are excellent divers and swimmers; but if we may believe the sailors’ stories, not remarkably intelligent as to “trap,” since, when the Indians place a dress with large sleeves near their burrows, they mistake the said sleeves for their own proper habitations, creep in and are taken. They resemble the other Auks in laying but one egg, which is about the size of a hen’s, with brown spots on a whitish or yellowish ground. The Perroquet Auk is eleven inches in length. It has a tuft of white feathers extending back from the eye. The head, neck, and upper plumage are black, shading into ash on the breast, under parts white, legs yellowish. In the old bird the bill is red, while the young one has it of a yellowish or dusky color.

LAMENT OF THE HUNGARIAN FATHER

OVER THE BODY OF HIS SON.

I may not weep for thee my boy, though thou art cold and still,
And never more thy gladdening tones this aged heart will fill;
For glorious was the fate of those who fell with thee that day,
When from thy bleeding country passed, all help, all hope away.

Thy spirit cannot wear the chain that those who live must wear,
Nor hear the sigh of them who breathe the dungeon’s noisome air,
Nor shudder at the orphan’s wail, whose mother is a slave,
Nor see her wo, whose only prayer is for the peaceful grave.

Yet hear me, spirit of my boy!—the grief that sheds no tear,
The gaping wounds of thy poor clay, call thee, this vow to hear:
That when from friends and country driven, my spell word still shall be,
Hatred of those who made thee thus, hatred of tyranny.

And oh! if e’er a day will come, when roused to hope
Our scattered bands will close once more in battle on this plain,
Thy name, through all the swaying ranks, heard echoing o’er the fray,
Will fire anew each patriot heart to win a glorious day.

THE PHANTOM VOICE.

BY SARAH HELEN WHITMAN.

> "A low bewildering melody is murmuring in my ear."
> "*It is a phantom voice*:
> Again!—again! how solemnly it falls
> Into my heart of hearts!" SCENES FROM "POLITION."

Through the solemn hush of midnight,
How sadly on my ear
Falls the echo of a harp whose tones
I never more may hear!

A wild, unearthly melody,
Whose monotone doth move,
The saddest, sweetest cadences
Of sorrow and of love.

Till the burden of remembrance weighs
Like lead upon my heart,
And the shadow on my soul that sleeps
Will never more depart.

The ghastly moonlight gliding,
Like a phantom through the gloom,
How it fills with solemn fantasies
My solitary room!

And the sighing winds of Autumn,
Ah! how sadly they repeat
That low, bewildering melody,
So mystically sweet!

I hear it softly murmuring
At midnight on the hill,
Or across the wide savannas,
When all beside is still.

I hear it in the moaning
Of the melancholy main—
In the rushing of the night-wind—
The “rhythm of the rain.”

E’en the wild-flowers of the forest,
Waving sadly to and fro,
But whisper to my boding heart,
The burden of its wo.

And the spectral moon, (now paling
And fading) seems to say—
“I leave thee to remembrances
That will not pass away.”

Ah, through all the solemn midnight,
How mournful ’tis to hark
To the voices of the silence—
The whisper of the dark!

In vain I turn some solace
From the constant stars to crave:—
They are shining on thy sepulchre,
Are smiling on thy grave.

How I weary of their splendor!
All night long they seem to say,
“We are lonely—sad and lonely—
Far away—far, far away!”

Thus through all the solemn midnight,
That phantom voice I hear,
As it echoes through the silence
When no earthly sound is near.

And though dawn-light yields to noon-light,
And though darkness turns to day,
They but leave me to remembrances,
That will not pass away.

STANZAS.

BY NINON.

When he who has trod o’er a desert of sand,
In the sun’s scorching fervor all fiercely that glows,
Sees far in the distance some fair fertile land,
As if ’twere an island of Eden that rose.

Where fountains all sparkling invite him to stay,
And quaff the bright waters that plenteously spring;
Oh, how he exalts in the breeze’s wild play,
That bears the pure spirit of health on its wings.

The blast of the desert unheeded sweeps by,
No terrors it bears to yon palm-sheltered isle;
And though fiercely the sun may look down from on high,
In its cool shady bowers he seems but to smile.

The balm-breathing dews on his canopy fall,
All sparkling as beauty’s celestial tear;
The bright dreams of Fancy his spirit enthrall,
And Araby’s visions are realized here.

’Tis morn, and the slumbers that wrapt him are fled,
His path o’er the desert once more he must find;
But when will a canopy o’er him be spread,
Like the desert-girt Eden he’s leaving behind.

Oh, thus in this wide waste of life do we grieve,
When the spirits we meet with congenial and kind,
Urged on by the stern hand of destiny, leave
The hearts that had loved them in sorrow behind.

The wound may be healed and the pain be allayed,
And spirits as fair may our pathway illume;
But ne’er in such splendor by Fancy arrayed,
As they whom we met in affection’s first bloom.

Oh, change not too lightly the home of the heart,
    Nor rashly the bonds of affection untwine,
Lest the spirit of Love from thy bosom depart,
    And come not again to so worthless a shrine.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

My dear Jeremy,—I wish you a happy New Year! and yet few of us perhaps really know, when we receive this accustomed salute, in what particular thing consists our happiness; or how to appropriate, or more properly to give a designation to, the wishes of the offerer. We all of us have something to hope for, something to strife after, in defiance of the good that Providence has showered upon us—the vain longing, if you please, after something the heart worships—when the heart's worship should be fully met—and is—at our own fire-side. The moment we shut our door behind us in the morning, we are on the broad sea of human hopes and fears, and looking over the wide waste of waters, fix our minds upon a port to us desirable—having really raised anchor, and left the only haven worth having behind us. A happy New Year, then, to you *and yours*! God's benison on you all! and may the shadows, which flit between us all and heaven, rest lightly upon your roof; for in this selfish world, we all have our eyes so much to the clouds, which rest upon us and ours, that it is well that we should at least give once a year, a God bless you! to our fellows—and, taking in a wider range of humanity in our vision, smile kindly, even where the sun is darkest, upon our brother, and *wish*—nay, is that all?—*help* him to *be*—happy.

To be more personal—selfish if you please—in good wishes—we of "*Graham*" have rather a propensity to the way of happiness—for so rich, so multitudinous, are the tokens in that way, in the shape of both wishes and remittances, that in prospect of our turkey—we should be worse than Turks—to be thankless. Out of the abundance of the heart, therefore, our mouth speaketh—*a happy New Year to all of our friends!*

In my last, I chose to depart somewhat from my usual course, and instead of writing to you of abstractions, to present to you, all and singular, the claims of the magazines. The lofty position which I assumed for "Graham" you will see more than verified in this number. There is such a thing, you know, as Mahomet coming to the mountain; and even looking, as we have, at the lofty pretensions, and somewhat boisterous boastings of our cotemporaries, we choose, in this instance, to show them that there is a loftier peak than that which their inflated ambition has reached. In short, to show them that while even Homer may nod, he never proves stupid in the midst of supremacy. Having for years stood upon the topmost summit of American approbation, and of high success, we are willing for a while to witness the struggles of the pigmies below; but when their shout of triumph grows too vociferous, we feel inclined to check the enthusiasm with a full blaze of our glory.

Behold us, then, in January; and let your tardy praise step up and do us justice.

Is it supposable, or allowable, that with the high position we have attained, others starting from the ground—groundlings as they are—are to split the ears of night uninterruptedly with the senseless jargon of their own praise? When all around us, above and below, we hear the united voices of men, loud, uninterrupted, unanimous in our behalf, shouting out and proclaiming the treason and the folly.

Why, my dear Jeremy, what are the paid puffs—what the puffs solicited by printed circulars—and self-praise thrust upon the timid, to us?—when every mail from old post-towns, and old friends, and from new, brings renewed and additional pledges of the fast hold that "Graham" and his friends have upon each other. Why, in other words, should we fear the vain-glorious boasts that ring in the ears only of the dupes who are deceived by appearances? And if we arouse once in a while, and show our strength, it is but as the lion, to shake the flies from his sides, and to take his own repose securely in defiance.

Look at the present number with which we start the volume for the new year; has not every thing that the artistic skill of engravers could attain—all that the best pens of the country could accomplish, been done for "Graham?" We venture to say that no periodical, that is issued from the press for this month—for any month—will at all approach it in the real beauty and general excellence of its appointments. It is a gem! and a gem far above the ordinary taste of our imitators. Look, if you please, at the skill of Mr. Tucker, as evinced in the leading embellishment (both in design and execution!)—how far is it not above all that is presented elsewhere? Look again at the fine skill evinced in all the engravings of the number! at the exquisite coloring and the beauty of our Fashion-plate and Birds! and tell me, honestly, is there any thing in the tawdry and gaudy coloring of our contemporaries to be spoken of in comparison?

The year that has just closed, although one of great competition, has proven the hold that a long and uniform management of this Magazine has given it upon the American readers. It has not been, nor will ever be, conducted with a fit and flash policy—one year bad, the next good; alternating by neglect or caprice—*but ever the same, through all its years,* a dignified, sterling, illustrated work, worthy at all times, and in every number, of marked approval and regard.

The truth—or the wisdom—of our course, has been made manifest to us, during the past ten years, by the steady increase and permanent position of Graham's Magazine; while its would-be rivals are fluctuating between small and large editions, or are dying out around it. We may safely say that we have never yet *felt* that this Magazine has had a *rival* in the line it has marked out. Others differ from it in the flippancy of their tone and flimsiness of material or character, or are as solemn as a death's bell, while the engravings which adorn them are as out of place as flowers over the head of the dead.

Graham's has always—so says public approval—hit the happy medium between lightness and the more solid and useful; and keeping always in mind the importance of a national tone, has touched the right chord in the temper of the nation, and established itself as THE MOST POPULAR AMERICAN MAGAZINE of the graceful and

elegant class to which it gives tone, and which it has thus far sustained.

Our past year has been one of most unexampled success—yet we have made no boisterous announcements of it—for success with us is no novelty. Our readers must pardon us if we do not grow frantic upon the accession of a few thousand new subscribers, for the novelty of the feeling has been worn off by the constant and continued inducement to its exercise: it has become a matter of course, because *we do our duty by our readers always*—and on the constantly increasing reading population of this country, our drafts on at least one-third of them, are regularly honored with each recurring year.

But for the year 1850, we have consummated such arrangements with artists and writers, that we really feel not only proud, but inclined to boast in anticipation, and as a great deal will be said by others as to the splendor of their *intentions* toward their readers, *we hereby throw down the challenge and ask them to equal Graham's Magazine*, in the elegance of its engravings, the high character of its literary matter, the extreme beauty of its fashions, and the high finish of the novelties in the way of decorations, which Mr. Tucker is getting up for us in Europe—if they can. They are forewarned—yet they will be shamefully distanced!

You will pardon me, my dear Jeremy, for this seeming egotism, but really, there has been so much disposition shown to set up an overawing shout over "Graham," by those who should know better, that I have felt it worth while to say EXCELSIOR! over this number, if only to stop the mouths of the deceived and the envious. Hereafter, let no enthusiastic recipient of a thousand subscriptions set up his shout of defiance, for we dislike to bear down ALL opposition.

There is, Jeremy, a vast deal of angling with magazines at this season, and the baits thrown out are of every imaginable kind—and so that the poor fish is hooked, no matter how, he is remorselessly placed in the basket, and the exploit considered dexterous. The false flies upon the waters are numerous, and very prettily do they look too, and yet it does not strike the anglers, that he is a silly fish who dashes more than once at a bait through which he has been wounded. To be explicit—does any man suppose that thousands of people—silly as we all are—can all be gulled a second time? Or to be *more* explicit and distinct—that in a *true* magazine, something more is not wanted than flashy engravings, prosy sermons, and monthly vain boasting. There *is* such a thing as a *literary Magazine of high merit*—and is there not such a thing as fishing with a pin-hook for people who understand what such a Magazine is? What think you?

I was looking over, the other evening, a series of prints in the possession of a friend, and was much struck with one—which I may yet give to you—in which *angling was reversed*, and putting the rod in the hands of the finny tribe, they were busily engaged—as *fishers of men*—in presenting to tempting appetites, sundry bottles of champagne and choice liquors—baits in the shape of gold, and offices of preferment with packets variously endorsed, and trinkets and epaulets to those who might fancy tinsel and glory. It was amusing to see the humans, with what avidity they bit, and how seriously they were bitten. How those rose to the fly who loved a

glass—how the miser swallowed the barbed hook, gilt plated—how the aspirant for office dabbled in dirty waters and bedaubed himself for the sake of the seal of appointment—how the lovers of the dazzling and the lovers of glory, crowded to destruction together.

You have a taste for the sport that tickled the fancy of good Izak Walton, I believe, and with your adroit fly have thrown your trout remorselessly and dexterously on the land, and while he panted and flapped himself as a sturdy opponent of non-resistance, have smiled at his efforts with a self-complacency quite refreshing and heroic—with a consciousness of superiority that would have been any thing but gratifying if your victim could have appreciated it. He was the slave of his appetite, and that was his ruin; or if you please, his ambition to rise at a shining mark, was the death of him. The trout has often verified the poet's line. We are apt to think meanly of the fish for his silly voracity, and yet if the tables were turned, and the scaly tribes were the anglers, they might present baits as tempting and as worthless, in the waters in which we dabble, and chuckle in their sage philosophy with as ripe a reason as we do now. The artist has presented them as fishers of men, and has hit the conceit exactly.

Let us throw the line, nicely baited with gold, among the strictest of the Pharisees, who for a pretence make long prayers, and who hold up their phylacteries proudly, even in the humble courts of the temple. What a flutter and a rustling of garments do we not hear, as the whole tribe, rushing over laws that the Christian loves, dash with hands clutching at the bait, even under the very horns of the altar. Do the eager eyes and panting hearts of that avaricious crowd give token of the soul sanctified and subdued—lost to all self—dead to all covetousness; or does the avidity of the chase, or the reckless thrusting aside of brother, give the looker-on an intimation that the divine law of loving one's brother has ever regulated the dwellers in the muddy waters in which this bait is thrown?

In yonder foaming, flashing stream, where the waves are lashed into sparkles, and the vast human crowd disports itself, all eager after the glittering baits which are flung skillfully upon the waters by the angler Fate; what a ravenous rush and endless jostle, for the particular bait that attracts each taste do we see. How temptingly—how alluringly does the fly float upon the water to each eye that it is designed to attract—how tame, how dead, how utterly unworthy of notice to all others. The barbed hook carefully concealed, lifts each eager victim from enjoyment to misery—yet each with his own eye steadily watching the fatal bait, thinks himself wiser than his fellows, and dashes at last upon his fate, with a triumphant consciousness of a superiority above his kind.

Yet every eddy, and every nook in the broad stream in which we float, has its bait floating upon the waters—how happy he, who with the fate of his comrades before him, will take warning and be wise.

G. R. G.

Gems from Moore's Melodies.—Among the novelties and attractions for our present volume, will be a series of illustrations of Moore's Irish Melodies. We present the first in this number, and will give one in each succeeding number throughout the year. They will all be in the same exquisite style with that now presented to our subscribers, and cannot fail in producing real pleasure to every one who can appreciate what is truly beautiful. "The Meeting of the Waters," will be followed by "The Last Rose of Summer."

Premium Plates.—Owing to unavoidable circumstances, our artists have not been able to complete, so as to enable us to distribute, some of the beautiful Prints designed as Premiums to subscribers to this Magazine. They will soon, however, be ready to forward, and subscribers may rely with confidence on having them transmitted agreeably to order.

We have the pleasure of informing our readers that with the January number we commence our "Monumental Series," or the lives of the Generals of the Revolution who were killed at the very commencement of the struggle, and to whom Congress appropriated sums of money for the erection of a monument to each, but which with the exception of Montgomery has never been carried into effect. Each memoir will be accompanied by a splendid steel engraving from an original portrait engraved expressly for our Magazine.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS

Discourses on the Christian Spirit and Life. By C. A. Bartol, Junior Minister of the West Church, Boston. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is not customary with us to notice sermons, but the present volume is so much superior in thought and composition to the generality of new books, that its literary merits would alone give it prominence among the publications of the day. It contains thirty discourses on as many different subjects, all of which indicate a reach and profundity of thought, a wealth of imagination, and a power and beauty of style, which entitle them to be considered positive contributions to American literature. The leading peculiarity of the author is the combination in his mind of singular distinctness with singular spirituality of thought. In contemplating a spiritual truth, his understanding, sensibility and imagination act in fine harmony, presenting the thing in its dimensions, its relations, and its life; and so rich and free is the expression that the truth seems to gush out of his mind, in all the warmth and clearness with which it is conceived, without any impediments coming from a lack of appropriate words or images. There is nothing hackneyed either in the method or the style of the sermons, but every thing has an air of originality and freshness indicating a vision and a feeling of the objects before his mind, and an avoidance of hear-says and thoughts at second hand. The volume is full of fine passages which admit of quotation, and we might extract many illustrative of the author’s powers of statement, description, reasoning, and piercing spiritual insight, but our limits will not permit. Among the best discourses in the volume are those entitled, “Business and Religion,” “Forbearance,” “The Spiritual Mind,” “Death is Yours,” “Belshazzar’s Feast,” “Nature, Conscience and Revelation,” and “Eternal Life.”

Clarence, or a Tale of our Own Times. By the Author of “Hope Leslie,” &c. Author’s Revised Edition. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This handsome volume is the first of a new edition of Miss Sedgwick’s complete works. It contains a portrait of the authoress, an engraved title page, and its general execution is excellent. The novel of Clarence was originally published in 1829, and we preserve a pleasant impression of its interest and beauty. Miss Sedgwick’s writings are especially characterized by the sentiment of humanity,

which pervades equally her narratives and reflections; and one always rises from her books refreshed in spirit. Her powers, also, of observation, meditation and imagination, place her among the most intellectual and accomplished women of the age.

We cannot resist availing ourselves of this occasion to refer to Mr. Putnam's judgment and generosity in his selection and publication of American books. He comes as near the ideal of a model publisher as any living bookseller, combining, as he does, a real enthusiasm for literature, and a patriotic feeling in regard to American letters. Though he has been in business on his own account but about two years, his list already shows a goodly number of valuable publications, among which are many of the best works ever produced by native authors, and his taste in respect to all that constitutes the mechanical elegance of books has a certainty not common in his profession.

The Living Authors of England. By Thomas Powell. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

There is much in this volume to please and to offend every discriminating reader. The author is a man of fine talent, whose versions of Chaucer, not to speak of his original poems, are sufficient to indicate his ability for genial and graceful composition. But the present volume bears marks of haste and carelessness both as regards style and opinions, presents a medley of original and striking with flippant and unjust remarks, and in some instances passes the bounds of propriety. Mr. Powell knows personally many of the authors he delineates, and a few of the sketches indicate a disposition to avenge personal affronts. The notices of Talfourd, Moxon and Dickens, appear to us to have flowed from the author's spleen more than from his heart or brain. The insults to Washington Irving are gross and unpardonable, having no reason in any evidence presented or withheld. We have read Foster's Life of Goldsmith as well as Irving's, and the books are so dissimilar that it is ridiculous to bring a charge of plagiarism against the latter because both employed the same materials. If Irving is to be sacrificed, we trust it will not be to John Foster—a man who, whatever may be his talents and accomplishments, has not a tittle of Irving's beautiful genius.

Poems by Amelia (Mrs. Welby of Kentucky.) A New and Enlarged Edition. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

This splendid volume is illustrated with seven highly finished engravings, after designs by Weir, and in point of mechanical execution is very nearly equal to the same publishers' exquisite edition of Halleck. "Amelia's" poems have passed within

a comparatively short period through seven editions, and they have therefore fairly earned their right to a handsome volume like the present. It is hardly possible to glance upon a page of Mrs. Welby's book without having an affection for the authoress, and without sympathizing in her success. Envy and spite cannot touch her. The fine feminine tenderness, the graceful and affluent fancy, the mellowness and melody of diction, and the innocence and purity of sentiment, which are so characteristic of almost every poem in the volume, overcome the resistance equally of reader and critic. It may be generally said of her poetry that her nature is finer than her intellect. There is too much impassioned expansiveness in her pieces to produce those striking effects which come from stern, brief, tingling expression, in which imagination appears as a condensing as well as shaping power.

Redburn: His first Voyage. Being the Sailor-Boy Confessions and Reminiscences of the Son-of-a-Gentleman, in the Merchant Service. By Herman Melville, Author of Types, &c. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Melville has been called the "De Foe of the Ocean," and we can hardly conceive of a compliment more flattering, and, on the whole, more appropriate. He has De Foe's power of realizing the details of a scene to his own imagination, and of impressing them on the imaginations of others, but he has also a bit of deviltry in him which we do not observe in De Foe, however much raciness it may lend to Melville. The present work, though it hardly has the intellectual merit of "Mardi," is less adventurous in style, and more interesting. It can be read through at one sitting, with continued delight, and we see no reason why it should not be one of the most popular of all the books relating to the romance of the sea. The fact that it narrates the adventures of a "green hand," will make it invaluable to a large class of youthful sailors. The style sparkles with wit and fancy, but its great merit is a rapidity of movement, which bears the reader along, almost by main force from the commencement to the conclusion of the volume.

Orations and Occasional Discourses. By George W. Bethune, D. D. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume contains twelve discourses, originally delivered before Lyceums or Literary Societies, and which obtained great popularity at the period of their delivery. They are worthy of Dr. Bethune's reputation as an orator and writer, being replete with eloquence, scholarship and sound sense, and characterized by an unmistakeable individuality and independence both of thought and expression. The subjects are Genius, True Glory, The Uses and Abuses of Leisure, The Age of

Pericles, The Prospects of Art in the United States, The Death of Harrison, The Eloquence of the Pulpit, The Duties of Educated Men, The Duty of a Patriot, A Plea for Study, and The Claims of our Country upon its Literary Men. Of these we have been particularly impressed by The Age of Pericles, and the Oration last named. The latter was delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of Cambridge, and was celebrated at the time for the splendor of its rhetoric and the raciness of its wit.

Glimpses of Spain; or Notes of an Unfinished Tour in 1847. By S. T. Wallis. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Wallis evinces many of the characteristics of a good tourist, and is especially felicitous in understanding both the curiosity and the ignorance of his readers. He has accordingly produced an interesting volume, full of information very pleasingly conveyed, and leaving on the reader’s mind a regret that circumstances should have cut short his tour. To politicians, who think their names are known wherever the sun shines, there is one little paragraph in his book which must leave a saddening impression. We quote it for the benefit of our readers: “In the *Diorio* [of Seville] of May 14, 1847, an article speculating upon the probable election of General Taylor to the Presidency of the United States, was wound up by the following suggestion:—‘It is to be borne in mind that *Generals Fackson and Flamilton* owed their election to the Presidency to their military reputation!’ ”

The Old World: or Scenes and Cities in Foreign Lands. By William Farniss. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a pleasant volume, going over a wide field of observation, and conveying much information not generally known. In the present rage for voyages and travels it will doubtless find many readers. It appears to us, however, that our American publishers are altogether too fertile in their issues of works of this kind. Few have any positive literary merit, and hardly one in a hundred is an addition to the literature of the country.

Frontenac; or the Atotarha of the Iroquois. A Metrical Romance. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Street is not exceeded, if equaled, by any American poet, in the accuracy with which he observes nature, and the clearness with which he paints a scene upon the imagination with the colors of verse. If his vision of the internal life of natural

objects was as quick and sure as his perception of their external forms, few English or American descriptive poets would equal him either in reputation or power over the feelings. But his mind, though abundantly fanciful, is not suggestive and imaginative, and in his descriptive pieces he is apt to catalogue rather than represent nature. His analogies, also, are rather drawn from the surface than the spirit of things. But he is admirably calculated to do what he has attempted in the present volume. Frontenac is a metrical romance, with natural descriptions varied by characters and events, and all conveyed in energetic and “numerous” verse. It is in every way worthy of Mr. Street’s high reputation, and, in saying this, we imply that it is creditable to American Literature.

Evenings at Woodlawn. By Mrs. E. F. Ellett, Author of the “Women of the American Revolution.” New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The title of this book is a poor one, for it conveys no notion of its contents. It consists of a series of forty stories, translated and recast principally from the German, relating to the superstitions of the various European countries. We are favored with all sorts of legends, German, Spanish, Danish, etc., referring to supernatural personages and events; and the whole makes a book, brimful of fairies, magicians, witches, wizards, and imps, calculated to delight all who have a taste for the wild and wonderful. The volume, indeed, is admirably calculated for popularity, and we regret that its accomplished authoress should not have chosen some name for it which would give a hint of its matter.

Children’s Books. The Appletons of New York have just issued a series of beautiful volumes exactly fitted to charm the hearts of youthful readers. *Fireside Fairies* is a delicious little book for a holyday present, and well adapted in its style to fasten upon the sympathies of the young. *American Historical Tales for Youth*, a thicker volume, discoursing of Henry Hudson, Daniel Boone, Captain John Smith, and other American celebrities, is a grand book to put courage and resolution as well as knowledge into the minds of boys. *Home Recreation* is full of marvelous adventures by sea and land, related in Grandfather Merryman’s most entertaining way, and radiant with illustrative colored engravings. *The Child’s Present* is for younger readers, and contains about fifty short stories, very quaintly told by the grandfather aforesaid. Each of these little volumes is admirably calculated for the holyday season.

History of the American Bible Society, from its Organization to the Present Time. By W. P. Strickland. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This is quite an interesting and important work, giving, in moderate compass, a view of the operations of the Bible Society in different parts of the world. The chapter on the different translations of the Bible is especially interesting, and gives, among other valuable items of information, a complete list of the names of the forty-seven translators of the English Bible. It is curious to notice, that among these, there is hardly one celebrated man, though together they produced a translation which is the Standard of the English language.

Statesman's Manual.

With the above for a leading title, Mr. Edwin Williams, of New York, ever indefatigable in collecting, arranging, and disseminating valuable political information, has prepared four octavo volumes, containing the whole of the Messages of each President of the United States, from 1789 to 1849. The book proceeds in order, and gives a biographical sketch of each President—an account of the inauguration—a history of the principal events of his administration. The leading transactions of Congress at each session during the period. So much, well performed, relates to each presidential service. The work is then rendered more valuable by the addition of the Declaration of Independence, the Articles of Confederation, Constitution of the United States, with notes and references; a brief history of the events and circumstances which led to the Union of the States, and formation of the Constitution; a synopsis of the Constitutions of the several States; tables of Members of the Cabinets of the various administrations, Ministers to Foreign Countries, and other principal public officers; Chronological Table of Political Events in the United States; Statistical Tables of Revenue, Commerce and Population; a complete List of Members of Congress from 1789 to 1849; a complete Index, or Analytical Table of Contents to the whole work.

We need scarcely go beyond such a simple statement of the contents of these four volumes, to satisfy every reader of this Magazine that it is a work for all hands. But we deem it due to the publisher, Mr. Walker, and the author, to say, that the work is well done, the facts are clearly set forth, and the statistical tables well digested. So that we may safely say that the work forms a brief but most interesting and satisfactory history of the country for the time, and no library should be without the book, and if any man has a house without a library, let him purchase these to begin one. The foundation, of course, being always laid by those hand books that lead and serve devotion, and a copy of Graham's Magazine. Mr. John Jones, in North Fifth street, above Market, is the agent for the work in this city, and will

receive orders for it from the interior. We mention this that people may know where they may be served, for we take it for granted that a work of such unusual interest will be universally called for. We ought to add, that the publisher has had the good taste to have the book printed on excellent paper, and clear new type, and has ornamented each division with a beautifully engraved likeness of the President of whose administration he is treating—and then the work is handsomely bound.

Proverbial Philosophy; a Book of Thoughts and Arguments originally treated. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., D. C. L., F. R. S. of Christ Church, Oxford. From the eighth London edition, embellished with twelve characteristic illustrations. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co. small quarto, 391 pp.

Tupper's Proverbial Philosophy has passed through eight editions in London. In this country it has been reprinted many times in a cheap form, and upwards of thirty thousand copies have been sold; indeed the work is so well known that it does not require any commendation from us. But *this edition* is deserving of especial praise. It is the first illustrated copy of this work published either in England or America. It is printed on beautiful white paper, as thick and solid as parchment. The type is large, clear and elegant. The binding is rich Turkey morocco, with massive paneled sides richly gilt. We consider it the most elegant published volume we have seen. As a holyday gift-book this volume will do credit to the tact and judgment of the presenter, while it is a most elegant compliment to the mind of the presentee.

Mornings among the Jesuits at Rome. By the Rev. M. Seymour, M. A. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an exceedingly interesting volume, the production of a fair-minded tolerant man, and conveying far more accurate information on the spirit of Jesuitism than any work published for many years. It is composed of notes of conversations, held by the author with certain Jesuits whom he met in Rome, on the subject of religion, and especially on the standing controversy between the Roman and English Churches. Mr. Seymour, from the fact that he conversed with his opponents, and enjoyed their friendship, impresses the reader in a very different manner from those controversialists, who have never known the men whose system they attack, and who thus unconsciously confound doctrines with persons, and convert living beings into mere theological machines. Under every religious creed there is a human heart and brain—a truism which is so often overlooked, both in eulogies and attacks on different religious sects, that we must be pardoned for mentioning it.

The Little Savage. By Captain Marryatt, R. N. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

Most readers can recollect the time when Captain Marryatt was the most popular novelist of the day, and Peter Simple and Jacob Faithful were as familiar names as Oliver Twist and David Copperfield are now. But that time has passed; the gallant captain survived his reputation without really losing his talents. The present volume is a most fascinating story, calculated to charm young readers almost as much as Robinson Crusoe.

Boston Edition of Shakspeare. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, are issuing a new edition of Shakspeare, in large, clear type, and on handsome paper, with introductions and notes to each play. Every number contains a whole play, and an illustrative engraving in the best style of art. Four numbers, at the low price of twenty-five cents each, are already issued, and are to be succeeded by a new number every fortnight. When completed it will be the finest and most sumptuous edition of Shakspeare ever published in the United States. The engravings of Miranda, Julia, and Mrs. Ford, in the numbers before us, are alone worth the price. The great merit of the edition, however, is the size of the type and the beauty of the mechanical execution. It can be read by the oldest and weakest eyes without difficulty and without pain.

The History of Alfred the Great. By Jacob Abbott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

The subject of this volume combines the interest of history and romance, and we hardly need to say that it loses nothing in point of fascination as presented in Mr. Abbott’s clear and graceful style of narration. The series of historical volumes to which it belongs should penetrate into every family in the land.

The Fountain of Living Waters, in a Series of Sketches. By a Layman. New York: G. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

The topics of this exquisitely printed volume are sufficiently indicated by the general title. It evidently comes from a soul profoundly imbued with religious sentiment, and the sketches indicate an observing and reflecting mind.

Anaïs Toudouze

LE FOLLET

Paris Boulevart S^t^. Martin, 61.

Chapeaux de Mme. **Baudry**, *r. Richelieu, 87—Plumes de* **Chagot** *ainé, r. Richelieu, 81;*

Robes de **Camille**—*Métier parisien de Mlle.* **Chanson**, *r. Choiseul, 2bis.*

Graham's Magazine

SADNESS MAKES THEE SWEETER.

WRITTEN BY

J. M. CHURCH, ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED BY

JAMES BELLAK.

Presented by Edward L. Walker, 150 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

I watch thee dearest maiden,
    I mark thy beauty rare,
Thou’rt leaning from thy casement,

To breathe the moon-lit

air!
The rays are softly falling
Upon thy mournful face,
And in thy sweet, sad eyes love,
A secret pang I trace!

My dreams are all of heaven.
Or sooth sweet one of thee!
And oft I seek thy casement,
This earthly heaven to see:
Ah! tell me where thy thoughts love,
Are wandering this hour!
Thou art not happy lovely one
Thus lonely in thy bower.

That brow how darkly shadowed,
  Bid clouds of grief depart!
Yet sadness makes thee sweeter,
  More sad, more sweet, thou art,
Now mine’s a cheerful heart love,
  Wilt mingle it with thine?
The cup we’ll quaff together,
  And thus our fates entwine.

Transcriber’s Notes:

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

page 4, his voice faultered on ==> his voice faltered on
page 20, customary slouching gate, ==> customary slouching gait,
page 22, morning? How is your ==> morning? How are your
page 24, Ellsler’s castinets in the ==> Ellsler’s castanets in the
page 26, ranks. No faultering—no ==> ranks. No faltering—no
page 26, work—no faultering—no ==> work—no faltering—no
page 26, shield of Salahad when ==> shield of Galahad when
page 32, McClean, who, losing all ==> McLean, who, losing all
page 34, of Quebec, M. Cramehe ==> of Quebec, M. Cramahé
page 37, half drank, pushed ==> half drunk, pushed
page 47, And wavy Appenines and ==> And wavy Apennines and
page 49, simply Lily’s Euphuisms revived ==> simply Lyly’s Euphuisms revived
page 64, On the mantle-piece were ==> On the mantel-piece were
page 69, investigation of inorganized ==> investigation of unorganized
page 70, sun sunk in the ==> sun sank in the
page 71, still plead the angel-voice ==> still pleaded the angel-voice
page 77, Harry advised as villany ==> Harry advised as villainy
page 79, home is — No., Union ==> home is No. — , Union
page 89, (*Pelecanus Onocrotatus*) ==> (*Pelecanus Onocrotalus*)
Le Follet, *Chapeau de Mme*. **Baudry** ==> *Chapeaux de Mme*. **Baudry**
Le Follet, *Plume de* **Chagot** ==> *Plumes de* **Chagot**

[The end of *title* edited by George R. Graham]