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THE VALENTINE.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI. PHILADELPHIA, February, 1850. NO. 2.

FEBRUARY.

The flowers which cold in prison kept
Now laugh the frost to scorn.
RICHARD EDWARDS. 1523.

AMONG the ancient manuscripts in the British Museum there is one of Saxon origin, written by Ethelgar, a writer of some note in the tenth century. Commenting on the months, he speaks of February, which he calls *Sprout kele*, because colewort, a kind of cabbage, which was the chief sustenance of the husbandmen in those days, began to yield wholesome young sprouts during this month. Some centuries after, this name was modernized by the Romans, who offered their expiatory sacrifices at this season of the year, and called *Februalia*. Frequently during this month the cold is abated for a short time, and fine days and hasty thaws take the place of rigid frost. From this peculiarity, this month has often been called by ancient writers by the expressive name of "*February fill dike*."

Clare's verses are sweetly descriptive of this changing season —

The snow has left the cottage top;
The thatch moss grows in brighter green;
And eaves in quick succession drop,
Where pinning icicles have been;
Pitpatting with a pleasant noise,
In tubs set by the cottage door;
While ducks and geese, with happy joys,
Plunge in the yard-pond brimming o'er.

The sun peeps through the window pane;
Which children mark with laughing eye:

And in the wet street steal again,
To tell each other Spring is nigh:
Then, as young Hope the past recalls,
In playing groups they often draw,
To build beside the sunny walls
Their spring-time huts of sticks and straw.

And oft in pleasure's dreams they hie
Round homesteads by the village side,
Scratching the hedgerow mosses by,
Where painted pooty shells abide;
Mistaking oft the ivy spray
For leaves that come with budding Spring,
And wondering in their search for play
Why birds delay to build and sing.

The mavis-thrush with wild delight
Upon the orchard's dripping tree,
Mutters, to see the day so bright,
Fragments of young Hope's poesy:
And dame oft stops her buzzing wheel
To hear the robin's note once more,
Who tootles while he pecks his meal
From sweet-briar hips beside the door.

The frost often returns after a few days, and binds Nature with his iron hand. In Great Britain, where the Spring is much earlier than with us, February is remarkable for what is termed the "*runs*" of moles.

Le Count, a French naturalist, records some interesting notices of the nature of moles, (an animal not very common in this cold climate,) as well as the speed at which they travel through their underground galleries. He observes, "They are very voracious, and die of hunger if kept without food for twelve hours. They commence throwing up their hillocks in the month of February, and making preparations for their summer campaign, constructing for themselves *runs* in various directions, to enable them to escape in case of danger; and also as a means of procuring their food. These runs communicate with one another, and unite at one point; at this centre the female establishes her head-quarters, and forms a separate habitation for her young, taking care that both shall be on a higher level than the runs, and as nearly as possible even with the ground, and any moisture that may penetrate is carried off by the runs. This dormitory, if it may be so styled, is generally placed at the foot of a wall, or near a hedge or a tree, where it has less chance of being broken in. When so placed, no external embankment gives token of its presence; but when the soil is light a large heap of earth is generally thrown over it. Being susceptible of the slightest noise or vibration of the earth, the mole, in case of surprise, at once betakes itself to its safety runs."

We sometimes, though rarely, find the snow-drops, “fair maids of February,” as they are called, peeping through their mantle of snow, and the gentle aconite, with its

> “Green leaf furling round its cup of gold,”

giving life and animation to the otherwise dank and desolate border. Leigh Hunt in describing this month says, “If February were not the precursor of Spring, it would be the least pleasant month in the whole year, November not excepted. The thaws coming so suddenly produce freshets, and a clammy moisture, which is the most disagreeable of winter sensations.

> Various signs of returning Spring—
> ——songful Spring—
> Whose looks are melody,

occur at different times during this month. The month of February in England may well be compared to the month of April in America.”

The author of “The Sabbath” thus vividly paints the sterility of this month, and its effects upon the “rural populace.”

> All outdoor work
> Now stands; the wagoner, with wish-bound feet,
> And wheel-spokes almost filled, his destined stage
> Scarcely can gain. O’er hill, and vale, and wood,
> Sweeps the snow-pinioned blast, and all things veils
> In white array, disguising to the view;
> Objects well known, now faintly recognized;
> One color clothes the mountain and the plain,
> Save where the feathery flakes melt as they fall
> Upon the deep blue stream, or scowling lake,
> Or where some beetling rock o’er jutting hangs
> Above the vaulty precipice’s cove.
> Formless, the pointed cairn now scarce o’ertops
> The level dreary waste; and coppice woods,
> Diminished of their height, like bushes seem.
> With stooping heads, turned from the storm, the flocks
> Onward still urged by man and dog, escape
> The smothering drift; while, skulking at aside,
> Is seen the fox, with close down-folded tail,
> Watching his time to seize a straggling prey;
> Or, from some lofty crag, he ominous howls,
> And makes approaching night more dismal fall.

During this month, the increasing influence of the sun is scarcely felt, till we approach the end, then hoping, watch from day to day the lengthened minutes as they pass, to usher in Spring’s holy charms.

WIT AND BEAUTY.

BY AGNES L. GORDON.

It chanced upon a pleasant day,
In charming summer weather,
That Wit and Beauty sallied forth
To take a stroll together.

And as they idly roamed along,
On various themes conversing,
Young Beauty, somewhat vain, began
Her wondrous powers rehearsing.

And much she dwelt upon the charms
Her outward form adorning,
And seemed to feel herself supreme,
All other merit scorning.

This roused the ire of sparkling Wit,
Who keenly thus retorted:
"Your claim, though easily advanced,
Requires to be supported.

"Mark yon bright bird that wings his flight
Athwart the sunny skies,
Let each on him display our skill,
To catch him as he flies.

"Your chance is first, for well I know,
And own the pleasant duty,
That Wit in every age must yield
Due precedence to Beauty!"

Young Beauty smiled, and charmed the bird

With softened strains alluring,
And bound him with a silken chain,
More brilliant than enduring.

She placed the captive in a net,
Entwined of many flowers,
And with a merry, mocking smile,
Bade Wit now try his powers.

Then from his feathered quiver Wit
A silver arrow drew,
With perfect and unerring aim
He pierced the net-work through.

The bird released, on eager wing
Soared upward to the skies;
A second arrow reached his breast —
He fell—no more to rise!

Beauty looked sore dismayed, to see
Her snare thus incomplete.
When gallant Wit the trophy raised,
And laid it at her feet.

“Could we but journey hand in hand,”
He said to Beauty, smiling,
“No prey could e’er escape my shaft,
Who saw your charms beguiling.

“But since the stern decrees of fate
Our union thus opposes,
And you so oft my arrows blunt,
Beneath a weight of roses;

“Remember, Beauty’s charms will fade,
Despite each fond endeavor,
And strong, *well tempered* shafts of wit
Her chains will often sever.”

PATRICK O'BRIEN.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

THE father of Ellen O'Brien was a small farmer, whose situation when the child began to think at all, seemed to her the realization of all that is happy, and all that is cheerful in this world. Children do think very early; much earlier than their elders suspect. But happily for them they are easily contented. They look at the bright side, and unconscious of the superior advantages, and the greater comforts of others, have no temptation to discontented comparisons, and no motive for uneasy envy.

Ellen's earliest memory of marked and positive happiness—that is to say, of an incident which conferred particular pleasure, was connected with a child—a *very* small child. She remembered how her father told her to "make a lap, now," and placed the wee thing upon the knees which she prepared with much ado to receive it. She was told that this was her little brother, her own little brother; and she hugged it in troubled happiness, almost afraid to touch, lest she should hurt it. She gazed upon it with that undefined feeling of mingled awe and pleasure with which little children regard less children. She looked at its fragile hands and wondered, if she took them in hers, whether they would fade or drop to pieces, like the delicate blossoms which she had often killed with kindness. And when it cried—oh, but she was astonished! That such a little thing should be so ungrateful while she coddled and cared for it, and nursed it ever so tenderly, was more than she could well endure. She thought it well deserved, and ought to have a whipping, only that a whipping might *hurt* it—and that she would not consent to.

It was, however, not a great while before a safe acquaintance grew up between the new comer and Ellen. He was called Patrick, after his father, and his father's father before him. Ellen was three years his senior. That difference in their ages would have been a wonder; only that it was explainable. Another little Patrick, his predecessor, was "called home," as his father said, "before he had scarce a taste of the world at all." And Ellen, from hearing so often of the other little Patrick, and from her indistinct memory of a baby that she saw one

day, as if in a dream, and did not see any more, learned to think of infants as of little things that would die if they were not carefully watched. And this Patrick she was resolved should not slip away for want of attention from his sister; therefore she nursed him as carefully as if that had been her sole vocation.

The wonder about babies grew less as Ellen grew older. At first, in her childish little heart, she thought every little baby must be a little Patrick, and that no new one could come while there was another about. But familiarity destroys marvels. She found there could be little Phelims and Terrences as well as Patricks, Bridgets and Kathleens as well as Ellens. Child after child lifted its clamorous voice for food and nursing in Patrick O'Brien's cottage, until at last when he was asked respecting his children, he was fain to count them upon his fingers. And he always began with Ellen and his thumb—Paddy came next, and the formula was—"There's Ellen, then little Paddy that was called early, then Paddy that is now—sure Ellen and Paddy are the thumb and forefinger to us. What would the mother do without them, at all?"

Ellen grew to a fine, stout girl, with a cheerful open face when you spoke to her—but there was a shade of care and thought over it when in repose, which you may often see in the oldest daughter of a poor man. She moved and acted as if while the tribe who had exhausted the family names of the O'Briens were born children to her mother, she was born before them for a deputy mother to them all. Legs and arms were all over the cottage, in all sorts of places where they shouldn't be, and she jerked them out of harm's way, with a half-petulant dexterity which was pleasant to observe. Tow-heads and shock-heads popped up continually, and she pushed them aside with a "there now, wont you be aisy!" which was musical, with a *very* little discord. And there was an easy and natural carelessness of authority and half rebellion in obedience, which was truly puzzling to strangers, but which gave no discomposure to Ellen or to her mother. Indeed, Mrs. O'Brien sat, the centre of her offspring, with the most contented air in the world, plying her knitting needles with easy assiduity, and dismissing child after child from her arms, as they severally grew out of her immediate province and into Ellen's. Or she bustled, if there was bustling to do, with perfect indifference, it might seem, to one who did not know her, as to whether there were children in the house or not.

But sometimes her interference became necessary as a measure of last appeal, and she came down on them with hearty whacks which were invariably poulticed with a word or two, half scolding and half good-natured wit. The children were thus reconciled to the propriety and necessity of certain summary inflictions, which at the same time they took care to avoid, when it could be done without *too* much trouble. Often there were voices heard in a higher key than is considered proper in a drawing-room, and sometimes there

was a debouchment of children out at the door, and a consequent squealing of little pigs, and fluttering of chickens before it; which showed the mother's activity at ejection. But no drawing-room ever sheltered more gentle hearts, and no mother of high degree ever followed a scolding with more patience than Mrs. O'Brien did. There was no malice in her, and a half-laugh stood ever in her eye, as she looked out at the door on the living miscellanies she had put in motion, and said—"Sure you can't turn a hand, or step any place at all, for pigs, chickens and childer!"

There is often more room in the heart than in the house. The O'Briens began to feel themselves crowded—or rather to feel the inconvenience of too many sitters for their stools, without knowing precisely—or rather without permitting themselves to acknowledge what caused their discomfort. There were too many mouths for the potatoes, as Patrick senior and his wife were at last compelled to admit in their matrimonial committee of ways and means, and the question now became, how could they diminish the one, or increase the other. The lesser fry were out of the question. Nothing could be done in the way of removing them; nor did the thought occur to father or mother, who loved the children with true Irish hearts; that the smaller children were in the way, or that any of the little ones could possibly be spared, if the lord-lieutenant himself wanted a baby. So they began canvassing at the other end of the long list.

"There was Ellen," said the father, doubtfully.

"Ellen! Sure you'll not be putting her away, and nobody to mind the childer? What is the wages, I'd like to know, would make her place good to us?"

And Ellen, it was decided, was a fixture.

"There is Paddy," said the mother with some hesitation. "Sure he's a broth of a boy, and it is time he should do for himself—it is. It's little in life he's good for here, anyway."

The father did not think so. Many were the little "turns" that Paddy cheerfully undertook, but all of them could not in conscience be made to appear to amount to an indispensable service, or any thing like it.

"Look at him now?" said the mother. And they looked at Pat, whose all good-natured face, unconscious that it was the subject of observation, bloomed like a tall flower amid the lesser O'Briens who clustered about him.

"Sure there's a tribe of them!" said O'Brien.

"But look at Paddy! He's the moral of yourself at his age, Patrick; with the same niver-a-thought, lazy look!"

It was questionable whether the wife's affectionate reminiscence was a compliment or not; and an expression of sad humor, between a smile and a scowl, passed over O'Brien's face, as he regarded his elder son, the heir to his

personal beauties and accomplishments—and to his cast off clothes. It was of little use the latter were, for the father usually exacted so much of them, that when they descended to the son, sad make shifts were necessary to keep up in them any show of integrity, however superficial. And the stitches which were hurriedly taken between whiles, by his mother, had a comprehensive character which brought distant parts of the garments into a proximity very far from their original intention. The difference in size between father and son permitted a latitude in this respect, and the gathering together of the fabric produced an appearance more picturesque than elegant. As to the extra length of the garments that soon corrected itself, and Paddy junior's ankles presented a ring of ragged fringe; or a couple of well-developed calves protruded in easy indifference. Indeed he was a broth of a boy, good natured and "bidable," as he was ragged and careless. It was time that his good properties should be made available—and that some of the other young ones should have a chance at their father's wardrobe.

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CHAPTER II.

It was a sad thing to part with Paddy. But necessity knows no law, and he was apprenticed to a farmer with more land and fewer children than Patrick O'Brien. And it was no less sore to Paddy to leave the homestead, than for his brothers and sisters and father and mother to give up the "moral of his father." Those whose hearts are not united by a community in privation, and whose easy lives present no exigencies in which they are compelled to feel with and for each other, can separate without tears, and be re-united without emotion. But the few miles of distance which were now to be placed between little Paddy and the cot where he was born, seemed to him almost an unbounded desert; and the going away from home, though for so small a journey, was equivalent to banishment. He took a sorrowful review of all the familiar objects which had been his companions from his birth. There was not a scratch on the cabin walls that did not seem to him as a brother; not a mud-hole around the premises that was not as an old familiar friend. But he manfully tore himself from all; and it was with no little sensation of independence that he felt that henceforth he was really to earn his own living, and to eat bread which should not diminish the breakfasts of the rest. There were other circumstances too, as yet undeveloped, which aided him in becoming reconciled. The inmates of the new home were not strange to little Paddy, and one of them, in especial, he had a childish weakness and fondness for. It is not our intention to say that Paddy and little Norah knew any thing about what boarding-school misses call

undying affection; for such nonsense was beyond their years, and schools were above their opportunities. But leave we Paddy to establish himself in his new home, while we return to the O'Briens.

Sorrow a bit of difference they soon found, did Paddy's absence make in the consumption of food. The potatoes were as extensively devoured as ever, and little Paddy's hand-turns were much missed. His bright face gone left a blank which nothing seemed to fill; though Mrs. O'Brien, blessings on her, as far as enumeration went, soon made up the same tale that there was before Paddy's extradition. There was a half thought in the father's mind of christening the new comer Paddy also, since the removal of his favorite boy was like death to him; and he really began to feel as if names would run short if the wearers were not duplicated. This notion, however, was over-ruled by the bright face of Pat himself, who came at the first opportunity to bid the new brother good-morning.

"Which of the childer is that wid you, Paddy?" said his mother, who had removed with her knitting to the bed in the dark corner.

"Sure it's none of our childer at all," said Paddy, while Norah blushed for the first time in her life, and both had the first glimpse of a new revelation. "It's only the master's Norah. I thought may be, the walk would be lonely."

Mrs. O'Brien looked on the consequences of her own fear of loneliness—consequences which had multiplied around her, till an hour's solitude, asleep or awake, had become one of the never-to-return joys which the song sings of. She had a prophetic dream of a similar destiny for Paddy and Norah, but said nothing to put precocious notions into children's heads. Ellen did not half like her brother's bringing a stranger home with him—and she would have let Norah perceive her displeasure, but her heart was too kind to do any body a willing disservice. Norah was soon put at ease—almost. But the double visit was not repeated till long afterward. Meanwhile Norah and Paddy were "set to thinking." That visit, made in the innocence of their hearts robbed those hearts of a portion of that innocence. Before, they had been as a new brother and sister—now as they grew in years constraint increased between them. At last, resolved upon what he called a better understanding, Paddy forced Norah to confess in words what he might easily have taken for granted. And they pledged themselves, young as they were, to a life of privation, and the same chance of more mouths than food, which had been Paddy's own idea of a household ever since he could remember—his experience in the new home excepted.

Paddy went home one evening without Norah, fully resolved to divulge what he had determined on, in set words—a labor he might have saved himself, for it was all guessed long before. His time was out now in a few months, and he had resolved, as soon as one bondage was concluded to enter

into another. In the years that he had been away, he had visited home too often to be surprised at the changes which had taken place. Ellen looked old—she seemed the mother of her brothers and sisters, for care fast brings the marks of years. And the mother, tall, gaunt and thin, looked as if she might have been the grand-parent of the children around her. Patrick senior was better saved, but time showed its marks on him too; and those not light ones. He was more peevish than formerly; he retained the same black pipe longer in service, and kept it, too, in use more constantly, for there was scarce an hour of the day when its fragrance was not issuing. And as strong tobacco is too apt to require strong accompaniments, we are compelled to acknowledge that Patrick O'Brien was contracting a taste for less harmless potations than buttermilk.

Poor and content is rich. Poor and discontented is poor indeed. Ellen felt the infection of unhappiness, and the very children seemed to have grown miserable. Squalor and negligence had marked the whole household, and Paddy had learned to make his visits unpleasant performances of duty, instead of the hilarious occasions that they once were. It was no wonder that he preferred a quiet evening in his second home, where he could sit and watch Norah's busy fingers, rather than a visit to his own father's house; for there cracked and dissonant voices jarred harshly, children cried, and the welcome which he once met had changed to the utterance of mutual complaints, and perhaps to unsuspended jarrings among those whom he loved.

There seemed a spell on the place. Ellen said—"Sure there's no luck here any more." And a neighbor, who had a son over sea, put a new thought in her head. Ellen was often desired to act as amanuensis to answer his letters. If her epistles were not clerkly they were written as dictated, and it may be shrewdly suspected that the person to whom they were written liked them none the less, that he detected the handwriting, though they were signed, "your affectionate mother." Such a paradise as American letters revealed to her, could not fail to make her own discomforts worse by contrast. But the paradise was to her for a long time a thing unhoped for, unthought of. At last a new resolution occurred to her.

"Sure, mother," she said one day, "we'd better be in Ameriky."

The mother smiled at the impossibility. But Ellen had set her heart on it. She was the prop of the house—the only one in it, indeed, who had any strength or determination left. Need we say she carried her point? She reasoned father and mother into the desirableness of the change, and they could but acknowledge that any thing would be preferable to their present situation. The correspondence to which she had access furnished her with arguments, and the will once found for the enterprise, the way presented no longer insuperable obstacles. All had been discussed, and the journey was fully determined upon, when Paddy reached the cottage with his plans in his head—selfish plans,

Ellen afterward said they were.

"Sure," cried she as he entered, "here's Patrick, too, will go with us."

"To be sure I will—where?" answered Paddy, delighted once more to find his home cheerful.

"To Ameriky, Patrick," said his father, taking the pipe from his mouth to watch his son's face. The son looked sad, astonished, and bewildered. It was all new to him, and he could make no reply, save to repeat —

"A-mer-iky!"

"To be sure," said Ellen. "What'll we wait here for, doing no good at all? There's Phelim may be president, and Mike a djuke, and Terrence a parliament man, and Bridget may marry a lord, and—"

"And Ellen?" inquired Patrick, with a quizzical look, which contrasted curiously with his wo-begone expression.

"Sure the best of the land will be hers," said her mother. "Hasn't she been the born slave of the whole of ye's? She didn't go away from her mother's side, not she, for betther board and keeping!"

"Mother!" expostulated Paddy.

"More she didn't," continued the mother, vexed at her son's cool reception of their good news as she deemed it. "She didn't find new young mates, and forget the mother that bore her!"

"Mother!" said Patrick, "ye *sent* me away, ye know ye did. Sure I'd not gone to the Queen's palace asself, but ye *sent* me away, so you did."

"Thrue for you, Patrick!" said Ellen, breaking in to keep the peace. "Thrue for you; and more be token of that we'll welcome you back again. Your service is up, come Easter, and then we'll all cross the wide sea together!"

Poor Patrick! All the various modes in which he had conned over his intended communication were put to flight in a moment. This was no time to speak of any such proposals—for with half an eye to such a contingency, Patrick knew his mother had spoken. Never had the way back seemed so long to Patrick as it did that night. He had committed himself by no engagement to go with his family to the new land over sea; but he saw that they all chose to take his going for granted. The children supposed it of course, thinking of nothing else; and the elders deemed it the best way to admit no question. Norah listened in vain that night for Paddy's cheerful whistle as he neared the house. She wondered, and fell asleep. But there was no sleep for Patrick.

Norah was too diffident to ask Patrick how he sped the next day—but didn't she burn to know! At length, and with a very sad face, he told her all except his mother's covert and undeserved reproaches. Norah listened with a tear in her eye, for she could not dissemble. She did not interrupt him, and when he ceased, she said:

"Sure you'll go with them, Patrick, dear!"

“Sure I’ll do no such thing, Norah, darling!” And he hugged her to his heart with a suddenness which she could not foresee, and an energy she could not resist, had she wished it.

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CHAPTER III.

Norah was satisfied. There is no denying that. But how was Paddy to satisfy his father and mother and Ellen? How was he to explain to the little O’Briens that they were going to America and brother Patrick was to remain behind? Never was a worse day’s work done for Norah’s father than Patrick’s that day, we are very sure. Never was a poor fellow so dissatisfied with himself. A few days before, all seemed to promise to falsify the adage that the course of true love never did run smooth. And now never was stream so ruffled.

“ ’Tis but a word and all’s over,” he said to himself, as he turned his head homeward the next evening, prepared to face the worst. But his fears whispered that there would be more than one word or two, and those high ones; and by the time he had reached his father’s door, all his courage was gone again. When he entered he found the good wife there who had the son over sea. She was fully installed as one of the council, since she also had resolved upon crossing the water. All the various items and charges of the voyage were calculated, and Paddy was counted as one of the party—not without lamentations, which he arrived in season to hear, that he had grown too tall to be counted as one of the “childher.”

It was a desperate case, and there was nothing for it but desperate courage. “Mother,” said Patrick, “and father, and Ellen, and you childher, you’ve pushed the thing so far that you drive me to tell you all, once and forever, that I cannot go!”

Patrick senior let his pipe fall with astonishment. The mother turned pale with sorrow and displeasure. Ellen arose, and going to Patrick’s side—he had not taken a seat—drew him out of doors. They walked a few steps from the house in silence, and reaching a tree paused there. Patrick folded his arms, and leaning against it, bowed his head and stood in troubled silence. Ellen placed her hands upon his, and never a word was spoken till, when she felt her brother’s hot tears fall upon her hand, she cried:

“Sure, Paddy, you are not going to leave us now!” And she fell upon his neck and clung to him with the evidences of earnest and frantic affection.

“Indeed, indeed, Ellen darling, it is you that leave me. It is you that go away from the land where God has been good to us, to seek a new home and

new friends over sea. I cannot go there with you, Ellen; indeed I can't."

"And what will this land be to you, Paddy dear, but a land of strangers—no mother, no father, no sister nor brother in it? Where'll be the hearth side that you'll find a home at? Come, brother, with the rest of us, where father will lift up his head again and mother be happy!"

"Amen to their happiness, Ellen, and yours too. Go your ways without me. Sure I've given my word on it, and must tarry to take care of my *own home*, sister dear."

"Is it *that* you mean!" cried Ellen, starting back indignant. "And shall we plough the seas while you cling to *her* apron-string! Will you be as easy in your undutiful bed, while the mother that bore you is tossed on the ocean, and the sister that toiled for you is down, down in the deep sea, maybe? Oh, Patrick! by the days of your wee, wee childhood, come along with us now. Is it thus, selfish as you are, that you lose all natural affection? Didn't the clargy tell us, only Sunday was a week, to honor father and mother?"

"Thrue for you, Ellen. But who would be our father and mother, if our father had not left his father and mother to clave to his wife? Oh, go along with you, Ellen, to break my heart so, and my word of words given to Norah that I will stay with her and cherish her—for better for worse!"

Ellen said no more. Patrick did not re-enter the house, but proceeded homeward—to the place which was now doubly home to him, since the home of his childhood was about to be broken up. But the efforts of his mother to change his determination did not cease, and many a half-altercation he had with his family in his now frequent visits. Still, though strongly tempted to yield, he never would give full consent, and the sight of Norah reassured him in his resistance. The few weeks that remained between the fixing upon the purpose of emigration and the day of departure, were a long, long time to Patrick, and a season of sad trouble; and he could not speak with freedom to any of his distress. Norah was high-spirited, and the bare suspicion of the manner in which her name was bandied, and her love for Patrick all but cursed at the house of his father, would have led her to forbid Patrick ever to speak on the subject to her again. With slow reluctance the family gave way to Patrick's resolute determination, and ceasing unkind reproaches, loaded him with tenderness, that much more affected his determined spirit. The day of parting came at last, and Norah herself proposed that she should accompany her betrothed to take leave of his kindred. It was a dangerous thing for him to suffer, Patrick knew; but how could he avoid it? And what would he have thought of her, too, had she not proposed it?

Unmixed and bitter was the grief with which Patrick's kindred took leave of him to commence their long journey. They sorrowed as persons who should see his face no more; and without extravagance or hyperbole, the passion of

grief which they felt and exhibited may be termed heart-rending. Scarce a word did they give to Norah. The mother looked on her almost with aversion, and the father scarce heeded her presence at all. Ellen only said:

"Cherish him, Norah—love *him*, for you see what he foregoes for you. God forgive him if he is wrong, and me if he is *right*."

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CHAPTER IV.

They were gone. Norah thought it was but natural, at first, that Patrick should be sad, for the interview which she had witnessed made her unhappy too. But she was not well pleased that his gloom continued. Weeks and months passed, and still Patrick had not resumed his former light-heartedness. Nor did there appear any indication of its return to him. The wedding day, to which he once looked forward with continual expectation, and of which, at one time, he daily spoke, he now seemed to dread and scarcely mentioned. And when he did speak of it, it was with a forced appearance of interest. Norah was offended at his coldness, and as he did not press, as formerly, a positive and early date, you may be sure that she did not increase in impatience for the nuptials to which Patrick appeared to be growing daily more indifferent. He thought her ungrateful that she did not duly estimate the sacrifice he had made for her; and she considered him weak-minded that he had over-estimated his affection for her, and undervalued his own kin, and was now repenting. Patrick was indeed more miserable than he had ever been in his life before. Not a word had he heard from his connections in many long months; and what Ellen said to him under the tree before his father's door, now haunted him—"Shall we plough the seas while you cling to *her* apron-strings? Will you be easy in your bed, when the mother that loves you is tossed on the sea, and the sister that toiled for you is drowned?" By day these words haunted him, and by night his mother and sister rose out of the sea to come to his bedside. And truly, when he waked in a cold perspiration of terror from these visions, it was hard to persuade him that they were not true; and that the sea had not verily given up its dead to reproach him.

"Norah, dear," he said at length one evening, as they sat alone, "my heart is broke, so it is."

She answered with a look in which deep sorrow mingled with all her old affection. Nor did she resist, when he drew her to his side, and placed her head against his bosom. He felt that he could not say what he must when her eyes met his. So she nestled lovingly to him while he sat long in silence. She guessed, but would not ask, what he wished to say, and at length he continued:

"Every morning when I wake it is to hear what *they* said to me, when I wouldn't go with them. And every night when I lie down, sure the clatter of that leave-taking drives sleep away. And when the eyes shut for very weariness, and I have cried myself into a troubled slumber, it is no rest. Sometimes my mother comes to me, Norah, and sometimes my sister. I know that they come from the deep, deep sea, for they are all dripping wet. Never a word do they say with their mouths, but their eyes, Norah. God save us, what was that?"

Norah had caught his contagious horror, and clung closer to him, as they both shivered with terror. It was many minutes before Patrick could resume his narrative, but after a trembling pause he proceeded:

"They come to me, Norah, and I *know* it's them. When I wake, don't I feel the cold water of the sea chilling my temples? The saints save us, Norah, from such visiters to our bridal bed! You think me changed and that my heart is turned, and my manner is unkind—but, Norah dear, what will I do, what *can* I do?"

"It's all your sick fancy, Patrick—and maybe your conscience is not easy," said Norah, shaking off the spectral influence of Paddy's dreams. "It's all your own notion, Paddy dear. Your mother and all of them are well and happy—barring that they feel the loss of you as much as you do their absence. And I know their consciences are not easy, Patrick, for the hard words they said to you must leave a deep wound in their own hearts. You must go to them, Patrick."

"What, Norah, and leave you!"

"And why not? Sure, Paddy dear, you're not worth a body's having now, and that's the truth. You are not the same lad that you were at all, and what will I do with such a man? It's a long lane that has no turn, and all will come right by and by."

"Norah!"

"Well!"

"Wouldn't *you* go with me too?"

"Sure I thought you'd be asking that, Patrick. Ellen said you were selfish—and wasn't it the truth she said! Will you change the load from your heart to mine? Haven't I a father and mother, and sisters too? Will I give them up and go away, because you can't give yours up? It isn't reason, Patrick."

In vain did our hero strive to alter Norah's determination. Her arguments were unanswerable, and he was fain to submit. After many days' irresolution he resolved, but still not without doubts and misgivings, to follow his parents to America. The resolution was taken, the spectral appearances which had annoyed him ceased. He was half-tempted to retreat from his purpose, but Norah gave him no encouragement, and his nocturnal visiters threatened to

renew their visits; so that he was fain to adhere to his resolve, and take a steerage passage to the great entre-pot of the New World—New York.

Great was his amazement upon arriving there to find that it was a place so large, and one of many large places; and that to inquire for his family there was of as little utility as it would be to ask for his master's dog in Dublin. It was a sad trial to Patrick that he had come to a strange land, he verily believed, to no purpose. But it was necessary for him to do, or starve, and finding employment he worked, with a heavy heart it is true, but not without hope. Chance—or we should better say Providence—directed him to a priest, to whom he related his difficult position and almost extinguished hopes. The kind father was struck with his tale, and, after a moment's pondering referred to his record of priestly acts, and sure enough, there he found the name of Ellen O'Brien—O'Brien no longer!

"Mighty easy it was then, for her to come over," shouted Pat, forgetting his Reverence. Fine talk hers to me about selfishness, and drowning, and all that. Very pleasant it was, no doubt of it, to write and read them long letters. But it has given me the first trace of them anyhow, and that's something.

With this clue the persevering young Irishman was not long in tracing the party to their late stopping-place—*late*, for they were there no longer. He followed to Albany, and there again lost the scent; for a party of poor emigrants are not so easily followed. Again he heard of them in Buffalo; away, it seemed to him, at the verge of the world; and again he pursued.

"Sure he would find them now," he said, "if it was only to have a fly at that traitor, Ellen—God bless her!"

In Buffalo he was once more disappointed, for from Buffalo they had flitted also. "It's the Wandering Jew Ellen has married, no doubt," he said, "to lead me this dance, and she to rate *me* so. Wait till I find them once more."

Time would be unprofitably spent in tracing all poor Patrick's journeyings, including many an excursion from the main routes. Wherever the sinews of his countrymen were busy upon public works and other enterprises, in which the labor of the sturdy Hibernian is found so valuable, there Patrick wandered—and patient perseverance at last was rewarded. He had traced out an impromptu village on a rail-road truck, where the delvers had put up cabins which they would sorrow to leave. As he looked curiously through the little settlement, he was startled to hear his own name shouted, and in a moment more one of his many brothers had him by the neck, with a hug as stifling as if he had taken lessons in the new country of one of those undisputed natives—the black bear.

Patrick had much ado to stop his brother's clamor, that he might surprise the others. And he was astonished moreover to find little Phelim, for he it was, with a Sunday face on in the middle of the week. This mystery was solved when they reached the cabin; for there was a gathering in honor of the first

Patrick of the new generation, who had that day, during the priest's visit in his round on the works, been first empowered to answer to his name like a Christian.

"It's this *you* were up to, is it?" shouted Patrick, bursting upon them. "I thought it wasn't entirely to make Phelim a president, and Michael a djuke, that you come over!"

Tears, shouts of laughter, frolic, pathos, poetry, and prose most unadorned, made up the delightful melange at that unexpected meeting.

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CHAPTER V.

Patrick found that his family had indeed made a happy change. There was no gainsaying that. And he himself experienced no difficulty in procuring employment; but he was far from being so well content as the others. He wrote to Norah upon his arrival at New York, and again when he had found his father and mother; and he wanted sadly to invite her to join him in America. But for the same reason that he did not return to Ireland, he dared not ask her to come over; for if he could not leave his friends how could she hers? He would have gone "home," as he persisted in calling it, but, strange to say, Ellen was not in the least humbled in her exactions by the fact of her own marriage. She loved Pat better than any body in this world, her own husband and her own child not excepted, and it was with a feeling of wrong that she heard or thought of his loving any one else, or being beloved by any.

Sad news began now to come from the old country. The O'Brien's had no letters; but others had, and the newspapers were full of the dreadful destitution and the deaths from starvation in Ireland. Now poor Patrick was worse afflicted than he had been by separation from his parents. Tidings came of starvation and death in houses the inhabitants of which he knew were wealthier far than Norah's father; and he feared and dreaded that *she* might even want for a bit of bread, while he rolled in plenty. Had he pursued his own inclination he would have posted back—but Ellen said—"Don't think of such a thing! Is it mad you are? When there's people dying there of the hunger will you go snatch the bread from their mouths? Or will you go 'home,' as you call it, and feed the three kingdoms from your own pocket?" Patrick was hurt—and he thought of the two Norah was far the better comforter.

Deep indeed was the distress that rested upon unhappy Ireland. And Patrick's fears for his friends at home were but too well founded. Sickness and

famine invaded the district in which Patrick was born; and though his old master at first was bountiful to those around him, stern necessity at last brought its admonition that he must hold his hand. There is distress that opens the heart; but when it comes to dividing your living with your neighbor, to become at last fellow in his need, the instinct of self-preservation chills charity. Nevertheless, the good farmer gave—and gave a day too long; for the time came when he could count his own scanty provision in food and in purse. Impoverished, he learned at last to suffer and to sicken. He buried his wife out of his sight, and his children sank one after another into the grave. He denied himself bread to feed his famishing family—almost rejoicing, while the dead lay unburied in his house, that with the release of child after child, the need of food and the wail of hunger diminished. And now at last Norah and himself only remained of all that happy household; and they had but to prepare their last food and die. The immense demand which had been made upon the charitable had proved too great for the supply; and men had ceased at last to think it a strange thing that people died of hunger.

Often did Norah think in her distress of him who was now far away. And heartily she rejoiced for his sake, that he had not remained to add another claimant on the public charity, to the thousands who pleaded unavailingly for it. But it was sad to think that he must one day hear that her he loved had sunk into the grave, the last of her house, for to death she firmly looked as the only hope of release from suffering.

A footstep broke the silence; but it hardly disturbed her revery. It was the kind ecclesiastic who had been present at the death of her mother and her brothers—who had seen her sister's eyes closed, and to whom she herself looked, at no distant day for the last offices of the church. His frequent visits had become part of her daily experience, but she saw now that his face wore something more than the usual calm expression. She looked up inquiringly, and he placed in her hands a letter, addressed to his care for her.

She knew the handwriting, and could scarce command firmness to break the many seals and wafers with which over caution had secured the letter. It was from Patrick, and enclosed more money than she had before seen for many weeks. "Now, God be praised," she cried, "my father shall find comfort again!"

"He has found it, daughter!" said the priest in a solemn voice from the bedside. Norah hurried there, to receive, in the last faint smile, a father's inaudible blessing.

Need we say that the good priest gave Norah sound advice: to wit, that the money which she had received were better expended in finding her way to

Patrick, than in protracting a weary existence in the place now so sad to her. Ellen's welcome was not the least hearty which Norah received; and all agree that there was a Providence in the events which guided Patrick before her to America. Norah is cherished as one of the "childher," and Mrs. O'Brien insists that her mistake at the bedside years before, was only a bit of prophecy, for her heart always yearned to Norah as one of her own. All are well pleased; and though a shade of sorrow for her kindred is habitual to the countenance of Mrs. Norah O'Brien, it adds to the sweetness of its expression, and is a better look, in its resignation, than one of discontent or of vacuity.

As to the young cousins in the neighborhood, we leave their statistics to the next census. They have proved jewels of comfort to Grandfather Patrick, who, though quite infirm, is still useful to "mind the childer;" while Mrs. O'Brien, the grandmother, labors like Sisyphus to keep little feet in hose, with no hope that her work will ever cease while her breath lasts, or her fingers can ply a needle.

A HOUSEHOLD DIRGE.

BY R. H. STODDARD.

I've lost my little May at last;
  She perished in the Spring,
When earliest flowers began to bud,
  And earliest birds to sing;
I laid her in a country grave,
  A rural, soft retreat,
A marble tablet o'er her head
  And violets at her feet!

I would that she were back again,
  In all her childish bloom;
My joy and hope have followed her,
  My heart is in her tomb;
I know that she is gone away,
  I know that she is fled,
I miss her everywhere, and yet
  I cannot make her dead!

I wake the children up at dawn,
  And say a simple prayer,
And draw them round the morning meal,
  But one is wanting there;
I see a little chair apart,
  A little pin-a-fore,
And Memory fills the vacancy,
  As Time will—nevermore!

I sit within my room, and write
  The lone and weary hours,
And miss the little maid again
  Among the window flowers;

And miss her with her toys beside
My desk in silent play,
And then I turn and look for her,
But she has flown away!

I drop my idle pen and hark,
And catch the faintest sound;
She must be playing hide-and-seek
In shady nooks around;
She'll come and climb my chair again.
And peep my shoulder o'er,
I hear a stifled laugh—but no,
She cometh nevermore!

I waited only yester night,
The evening service read,
And lingered for my idol's kiss,
Before she went to bed,
Forgetting she had gone before,
In slumbers soft and sweet,
A monument above her head,
And violets at her feet!

THE YOUNG ARTIST:

OR THE STRUGGLE FOR INDEPENDENCE.

BY T. S. ARTHUR

(*Continued from page 8.*)

CHAPTER IV.

CLARA, as has been seen, fell into a thoughtful, sober state of mind, after the interview with her husband, in which she mentioned the fact of having five thousand dollars in stocks. Something in the manner of Alfred troubled her slightly. When he came home in the evening she experienced, in meeting him, the smallest degree of embarrassment; yet sufficient for him to perceive. Like an inflamed eye to which even the light is painful, his morbid feelings were susceptible of the most delicate impressions. A mutual reserve, unpleasant to both, was the consequence. Ellison imagined that his wife had, on reflection, become satisfied of his baseness in seeking to obtain her hand in marriage because of her possession of property, and the change in his manner which this feeling produced, naturally effected a change in her. From that time their intercourse became embarrassed, and both were unhappy.

A few days after Clara had informed her husband of the fact that she possessed five thousand dollars in stocks, she brought him the certificates which she held, and placing them in his hands, said,

"You must take care of these now."

"What are they?" he asked, affecting an ignorance that did not exist, for the instant his eyes rested on the papers he understood what they were.

"Certificates of the stock about which I told you."

Ellison handed them back quickly, and with a manner that could not but wound the feelings of his wife, saying at the same time,

"Oh, no, no! I don't want them. Draw the interest yourself as you have been doing."

"I have no further need of the money," replied Clara, in a voice that had acquired a sudden huskiness. "Our interests are one you know, Alfred, and you take care of these matters now."

But, the young man, acting under a perverse and blind impulse, positively refused to keep the certificates.

"I'd rather you would draw the money as you have been doing," said he, his voice much softened and his manner changed. "It may be weakness in me, but I feel sensitive on this subject."

Ellison's evil genius seemed to have him in possession.

"On what subject?" inquired Clara, in a tone of surprise.

"On the subject of your property," replied Ellison, with a want of delicacy the very opposite of his real character.

If a cold hand had been laid upon the bosom of Clara, she could not have experienced a more sudden chill. She made no reply. Ellison perceived, in an instant, the extent of his error. Like a man struggling in the mire, every moment seemed but to plunge him deeper. A more painful reserve followed this brief but unhappy interview. Deeply did the young man regret not having taken the certificates when they were handed to him. That was his only right course. But they were presented unexpectedly, and the first suggestion which came was that the act was more compulsory than voluntary on the part of his wife.

The subject was not alluded to again, but it was scarcely for a moment out of the thoughts of either Clara or her husband. When the half-yearly interest became due, which was in the course of a week, Clara drew the money. It amounted to the sum of one hundred and fifty dollars.

"You will not refuse this, I hope?" said she smiling, as she handed him what she had received. "It is the half-yearly interest on our stock."

Alfred was a little wiser by experience.

"I have no particular use for it just now," was his reply. "Suppose you keep it and pay our board every week as long as it lasts. Twenty-four dollars will be due to-morrow."

"Very well, just as you like, Alfred. If you should want any of it, you must help yourself. You will find it in my drawer."

"I'll call on you if I should get out of pocket," was replied to this in a playful tone of voice.

Both felt relieved. But it grew out of the fact that Ellison had been able to disguise his real feelings, and this was but a false security. There was a certainty, however, about the means of paying the weekly charge for boarding, that was a great relief to the mind of Ellison, and which enabled him the better to hide his real feelings from his wife. Happily for him, the four pictures which had been talked about were ordered. He completed them in about five weeks, and received two hundred dollars, the price agreed upon. One hundred of this sum he paid to the friend who had loaned him the money to lift the obligation that was felt to be so oppressive. Fifty of what remained he placed in the hands

of Clara, playfully saying to her as he did so, that she must be his banker. The remark was timely and well expressed, and it had its effect both upon his own mind and that of his wife. But the source of trouble lay too deep to be easily removed.

Seek to disguise it as he would, Ellison could not hide from himself the fact, that he had suffered a great disappointment. Often and often, would come back upon him his old dream of the sunny clime of art and music, and he would feel the old, irrepressible longing to visit the shores of Italy. At last, it was some months after his marriage, he said to Clara, something favoring the remark —

"I don't think I shall ever be happy until I have seen the galleries of Rome and Florence."

Clara looked surprised at this remark, it was so unexpected, for no intimation of such a feeling had ever been breathed ere this by her husband.

"Why do you wish to go there?" she naturally inquired.

"To took upon the glorious old masters," replied Ellison. "I will never be any thing in my art until I have studied them."

"You think too meanly of your present attainments," said Clara. "N—— has been to Italy, but with all his study of the old masters he has not half the ability as an artist that you possess."

"It isn't in him, Clara," replied Ellison with some warmth. "He might study in the galleries of Florence forever, and not make a painter."

"There are many specimens and copies of the old masters in our city," remarked Clara, "could you not find aid from studying them?"

"No, no—or at least but little," said Ellison coldly. He had hoped that his wife would feel favorable, at least, to a visit to Italy, even though it might not at the time be practicable. But her evident opposition to the thing chilled his over-sensitive feelings.

"Ah me!" sighed the young artist to himself, when alone, "I am free in nothing!"

Other thoughts were coming into utterance, but he checked and drove them back. As for Clara, she was utterly unconscious of what was in the mind of her husband. Could she have understood his real feelings, she would have sacrificed even her natural prudence and forethought, and cheerfully proposed to sell the stock they possessed in order that they might visit Italy and spend a year or two in that classic region. But a reserve had already been created, and Ellison, in particular, kept secret more than half of what was passing in his mind, while he imagined his wife to have thoughts and feelings to which she was a total stranger. He said no more about Italy, for it was plain to him that she would oppose the measure if suggested; and, as she had brought him a few thousands, she of course had a right to object.

Fortunately for the young artist, the four pictures which he had painted gave excellent satisfaction. In fact, they were his best works. The mind, when smarting under pain, often acts with a higher vigor, while the perceptions acquire a new intensity; and this was the real secret of his better success. The pictures pleased so well that they brought him other sitters, and he was able, some time before Clara's instalment of interest was exhausted, to place more money in her hands. The fact of doing this was always a relief to his mind. It was a kind of tacit declaration of independence. From that time both his work and his ability increased, and he was able to make enough to meet, with the aid of his wife's income, the various expenses to which he was subjected, and to pay off the few obligations that were held against him. But he was not happy. No man can be who forfeits, by any act that affects the whole of his after life, his self-respect; and this Ellison had done. In spite of his better judgment, he would permit himself to see in Clara's words, looks and conduct, a rebuke of the mercenary spirit that first led him to seek her favor. Nothing of this was in her heart. But guilt makes the mind suspicious.

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CHAPTER V.

The young artist worked on with untiring assiduity—he was toiling for independence. Never, since his marriage, had he breathed the air with the freedom of former times. The reaction of his often strange manner—his days of reserve—had been felt by his wife, and the effect upon her was plainly to be seen. With a perverseness of judgment, hardly surprising under the circumstances, he attributed the change in Clara to her suspicions as to the purity of his motives in seeking an alliance. In the meantime, he had become more intimately acquainted with her relatives, none of whom he liked very well. Her oldest brother interfered a good deal in the suit which he was engaged in defending on behalf of his wife; and by much that he said, left the impression that he did not think Ellison's judgment sound enough in business matters to advise a proper course of action.

This fretted the sensitive and rather irritable young man, and, in a moment when less guarded than usual, he told him that he felt himself fully competent to manage his own affairs, and hoped that he would not, in future, have quite so much to say about things that did not concern him. The brother was passionate, and stung Ellison to the quick by a retort in which he plainly enough gave it as his opinion that before five years had gone by, his sister's property would all be blown to the winds through his mismanagement. This was little less than breaking Ellison on the wheel. He turned quickly from his

cool, sneering opponent, and never spoke to him afterward. Piqued, however, by the taunt, he proposed to Clara that they should visit the West, and remain there for as long a time as it was necessary to personally look after their interests. He could paint there as well as at the East; and might possibly do better for a time. To this Clara's only objection was the necessity that it would involve for disposing of some of their stock, in order to meet the expense of removal, and the sustaining of themselves, if Alfred should not readily obtain employment as an artist, thus lessening the amount of their certain income.

"But see how much is at stake," replied Alfred. "All may be lost for lack of a small sacrifice."

"True," said Clara, in instant acquiescence. "You are right."

But when the proposed movement of Ellison and his wife became known, her relatives had a good deal to say about it. George Deville, the oldest brother, whose feelings now led him to oppose any thing that he thought originated with Alfred, pronounced it as preposterous.

"Why don't Ellison go himself?" said he. "What does he expect to gain by dragging Clara out there?"

"You surely are not going off to Ohio on such an expedition," was his language to his sister.

"Yes," she replied to him, mildly, "I am going."

"What folly!" he exclaimed.

"George," said Clara, in a firm, dignified manner, "I must beg of you not to interfere in any way between my husband and myself. In his judgment I am now to confide, and I do it fully. We think it best to go and see personally after our own interests."

"But Clara—"

"Pardon me, George," interrupted the sister, "but I must insist on your changing the subject."

Deville became angry at this, and as he turned to go away, said something about her being beggared by her "husband's fooleries," in less than five years.

It so happened that Ellison entered at this moment, and heard the insulting remark. It was with an effort that he kept himself from flinging the brother, in a burst of unrestrained passion, from the room. But he controlled himself, and recognised him only by an angry and defiant scowl. As Deville left the room, Clara burst into tears, and placing her hands over her face, stood weeping and sobbing violently. Alfred's mind was almost mad with excitement. He did not speak to his wife at first, but commenced walking hurriedly about the room, sometimes throwing his arms over his head, and sometimes clasping his hands tightly across his forehead. But, in a little while, his thoughts went out of himself toward Clara, and he felt how deeply pained she must be by what had just occurred. This softened him. Approaching where she still stood weeping,

he took her hand and said,

"We would have been happier, had you been penniless like myself."

The tears of Clara ceased flowing almost instantly. In a few moments she raised her head, and looking seriously at her husband, asked,

"Why do you say that, Alfred?"

"No such outrage as the present could, in that case, ever have occurred."

"If George thinks proper to interfere in a matter that does not in the least concern him, we need be none the less happy in consequence. I feel his words as an insult."

"And so they are. But they do not smart on my feelings the less severely. Lose your property! He shall know better than that, ere five years have passed."

"Don't let it excite you so much, Alfred. His opinion need not disturb us."

"It has disturbed you, even to tears."

"It would not have done so, had not you happened to hear what he said. This was what hurt me. But as we have provoked no such interference as that which my brother has been pleased to make; and, as we are free to do what we think right, and competent to manage our own affairs, I do not see that we need feel very unhappy at what has occurred."

"If you have any doubts touching the propriety of doing what I suggested, let us remain where we are," said Ellison.

"I have no doubts on the subject," was Clara's quick reply. "I think that where so much property is in danger, that we ought to take all proper steps to protect our interests; and it is impossible for us to do this so well at a distance as we could if on the spot where the contest is going on. When you first proposed it, I did not see the matter so clearly as I do now."

Preparations for a temporary removal to the West were immediately commenced; and in the course of a few weeks they were ready for their departure. There was not a single one of Clara's relatives who did not disapprove the act, nor who did not exhibit his or her disapproval in the plainest manner. This, to Alfred, was exceedingly annoying, in fact, coming as it did on his already morbid and sensitive feelings, actually painful.

"They shall see," he said to himself, bitterly, "whether I squander her property! If I don't double it in five years, I'm sadly mistaken."

This was uttered without there being any clearly defined purpose in the young man's mind; but it was in itself almost the creation of a purpose. From that moment he became possessed with the idea of so using his wife's property as to make it largely reproductive. He studied over it every day, and remained awake, with no other thought in his mind, long after he had laid his head upon his pillow at night.

With five hundred dollars in cash, obtained through the sale of five shares

of stock, Ellison and his wife started for the West on the errand that we have mentioned. Clara looked for an early return, but Alfred left his native city with the belief that he would never go back there to reside; or if so, not for many years. Plans and purposes were dimly shadowing themselves forth in his mind, as yet too indistinct to assume definite forms, yet absorbing most of his thoughts. For the time all dreams of Italy faded, and in vague schemes of money-making, he forgot the glories of his art.

The place of their destination was a growing town, numbering about six thousand inhabitants. Near this lay the five hundred acres of land in dispute. On arriving, they took lodgings at a hotel, and, in due time, sent for the agent who had charge of the property. He informed them as to the state of affairs, and assured them that all was going on as safely as possible. The case had been called at the last term of court, but was put off for some reason, and would not be tried for three months to come, when they hoped to get a decision. If favorable or adverse, an appeal would be made, and a year might probably elapse before a final settlement of the questioned rights could be obtained.

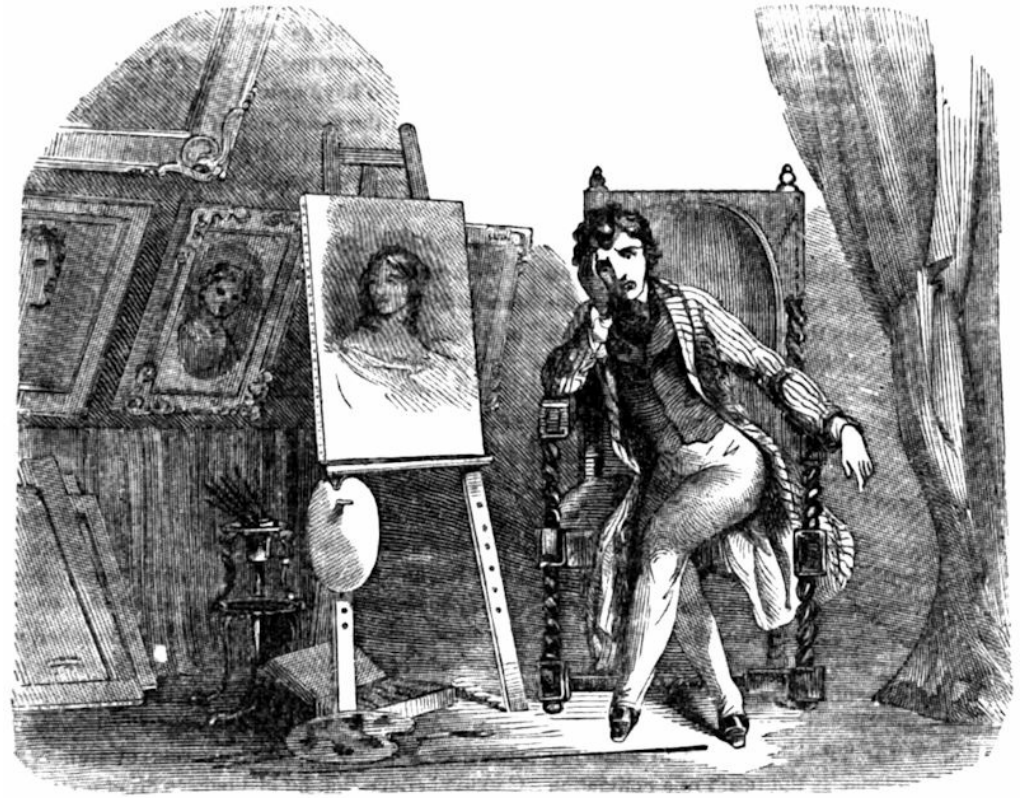
Ellison hinted at their purpose in visiting the West. The agent said, in reply, that their presence would not in the least affect the case. It would be as safely managed if they were in Europe.

“That is all easily enough said,” remarked Alfred, after he was alone with his wife; “but I am disposed to think differently. Every man ought to understand his own business, and watch its progress.”

In this view Clara fully acquiesced; and they made their arrangements to reside in the West for at least some months to come. In the course of a week or two Ellison announced himself as an artist from the East, whose intention it was to pass a short time in D——. He arranged a studio, and made all needful preparation for sitters; but, during the first two months of his residence there, not an individual came forward to be painted. Expenses were going on at the rate of about fifteen dollars a week, with a good prospect of their being increased ere long. This was rather discouraging, and it may be supposed that the young artist was in no way comfortable under the circumstances. By this time he had become so well acquainted with the state of the case pending, as to be pretty well satisfied that his presence would be of no great utility in securing a favorable termination of the affair. If he had come to the West alone, a week’s personal examination of the position of things would have enabled him to see their entire bearing, and to understand that his presence was in no way necessary.

This conviction, to which the mind of Ellison came reluctantly, did not by any means help him to a better state of feeling. He had closed his studio at the East, just as he was beginning to get sitters enough to secure a pretty fair income, and was in a strange place, where people were yet too busy in

subduing nature's ruder features to think much of the arts. He was the only painter in town; yet he did not receive an order. Occasionally one and another called at his rooms, looked at his pictures, asked his prices, and talked about having some portraits taken. But it never went beyond this.



Steadily the sum of money they had brought with them diminished, and nothing came in to supply the waste. To go back again was, to one of Ellison's temperament, next to impossible; and even if he returned, he felt now no certainty of being able to do so well as when he left. His unhappiness, which he could not conceal, troubled Clara, who understood its ground. He was talking, one day, in a desponding mood, of his doubtful prospects, when Clara said to him,

"There is no need, Alfred, of your feeling so troubled. We have enough to live on, certain, for the next four or five years, even if you do not paint a portrait; to say nothing of the property in dispute, which will, without doubt, come, with a clear title, into our possession before a very long time."

"All very true," replied Alfred. "But that consideration doesn't help me any. I cannot see your property wasting away without feeling unhappy. It is for

me to increase it; whereas, now, I am the cause of its diminution."

"Alfred, why will you talk thus?" said Clara, in a distressed tone of voice. "Why will you always talk of my property? When I gave you myself, did not all I possessed become as much yours as mine?"

Alfred sat silent.

"We need not remain here," resumed Clara, "any longer than it will be useful."

"I cannot go back to Philadelphia," said Alfred, quickly. "At least not until the business upon which we came has reached a favorable termination."

Clara did not ask why he said this; for she comprehended clearly his feelings.

"We needn't return there," she replied. She said this, notwithstanding her own desire to go back was very strong. "In Cincinnati, artists are encouraged. We can go there."

"Yes, or to one of the cities lower down the river. Any thing rather than return to the East with your property lessened a single dollar."

"It is wrong for you to feel so, Alfred—very wrong," said Clara. "We ought always to let a conviction of having acted from right motives sustain us in every position in life. Here, and only here, is the true mental balance."

Alas for Ellison! the lack of this very conviction was at the groundwork of his inquietude. The property that now caused him so much trouble was the first thing that drew him toward his wife; and all the alloy that had mixed itself with his happiness came from this source. Had she not been the possessor of a dollar, and had he been drawn toward her for her virtues alone, their minds would have flowed together as one, and, in the most perfect union, they would have met and overcome whatever difficulties presented themselves. But all was embarrassment now, rendered more oppressive through the morbid pride of the young man, who felt every moment as if a window were about to open in his breast, so that his wife could see the baseness of which he had been guilty. This very effort at concealment but awakened a suspicion of what was there.

The conversation continued, Alfred getting in no better state of mind, until Clara became so hurt, or rather distressed, by many things said by her husband, that she could not control her feelings and gave vent to them in tears. Thus, as week after week went by, the causes of unhappiness rather increased than diminished.

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CHAPTER VI.

Ellison had been in D—— three months, and was about leaving for Cincinnati, when his lawyer called on him, and stated that he was authorized by the opposing counsel to say, that the plaintiffs in the case were willing to withdraw their suit if one hundred acres of the land in question were relinquished.

"At the same time," remarked the lawyer, in giving this information, "it is but right for me to state my belief that the offer comes as the result of a conviction that the claim urged for the ownership of the property has no chance of a favorable termination."

"Yet the suit may be continued for two or three years," said Ellison.

"Yes, and they can put you to a great deal of trouble and expense."

"And there is at least a doubt resting on the issue."

"There is upon all legal issues."

"Then I think we had better accept the compromise."

"You must decide that for yourself," said the lawyer.

"How long will the question be open?"

"For some days, I presume."

"Very well. I will see you about it to-morrow, or at latest on the day after."

Clara, on being informed of the new aspect the case had assumed, fully agreed with her husband that the offer of a settlement had better be met affirmatively; and this being done, the suit was withdrawn, and they were left in the peaceable possession of some four hundred acres of excellent land. The costs were nearly two hundred dollars. This made it necessary to part with more of their stock, which was effected through their agent at the East. Five more shares were sold.

The termination of this suit wrought an entire change in the views and purposes of Ellison. A residence in the West of three months had brought him in contact with people of various characters and pursuits, all eagerly bent on money-making. Towns were springing up as if by magic, and men not worth a dollar to-day were counting their thousands to-morrow. The spirit of enterprise was all around him; and it was hardly possible for him to remain unaffected by what was in the very atmosphere that he was breathing.

"Let me congratulate you on the happy termination of your suit," said an individual with whom Ellison had some acquaintance, a day or two after all was settled. "You have now as handsome a tract of land as there is in the state; and if you manage it aright, will make out of it an independent fortune."

This language sounded very pleasant in the ears of Ellison.

"You know the tract?" said he.

“Oh yes! Like a book. I’ve traveled over every foot of it. There is a hundred thousand dollars worth of timber on it.”

“Not so much as that.”

“There is, every dollar of it. Not as fire-wood, of course.”

“In lumber, you mean.”

“Exactly.”

The man’s name was Claxton. He had come to D——, about a year previously, with some six thousand dollars in cash, and as full of enterprize and money-loving ambition as a man could well be. The town was growing fast, and the supply of lumber, which a saw-mill of very limited capacity was turning out, so poorly met the demand, that prices ranged exceedingly high. A large landholder, whose interests were seriously affected by this high rate of lumber, made Claxton believe that he had only to erect a steam saw-mill, capable of turning out, per day, a certain number of feet of boards and scantling, and his fortune was made. Without stopping to investigate the matter beyond a certain point, and taking nearly all the statements made by the individual we have named for granted, Claxton ordered a steam-engine from Pittsburg, rented a lot of ground on the bank of the river, and forthwith commenced the erection of his mill. As soon as the citizens of D—— understood what he was about, there were enough of them to pronounce his scheme a foolish one, in which he would inevitably lose his money. But he had made all the calculations—had anticipated, like a wise man, all the difficulties; and knew, or thought he knew, exactly what he was about. It was nearly a year before he had his mill ready. By this time he was not only out of funds, but out of confidence in his scheme for making a fortune. In attempting to put his mill in operation, some of the machinery gave way, and the same result happened at the next trial. Thus expense was added to expense, and delay to delay. In the mean time, the owner of the other mill had been spurred on by the approaching competition, to increase its capacity, and was turning out lumber so fast as to cause a reduction in the price.

So soon as Claxton became aware of the fact that Ellison’s suit had come to a favorable termination, he conceived the idea of getting off upon the young artist his bad bargain with as little loss to himself as possible, and he had this purpose in his mind when he congratulated him so warmly on his release from the perplexity and uncertainty of the law.

“Trees standing in the forest, and lumber piled up ready for use in building,” said Ellison, in reply to Claxton’s suggestion, “are very different things.”

“Any man knows that. But, in the conversion of the trees into lumber, lies the means of wealth. There is not an acre of your land that will not yield sufficient lumber to bring three hundred dollars in the market.”

“Are you certain of that?” inquired Ellison.

“I know it. The tract is very heavily timbered.”

“Three hundred dollars to the acre,” said Ellison, musing; “four hundred acres—three times four are twelve. That would make the lumber on the whole four hundred acres worth over a hundred thousand dollars!”

“I know it would. And you may rest assured that the estimate is not high. I only wish I had your chances for a splendid fortune.”

“How is this lumber to be made available?” asked Ellison.

“Cut and manufacture it yourself. You’ll find that a vast deal more profitable than painting pictures. You can see that this is one of the best situated towns in the West. The supply of lumber has always been inadequate for building purposes, and, in consequence, its prosperity has been retarded. Reduce the price by a full supply, and houses will go up as by magic, and the value of property rise in all directions. At present, you could not get over fifteen dollars an acre for your land if you were to throw it into market. But go to work and clear it gradually, sawing up the timber into building materials, and, in ten years, such will be the prosperity of the place, growing out of the very fact of a full supply of cheap lumber, that every acre will command fifty dollars.”

The mind of the young man caught eagerly at this suggestion. He held long interviews with Claxton, who made estimates of various kinds for him, and gave him mathematics for every thing. They rode out to the land together, and there it was demonstrated, to a certainty, that at least seven hundred dollars worth of timber, instead of three hundred, could be obtained from every acre. Ellison saw himself worth his hundred thousand dollars, and as happy as such a realization of his hopes could make him. He went with Claxton to his mill, where the operation of every thing was fully explained to his most perfect satisfaction. Even in this enterprise a fortune was to be made, notwithstanding Claxton had no land of his own heavily timbered, and would have to pay at least two dollars for every log brought to his mill, which stood on the river bank. This site had been chosen because of the facilities it afforded for getting the raw material which could be floated down from above.

Of all this the young man talked constantly to his wife, and with a degree of confidence and enthusiasm that half won her cooler and less sanguine mind over to his views. She did not, however, like Claxton. Her woman’s true instinct perceived the quality of his mind; and she therefore had little confidence in him. In suggesting this, her husband’s reply was,

“I don’t take any thing on his recommendation. I look at facts and figures, and they cannot lie.”

There was something unanswerable in this; yet it did not satisfy the mind of Clara.

When Ellison talked to others of what was in his mind, some listened to what he said in silence; some shrugged their shoulders, and some said it wouldn't do. He had been forewarned of this skepticism by Claxton, and was therefore prepared for it. He well understood that the people lacked true, far-seeing enterprise; were, in fact, half asleep! All objections, therefore, that were urged, rebounded from his mind without producing any rational impression.

He had already picked out a spot for the location of his mill, and was obtaining estimates for its construction, when Claxton called on him one day, with a letter in his hand, which he said he had just received from Cincinnati. It was from a brother who was engaged in the river trading business, and who owned three large steamboats. He had already made a fortune. But ill health had come upon him, and he found it necessary to retire in part from the active duties which had absorbed his attention for years. To his brother he offered most tempting inducements to give up his saw-mill scheme, unite with him, and take the active control of every thing. "If," said the letter, "you have any difficulty in finding a person in your stupid place with enterprise enough to take your mill off of your hands, I know a man here who will relieve you; but he will want time on nearly the whole amount of the purchase. He is perfectly safe, however, possessing a large amount of property."

Of course, Mr. Claxton, having taken a particular fancy to Ellison, and being anxious to put him fairly in the road to fortune, offered him the mill at cost; and Ellison, without asking the advice of any one—being fully impressed with the belief that he knew his own business, and had sense enough to understand a plain proposition when presented, immediately closed with the offer. The price asked was exactly cost, and to determine what this was, the bills for every thing were exhibited and taken as the basis of valuation. According to these the mill had cost six thousand dollars. And for this sum, Claxton generously consented to sell the entire concern, with all prospective benefits, to his young friend. The amount of cash to be paid down was three thousand dollars, and for the balance, notes of six, nine, and twelve months were to be given, secured by mortgage on the four hundred acres of land.

When matters assumed this aspect, Clara, who, strangely enough to the mind of Alfred, appeared to like Claxton less and less every day, suggested many doubts, and proposed that the matter should be submitted to three old residents of the place, and their advice taken as conclusive. But Alfred objected to this. They were plodders, he said, in an old beaten track, where, like horses in a mill, they had gone round and round until they were blind. They would, of course, suggest a thousand doubts and difficulties, all of which he had already solved. There was no aspect of the case in which he had not viewed it, and he understood all the bearings better than any one else.

"He is a poor sort of a man who cannot lay his course in life, and steer

safely by force of his own intelligence," said the young man, proudly.

Clara, however, was not satisfied; but having had some experience in regard to her husband's sensitiveness when any question touching their property came up, she was afraid to say a great deal in opposition to a purpose that was so fully formed as to admit of no check without painful disturbance. So she permitted him to take his own way, neither approving nor objecting.

Alfred understood, however, from his wife's manner, that she had little confidence in the new business upon which he was about entering.

"Happily, I will disappoint her fears," was his consoling and strengthening reflection. "When her little property has swelled in value to fifty or sixty thousand dollars, how different will be her feelings! She will then understand the character of her husband better—will know that he is no common man."

With a presentiment of coming trouble, Clara saw their stock sold, and three thousand dollars paid over to Claxton; but she appeared to acquiesce in the transaction so entirely, that Alfred was deceived as to her real feelings.

[*To be continued.*

THE PRIZE SECURED.
Engraved expressly for Graham’s Magazine

THE PIRATE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

TWELVE hours along the glowing strand
The sunlight, like a flame, hath lain;
The surf is swelling on the sand,
And day is on the wane;
And, like a shadow on the shore,
The pallid plover winnows by,
And, like a ghost's, the heron's cry
Rises above the breakers' roar.
And eddies down the sky.

Who saw her gliding from the stocks
Would know my gallant brigantine?
The granite teeth of rugged rocks
Have torn my ocean queen:
A royal ransom under deck,
The slave of every wave, she lies
Never, ah, nevermore to rise,
A helpless hulk—a crumbling wreck —
Before my dying eyes.

Alone! alone! alas! alone!
Not one of those who swayed the wave
Survives, to hear my dying moan,
Or give his chief a grave.
No, no, not one; alone I tread
These desolate, desert sands—alone,
Where, in the moon, as they were thrown,
My merry men lie, cold and dead
And motionless as stone.

Night after night, along the sea,

In maiden modesty of mien,
Glides, gazing mournfully on me,
My gentle Geraldine.
Her glances pierce my penitent heart,
As like a statued saint she stands —
A seraph from those unknown lands
To which my soul must soon depart,
Freed from its fleshy bands.

Sweet Geraldine! her beauty fell
On sense and soul, like light from heaven;
My heart looked up, like Dives from hell,
And prayed to be forgiven;
Love swam within her lustrous eyes,
Played in her shadowy hair.
Moved in her more than queenly air,
And floated on her silver sighs —
To drown me with despair.

O, woful day! O, woful hour!
That told me that my hopes were vain;
I felt, that second, centuries
Of agonizing pain!
Hope, tremulous with feverous fears,
Unclasped her wings, and fled;
I stood, like one whose dearest dead
Lies on the trestles—steeped in tears —
Heaven's judgment on my head.

Why did she hate me! Wherefore blight
My penitent heart with piercing scorn?
My better angel took her flight
Despairing and forlorn:
The Fiend, who stood exulting by,
Reclaimed his trembling slave;
God saw, but would not stoop to save
The struggling wretch who dared defy
His laws, on land and wave.

O, Geraldine, I see thee fly,
Despairing, from my accursed hands:

“Better my bones should bleach,” thy cry,
“On savagest of strands
Than that my fatal charms should cause
My never—never-dying shame;
Better, O, villain, virtuous fame
With death, than life, when human laws,
And God’s, accuse my name!”

I see again thy mute, white face,
Thy pallid cheeks and bloodless lips,
Thine eyes, that shone like stars in space,
Rayless with shame’s eclipse —
As flying, ghost-like, through the night,
Fearing death less than me,
Thy heart went out beneath the sea:
An angel soul that night took flight,
A martyr ceased to be!

I walked in blood, I swam in wine,
Until my desperate, daring crew
Trembled at guilt so great as mine:
The unbelieving Jew
Who smote his God was white as snow
To that which I became;
So black was I, so steeped in shame,
The very fiends, who writhed below,
Howled when they heard my name.

Nature gave way: when I awoke
The sky was black, the sea was white;
Day, that long since had dimly broke,
Was little more than night;
And madly struggling with the waves
Careered my gallant craft;
My crew were pale, I only laughed,
And coarsely cursed the drunken knaves
Who, full of wine, still quaffed.

Night came; my men lay sunk in sleep;
I only trod the silent deck:
God’s anger walked the boisterous deep,

But little did I reck;
When in the storm, before my eyes,
My memory's virgin queen,
The dead, the sainted Geraldine,
Stood calmly pointing to the skies,
Madonna-like in mien.

I waved her from me, and she waned;
I saw not, know not, how, or where;
A single pitying look she deigned,
Then, vanished into air.
Then came a sudden shock and crash:
In frantic haste I clasped
A fragment of a shattered mast;
I saw the boiling breakers flash,
And sense and memory passed.

When I revived, the noon-day sun
Lay swooning on the sultry sand:
I was the only human one
That ever touched the strand.
The very birds that sported round
Screamed when they neared the shore;
The trackless sands were gray and hoar;
Nor shrub, nor grass relieved the ground,
Which nothing living bore.

We were alone—I and my soul —
A timid, trembling, guilty pair,
Already near our earthly goal,
And livid with despair:
Six weary days, six sleepless nights,
We walked the painful Past:
Our crimes, like ghosts, arose and cast
Their glances on us: ah, what sights
And scenes were in that Past!

But when the moon lies on the sea,
The seraph soul of Geraldine
Night after night comes down to me,
Walking its waves of green.

Hunger and thirst like phantoms seem
Before her pitying eyes,
As pointing always to the skies,
She wanes and vanishes like a dream —
She and her pitying eyes.

I feel that I shall die to-night;
Death seems already at my heart;
My soul has plumed its wings for flight,
And struggles to depart.
I only wait for Geraldine
To take me by the hand
And lead me to that blesséd band,
Whose forms in visions I have seen,
Walking the Better Land.

SONNETS.—AT TWILIGHT.

BY CHARLES R. CLARKE.

I.

THE day-god lingers in the waking west,
And as I gaze upon his burning brow
My truant, willful thoughts abide no rest,
But wander forth in search of those who now,
Like me, engage perchance an idle hour
In still more idle speculation, whence,
(E'en as the case may be,) yon orb of power
Steals, begs, or borrows his magnificence: —
And as he slowly wades beyond our sight,
Methinks I hear him likened to a king,
On rosy couch retiring for the night,
Till morning stars, mild chanticleers, shall sing:
O cruel thought! to bid him sleep in state
While half the world still for their coffee wait.

II.

Yet these are pointless thoughts, the hour, the place,
Command my muse to plume her wayward wing
For some bold flight—o'er realms that bear no trace
Of other footsteps—be it mine to sing
Of that more blissful twilight of *the soul* —
Which poets say, steals over it in dreams,
When Want and Care resign their base control,
And tired Sense reclines 'neath Fancy's beams.
O! years agone I loved a maiden fair,
My hopes were high and my joys Elysian:
Oft as I gazed upon her beauty rare,

Low my Fancy whispered *’tis a vision*!
And now I turn and wish that o’er my soul
Such fair and pleasant twilights oftener stole.

Painted by Bonington Engraved by F. Humphrys

THE LAY OF LOVE.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

LOVE'S INFLUENCE.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

> Thus not all love, nor every mode of love is beautiful or worthy of commendation, but that alone which excites us to love worthily. If any one seeks the friendship of another, believing him to be virtuous, for the sake of becoming better through such intercourse and affection, and is deceived, his friend turning out to be worthless, and far from the possession of virtue; yet it is honorable to have been so deceived. For such an one seems to have submitted to a kind of servitude because he would endure any thing for the sake of becoming more virtuous and wise: a disposition of mind eminently beautiful. So much, although unpremeditated, is what I have to deliver on the subject of Love, O Phædrus.
> *Shelley's Translation of the Symposium of Plato.*

In looking back upon my school-girl friendships, I always select Meta Hallowell as the most interesting, and the most satisfactory to dwell upon. The influences of friendship, love, society and time, have made the most beautiful developments in her character. She was a merry, light-hearted creature; but was more remarkable at school for an affectionate disposition, and a refined and delicate taste, than for any quick perception of intellect, or even proper application. She was a butterfly, flying from one thing to another in her studies, just as the interest of the moment led her; acting as if all the duties of life were merely for amusement. I used to look at her and wonder silently how she would ever be able to endure any trouble that might come upon her in the future; she seemed so volatile, so delicate, so totally unfitted to come in contact with the thousand and one struggles and trials that spring up in every one's life-path. "Surely," I would say to myself, "trouble would overwhelm such a frail spirit, or harden it, and deprive it of its refined beauty." But I have always been the very worst person in the world to judge of character; and I never could prophesy in that knowing manner, that so many wise ones do, on the effects that certain influences or circumstances would produce on different natures. Nor has experience done me any good. I am no better judge now, and although events have taken place in my own life and in my own circle that would have enlightened most persons, I am no brighter, no quicker; and I make just as many blunders as I did when I played with dreamy philosophy and the study of character at seventeen.

But I commenced with Meta Hallowell not with myself. Meta was

beautiful in person as well as in spirit. She had a graceful, willowy figure, delicately developed; a sparkling, yes, a brilliant face, with eyes that were flashing or melting, just as she felt gay or sentimental; and a finely-shaped mouth, whose lips trembled with every shade of feeling, and around it hung the expression of intuitive refinement and delicacy that always hovers around the mouth if there be any refinement in a person's nature. Then her laugh was the most musical thing in the world, and her voice the sweetest of all voices. This sounds enthusiastic, but Meta Hallowell was and is a subject worthy of enthusiasm. She has never worn out; she is better, lovelier and purer than when I first loved her in my school-days.

We left school at the same time, but our positions were very different in the world. She belonged to a gay family, and was immediately plunged into the whirl of fashionable life, while I led a very quiet, sober existence, which was well suited to my shy nature, but formed a strong contrast to pretty Meta's sphere of action. One might have supposed our intercourse would have been broken off; on the contrary, we remained as intimate, as when we studied the same lessons, and sat at the same desk. True, a great deal of the visiting had to depend upon Meta, as home duties necessarily kept me from her; and she seldom passed a day without peeping in upon my "little nest," as she called our cozy library; and once in a while she would enliven an evening by drinking tea with us; thus she kept me "booked up" in all the gossip and doings of the fashionable world.

She had no parents; her sister, two years her senior, and a widowed aunt, were her only near relatives. Meta and her sister were in comfortable circumstances—they had a nice little fortune apiece, which, of course, the world magnified. Their aunt had, however, quite a large life income, which, united with their own, made a very handsome appearance. Mrs. Hunsdon, the aunt, was a silly *one-ideaed* woman. To be fashionable, was the sole aim of her existence. She had no children, and turned all her attention to the establishment in life of her nieces. She had not cleverness, nor independence enough to be a leader in the gay world, but was always found fastened on to some *distingué* person, whose shadow she made herself—going and coming, living and breathing as near like her model as possible; poor soul! how much labor she endured for her position in society. Her eldest niece was her exact counterpart; and at the time of Meta's *entrée*, Miss Hallowell had secured an excellent offer from a most unexceptionable person, according to their ideas of such things; and the preparations for the approaching wedding were carried on in a grand manner. The whole town rang with Miss Hallowell's magnificent wardrobe; the beautiful gifts presented by her husband elect; and I heard no less than a dozen different accounts of what was to be her wedding-dress; each account professing to come from Miss W., the fashionable dress-maker and *modiste* of

the day.

One morning Meta came dancing into the library where I had snugly seated myself for a quiet hour's study, after having settled for the day, the affairs of my little domestic kingdom.

"Ah; this is a treat," she exclaimed, "here is true comfort;" and taking possession of her favorite lounge, she gave me a half-laughing, half-serious account of the bustle and preparatory arrangements for the approaching wedding. "How stupid is all this ceremony, Enna, dear," she continued, "aunt fusses about, and Therese looks as grand as a queen. Then Mr. Folwell is so wearying; how Tettie can fancy him is a wonder to me. I have never heard him call her 'dear Therese' yet; it is always 'Miss Hallowell'—such dignity chills me. When I marry, there shall be no grandeur about the affair. I want quiet, home love. My husband shall call me 'Meta, darling,' varying it once in a while with 'angel bird,' and all sorts of sweet expletives; he shall love me dearly, put me in a nice little home like this—just such a library; here he shall study and write, and I'll sit beside him, sew and sing, and look at him, and bless heaven for making me so happy."

"Why, Meta, your aunt and sister would lift their hands in horror," I said, laughingly. "But where are you going to find such a nice lover—will Mr. Lawson be all this?"

A look of vexation overspread Meta's pretty face as she replied, "Oh no, not Mr. Lawson. I know aunt would be delighted with him, but he is almost as stupid as the rest of them."

"Mr. Lawson stupid!" I exclaimed. "Meta, where is your taste? He is quiet and calm, I admit, but not stupid. You naughty girl, not to love him; he is just the husband for you, madcap. To be sure he might not indulge in so many affectionate expletives, as you say your husband must, but he would watch over your happiness tenderly."

"Better marry him yourself, Enna, since you think him so agreeable," said Meta, a little quickly; then springing toward me, she threw her arms around me exclaiming, "I have just such a lover as I have pictured, pet one; and I depend on your assistance in my love affair."

Now, young as I was, I was a perfect model of propriety—the idea of being an assistant in a "love affair," frightened me out of my wits; for I was in truth, a "born old maid," as my old nurse, Katy, used to call me.

"Me assist you?" I asked. "How can that be possible; I—who never go out any where, never see any one?"

"For that very reason," replied Meta, laughing heartily at my fright and astonishment, "you are just the very one; and that is why I have selected you. This paragon lover of mine dislikes ceremony as much as I do. He is perfectly unexceptionable; when I tell you his name, you will admit that he is. If he had

addressed Tettie, I know she would have had him—that is, if the rich Mr. Folwell had not come in the way; but, thank Heaven, he did not want Tettie!"

"Then why do you need any assistance, Meta?" I asked, in a perplexed tone.

"Because we wish to have our courtship perfectly unsuspected," she answered. "Charles Morris—there, you see I have made no bad selection—Charles is a little embarrassed just now; some unfortunate speculations and business matters entangle him. Our engagement may last a year, and I never could endure hearing Aunt Margaret announce with such self-complacency, that her niece, Miss Meta Hallowell, was engaged, actually engaged, here, at the commencement of her first season. If we were to be married now, within a month or so, I would endeavor to bear it, but to bear it at every dinner-party, every morning visit, and every *soirée*, would surely kill me, and put an end to all Charles's prospects of future happiness. Our plan is this, to keep perfectly quiet until his affairs are *en traine*, then announce our intention of marriage to Tettie and Aunt Margaret, just immediately before the ceremony, and thus avoid all talk and interference. But poor Charles says he cannot exist without seeing me once in a while as a lover, so with your permission we will chance to meet here now and then. I know he has a calling acquaintance with you—there lies his card uppermost on your card-basket."

"Yes," I replied. "He called yesterday. I did not know his call was intended to prepare the way for such a momentous affair as this."

"But you will help me, Enna, pet, will you not?" said Meta, coaxingly. "There is no impropriety in it, prude"—and I consented. It was wrong, I know; mysteries and concealments rarely turn out well, and are always injudicious; but I was very young, entirely my own mistress, for my dear old father and Aunt Mary fancied I had the judgment of a woman of forty; and, moreover, I could not refuse any thing to dear Meta. I had not liked Mr. Morris heretofore; true, he was, as Meta had said, "perfectly unexceptionable," being a young merchant of good standing in society, and having the reputation of some wealth. I knew very well that there was no fear of Mrs. Hunsdon objecting to him; but to me he had always seemed too bland, too artificial; he never, by any chance forgot himself; then I had heard a gossiping story about him, although I did not respect the source from whence it had proceeded, still it had prejudiced me against him. I had been told by a scandal-loving connection of ours, that Mr. Morris, a year before, had addressed a Miss Wilson, and would have eloped with her had not her friends interposed. This Miss Wilson was an ugly, red-haired heiress, with little brains, excessive vulgarity, but an immense estate. She was entirely out of the set of his associates, and if he had addressed her, it had been from mercenary motives. But now that I heard Meta's account of her engagement with him, I dismissed Kate Holton's story from my mind as

a contemptible gossiping falsehood, which I should have been ashamed of listening to, and endeavored to find him as agreeable and good as dear Meta said he was.

During the ensuing winter, Meta and Mr. Morris met repeatedly at our house. We rarely received company in the evenings, therefore, they were always sure of being undisturbed. It was my father's custom to retire early, and my good Aunt Mary is by nature unsuspicious and innocent as a child. She and I would sit in the library, sewing and knitting, listening to Meta's merry talk; then, after Mr. Morris would join the circle, I generally proposed music, which made an excuse for Meta and her lover to go into the drawing-room, which opened on my library. Meta was a good musician, she played very finely, and had a beautiful voice. I used to declare the music sounded better from the library; so by this little piece of management on my part, the lovers were left together. After a few pieces, the music ceased, and for an hour or more their low, murmuring conversation would come soothingly on my ear like the sound of sweet melody. I used to smile as I would look around me. We would have made a pretty picture if that sweet music of loving voices could have been made visible on the canvas. I was the only observing, conscious one of the circle, for dear Aunt Mary was as unconscious as Zoe and Flirt, the little hound and pet kitten that napped comfortably on either side of the library fire. My aunt in her large easy-chair and reading-stand before her, while her knitting-needles fairly flew, would be completely absorbed in some work of fiction, her greatest delight, never dreaming that a real love-story was progressing under her eyes. She has always been an inveterate novel reader, this same Aunt Mary; but I must say for her, that this taste, so pernicious to many, preventing them from performing their daily duties with interest, making real life tame for them, has had no bad effect upon her—a more industrious, excellent woman never breathed; and it has often amused me that, although she dotes upon love-stories on paper, and can follow patiently and unwearyingly the written account of the most intricate romance, love in real life possesses but little interest for her. She breathes a different atmosphere while reading—seems in another state of existence, which completely vanishes so soon as the book is laid aside; and she takes up life and life's duties in the most matter-of-fact, conscientious manner imaginable. I often wonder what she does with all the love stories she reads, for she never makes use of them in every day affairs; and even when a real little bit of romance which has taken place in actual life is pointed out to her, she is entirely wanting in sympathetic appreciation, regarding it as quite absurd.

The winter passed quickly on. The only event of moment that occurred was Meta's rejection of Mr. Lawson. How Mrs. Hunsdon stormed, and the haughty Mrs. Folwell lectured, and I could not help regretting it myself—Mr. Lawson

was so gentlemanly, so good. I knew it would have been far better for Meta to have loved him; his influence over her impressible nature would have been so beneficial; and when by chance once or twice I met him in company with Meta, and noticed his serious, grieved countenance, my conscience felt smitten, and in sadness I would compare him with Charles Morris, the comparison being any thing but flattering to the latter.

The spring opened upon my pair of lovers, who were still as adoring as ever. One thing I do remember as strange, and at the time it annoyed me, although I felt at the time as we do in dreams, not able to express or even realize the actual annoyance. Although Mr. Morris knew, could not help knowing, that I was fully aware of his engagement with Meta, he never once spoke openly about it to me, never hinted at it; and two or three times, when other unavoidable engagements prevented Meta from joining him at the appointed time, and on his coming in the evening, I would hand him Meta's note of excuse, containing a love *poulet* for him, he would read it without remark, and, to my surprise, stay the accustomed time, entertaining Aunt Mary and myself as if he had come for that purpose. That clever authoress, Mrs. Grey, makes one of her heroines express an opinion, that certainly does apply to such men us Charles Morris. She says, "I have the highest opinion of men's honor amongst themselves, but you may depend upon it, there is very little in the case where we women, with our interests and affections are concerned."

The traveling season came on; and Mr. Morris promised to meet Meta at the fashionable watering-place she was going to with her aunt and Mrs. Folwell; but the season passed without his doing so—business, he said, had prevented him; and when Meta returned in the fall, she looked pale, dispirited and unhappy.

"I could not hear from Charles," she said, "without exciting suspicion. Had you been in town, Enna, he would have written through you; but as it was, I had to pass the weary season without any intelligence from him. Nine unhappy weeks have they been, and truly, I think, even the horror I used to have of Aunt Margaret's fuss and bustle over my engagement, has almost vanished. I think I could bear with it better than this misery of silence and separation."

They met again—but after the interview Meta seemed still tearful and nervous. It was evident she wearied of the concealment, but her lover did not.

"I have acted very foolishly," she said to me one evening, when, instead of meeting Mr. Morris at our house, he had sent her a note of apology filled with excuses for his unavoidable business engagements, "I entered into this secret engagement so thoughtlessly—and Heaven only knows when or where it is to end."

We were alone. Aunt Mary, not being very well, had retired immediately after tea. Meta threw herself on the lounge, and drawing me to her, rested her

head on my shoulder, and sobbed like a child. I caressed her silently, and my tears mingled with hers. Frank and open, Meta could not have a thought or shade of feeling without disclosing it to me. Her concealment of her engagement from her family, had arisen from delicacy, shyness, and the strong dash of romance in her character; then the artificial natures of her aunt and sister prevented all confidence with them, but with those she loved and depended on, she was as confiding and candid as an innocent child.

"Charles says I have grown suspicious and fretful," she at last said, as her sobs became more quieted. "I know I am altered; our separation in the summer was so very painful to me as to make me restless in temper. I confess I am tired of concealment, and when I told him so, the other evening, I was mortified by the cold manner with which he received it. He said it had been my own proposition, that some time would necessarily elapse before we could be married, and that the same objections existed as at first to an open announcement of our engagement. I felt wounded to the quick, and when I passionately accused him of no longer loving me, he very coolly left me to become more reasonable, as he said, and came here into the library and talked to you and your aunt. I have not seen him since; no engagement should have kept him from me; he knows how wretchedly I must feel, even though I may be unreasonable, and cherish groundless suspicions; and yet his note this evening is so calm and unmoved."

I soothed and encouraged her in the best way I could, but I thought within myself it was a cloudy affair. Again and again they met, but their meetings failed to produce happiness for Meta. He was cold—she suspicious.

"He never alludes to a past misunderstanding," she said, one evening to me after he had left, for he no longer staid the whole evening as formerly, nor did he come so often. "When he knows we have parted miserably, and we meet again, instead of soothing and assuring me, he commences talking on some indifferent subject, as if nothing had occurred. If he has changed, why not candidly avow it? So I told him this evening, and he told me my absurd jealousy made me both selfish and unkind. Oh, Enna! I am miserable, this state of affairs cannot last much longer, it will kill me. Do tell me, Enna, am I unjust in my accusations—is not Charles altered?"

I scarcely knew what to say, and by soothings and caressings evaded a direct answer. Altered he surely was; he no longer showed any particular desire to meet her; sometimes a week and more would pass without his coming; while poor Meta rarely omitted an evening. Every night her pale, sad face rested on my shoulder, starting nervously at every noise, and then, when the carriage would come for her at ten o'clock, she would kiss me good-night with trembling lips, and disappointment in her heart; and for an hour after, I would rest my head on my pillow, her glazed and heavy eyes and wretched

countenance would come up before me like a spectre.

A few mornings after this last conversation I received a visit from the Mrs. Holton who had first told me of the gossip about Mr. Morris and Miss Wilson. She had been absent from town several months, and came in upon us unexpectedly, just as we were arising from a late breakfast. I had not even read the morning paper, which I had in my hand as she entered.

"Ah! I suppose, then, you have heard the news," she said.

"Why we rarely hear news, Kate, excepting from you," replied Aunt Mary.

Mrs. Holton laughed, but was evidently too much interested in her new piece of gossip to notice Aunt Mary's sarcasm. She turned to me with a malicious expression of countenance, and said, "Notwithstanding it interests you so particularly, Enna, you bear it very properly, I must confess."

I stared, as I well might, for I could not understand a word of what she was saying.

"What is it you mean, Catharine?" said my aunt, a little decidedly. Mrs. Holton stood a little in awe of Aunt Mary, and said quickly, "Oh, I mean nothing, to be sure; I did not believe the report about Enna when I heard of it this morning, notwithstanding even Mrs. Wilson herself told me Betty had been outrageously jealous of her."

"Mrs. Wilson!—Betty!—jealous of Enna!—what are you talking about, Catharine Holton?" exclaimed Aunt Mary, really angry, "truly that unruly member of yours does make you take strange liberties."

"I only say what every one else says," said Mrs. Holton, in a piqued tone, "that Mr. Morris's attentions to Enna, have been the means of his obtaining a rich wife. That newspaper will tell you, if you choose to look at it, that yesterday he eloped with Betty Wilson. The whole affair has been managed admirably; her mother never dreamed of such a thing until the bird had flown. I went to see Mrs. Wilson this morning, as soon as I read it in the paper, and she was raving away at a terrible rate. She says she knew Betty was terribly jealous of you, Enna, all last winter; but she thought it had all blown over, as Betty had not mentioned his name for a long while."

I have no doubt Kate Holton felt more gratification in giving this account of Mr. Morris's and Miss Wilson's marriage, than she had ever experienced before, for my terror and wretchedness were expressed on my face, although I listened with a forced calmness to all her gossiping details of the affair. Up to this day I am sure she thinks I was jilted by Mr. Morris, but at the time I could say nothing, so anxious was I for poor Meta. I knew that the elopement would be a town talk, for during the last few months Miss Wilson had made herself very prominent. Although not belonging to that charmed circle yclept *par excellence*, "society," she had made herself a subject of conversation with them, by her splendid equipage, her rich and noisy costume, and lavish

expenditure of the immense income left to her, untrammeled, by her father, two years before. Young, aristocratic beaux, with little money, had saucily pitied the "poor thing's isolated position," and more than one had declared his generous, self-sacrificing intention of "taking the girl, and showing her how to spend her money," but here Charles Morris had quietly stepped in and carried her off! I may as well mention here, the part of Mrs. Holton's recital, which I subsequently learned, was true.

Mr. Morris had, before meeting with Meta, addressed Miss Wilson. This occurred soon after the death of her father. The mother, a sensible, shrewd old woman, had influenced Miss Betty to refuse the aristocratic lover. Then he met with Meta, with whose family he had always been on intimate terms. At first I believe he was sincere, or at least as sincere as his selfish nature would permit him to be; but during the previous summer he had discovered that the silly heiress was dying of disappointed vanity and jealousy, fancying from his frequent visits to our house, that he had transferred his affections to me. By some chance they met; he found her ready to throw herself and her half million into his arms, almost without the asking, which temptation he could not, of course, withstand. This was the cause of his coldness and indifference to poor Meta, for I suppose he did not wish to give her up entirely until certain of the heiress.

Although I listened to Mrs. Holton's conversation in dignified silence, the agony I endured was almost unbearable. I could almost have put her out of the house, so anxious was I to go to Meta—and heartily did I rejoice when this gossiping woman rose to go. As the door closed on her, Aunt Mary exclaimed, "Why, Enna, one might believe Kate Holton's story about Mr. Morris's jilting you was true, you look so wretchedly."

"Do I?" asked I, with an hysteric laugh and sob mingled, and for a few moments my weeping was so violent that my poor aunt really believed it, and turning it over in her mind, innocent soul! she wondered she had not divined it before. At last, under promise of secrecy, I told her the whole affair, for I knew she would fret unceasingly.

"Poor Meta! foolish girl!" said Aunt Mary, as I concluded. "She ought to consider herself well off for being rid of him; he's a good for nothing fellow, and she never would have been happy if she had married him."

Just as she was taking this matter-of-fact view of the subject, the library-door opened, and in rushed Meta, looking wild and startled. Aunt Mary left us.

"Tell me, Enna," she said, clinging to me, "have you heard any thing? I know you have, darling, for you will not look at me. Tell me all you have heard, for indeed it will be better for me. I cannot suffer more than I have these six months past;" and she sunk on the floor before me, overwhelmed with her anguish. She had heard the news from some morning visiters, and had escaped

from home quietly, to come to me for comfort. The only consolation I could give, was sympathy. The whole day passed sadly enough, and I felt almost hopeless for her future, when suddenly a ray of light beamed upon me, as I heard her exclaim, “Well, thank Heaven! no one knows my miserable folly but you, Enna. I shall not be mortified and wounded by the insolent pity of society.” I saw that her pride was roused, and there is every hope for both man and woman so long as that remains. I took advantage of this, and lost no time in rousing her self-esteem. What an altered creature she seemed, pacing up and down my library a half hour afterward. I thought all the time of Queen Elizabeth’s reception of Leicester, in Kenilworth, after she had learned his perfidy to her and his poor wife, “Sweet Amy Robsart.” Meta queened it nobly over herself; and after the first struggle had passed, and the excitement of wounded pride even had passed, purer and better influences came to her aid and strengthened her. I had trembled, as I have said, for the effect of any great trouble or disappointment on Meta’s character, fearing the meet injurious consequences; this proved how I little I knew. The influence of trouble was beneficial to her, it served to quicken and strengthen her intellect; shook off the dreamy sentimentality that had hung like a mist over her fine mind, and she took a better, clearer view of life’s pursuits and duties.

A few years after this affair Meta married well and happily. Her husband is a distinguished man, and my friend leads the gay life of a woman of real society not in a little provincial circle, like that in which she had been brought up, and which had disgusted and wearied her by its silly, trifling vanities and nothings, but in stirring scenes of life, interesting herself in the grand and noble pursuits of her husband, who is a statesman and a scholar; receiving and entertaining the crowds of people who are attracted around her by her husband’s talents and her own brilliant, bewitching manners.

Our intimacy still continues; and whenever I read one of her sparkling letters, or pay her a visit, and see how healthily and heartily she enjoys life, I can scarcely conceive that she was ever the love-sick, romantic Meta Hallowell of former days; and I see with delight that she is now under the influence of the most beautiful, the most holy of all feelings—true, spiritual love; and that she retains only a smiling, pitying recollection of that season of her past life, when she had for awhile lingered in the depths of mortality, held down by the enervating influence of that hollow mockery—love for an unworthy object.

SONG.

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

WOULD thou wert mine own wife,
I'd fold thee in these arms,
And shield thee on this faithful breast
Secure from all alarms.
Thou shouldst be with me ever,
And in gladness or in gloom,
Thy presence like a sunbeam
Should life's every hour illume.

The heaviest toil of life, love,
The weary weight of care,
Cheered by thy smile serene and true,
Most gladly I would bear,
And though forced by sterner duties
From thy gentle side to roam,
I would know an angel blessed me
From the fireside of my home.

Would thou wert mine own wife
Then cherished in this breast,
Thou'dst dwell in tender joyousness
A dove within her nest.
Thus, hand in hand together,
We would tread the path of life,
While flowers of joy should greet thy steps —
Oh! would thou wert my wife.

THE TWO PORTRAITS.

BY HELEN IRVING.

CHAPTER I.

"—his spirit wholly turned
To stern ambition's dream, to that fierce strife
Which leads to life's high places, and recked not
What lovely flowers might perish in his path."
L. E. L.

"Life, with all its hues and changes,
To thy heart doth lie,
Like those dreamy Alpine ranges
In the southern sky;
Where in haze the clefts are hidden,
Which the heart should fear,
And the crags that fall unbidden
Startle not the ear!"
BAYARD TAYLOR.

LEANING against the wall in the atelier of a young artist, stood a picture to which the finishing touches had that day been given. It was a face of singular loveliness, and seemed to be that of a young girl in the bloom of early womanhood, if the word bloom could be used in connection with a face so spiritual in its character. From the pale and rounded forehead, in whose transparent temples the delicate tracery of veins was distinctly seen, the hair flowed back in dark waves, closely confined at the back, with the exception of one or two long ringlets, which had escaped and lay upon the white neck. The eyes were of softest hazel, and into their far depths of sadness, calm, and heavenly thought, it seemed impossible to look. The delicate Grecian nose corresponded with the spiritual brow and eye, and it was only in the full, warm mouth, that the secret of an impassioned nature was revealed.

Gazing upon the picture with drooping eyelids and folded hands, sat a woman far past her early prime, wearing an ordinary dress of deepest mourning. There was something in the outline of her face, and in the beauty of

her dark-hazel eye, which would have suggested to an observer the truth that she stood in the relation of mother to the fair original of the portrait before her, and the mourning garb might have aroused a suspicion of what was also true, that Death had claimed this treasure of her heart.

"And you will not sell me this picture?" she said in a broken voice, apparently resuming a conversation with the artist, who sat before his easel, at the farthest end of the room.

"No, madam, it is quite impossible," was the coldly civil reply, as he touched and re-touched the work before him.

"But I have said that I would pay you all, and more than you usually demand for such a work, and—and—she was my child."

"Let us once for all, madam, understand each other," said the artist, laying down his brush and looking her full in the face—"it is true that I have taken and still do take likenesses for the paltry sum of fifty dollars, for I am young, with my fame yet to earn, and fame alone in our profession wins money. But this is no common picture—I had conceived the thought to execute a work on which I would lay out all my power, on which I would set the full seal of my genius, when I met your daughter. Her face attracted me; it was beautiful, it was singular in its character, it was what I wanted—at my request she sat to me, and for those sittings I paid her, as you well know, a liberal price. I have spent weeks over this picture, I have expended upon it all my energies, and for a purpose. You may not be aware that the artists' exhibition takes place soon—my picture will be there—it must command attention; I shall be known and my fame will be established! Part with it now! No, not for ten times its value would I sacrifice all the hopes that hang upon that work."

The woman had held her breath to listen to his words, and as his voice ceased, the long-suppressed emotion burst forth, and she passionately cried—

"Do not, do not refuse me—think of your own heart, should all that it worshiped on earth be torn from it: think of your own mother, and for the love of her and heaven, hear me! What is the fame you tell of? Will it not come for other things than this—will it be sweet if you trample over one bruised heart to reach it—will praise be precious, bought at the price of a mother's agonized tears? Oh, pity my wretchedness, and heaven will smile upon you—all the fame you covet will one day be yours!"

As she finished, the artist quietly resumed his brush, saying in his calm voice —

"My time is greatly occupied this morning, Mrs. Revere, and you will excuse me, if I decline all further conversation on a subject, concerning which I have already given you my intentions. I am momently expecting a sitter, and must beg your pardon for requesting you to allow me to attend to my preparations for her reception, undisturbed."

A convulsive cry escaped from the woman's lips as he turned away, and gathering her coarse veil about the face which was now deathly pale, she turned to leave the room. The cold heartlessness of those words had frozen the last channel of Hope, and daring not a glance at the face of her child, she feebly passed over the broad staircase, and into the noise and bustle of the crowded street.

She had been gone but a few moments, and the artist had had just time to brush with careless elegance the magnificent hair from his white forehead, and to fling a drapery over the portrait of Elise Revere, when steps were heard approaching, and with eye all light and lip all smiles, he hastened to the door to welcome his young sitter.

"Good morning Emil—Miss Hastings; I have been impatiently looking for you," and with deferential tenderness he ushered her into the studio, and offered the luxurious chair which seemed to be her accustomed seat. His voice was deep and musical, and his eyes eloquent of admiration, as he stood conversing while she laid aside her hat and shawl, and drew off her delicate gloves.

Well might Edgar Loring gaze admiringly upon her, for she was "beautiful exceedingly," and yet a greater contrast could not perhaps have been found, than she presented to the picture we have just noticed.

She was scarcely seventeen, of a petite figure, and her face, in the softness and delicacy of its outline, seemed almost childish. Golden curls clustered around her pure, sweet brow, lay against the sunny bloom of her cheek, and fell in a bright shower over her dimpled and snowy shoulders. Her eyes had that summer's day radiance given only to eyes of blue—her soft lips were of the richest red, and seemed moulded to thoughts of lovingness, and gentleness, and happiness. It was a face into which you could not look without the conviction that it had never known aught but sunshine and love—that the dark truths of the world were to its owner, but unreal visions of a far-off future. No deep tide of feeling, no storm of strong passions had left its impress there; yet the face so exquisite in its infantile loveliness, was not without its signs of latent power. There was often a deepening of the light within those soft eyes, an earnest compressing of the full lips, that were a prophecy of a higher type of beauty for her maturer womanhood.

And Edgar Loring loved sweet Emily Hastings, although he had not yet told her of it save by looks and tones perhaps as unmistakable as words. He loved her fondly, almost passionately, *next to himself and fame*. Intensely selfish and insatiably ambitious, he was ignorant of his incapacity for a great and generous love. Possessed of a good education, and a fine share of talent if not genius, he had come to the city, with no friends but these and his remarkably handsome person, filled with the determination of making to

himself a name. Accident had brought him into contact with a few influential persons, and he soon became known among a certain clique as a young man whom it were well worth while to patronize.

He had been in the city a little more than two years, and had painted several portraits in good families, when he met with Emily Hastings, the daughter of one of his patrons. Her beauty delighted his artistic eye, her winning gentleness captivated his heart, her position in society was a mark for his ambition. Well assured of his growing love for her, he was also far from insensible to the advantages which a union with her would confer. Mr. Hastings, although a man of wealth and high-standing, was free from the weak prejudices of many of his class, and Edgar knew that were his daughter's heart bestowed upon a man of education and character, he would not be looked upon as unworthy, even though penniless. Could he win Emily's love, he felt that her father's approval was sure, and in all his thoughts of the future, he pictured himself a distinguished artist, and the husband of Emily Hastings.

But fame seemed to him yet afar off; to hear himself spoken of as "a young artist who was remarkably successful in likenesses"—"a young man of considerable promise," was galling to his vanity, and he resolved to execute some work that should claim attention. While he was thinking of this, unable to fix upon any subject, he met, as we already know, Elise Revere. That face of such strange beauty, line by line his skillful pencil could copy; he could catch as he gazed upon them living before him, the spiritual brow, and the eye's deep poetic thought—all that only a master-hand could *create* upon canvas. The sittings were long and many, but the artist was enchanted with his success—his ambitious dreams grew brighter, and he almost felt the laurel on his brow. Days and nights were occupied with thoughts of this new work, and the cold selfishness of his ambition cannot be better shown than by the fact, that when the illness and death of poor Elise reached his ears, the involuntary first thought was, "My picture was in time!"

And this was the being—his selfish nature unrevealed in his good-natured face and cordial manner, who sought to win the young, child-like heart of Emily. Few could have resisted the fascination of his presence—the mien deferential, tender—so eloquent of admiration, and finally of love. Emily did not at least; she thought him good, noble and gifted, and then he was so handsome, and beauty is a powerful pleader to the heart of seventeen. She soon learned to love the books and music he had praised, to look for his smile amid the crowd, and be sad if she met it not—to treasure the flowers he had given and the words he had whispered over them, and at last to be pensive or gay, happy or sorrowful, in harmony with the music of those sweet chimes that usher in the morning of a first love.

The sittings for Emily's portrait had been a happy period to both the artist

and his beautiful subject—hours of pleasant interchange of thought and feeling, memorable steps in the rosy pathway they were now treading—and this day in especial had been so delightful, with its thousand nothings of conversation, to which time and circumstance give such a value, that an unconcealed shadow of regret fell upon each face, as Miss Hastings' servant announced that the carriage waited.

"I believe," said Emily, as she tied the little white chip hat under her dainty chin, "that you told papa yesterday there would be but one more sitting before the picture was finished."

"Only one more," replied Edgar, in a tone which sent a richer bloom into Emily's cheek, and as fearful of betrayal she turned away her head, her wandering eyes fell upon the portrait of Elise Revere, from which the carelessly fastened covering had fallen.

"Oh, how beautiful, how adorably beautiful!" she exclaimed, pressing eagerly forward, "and is it yours, Edgar?"

He looked into her glowing face, and his heart swelled proudly as he answered:

"Yes, I have just finished it for the coming exhibition; it has occupied me for some time, and no one has yet seen it, but I intended showing it to *you*; do you like it?"

"Like it? I could look forever into those wonderful eyes, and upon that calm, noble forehead. Is it a portrait?"

"*No!*" came from the artist's false lips, "it is an ideal work."

How unworthy was he of the look of proud delight, of reverent worship written on the pure, girlish face upturned to his! How unworthy was he of the tears that quivered on the long, golden lashes—the tremulous tones of that low voice! Yet with a quickened pulse, he received the incense of her enthusiasm, for it was a delicious foretaste of the homage yet to be paid his name—a drop from the full beaker of fame for which he thirsted.

"I could almost envy you," said Emily, "the visions of loveliness that must have come to you ere you could have called into being so glorious a creation."

"It was from the recollection of much, very much of beauty that I wrought the work," answered Edgar. "I called into it the choicest elements of grace I had ever known. Do you not recognize the mouth?" he added, turning to Emily with a peculiar smile.

Unconscious as she was of her own charms, it was impossible not to recognize in the form and expression of those full, sweet lips, a likeness to her own. False Edgar! it seemed to Emily a most delicate tribute of admiring love, and it filled her heart with a strange delight, to know that she was remembered amid his visions of beauty, that she realized even in part his dreams of the ideal. She did not answer, it was not a time for words. The consciousness of

Edgar's interest in her, now more fully revealed than ever, came fraught with still thought to her spirit.

And Edgar was silent, feeling for the first time sure that the affections of the young being beside him were his own; for it was but a part of the selfishness of his nature to refrain from declaring his passion in direct terms, until he could read in the face of the guileless Emily that it were a welcome avowal. For a few moments they stood gazing on the portrait, then Emily lifted her happy eyes for one moment to his face, and with a slight inclination of her head, passed from the room.

Gladsome morning and tempestuous night are not in greater contrast than were the light foot-fall and joyous spirit of Emily, to the lingering step and heavy heart of her who had so short a time preceded her. Both had come from the contemplation of the same picture—and to one its memory was as a talisman of love and happiness, and to the other of anguish and despair.

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CHAPTER II.

"Dead—dead thou wert!—cold lay that form
In rarest beauty moulded,
And meekly o'er thy still, white breast
The snowy hands were folded.
Pale wert thou as the lily buds
Twined 'mid thy raven tresses,
And cold thy lip, and still thy heart
To all my wild caresses!"

—GRACE GREENWOOD.

"Another hand is beckoning on
Another call is given,
And glows once more with angel steps
The path which reaches Heaven."

—WHITTIER.

The beautiful residence of Mr. Hastings was situated in the suburbs of the city, so that Emily, although familiar with all the gayeties and fashionable delights of life in town, was constantly surrounded with all the sweet influences of Nature. The rippling of streams and the rustling of forest leaves were the music of home voices, and winding paths through green fields and woods, up sunny hill-sides and over mossy rocks, were dearer than the gay promenade in the city, or even the aristocratic drive with her father's noble grays.

The day following that of her interview with Edgar, was bright with a warm May sunshine, and beautiful in all the just unfolded loveliness of spring. The breeze came whispering at her open window with an eloquence not to be resisted, and with a brain full of busy fancies, and a heart laden with sweet thoughts, she sauntered out into the delicious air. With a light quick step she walked along the graveled street, past cultivated grounds and noble dwellings, until she reached the green turf and wooded slopes beyond. And here where the fresh, glad life of Nature seemed kindred with her own, she loitered leisurely along grass-bordered lanes, and beneath grand old trees, dreaming of Edgar, of his genius and of his goodness, and of his love for her.

On her route, where a river curved around the foot of a gently sloping hill, in the shadow of old forest trees was made a rural cemetery—so beautiful with its quiet paths, and its cool shades, that the living loved to wander there; they who came not to watch beside the dead, as well as they who tended the flowers upon the graves of those they had lost.

Through a low ivy-covered gateway of stone, Emily entered the quiet place. There were no massive railings and lofty monuments, no superb carvings and costly devices, but love had made very beautiful this last resting-place of the dead—sweet flowers were blooming every where, and murmuring streams were guided along by the well-trodden paths. Here and there arose a simple shaft or a light column, and the graves of a household enclosed by a green hedge, or surrounded by shadowing trees.

As Emily passed through the familiar walks, she came suddenly upon a grave in a remote corner of the cemetery, beside which sat a solitary mourner. The spot was unenclosed, save by a few dark pines, and the outline of the grave upon the grassy turf distinctly visible. A small while slab lay upon the centre of the green mound, and at its head grew a rose-tree of wonderful beauty, bending till its weight of pure, white buds and blossoms, touched the long bright grass upon the grave.

Its simple loveliness touched the heart of Emily, and drawing near, she stooped down and read upon the pure marble—"*Dear Elise*." Her young eyes filled with tears, and with an irresistible impulse she turned her face, full of tenderest sympathy toward her who sat beside the grave, and murmured,

"Was it your Elise?"

The woman, who had been unheeding until now, looked up at the sound of that earnest voice, and meeting a glance of such sorrowing gentleness, answered softly—

"Yes, my only, only child!"

There was something in the eye now first raised to hers, that eye sunken but still wonderfully beautiful—a half-remembered expression, that riveted Emily's gaze, and invested with a deep interest the stranger before her. Laying

her hand gently upon that of the woman, she said softly —

"Is it long since you laid her here?"

"Only a few weeks," was the reply; "there were buds on the rose-tree when I brought it here."

"And was it hers?" asked Emily, stooping down to inhale the rich fragrance of the beautiful flower.

"Yes, and it was the dearest treasure she possessed. Oh! how often have I watched her as she sat beside it at the window, with her proud head bending over her work, its blossoms not more delicate and pure than the brow against which they bloomed. Oh, my Elise, how beautiful she was! I used to think that in all the wide world, there was not, there could never be a face so surpassingly lovely. I only cared to live that I might look upon her beauty: I worshiped, I adored my child, and God has taken her from me!"

She paused, but encouraged by the earnest, attentive face of Emily, continued:

"I am of Italy, and my Elise inherited the dark eyes and impassioned nature of the land of her birth. When my child was but two years old, I left my native shores, and with my only relative, my father, followed my young American husband to his own land. And here, before many years, he died and left me, with a charge to watch over unceasingly, our marvelously beautiful child, who, with her father's fair, transparent complexion and regular features, had also inherited his delicate constitution.

"We were poor, and I labored hard, but I cared not, so that Elise were happy—so that I could but find her the books she loved, and save her slight hands from menial labor. No day was so dark, or so full of care, that I did not find time to braid her magnificent hair around her noble head, and it was joy enough to look once into her soft eyes, and see her faint smile at my fond pride.

"Elise was not like me—she had a soul filled with thoughts of beauty and of poetry, and she talked of things in which I could not sympathize; the world seemed to her full of voices, and heaven held more for her than for me. I felt that I could not understand my child—hers was a purer and a greater nature than mine, and I looked upon her with a reverent worship. I felt that God and the angels were near to her, and that her wonderful beauty was, I knew not how, connected with the spirit within."

"And was there never a portrait of your gifted, beautiful child?" interrupted Emily, in a quivering tone.

The question seemed to stir a deep fount of feeling—the stranger's face flushed, and passionate tears gushed from her eyes.

"Ah, yes! but I may not have it—I may not see it long," she cried. "Oh, my child, I must leave you forever!"

Emily was startled by this emotion, but in a few moments the mother became calm and continued:

"Not many weeks before Elise's illness, as we were walking in the city, an artist observed my child, and followed her to our humble home. He praised her loveliness to me, in words which I cannot now remember, though I well recollect their import. He said her beauty was remarkable—was rare. In all his life he had never seen a face to compare with it, never an eye so glorious, so full of soul; he said such beauty should not be lost to the world, and he begged that I would let her sit to him, offering at the same time a liberal compensation.

"My heart was filled with a proud joy, but I let Elise decide for herself, and alter many urgent entreaties, she at length consented. Ah, I was very, very happy! I felt that her beauty was not to wither in unappreciation—the world would know of her loveliness—through the artist they might hear of her, and who could tell the happy days in store for my child. And I joyed also to know that now in the bright mornings she would be walking through the gay streets of the city, in the glad, fresh air, instead of bending wearily over her needle-work in our small dark room.

"For several mornings I accompanied Elise to the studio of the artist, though I could ill afford the time, but at length I found it utterly impossible, for our daily bread was to be earned, and Elise went alone. I sometimes fancied that when she returned at noon, she looked weary from her long walk, but she never complained, and I only thought her more beautiful than ever. One day she returned, and flinging into my lap her little green purse, heavy with silver, she said languidly —

" 'The picture does not need me any more, and I am very glad, for my head aches sadly—they say the portrait is very like me, mother.'

"I resolved to go with her to see it on the following day, but—oh, Father in Heaven! when the time came that I looked upon it first, my child lay here. I cannot tell you how she faded in my arms day by day—but, when I had seen her own rose-tree planted over the place of her rest, and had wept upon the green sod till the fountain of tears seemed dry, slowly and wearily I sought the studio of the painter, longing, yet almost fearing, to look upon her image there. Oh, what a vision met my gaze! I had thought to see her semblance—to trace a likeness to my loved Elise in the artist's work; but there, full of life and beauty as though she had never left me, she stood before me. I wept over that picture tears more passionate than I had shed beside her grave, and I begged and received permission to visit it every day.

"A few nights after, on returning to my home, I found that my aged father, who had long been yearning to return to the land of his youth, had been making some arrangements with friends who were in a few months to sail for Italy, feeling that I would not refuse to go with him, now that my only tie to

America, to *life*, save him, was severed. A week before I would have said yes —would have left the dear grave of my buried Elise, and gone with my father to die in the land of our birth; but now I seemed held by a living tie—I felt as if my child were with me here, and I must take her, or my heart would break. I told my father and his friends this; we were all poor, but they loved me, and by the sale of many little articles—some *how dear*, God only knows, we raised money enough to buy the picture, at the price which I had often heard from Elise the artist demanded for a portrait.

"I could not have believed my stricken heart capable of the joy that throbbed through all its pulses, as I entered the painter's room with my treasure-laden purse in my hand. I know my voice faltered—but oh, Heaven! how it died within me when I heard a firm denial of my request! Tears and pleadings—all a mother's agony availed not; for some purpose of his own, some artists' exhibition—what, I could not wholly comprehend—he would have the picture for his own—he would not yield it up, but coldly and calmly persisted in his refusal. Day after day I have been to him, but in vain. The time of our departure is drawing near, and I know that duty to my father demands that I leave him not to go down the way of life alone. I must go—I must leave my child, that blessed, pictured face forever!"

The woman's frame trembled violently, and passionately exclaiming —"Oh, Loring, Edgar Loring!" she laid her face upon the grave and wept convulsively.

Emily had been listening, her upturned eyes wet with tears, and when the last, wild exclamation of the stranger reached her ear, she started quickly, a deadly faintness came over her heart, a paleness to her cheek, and she too drooped her young head, bowed with a sudden wretchedness, upon the grave before her. Swiftly thought after thought, memory after memory crowded upon her brain, all forcing with an anguish unalterable, the fearful dread that Edgar was cold and selfish—Edgar was untrue. That picture of Elise, with the deep eyes so like the mother's beside her—yes, she had seen it, and Edgar had told her it was an ideal work—and oh, mockery! that *her* loveliness was remembered in the vision. And she felt that a fearful moment in her life was now come: it was only necessary to prove the identity of the picture she had seen with that of the stranger's child, to convict Edgar of the basest falsehood; and he who could deceive a heart young and trusting as hers, of what was he not capable!

Then awoke the latent power, the unrevealed energy of her spirit, and with an intense effort she calmed the tumultuous heavings of her heart, and strove to bring back her own quiet smile to those quivering lips. For some moments neither spoke, and when Emily lifted her head from the sod where the mother still lay, her face was calm, save a bright, uneasy flush upon her cheek. Lightly

she touched the prostrate form before her, and said gently —

"I know this artist, and it may be that I can do something for you; describe to me this picture—I think that I have seen it."

Then minutely, Mrs. Revere (for my readers must know it was she,) described the face of her Elise—and the faint ray of hope died out in the breast of Emily. Calmly she gathered from the mother all needful information—her name and residence and time of sailing, then giving her own address, and uttering words of hope and consolation, arose and left the spot.

There was no joy in the sunshine, no music in the song of birds, as she wended her way homeward over the very ground where a few hours before she had passed lightly, restless for very happiness. Reaching her home she slowly ascended to her own room, and closing the door, flung herself upon a couch and buried her face in its crimson cushions. Not till then did she know how great had been the strength exerted to keep down her rising tears, to command her trembling voice, to hide from other eyes her bitter sorrow. Long and passionately she wept now, but it was a weeping over the awakening from a dream. Edgar was cold-hearted—Edgar was false! That which she had thought to be the beautiful struggle of genius toward perfection, was but a selfish ambition. And *she* had been trifled with—duped—and as the humiliating thought rushed upon her, she lifted her sweet head, and the proud flush crimsoned cheek, neck and brow.

Emily's love for Edgar was but in its early bloom—scarcely known even to herself; yet her pure, true soul would have risen above even a stronger, deeper, more engrossing passion. She had not loved the being now revealed to her, but "a creature of her dreams," invested with all the beauty and nobleness which he seemed to possess; and it was with her young faith in human goodness still unshaken, that she mourned over the vanishing of this first, and dearest vision of her womanhood.

Emily did not meet the family at tea that evening, she "had a headache, and required rest"—but at night when her beloved mother came fondly to inquire if she were ill, she flung herself into her arms and told her all: all Edgar's flattery and half-revealed love, all his falsehood, all the sad story of the childless mother, and besought her advice and aid in the course upon which she was now resolved.

Happy for that young heart that it could breathe out its first sorrow against a mother's fond cheek—that the pillow of that stricken head was a mother's loving bosom.

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CHAPTER III.

“The lips that breathe the burning vow
By falsehood base unstained must be;
The heart to which mine own shall bow,
Must worship Honor more than me!”
—Mrs. Osgood.

The next morning found Emily and her father in the atelier of Edgar Loring. The artist was not in, but the boy in attendance, to whom they were well known, brought forward at Emily’s request the portrait she had so much admired a few days previous. It was fortunate that Edgar was not present, for Emily, unpracticed at concealment, found it impossible not to betray emotion when the picture first met her eye, bringing up at the same moment the joy and the falsehood of the hour when she saw it first. But speedily she regained her composure, and the artist soon entered the room. He looked proud and pleased to see them there, and prouder yet, when he saw how they were engaged.

“You will pardon the liberty we have taken in examining your very beautiful picture in your absence,” said Mr. Hastings, “but my Emily has a very earnest desire to possess it, and now that I have seen it, I should be only too happy to gratify her; is it for sale?”

Edgar’s vanity was flattered, his hopes encouraged, his love strengthened by this mark of preference, and; after a short silence, during which countless thoughts; hurried through his brain, he replied —

“I painted this picture for the coming artists’ exhibition, and I had formed no design as to its subsequent disposal, but I cannot decline the honor which you and Miss Emily would do me in becoming its purchasers. I would wish, however, previously to giving it up, that it might be exhibited according to my intention—the rooms open on Monday next.”

Mr. Hastings hesitated; the Italian vessel was to sail in a little more than two weeks—they must have the picture at that time if ever, and he said:

“I am aware that this is a painting of a high order, and I am willing to pay you whatever you demand, but I wish immediately to become its possessor. It can be placed in the exhibition room for ten days, but at the expiration of that time I must be allowed to take it, if at all.”

Edgar reflected a few moments, well aware that in the elegant saloons of Mr. Hastings, his picture would be seen by quite as many critical and appreciative eyes as in a crowded exhibition-room, and moreover, that the fact of that gentleman being the owner, was a recommendation of the greatest value.

The arrangement was at length completed, and Emily and her father departed, leaving Edgar flushed and excited with what seemed his wonderful success. He had fancied to be sure, that Emily appeared a little cold and

reserved, but he attributed it only to the timidity of her conscious love in the presence of her father, and proud and joyous in the near approach of the triumph-hour of his fame and love, he passed the day in new visions of glory for the future.

That night, in his restless sleep, he dreamed that Elise Revere kneeled before him, with her pale face upturned to his, pleading him to have pity on her lone and sorrowing mother—her cold hands clasped his own beseechingly, and trembling he awoke. The full moonlight flooded the room, and lay brightest on a table by his couch, where bloomed in a vase rare flowers—the gift of Emily Hastings on the last morning of her sitting. He raised himself upon his elbow, and pressing the flowers to his lips, crushed down the remorseful feeling which had almost struggled into life, and rejoiced, as he had more than once done of late, that the ocean would soon lie between him and the wearisome old woman who had so long annoyed him.

The days passed away, and Edgar did not see Emily—she had gone into the country with a sick friend. Meanwhile her own portrait was sent home, a beautiful and truthful likeness, and that of Elise Revere in the exhibition room, had attracted crowds of admirers, and the young artist's praises had been spoken by many lips. During this time also, Emily had more than once seen Mrs. Revere, whose joy and gratitude could hardly find expression. She had insisted that the sum raised by herself and her few Italian friends, should still be devoted to the dear purpose to which it was first appropriated, and Emily felt that it was best to allow their hearts this consolation.

The morning of Monday had come, and with it came also the beautiful portrait of Elise. A simple frame had been prepared for it, and for one brief hour, Emily saw it side by side with her own sweet picture. Sad, sad tears she wept over it, for that stranger face had grown very dear, and it was with a mournful regret that she looked her last into those deep, dark eyes, whose beauty had been to her thrice blessed. Many emotions were weighing at her heart, for she felt how far better would it have been that her young head had been laid beneath the green sod that covered Elise Revere, than that her fond, trusting heart should have been buried in the cold selfishness of Edgar Loring's soul.

The good ship Viola, bound for the port of Naples, lay at the wharf—passengers were hurrying on board, captain and mate were vociferating orders, flags were flying, waters glancing—all wore the bright and joyous air that attends a vessel outward bound, on a glorious summer's day. A carriage drawn by a fine pair of grays came dashing down to the pier—Mr. Hastings and Emily alighted, and were followed from the box by a servant, who took the

safely-cased portrait in his arms, and accompanied them on board ship.

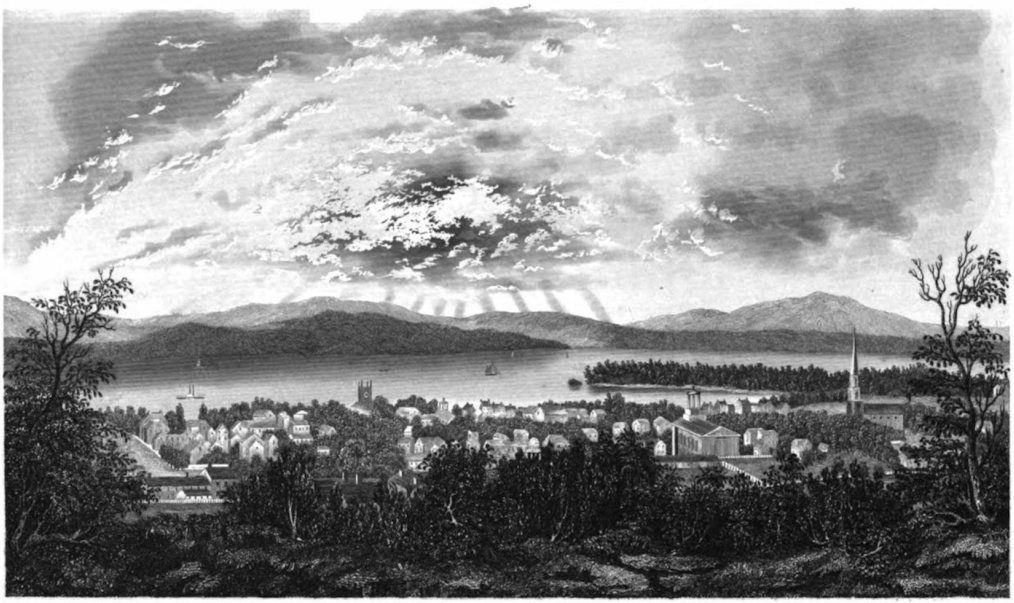
Ah! even Edgar's heart would have been touched by the tears which gushed from the happy eyes of that mother—by the voice choked with sobs, which murmured thanks and prayers for blessing. They parted, Emily and Mrs. Revere, like the friends of years, and not as acquaintances of a few short weeks, and over the hand fondly clasping her own, Emily promised to care for the white rose-buds, blossoming in the early summer over the lone grave of Elise, and sometimes to see the sunset light falling rosy and warm upon the pale marble that bore her name.

Mr. Hastings, who was well known, received from the gallant captain a promise to take special charge of the Italian and her aged parent, and to care for the much valued picture. Again thanks and farewells, and the father and daughter entered their carriage and drove away.

When Emily reached home, she found an elegant note from Edgar Loring, requesting permission to call upon her that evening. Ah! a few short weeks ago, how her heart would have fluttered at those words! Now, going up to her room she seated herself at her beautiful escritoir, and penned the following words —

> "MR. LORING—I have this moment come in, and found your note awaiting me. A previous engagement will prevent my receiving the honor of a call from you this evening. Enclosed you will find a check for $200, which my father requests me to forward to you in payment for *the portrait of Elise Revere*.
>
> EMILY HASTINGS."

In ten days from that time Edgar Loring had left the city—he had gone to seek his fortunes in the far South.



VIEW OF BURLINGTON VERMONT.
FROM AN ORIGINAL DRAWING

MYRRAH OF TANGIERS.[1]

A TRAGEDY.

BY CAROLINE C——.

A luxury of summer green
Is on the southern plain,
And water-flags, with dewy screen,
Protect the ripening grain.
Upon the sky is not a cloud
To mar the golden glow,
Only the palm-tree is allowed
To fling its shade below.

And silvery, 'mid its fertile banks,
The winding river glides,
And every ray in heaven makes
Its mirror of its tides.
And yet it is a place of scath —
A place of sacrifice;
Heavy with woman's parting breath,
Weary with mourner's cries.

Proud, beautiful, one boweth down
Beneath a deep despair;
Youth lingers on her lovely cheek —
It *only* lingers there.
She will command herself, and brave
The doom by fate assigned;
In natures high as hers, the heart
Is mastered by the mind.

L. E. L.

CHAPTER I.

"It is near sunrise, father," said a gay young voice, and a fair hand tapped lightly on the door of the apartment where the old man slept.

Her call was answered in a moment by the venerable Jew, who came forth, prepared for the customary morning walk to the holy synagogue.

"Thou lookest not well, my father! thy face is pale. I fear these early walks

are too much for thee."

"Nay, child, our duty should never fatigue or weary us in its performance—it is time for us to depart when that happens. But, in truth, I had a heavy night, dreaming of thy dead mother. It was sad to waken and find, as, alas! so many other mornings I have, that she cannot return again."

"We shall meet her hereafter," said Myrrah, striving to speak cheerfully; "you should think of that this beautiful morning. The very air seems full of hope. Even I, who have proved such a dull companion these many days, feel as though there were new life in me to-day—as though some joyful thing were about to happen."

"Were thy dreams of Othniel, then, my child?"

A deep blush was the only answer returned to the gently uttered question—for Myrrah turned all her attention just then to busily assisting the old man down the steep stairway, and the moment after they entered, arm in arm, the quiet street; then, as if fearing a recurrence to the subject of her dream and presentiment, the daughter hurriedly again expressed her fears lest the morning exercise should prove too much for his feeble health. But again the old man replied slowly and decisively,

"For many years I have stood, morning and evening, to worship in our synagogue, to ask the blessing of God, and to pray His coming; this day, and every day while life and strength are spared me, must I also go, Myrrah; perchance this very morning may at last be vouchsafed as a promise of His approach, for whose appearance we have waited so long."

And the old man, Raguel, with his beautiful daughter, moved onward in the path leading to the place of worship.

But more heavily than he was wont the father leaned upon the arm of his child. At last they reached the synagogue, and stood, as was their custom, under the pleasant shade-trees to rest, and to compose their minds for a moment before entering the sacred place.

Their prayers were made. From the "chambers of the east" came forth only the rising sun—the Messiah, the Counsellor, the Mighty King, the Prince of Peace, for whose presence and aid they so longed, came not; neither was there a sign given of his approach. Again were the hearts of youthful worshipers drawn to adoration of things earthly, as the lovely Myrrah stood once more with them to pray; again were the sighs of Jewish girls breathed almost audibly, as they gazed upon her, and caught their own lover's eyes turned in watchful admiration to the place where she knelt; for well did they know that none among them could compare with the daughter and sole heiress of the wealthy and excellent Raguel.

With a leisure step the two set out on their return home through the rapidly-filling street. It was a sweet morning. A light breeze swept from the sea

over the old town, wafting onward the fragrance of the blossoming trees and plants, which *filled* the air with their rich perfume. The sun rose in splendor, and the brightness which, as the smile of heaven spread over the earth, increased the light-heartedness of the young Jewess, as she moved on so soberly, so cheerfully, and with so much dignity of manner, with her father.

It was a pleasant home to which they were returning. A home of peace, and joy, and love, and Myrrah was its bright and never-failing star. Light-hearted as a bird—cheerful, unwavering in her affection and reverence for the aged father, she was, indeed, a model daughter and maiden for all Tangiers.

The morning repast, prepared by the old servant who had lived since Myrrah's birth in her father's employ, being made, the two at once repaired to the small but beautiful garden, which bore no little resemblance, on a small scale, to the Paradise Eden one is wont to conceive of. A stranger, passing through the small, mean street in which Raguel lived, would never have imagined, as he cast his eye carelessly on the unpromising, dismally high and dark-looking house, which stood close upon the side-walk, of the taste and elegance which reigned within those walls. Costly adornments filled the beautifully-finished rooms, which were befitting a palace; and the caskets of the Jewess held many a gem which a queen had not disdained to wear. But it was in the little garden, in the pleasant shade of whose trees the devoted pair invariably spent their mornings when the weather proved fine, that the most perfect arrangement of taste in the laying out of the limited grounds, in the disposal of the shrubs, and trees, and flowering plants, that the guiding hand of a woman essentially refined, was to be seen.

Ensconced in the luxurious chair, which Myrrah wheeled into the silent place, consecrated to the voices of singing-birds, and the fragrance of beauteous flowers, and the sweet sounds of his dear child's voice, the hours passed swiftly on in blissful tranquillity to the old man. It was in such hours that Myrrah sat at her father's feet, and read aloud in tones so musical and entrancing, the records their fathers of the old time had left, of God's dealings with his loved people; of the marvelous creation—of the faithful and beloved Abraham, of Joseph, and of Jacob—of Daniel, and David, and Absalom—of the long line of kings and princes—of holy women, of prophets, and priests, and all their wondrous deeds, wrought through the power which God gave to them—of the first and momentous transgressions of the tempted, tempting Eve—of the too easily beguiled Adam—of the blessed hope which from the day of their fall from the height of excellence and purity, had been kindled, and had lived within the hearts of all the faithful until that day when they still looked with fond and hopeful and anxious eyes for His coming who would bruise the serpent's head.

And when the old man grew sad, as the blessed promises were reiterated in

his ears, whose fulfillment he had so long looked and sighed for, the reader's melodious voice would grow fainter and fainter, the holy book be closed again, and with still softer tones, accompanied by her harp, she would sing of the great coming salvation—of the rescue which was surely drawing nigh, till the color would deepen on his aged, furrowed cheek, his eye grow bright again, and the trembling hand would be laid in blessing on his darling's head.

On this morning, as Myrrah's hand unclasped the precious books, they opened at the pages on which were recorded the beautiful and touching story of Ruth's devotion to the mother of her dead husband. As with tremulous voice she read of the sudden and awful bereavement of the young, loving wife in the strange country, another listener approached, and stood, until the story was concluded, in the shade of the great trees. The new comer was also young, and his features bore witness that he was a descendant of the ancient Jews. But there was a gallant boldness, not often perceivable in that down-trodden people, in the frank, manly expression of countenance, in his garb, and the manner in which it was worn, in the very attitude he had chosen.

With a look of deepest love, his eyes fixed on the unconscious reader, his ear drunk in the sweet sounds of her voice, eagerly as the parched traveler in the desert bends to the cooling fountains; but he did not listen to the words she uttered; it was as though an angel were singing to him, and in the delight with which he heard her voice, he lost the burden of the song she sang.

"Thus hast thou been to me always, my beloved, blessed child," said Raguel, fondly, as Myrrah read the brave, heroic choice of Ruth; "since thy mother's death thou hast been my chief blessing in this strange land."

"But thou, dear father, thou art mine own; thou hast been to me all the joy, the *best* joy I have ever known. It is no deed of charity to keep always with thee, for I should die to leave thee—there is nothing I should care to live for, wert thou gone."

"Nay, child, say not that. I know that many a time thou hast refused to join thy young friends in their merry-making, solely that thou mightest be with me, thy stupid, dull old father. But this cannot be always, Myrrah, for I am old, and my Master will call me hence while thou art yet young."

"Father! father!" Myrrah exclaimed, "do not speak so! God will not take thee from me. He *will not* leave me alone!"

"Not *alone*, Myrrah, darling, I trust Thou hast not surely forgotten Othniel? I would that he were here to day with us. He wanders long."

"He will come soon, I know. I would he were here now—he is so skillful, and might easily restore thy health, dear father."

"It is not in him, nor in any human physician to do that; but I long to see him; then I should be at rest, for thou, my child, wouldst have a comforter, and a steady friend if —"

“Say it not, oh Father! what is even he to me when compared with *thee*!”

“Thy blessing, father—*my* father!” exclaimed the youth, coming out swiftly from the shade, his countenance and his voice betraying the strong agitation of his spirit. “I have come home for thy blessing!” and the young man knelt down at the old Jew’s feet.

“My Othniel!” cried Myrrah, in joyous astonishment, her tears suddenly giving way to the brightest of smiles.

“My son! my son, thou hast come at last! ten thousand blessings be upon thy head.”

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[1] Founded on fact.

CHAPTER II.

Darkness and silence crept through the prison-house of Tangiers. Darkness, which spread terror through the heart of many a poor, helpless criminal; silence, that fell with heavy, crushing weight on the convicts who knew that when on the morrow that stillness was broken, and the city should be roused again, they would be led forth to die the felon’s shameful death, in presence of the jeering multitude.

In a cell separate from the rest, slept one who had on the morning of that day awakened in freedom, the joy and comfort of her old father’s home. Rude hands had forced her to this dreary place, and left her as a criminal, secured by bolts and bars. And she *slept*. Yes, though she knew the rigor with which punishment was visited on the transgressor, guilty of the sin laid to her charge. Yes, though her old father were alone in their beautiful home; yes, though the damp, cold stones were all the couch spread beneath her dainty form!

Look upon the youthful captive as she slumbers so peacefully. There are traces of tears upon her cheeks, though her lip wears a gay smile. Then she *had* wept before she slept? Ay, for thoughts of the sorrow and fear which she knew harassed the beloved ones at home, troubled her; but now she smiled, for the good spirits reigning in dream-land, had assured her of a future full of bliss. How beautiful is Myrrah in her sleep. The large and languid eyes which fascinated the gazer as they turned upon him, are hid, and you will not therefore be dazzled as you look on the clear and beautiful olive complexion, the sweetness of expression, and the regularity of the features; the delicate bloom of the round cheek; the heavy mass of black and shining hair; the slight, girlish form, these, and the unmistakable evidences of youth, would increase

the interest of a stranger, and make us, who have aforetime made her acquaintance, gaze with an increase of sorrow on the young creature who is accused of a crime punishable with death.

The malice of a bitter enemy had brought the Jewess to that doleful situation. Orien Fez, the rich son of a rich Mahommedan, had persecuted her with the most unwelcome attentions, despite the contempt in which her people were held by his own. He would fain make her his wife, for his love was so strong as to overcome all prejudice, and in a land far distant from their own, he would have joyed to convince her happiness would await them. In that blessed clime her God should be the only object of his worship; he would suffer himself to be despised of all men, if she would in return only bless him with the assurance of her love.

But Myrrah heard all the youth's protestations with an uninterested ear. There was no love in her heart for the descendant of a race which ever delighted in oppressing the descendants of Abraham. And for Orien, the Moor, her heart had no predilection. He was a handsome youth, to be sure, and the son of a man who stood high among his people; and it was a mystery to himself, how *he* should love so passionately the daughter of the Jew. And it seemed no less strange and unnatural to the young girl, when she remembered the great and never-disguised contempt and aversion with which her people were regarded by the followers of Mahomet.

Orien could boast of but little acquaintance with Myrrah; his love had not been aroused by her virtues, or a knowledge of her surpassing excellence of heart and disposition; her exceeding beauty was the great attraction, which he could not withstand.

Many times chance had thrown the girl for a moment in his way, and the Moor had never failed to take the advantage of such moments to whisper words of ardent love, to which any reply was very seldom deigned. This silence and affectation of scorn, as he thought it, but increased the passion of the lover—his nature delighted in overcoming obstacles, and his determination was only strengthened by the cold reserve and dignity of Myrrah.

One night, as she was passing along the street in that quiet quarter of the city where her people lived, Orien, who had wandered there in the hope of catching but a glimpse of her face or person, appeared suddenly by her side.

"I have something to say to thee," he exclaimed, abruptly; "thou knowest my name."

"Yes, thou art son of the great Mazarin Fez—what dost *thou* here to-night?"

"To tell thee this. For a twelvemonth thou hast been more than sunlight to me. I have lived in shade and gloom, only when thou chanced to be near me. Listen now; I pray thee haste not so quickly. I am willing, ready, even this very

night, if thou will it, to renounce my people, my station, my God, for thee! The shame and dishonor that is heaped upon the Jew, I am ready, glad to take upon myself if thou —"

"Nay, stop," said Myrrah, indignantly pausing, and looking her suitor in the face, "there is *no* stain upon my people for thee to take upon thyself. The shame and the dishonor which crushes them belong to *thy* people who impose it. There is no love in the hearts of the daughters of Judah for the oppressors of their fathers."

"Forgive me," was the humble answer, "teach me words that I may plead my love without offending thee; be mine, Myrrah, and we will hasten to seek out a home where the cruel injustice of my fathers cannot visit yours. Be *my wife*, I will prove thy willing, humble slave forever!"

"Thou art speaking madly, Orien Fez. I tell thee I have fear of thee! Are thy people wont to become the slaves of mine? I love thee not."

"Yes, I will bear even this, any thing from thee, if thou wilt only love me. I will deck thee with jewels that shall make thee look a queen; there shall be none preferred before thee. Would it not be joy to dwell where man has no power to crush, where thy place might be among the most honored of the earth? Oh, there are lands fairer than ours, more beautiful, more blessed, where the flowers of love wave forever in eternal sunshine of bliss—wilt thou not seek that land with me?"

"I have heard thee out, and thou talkest but foolishness! I doubt thy truth. And even were I well assured of that, dost thou think there are not ties binding me here dearer than thou canst even conceive, with all thy professions of love? Go, thou hast madly deceived thyself; mayest thou have a speedy awakening, Orien Fez, for I will not listen again to such words as thou hast uttered to-night."

They had reached her home, and Myrrah had disappeared within the heavy doors, which opened as by magic at her approach, ere her last words were fully uttered.

Stung with madness at this peremptory dismissal of his suit, and the scornful tone the Jewess had used to him who had so humbled himself before her, Orien turned in a rage away from the house, and slowly retraced his steps. There was something frightful in the calmness of his mien, and in the glittering of his bright eyes; he knew then that the daughter of that most despised of all people, would never give him a hearing again; that she despised his offer, even his, the proud and wealthy and powerful Orien. Ha! she should at least be brought to her senses—he would assure her whose were the words she had so lightly set at naught. So, to his rest he went, to dream of the sweet voice which haunted him incessantly, to think upon her marvelous beauty, which to his eye never seemed even so perfect, as when she turned toward him, and so proudly

and indignantly repelled the pleadings of his love.

To the embraces of affection which more than satisfied her brave heart, Myrrah went from the presence of Orien Fez. But she did not make known to the beloved ones awaiting her there, the persecuting attentions of the Moor; she was confident in her own power to repel his advances, and dreaded awaking anxious thoughts for her in her old father. And Othniel, she knew his fiery spirit, how his indignation would kindle into a rash flame against the man who, belonging to the host of oppressors, should dare sue for the love of his beloved; therefore she spoke not to *him* of the Moor.

A happy group was that gathered under old Raguel's roof. The father, who cherished with unmeasured affection the only child which the dreadful pestilence had spared to him; Othniel, the traveler, the betrothed of the maiden, who was to the old man's heart already a cherished son. He had come back from a long wandering in the East, to claim of the father his child, for early in their youth the two had vowed to love one another; and as time passed on, it saw them cherishing no regret for their childish vows. As he approached the years of manhood, a desire to see the wonders of the East had seized upon Othniel, and for a few years he had traveled through all the Holy Land, in Egypt, and over the deserts, until at last wearied and longing for the embrace and the presence of those left behind, he had hastened to the dearly remembered old town on the shore of the blue sea. Since his return, his home had been made with Raguel and Myrrah; and the day was speedily approaching when the children of the old man's heart were to be made one. But the sunshine of that home had been wanting without the cheerful voice, the songs, the smiles of Myrrah—her presence was the crowning joy that gave to all the others worth.

And, lo! that hope of the old man's heart, that blessing of young Othniel sleeps this night in a prison, and armed men are keeping guard about her cell! Look, *now* within the maiden's home.

The gray-haired father, whose face bears heavy marks of age and sickness, lies smitten with sore anguish upon his couch; his heavy moans are sad to hear, for no light sorrow had brought tears to his eyes, or wrung from him words of complaint. Pacing to and fro through the beautiful chamber is the despairing lover of the maiden. He, too, has wept, but his tears are wiped away now, and anger and hopeless grief are written on his countenance. It would seem that Othniel's rich and striking apparel had been assumed in mockery of his own agony—but it was not so. Hope and joy were never before so bright in his heart, as on that morning, when he donned the embroidered robes, and arrayed himself for the bridal. Yes, for the bridal! Myrrah and Othniel were on that day to have been made one.

See, now, as he moves so madly through the room, his garments have

become entangled in the chords of Myrrah's harp; hear the soft, sighing sound that escapes from the instrument, as in a moment, calmed and subdued, the youth bends down to disengage his robe; that breath of music causes the father's tears to flow afresh, and Othniel, again unmanned, flings himself upon the door, and gives way to the uncontrollable grief.

In another chamber is prepared the wedding-feast; a rich banquet, "fit for the gods," served up in costliest style, awaiting the bidden guests, and the happy bride and bridegroom.

Above, in her own apartment, where Myrrah arrayed herself on that morn so full of hope, is a profusion of the choice and rich appareling with which the daughters of wealth are wont to array themselves. Jewels, and beautiful array, the proudest might covet, left in wild confusion, show that the mistress of all that splendor had gone forth in haste, alas! not to the altar, as she had dreamed! for the bridal train had proceeded but a little way toward the synagogue, where the priest awaited them, when Myrrah was suddenly arrested in the name of the public authorities, on charge of having proved traitor to a solemn oath which she had taken, and the dismayed party, instead of proceeding to the place of worship, was hurried, with little ceremony, before the cadi.

One was there in presence of the man of power, only too ready with his false accusation. Orien Fez, discovering that there was in the person of a preferred lover, an impassable barrier to the accomplishment of his hopes, had conceived in his base heart a fiendish plan by which he might avenge himself, and this was its first betrayal. That very morning the charge had been made, to which he had solemnly sworn, to this effect, that Myrrah, daughter of the Jew Raguel, had to him, and in hearing of his witnesses, declared her firm and unalterable belief in Mahommedanism—had, with her own lips, declared faith in the abominable creed, "there is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet." That since that time she had proved false to her vow, having returned to the worship of the God of the Jews—a transgression which the laws of the land held to be punishable with death.

On being asked if she had any reply to make to this statement, the astonished prisoner, striving to quiet her indignation, simply stated that the accusation was altogether false—that she had *never*, on any occasion, professed faith, either by thought, or word, or deed, in other religion than that which her people had unwaveringly held for so many years; further words than this statement prudence prevented her speaking.

There was a vast difference in the social position of the accuser and accused, which augured not well for the state of feeling with which this cause would be judged. Orien Fez was a representative of the higher class of Moors, and, as has been stated, wealthy and influential. The prisoner was the daughter of a despised race—rich, also, it is true; but even the wealth of her parent

increased the professed contempt and enmity with which he was regarded by the oppressors—for riches possessed by any of his scorned and hated brethren was invariably attributed to other than honest means of acquirement.

An unprejudiced eye had seen, in the appearance of Orien, the craft and subtlety of the Evil One; had seen in that glittering eye, and the triumphant smile, other cause for the accusation which he had made, than merely an honest desire that the honor of his religion and its professors should be kept bright. In the young Jewess, on the contrary, was a look of conscious innocence, a brave indignation, which of themselves had proved her guiltless of the sin attributed to her. But the cadi was not prepared to find blamelessness in a Jew, when a Moor was the accuser, though his shrewdness had more than half penetrated to the truth of the matter already, therefore he said,

"This case demands the most serious attention; it is no light thing to condemn one to death, but neither must the guilty go free. The matter shall be referred to the pasha—we will care for thy daughter, Jew; she shall be safely kept for trial on another day. When thou art notified, accuser, Orien Fez, and ye, his witnesses, appear without delay before the pasha, on pain of severe and rigorous punishment."

It was thus that Myrrah was imprisoned—thus that the diabolical Moor sought his revenge.

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CHAPTER III.

The following week—and, oh, how lonely and drearily it had passed to parent, child, and lover; they brought the accused before the pasha for trial. It was a public trial, and a multitude had come together to witness the proceedings—for the accusation of Orien Fez, his high position among the people of Tangiers on the one hand, and the beauty of the young prisoner, the affecting circumstances attending her arrest, on the other, were sufficient causes to attract more than usual attention.

Arrayed still in the bridal garments, the dazzling jewels and splendid apparel, Myrrah stood before the pasha, facing the bold, and villainous, and unrelenting accuser.

Old Raguel and Othniel were also there. Since her first examination before the cadi, Myrrah had not been permitted an interview with them; and the sight of the poor old man, who seemed to her to have grown ten years older in those few days, and the pale and haggard countenance of the loved Othniel, quite overwhelmed the young girl; for a moment her head was bent, and her slight form strove in the tempest of grief—but strength came to her again, and she

stood up once more calm and self-possessed, to be tried for life!

Again was the false charge preferred—again the answer of the captive was demanded.

"What sayest thou to this charge, maiden?"

"That it is false—that I am not guilty," was the firm reply.

"What! dost thou deny having ever professed thy faith in our great Prophet? Wherefore, then should these witnesses declare against thee—are they thine enemies?"

"I know naught save this—they are *false* witnesses. Until the day when the accusation was first made, I had never seen them—I know them not. Orien Fez I *have* seen before; and I believe that enmity, which has nothing to do with my religion or thine, has made him bring this false charge against me."

"Thou standest alone, woman, and mere assertions cannot avail. These witnesses are truthful believers—but thou, we know not what thou art."

"She is a woman who, during the fifteen years I have ministered in the synagogue of Tangiers, has remained constant in the worship of the God of her fathers," hurriedly exclaimed the venerable priest, almost weeping, who had come to listen with all a father's affection and fear, while the daughter of his heart was on trial.

"I am a true woman," added the sweet voice of Myrrah. "From whence shall I bring evidence to satisfy you that I lie not? Are not the words of my people always set at naught? You will not believe me, yet have I ever remained faithful to my God—none other have I ever professed to serve."

"Thou knowest the punishment awarded to those guilty of sin such as this of which thou art accused—it is death, death of torture—to be burned at the stake, and the body to be scattered to the winds of heaven. Confess now—it is not too late; mercy may yet extend a pardoning hand; profess anew thy faith in Mahomet; *repeat* thy belief, 'There is no God but God, and Mahomet is his prophet!' "

There was a moment's pause, a silence like that in the halls of death, then Myrrah said slowly,

"Thou dost urge me to speak that which my lips have never yet spoken—that which they dare not speak; wouldst thou have me declare my faith, that thy prophet is a *false* prophet? Wouldst thou have me say, that to the God of Abraham *alone* I bend my knee and my heart?"

A murmur of surprise and indignation went up from the Moors who were gathered there, while the voice of many a Jew was heard in earnest declaration, "Pasha, she is innocent—she is innocent."

Raguel looked with mournful approval on his child as she spoke so undauntedly; but boldly as her avowal was made, Myrrah dared not look upon the father, nor on that other, dearer to her than life—Othniel.

The pasha was silent, he dreaded the utterance of the awful sentence. Few who had witnessed his mode of conducting criminal cases, had suspected there was a particle of feeling in the bloody-minded man; but now he paused, and looked with sorrowful interest on the prisoner, and his voice trembled, when at last he said,

"Death, then, can alone await thee! Consider this. Thou art young, and I need not say thou art very beautiful. Thy marriage garments are comely—the robes of life befit thee well. Canst thou falter in the choice between life and awful death, joy and the lonely grave?"

"My child! my child!" cried Raguel, "God is merciful! He will forgive thee! Do not choose death—can I live without thee? Myrrah! Myrrah, *live*!"

A deathly paleness overspread the face of the poor, tempted young creature; she wept. But ere long the weakness passed again. Looking mildly upon her accusers and the judges, she said, solemnly,

"Ye *know* that life is very sweet to me, for I am young—that it is very fair to me, ye know, for there are some ties binding me to the dear world, very hard to break. I have said that the charge spoken against me is untrue; and the God of heaven knows that I have spoken honestly to you. It is He who hath given me strength in this hour to declare that death, even the horrible death you have said awaits me, is to be chosen rather than life and recreancy to my religion—it is He who will support me in the fiery trial."

"My daughter," exclaimed Raguel, "oh, take back those words! God surely will forgive thee. I cannot lose thee! Wilt thou not choose as they desire, then thou art still mine own? Thou hast not thought, Myrrah, thou canst not guess the death of torture that awaits thee."

"I know it all, dear father. But God will give me strength. The sin and the shame of this deed rests not on us. No! thy long life of integrity and steadfastness to the faith of our fathers shall not be shamed by me. Thou couldst not desire it, my father!"

"Oh, Myrrah, for *my* sake, then!" cried Othniel, for the first time speaking, as he approached hurriedly and threw himself at her feet. "Retract that determination while the pasha will permit thee. Wilt thou leave me to die of grief; or more awful fate, to live alone without thee in this dark world? Take back thy word. I entreat thee, believe in their prophet, and live!"

There were no tearless eyes in that people gathered in the pasha's presence; in breathless interest turned they all to the young girl, hoping to see her stern determination giving way to these appeals. Myrrah turned her gaze from him, the passionate appealing of Othniel's dark eyes was more than she could bear, but her will bore her up gloriously, though the voice, which shook as the aspen, told how poor human nature suffered in that conflict between the pleadings of love and the stern sense of duty.

“Othniel, it is between my God and thee I am called to determine. Thou canst not secure to me life and thyself even one day, but *He* can give me, when one short pang is passed, an eternity of bliss; and *thou* mayest share it, my father! Othniel, would ye have me choose for time—for earth?”

There came no answer to the noble girl’s appeal. None dared to offer one persuading word when this solemn reply of the Jewess was made.

“Hast thou chosen, maiden?” said the pasha at length, in a voice that was scarcely audible.

“I have,” was the reply; “thy people are not my people, I dare not confess thy God, and in so doing forsake and deny mine own.”

When this answer was given, the pasha, by a violent exertion mastered his emotion, and arose, saying,

“Let the prisoner be conveyed to the dungeon; on the morrow, at sunset, she must pay the death-penalty. Her own words have sealed her fate. Thus perish the enemies and mockers of our holy religion; thus shall the heathen learn that there is no God but God, and that Mahomet is his prophet!”

These words were pronounced in a loud, stern voice; but the heart of the man of power failed within him, as he looked on the beautiful victim of the rigid laws of his country; and therefore it was that he caused to be made known to the father and the betrothed that the prison door would be open to them (contrary to the usual custom) all the following day.

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CHAPTER IV.

And how were passed the flying hours of that last day, granted to the young and the beloved, on earth? In desperate and wild, but vain appeals, to her love of life—in still more mournful entreaties by her devotion to them who were the joy of her existence, that she would suffer them to bear her confession of penitence and faith to the pasha.

It was pitiful to see the gray-haired father at one moment pleading her by every consideration, to take the words of the Mussulman upon her lips, even if her heart rebelled, and the next, when her gentle, but firmly expressed determination was reiterated, thanking God that He gave to her strength to remain firm in the face of every temptation. It was pitiful to see the hopeless, almost sullen agony of the younger man, as he sat beside the condemned all these wretched hours, clasping her hands within his own, and folding her so often to his bosom in a wordless embrace.

Such tears were shed within that dismal cell as have no other source but broken hearts; such sighs were breathed as only the autumn breeze gives

utterance to when the joy and the glory of earth is departing; such prayers ascended, as the heart of man can alone conceive when every earthly hope has failed, when the terrors of death, and the more terrible agonies of life surround the helpless soul!

Once, when a chance word had called to mind the now almost forgotten, but despised and hated Orien Fez, Myrrah was on the point of revealing to Othniel the only cause she could conceive of his malice against her. But the reflection that such knowledge would only spur her beloved on to the committal of deeds which would end fatally to him, while it could not possibly avail even if made known to the prejudiced mind of the pasha, in securing her pardon and liberation—made her hesitate, and finally resolve in carrying that slight clue to the cause of her arrest, into the silence and oblivion of the grave.

Only once did she take the name of the accuser on her lips, and then it was to implore Othniel to forgive him his part in their calamity, and to leave him to the mercy of God.

And the fiery youth promised it—revenge and hate—all the evil passions which have to do with life, died that day within him—the future time, after that woful night on which he thought with agony, heaven with Myrrah was all he dared to hope or think of—it was a thought of blessedness—a dream, a hope which the merciful spirit of God breathed into his soul when it laid in the dust of despair.

The hours of daylight waned, night was fast approaching—then came forth from the prison cell Othniel, and on his arm was leaning the stricken father, Raguel. The old man's eyes had looked their last upon the fair young idol which he worshiped with a reverence approaching that which he held for his Maker.

He wept not as the guard turned the key behind him on the iron door, which would open again ere long that *she* might be led forth to—death. He made no resistance as they went with him to his deserted dwelling. A sense of the awful bereavement seemed to have passed away—he even smiled as they led him through the cheerful rooms of the home that was always made blessed by her presence—and said how pleasant it was to be in one's home again, away from the dark and frightful prison. There was a bird of splendid plumage caged in the old man's parlor, (every portion of which bore evidence of a woman's frequent presence and exquisite taste,) it was the young girl's pet—the gift of Othniel in days long since gone by. The noise of the intruders on the silence of the house, startled the little warbler, and he poured forth the most delicious flood of melody; the sound aroused the old man, with an exclamation of delight he threw himself upon the couch near by, and listened in rapt astonishment and joy to the exquisite songster.

Filled with gloomy foreboding as he noticed this sudden and total change

in the old Jew, Othniel left him in the care of gentle friends, and hastened away in the direction of the prison once more.

The sun was setting as he neared the great walls, and the youth saw a procession moving from the gates, and a band of soldiers was guarding the death-doomed prisoner! The crowd gathered and increased with every step of the slowly moving procession—in solemn silence Jew and Mahommedan strode together, for the moment forgetful of all save the mournful cause which brought them there.

A moment Othniel moved on hastily, he would rejoin Myrrah, would be with her to the last—then a remembrance of his own weakness, and of the effect his sorrow might produce upon her, stayed him—and apart from the crowd he walked or crept, slowly and heavily, for the burden of his unutterable sorrow was too great to bear.

Afar in the distance, beyond the confines of the town, the funeral pile was to be made—the sacrifice pure and innocent as was ever brought to the altar, was to be offered up.

Alone, deprived of her comforting words, and removed from the restraining presence of the old man, Othniel thought on all that she had been to him in the happy past, of all that she might have been in that future to which they were wont to look with so much hope. He called to mind her beauty, her youth, and her innocence; the love which she cherished for all that was good, and pure, and true; for her aged father, and for his unworthy self.

And as he thought, darker and darker grew the cloud that swept over his mind; the lightning of hope one second blazed athwart it, but was close followed by the heavy pealing thunder of despair. His step grew feeble and slow. The crowd was fast passing by him, soon they were all gone, and the youth still tried to totter on, as a feeble little child—for what? to look once more, but once on her beloved face—but not to witness her agony, he could not endure that. Faintness crept over his limbs—his eyes became dim—slower and slower was his step, but still he strove desperately to move on in that direction in which the multitude had gone.

At last he was forced to pause—his strength had all deserted him. There were trees growing by the wayside, and a little spring wound through the pleasant grove. Othniel reached the shade, and half-fainting, flung himself upon the ground. He bathed his burning brow in the cool stream, he drank of the reviving waters, but though by degrees strength came again to his limbs, there was a faintness in his heart that would not pass.

Soon impelled irresistibly to the road-side again, Othniel looked toward the north—there whither the crowd had gone. Great Heaven! the black, hateful smoke already was staining the pure air! and a murmur that arose from the great mass of people, a faint sound of wo, was wafted to his ear on the soft

breath of evening. Inspired with new life and strength, he moved again swiftly on. He must see indeed if it were indeed a reality that they would sacrifice his bride, his worshiped Myrrah, to that hellish lie the Moor had conceived. The weakness of limb was gone with that thought. Forward he rushed as borne on the eagle's wings, until he stood with the great multitude.

For a moment his heart failed him, and Othniel stood gazing on the armed guard who were ranged about the prisoner, on the blazing faggots, on the weeping men and women—on the pallid and sorrowful countenance of the pasha, on the motionless Orien Fez where he proudly stood with his powerful relatives, and on her, his beloved, adored Myrrah, who stood so calm, so brave before the kindled fire, that was kindled to consume *her*. Looking upon her as she stood thus, alone and unsupported, save by the inward sustaining consciousness of right and innocence, his resolve to only look and then depart, was broken; he lost all self-control, and with the force of a whirlwind rushed through the dense, astonished mass, that gave way right and left before him; past the ranks of vigilant soldiery with maniac speed, until in the centre of the awfully charmed circle, he flung himself before the pale, loving, and forgiving idol, about to be crushed and destroyed by the hand of power.

In those past moments, so fraught with horror to all about her, Othniel had been in all her thoughts—but she had hoped to never see his face on earth again—she had hoped that his dear voice might not come, drowning the voice of the angel God had sent to comfort and to strengthen her.

"Othniel!"

"Myrrah!"

None strove to separate them, as they stood clasped thus in a last, fond embrace. Only one whispered word of deathless love was interchanged—only one silent prayer that moment heard in Heaven for each other's peace, and their arms unclasped; they stood pale and trembling, gazing on one another, and then Othniel was gone.

A deep-drawn sigh escaped the awe-struck crowd as that last evidence of human love had passed, and the poor girl lifted her eyes to heaven, knowing that consolation and strength could alone come from thence.

The sun had quite sunk, and the long twilight began.

There was not a fragment of cloud in all the clear, calm sky—there was a stillness, holy, soul-elevating on the earth—and the brightness of the Father's glory seemed alone waiting the frail child of earth, as she stood there to offer life and all its blessedness and joy, to a higher love, a loftier and purer faith.

They bound her to the stake; the flames—the hot and angry flames pressed closely on her lovely form, which *he* had but now clasped to his breaking heart. And when the stars came out in heaven, and a horrible loneliness crept over that deserted place—where a dense black cloud ascended, and the flames

had died away, there was another saint in heaven worthy to rest in Abraham's bosom!

There was silence that night in Myrrah's earthly home—an old man slept upon the couch her fairy form had ofttimes pressed—slept, but he dreamed not. His eyes were closed—she was not there to watch his quiet slumber—there was a sign of such deep peace laid upon his brow as Myrrah never saw there; Raguel's heart had ceased its pulsations—the father was sleeping the eternal sleep!

The calmness and the smiles which the amazed friends beheld in him as he came from that last parting with his child, were but the presage of the everlasting calmness, the unfading smile, for the old man's spirit had sought the distant land ere another morning dawned—called home by the merciful and loving Father of the Gentile and the Jew.

And Othniel again became a wanderer. Not a murderer, for Myrrah's parting counsel and entreaty had saved him from blood-guiltiness—and the life of Orien Fez was never required at *his* hands. But Othniel died young, when his heart had learned to say, "God is merciful—His will is best," and the sands of the desert were his resting-place.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

BY GIFTIE.

DARKNESS is on the wave,
The night wind hummeth low,
And through the soft bright air the gleams
Of moonlight come and go,
And all is hushed to rest
Upon Sleep's quiet breast,
All save the human heart, that sighing waketh still —
The heart, that never sleeping —
Its lonely vigil keeping —
Findeth still naught on earth its depths to fill.

Thou art like Sleep, oh, Night!
Thou hast a thrilling power,
To awe, e'en with thy loveliest things,
The heart in this still hour.
Thou bringest up the past —
All bright things we have lost —
The dead whom we have loved look on us from the skies,
Yet naught of fear or wo,
That cloud man's life below,
Is in the gaze of their calm spiritual eyes.

Ay—faces of the dead
Look downward from the sky.
They wear the same loved look and mien
They wore in days gone by,
Yet something dimly there.
Though cheek and brow be fair,
Says chillingly that human love hath passed away.
They care for us no more —
Those dwellers on the shore

Where night is lost in heaven’s effulgent day.

Still—all is still around;
I hear the sound of streams,
That through the long grass singing flow
Beneath the starlight beams
Thus let my soul repose,
Serene ’mid earthly woes,
Till death shall come and bid its longings cease,
Till I quench this weary thirst,
Where immortal fountains burst,
And heavenly voices welcome me to peace.

BALLADS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO.

BY HENRY KIRBY BENNER, U. S. A.

PALO ALTO.

THE army lay in quiet rest: for many a weary league
Had we marched in battle order, combating with fatigue;
But when Point Isabel arose between us and the sun,
And the evening gun exploded, we felt our toil was done,
And we laid us down in silence, and we slept without alarm,
Each soldier resting on the ground, with his head across his arm.

But when the gray of morning made twilight in the east,
Like shadows, from the prairie arose both man and beast;
And the soldiers stretched their arms, and the steeds with neigh and stamp,
With the rattling rolling reveillé put motion in the camp;
And the sunrise-gun boomed loudly, when, as its sound declined,
A dull, funereal response rolled heavily down the wind.

The soldiers paused and listened, each with questions in his eyes,
As round and red the tropic sun walked, Mars-like, up the skies; —
It was no echo; never yet made echo sound like that,
For echo lives in the mountain glen, and not on the prairie flat:
We clasped our muskets closer as we hurried to parade,
Our beating hearts replying to the distant cannonade.

Not a word had yet been spoken, though, still, the cumbrous sound
Came rolling, like a tumbril, over the damp and dewy ground;
But beetling brows and heaving breasts and half-suspended sighs
Spoke the anger of the passionate hearts whose lightning lit our eyes;
Then a murmur rose along our ranks no discipline could drown,
And the burthen of the chorus was the syllables—"Fort Brown!"

Just then our gallant general, on his favorite white horse,
Rode slowly and serenely, like a father, through his force;
But as the ranks "presented arms," another murmur ran —
"God bless old Rough and Ready," loud and deep, from man to man.
The brave old heart looked gratified, but his eyes sunk slowly down,
For he thought of his companions who were battling at Fort Brown.

But scarcely had they fallen, when the air became so still
We heard the campanero[2] cry a league off, on the hill.
The old man's gray eyes glistened, and his horse reversed his ears,
And stamped his hoofs, and neighed aloud, as laughing at our fears:
We stood like statues, listening, when TAYLOR made a sign,
And WALKER left his Rangers, riding quickly down the line.

That night the Texan hero was missed by all our men;
But we smiled, for well we knew that he soon would come again,
For a braver, or a better, or a more chivalrous knight
Never put his lance in rest in the days when might was right;
And he had the fox's cunning, and the eagle's restless eye,

With his courage, to see danger, and that danger to defy.

Two days passed by, and hour by hour the army moved, with gloom
On heart and soul, as though each man stood gazing on his tomb;
But all at once a sudden cry!—our hearts sprung, like a steed
Who sees the flash and hears the gun, then headlong ploughs the mead —
Then Walker's name—another shout!—and each one, with content
In breast and brain, accoutred, rushed delighted from his tent.

We all knew what was coming, when at the reveillé,
We saw the Texan head his men, and heard the laugh of MAY,
For all had learned the news, and knew, that ere two suns went down
Our army would be rolling, like a tempest, on Fort Brown;
And that the foe in thousands were gathering in our way —
Human panthers, couched in silence, expectant of their prey.

At last we heard the order, and along the grassy plain
Our army, like a sparkling snake, uncoiled its glittering train,
And silently, but earnestly, we marched from dawn till night,
And then laid down in silence till the breaking of the light:
No fires disturbed the darkness, no sound betrayed our camp,
Save, at intervals the countersign, with the sentinel's measured tramp.

Next morning we pursued our march: it was a sultry day;
The sunlight flickered like a flame along our sandy way;
But no one lingered, for we knew our foemen were before,
And, like blood-hounds howling on the scent, we trailed the distant gore;
For we thought of our associates, and the thought had power to drown
All human feelings, for we heard the cannon at Fort Brown.

For twelve miles unmolested had we marched, when brazen noon
Beheld the enemy deploy along the green lagoon:
Our hearts beat high, for we were few, and scarcely one before
Had flashed his sword in battle, or had heard the cannon's roar;
But Lexington and Concord and Bunker-Hill beheld
Just such recruits victorious in the iron days of old.

And now the word was passed—to halt, and each, in turn, was seen
To stoop beside the limpid lake and fill his hot canteen;
And then the order came to march; and now our foemen lay
A musket shot before us, a barrier in our way,

When, like a Paladin of old, BLAKE, brave as brave could be,
Sprung from the lines, and spurred his steed along the grassy lea.

We saw him gallop toward the foe, and our passions thrilled us, when
We viewed him ride along their lines and coolly count their men,
And turn and gallop backward, and grasp our general's hand,
Then silently resume his place, and head his little band:
We paused, when, rushing, roaring, whirling, whistling, wildly by,
Came the iron rain of Battle, while his thunder shook the sky.

Like a cloud the smoke closed round, and like steeds to frenzy lashed
The black eyes of our batteries their deadly fury flashed:
We were maniacs; we were furies; we were fiends, not mortal men,
And each one fought as if his arm contained the strength of ten;
But the smoke grew denser round us, for, like a funeral pyre,
The prairie blazed before our eyes—a sea of surging fire.

It was a fearful sight, but we fought for life and fame,
And incessantly and dauntlessly we answered flame with flame,
When, breaking from the enemy's left, a thousand lancers dashed,
A human avalanche, on us; but our batteries fiercely flashed,
And we drove them back like deer; but our brains went round and round,
When RINGOLD, staggering on his steed, fell, dying, to the ground!

But RIDGELY took the hero's place, and, wheeling to the right,
Plunged with his light artillery in the thickest of the fight;
And DUNCAN, wheeling to the left, poured in his shot like rain,
While our never-ceasing muskets, like a hurricane swept the plain.
One moment, like a herd of wolves, they stood, then broke and fled,
As our army dashed in swift pursuit o'er the dying and the dead!

But the sun was setting fast, and darkness slowly fell,
Like a pall, above the fallen who had fought so long and well;
And we heard our leader's summons, and our trumpets, call us back,
To refreshment and repose in our lonely bivouac;
And we laid us down in silence, surrounded by the slain,
And slept the sleep of conquerors on Palo Alto's plain.

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[2] The *Campanero*, a Mexican bird: so called from its cry, which resembles the clang of a bell.

THE WILKINSONS.

A TRUE STORY

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

MORE than fifty years ago, I was wont to sit at the feet of a lady, then advancing considerably in years, and to listen to her narrative of Indian wars and French aggressions, until it seemed to me, on closing my eyes, that I could call before me troops of hostile aborigines dancing, by the light of a burning dwelling, around prostrate prisoners, and celebrating their victory with tortures upon the victims of their vengeance. Or I could discern in the distance the fleets or troops of the French king, rushing upon some weakly defended colonial settlement, and sweeping away the inhabitants, as if the full reward of a Frenchman's toil was an Englishman's blood. I cannot say that I had any very correct view of the geographical limits where such scenes were enacted; nor am I able now to say that my conceptions of the French or Indian character were made wholly faultless by the exactness of the lady's account. 'Tis marvelous how the minds of some persons become warped by early prejudices or *fears*, but my instructive female friend, while she was no exception to the general rule, did not, I imagine, carry her prejudices much beyond those of persons who would probably sneer at, if not condemn her, should I tell the tales as she narrated them to me. But I cannot so tell them. Often indeed have I tried to recall the story, to give it shape and continuity, but in vain; I can only recollect some vague fragments of different tales, which she deemed history, and bring back the impression which her narrative caused upon my mind. It is certainly a sort of pleasure thus to fish in pools whither are gathered the currents of other years, and seek to drag to the shore, for present use, what has so long remained undisturbed beneath the waters. It is pleasant but profitless, for I cannot succeed; and even if I could, is it likely that what was so calculated to amuse me as a child, would be profitable and pleasant with half a century's experience on my head since they were made its tenants?

An opportunity occurred last summer to refresh my memory, while I was on a visit to that part of the country in which I heard the stories. The good old woman had survived those who started in life with her, had buried the

companions of her children, and witnessed indeed the sepulture, or mourned the death of most of the children of those who had been her contemporaries; but she survived, and when I presented myself before her she was knitting what appeared to be the mate of the same stocking upon which she was engaged two generations back. Time had done no more for her locks than he had for mine, and so we met on conditions as newly equal as were those which distinguished our circumstances fifty years before. After some conversation, by which I supplied, at her request, information that served as some required links to the chain of my own history, I ventured to ask for a repetition of one or two of those stories which were wont, in olden times, to keep my little feet from the ice, and my tender hands from the snow-balls.

"Why, don't you remember them?" said she.

"Not the narrative, but I distinctly recall some incidents, and the general effect."

"But you must remember them, for Mr. Wilmer's daughter has frequently read to me some of your stories, in which I recognised my own share in the composition."

"It may be so. I may have drawn upon memory instead of imagination, and thus have been retailing your supplies instead of dealing in my own wares. And to say the truth, Aunt Sarah, I should be very happy now to owe you credit for a whole story."

"Alas! I have found so few who would listen to the whole of any story, that I have forgotten most that I ever knew, and as books have been greatly multiplied of late, neither I nor those who would have been my auditors have any thing to regret."

"Cannot you recall the principal events in the account which you gave me of the Wilkinson family?"

"If you will have patience with my feeble voice, and assist with your own recollection my even more feeble memory, I will attempt that story, especially as certain events have served to keep a portion of it, at least, fresh in my mind, and especially as the act of narrating it will call back to my memory the times when I hired you to forbear outdoor sports, too rude, in the weather too inclement for your tender age. I have always considered that Providence had much to do with the affairs of

'THE WILKINSON FAMILY.' "

The persons concerned in the narrative which I have to repeat, are now nearly all departed. Some sleep beneath the sod in the rear of the meeting-house on yonder hill, and some are of the number of those who wait until the sea shall give up its dead, and like the informant of Job I may almost say, "that I only have escaped to tell."

One day the stage which passed between Plymouth and Boston, at stated periods, and rarely varying in its time of passing any particular point more than two or three hours, (the whole distance, you know, is now performed in one hour and a half by rail-road.) One day the stage stopped at the small house of Mrs. Wendall, near Stony Brook, and a young, well-dressed lady was seen to alight, with an infant, and enter the house. A large trunk was deposited, and the stage passed on. It was soon known throughout the village that a lady with whom Mrs. Wendall had formed an acquaintance at a boarding-house in Boston, had come to spend some time with her. Curiosity and courtesy induced several persons to call on Mrs. W. and her new guest, though little was seen of the latter, excepting on Sunday, when she was early at meeting, and devout in her deportment. She was handsome certainly, and much more refined in her manners than most of our people. She declined entering into much social intercourse, assigning as a reason that she was in delicate health, and censure was therefore busy with her name, and the conduct of Mrs. W. for receiving and entertaining her. But an application having been made, about this time, to the clergyman to admit her to membership in the church, certain papers were exhibited *to him*, and his sanction of her wish, and his introducing her to his family, at once settled the question of propriety. To a few leading questions, which some of her more inquisitive female neighbors chose to put, in what they denominated a spirit of Christian feeling, and which they hoped would be answered with Christian candor, the lady gave no definite answer, but contented herself and quieted the guests with the remark, that whatever she had to say of herself she would make known without interrogation, and whenever she declined an answer to such questions as had been put, it would be because such an answer involved the secrets of other persons.

This mode of treating the inquisitive was effective if not satisfactory, and as Mrs. Bertrand did not thrust herself upon any one, and as both the clergyman and Mrs. W. were satisfied with the lady, things were allowed to remain. It was supposed that Mrs. Wendall, in her semi-annual visits to Boston, received some money for Mrs. Bertrand. And at the death of Mrs. Wendall, Mrs. B. entered upon the possession of her neat house, and became the head of a little family, consisting of herself, her daughter Amelia, and one female in the character of assistant.

The education of Amelia was conducted by her mother—we had then no school in which *education* could be acquired—and the home lessons, by precept and example, which Mrs. B. gave to her daughter were effective in the formation of one of the most lovely characters that ever blessed our neighborhood. The melancholy, fixed and sometimes communicative, of the mother had an effect upon the daughter. Not indeed to infuse into her moral character any morbid sensibility, but to check the exuberance of youthful

feeling, and to chasten and direct a girlish fancy. There was religion, too, in all her thoughts—religion lying at the foundation of her character—religion operating upon all her plans and directing all their execution. There was no time when she seemed without this power, no time when she came into its possession. She lived in the atmosphere of her mother; she was from the cradle a child of prayer, and she participated in thousands of acts of goodness and plans of beneficence, of which none but herself and mother knew the source, but which made the heart of the afflicted beat with joy.

While such goodness blessed the dwelling of Mrs. Bertrand, it was diffused through the neighborhood.

I dwell on these things because I have always thought that the loveliness of Mrs. B.'s little family circle, though peculiar, undoubtedly, was imitable, and that the same education in the parent, and the same care for the child, would result in similar excellencies. But somehow, I never could make my views understood—and people around seemed to be impressed with the idea that what they admired in the mother and daughter was some special endowment by Providence, not attainable by any others. It is in this matter pretty much as it was with the minister's garden—all admired its beauty, and each was willing to share in the excellence of its produce, but we had few who were willing to think that its beauty and usefulness resulted from his culture, and that with the same care their own weedy patch might have become rich in beauty and profitable in fruits.

Such, however, was the chastened excellence of Mrs. Bertrand's character, such the beauty of her life, I might add, indeed, of her person, and such the sweetness of disposition and almost angelic temper and devotion of Amelia, that perhaps it was not strange that many should regard their domestic and social virtues and their Christian graces as inimitable. Oh, how often have I sat down in my chamber and resolved, with God's blessing, to copy into my heart some of the heavenly lessons of their lives, and to exhibit in my conduct and conversation something of the lesser graces of this mother and her daughter. Alas! while I feel much benefit in myself from the examples and excellence with which I was occasionally associated, I have little hope that I ever made others sensible of my efforts.

It is certain that our whole town felt and acknowledged the benefit of Mrs. Bertrand's residence among us; and, strange as it may appear, I do not remember that any envious tongues were employed to diminish the credit of her efforts, or to lessen her power of usefulness. It was a beautiful homage to female excellence which our neighborhood paid to the virtues of mother and daughter, and I have often thought that some credit was due to us all for thus appreciating what was so truly beautiful, without allowing the disparity between us and them to excite envy. Perhaps, however, it was the vast

difference between us that served to keep down jealousy.

During a violent gale that followed the vernal equinox, a vessel coming, I think, from Havana, and bound for Boston, was wrecked on one of the outer capes of the bay. She strode at some distance from the shore; and went to pieces in the gale. It was believed that all on board had perished as several dead bodies washed ashore. One person, however, was taken up lashed to a spar; he exhibited some evidence of remaining vitality, and was put into a vessel to be conveyed to Plymouth, but the tide and wind favored the landing at this end of the bay, and he was conveyed to a solitary house on the point of land at the mouth of the river. There medical men ascertained that an arm was broken, and some injury sustained in one of the sufferer's legs. Surgical aid was given, and careful nursing was required. This was most difficult to procure —money was to be had, for the pockets of the sufferer were filled with gold coin, and subsequently portions of the ceiling of the ship's cabin which washed ashore, were found to be studded with guineas, driven into the boards that they might drift ashore. As the suffering man was found to have similar coin with him, it was supposed that these waifs were his also.

Mrs. Bertrand was at the time quite too unwell to visit the Nook, as the place was called, where the sick man lay—so Amelia went with such appliances for the sick chamber as her mother could send, and afterward she obtained permission of her mother to remain and assist one of the other persons of the village to take care of the sick man, that the family whose rooms he occupied, might not be drawn from their necessary labor.

The shipwrecked person seemed to be about forty years of age; it was difficult to judge of his person, but his face and head were attractive. He was rather patient than resigned; and if he forbore to complain of his suffering, it was evident that the pride of a man habitually trusting to himself, rather than the Christian submitting to Providence, restrained his tongue.

There was nothing in the case of the sufferer to render his situation particularly perilous, unless a fever should supervene, so said the doctor, but he also confessed that the symptoms indicated more than ordinary exhaustion of shipwreck and the consequence of broken limbs, so he advised a disposition of worldly affairs, as one of the best means of tranquillizing his system.

In the night, while Amelia relieved the watch of the other person, the sufferer called her to him, and when she had disposed his limbs in a favorable position, he remarked that during the whole of her kind attendance on him he had never seen her face—her voice he had heard, it seemed familiar to him, and the name by which she was called was one that he could never forget.

Amelia drew the curtain aside, and the light of the night-lamp gave the patient a full view of her face. He started:

"And that face, too!—looks and name, too! Do I dream, or is it real?"

“What do you see?” said Amelia with kindness. “You seem astonished at my name—is it so unusual, or so familiar to you?”

“You surely are not of this place? And the name —”

“I *am* of this place—though I was not born here—and though *Amelia* is the name of my mother, I have reason to believe that I was named for the daughter of one of our excellent neighbors.”

“It is so—yes. I must have been dreaming—perhaps I am feverish. Will you talk a little, however, and let me hear your voice?”

“If you feel able to hear me *talk*, perhaps you would prefer to hear me read a short passage in the Bible.”

The patient rather *consented*, than desired it.

There was the next day a much longer conversation between the patient and his young nurse, in which he took occasion to utter opinions upon religious matters quite heretical.

“I did not come hither, captain,” said Amelia, “to dispute upon religious subjects with you. I am no disputant. It is my duty, however, to say distinctly, lest you should mistake my silence, that in my opinion you are quite wrong, and that your present situation is such as to render your irreligious impressions the more fearful to me as they are the more dangerous to you.”

“Why then will you not discuss the question of the truth of Christianity with me?”

“Simply because I do not think that I am competent to the task; and—but no.”

“What do you mean by your unassigned second reason?”

“I mean simply that I do not think you wish to be convinced of the truth of religion.”

“That is hard—but I do wish to believe it if it is true.”

“Captain Wilkinson, if you really wish to believe in the great truths of Christianity, I will invite the clergyman to come down hither and converse with you. Tell me—not now, but tell me after thinking maturely upon it, say this evening, whether you really desire information.”

At night it was again Amelia’s turn to sit with the patient. He intimated that he continued of the same opinion.

“Then I will send for the minister.”

“Let me, while you remain, talk with you, we will have the parson afterward.”

Considerable time was spent by the captain in presenting his views of theology. They were crude and disjointed. He had been poorly instructed, and having led a life of great freedom he felt it much easier to deny the existence of any law, than to reconcile his conduct to the requirements of what was declared to be a divine law. “Nay,” said he, “truth, honesty, sincerity, sobriety,

and all these virtues, are only the result of long experience, and men willing to enforce them as a sort of mercantile convenience have declared them to be a part of the requirements of a divine power. The very fact that they are found to be convenient to social and public life, proves that they are mere deductions from general experience, and not the requirements of God."

"So then you think that a God who is the father as well as the creator of mankind, would not make the rules which He gave for man's government subservient to man's happiness?"

"Tell me, Amelia, does your happiness result from your obedience?"

"So far as I am obedient I am happy. It is my mortification to believe that my obedience is too often in the *act*, rather than in the will. It is easy for me to obey the command of my mother and to have her satisfied—but God who sees the heart, undoubtedly judges me closer, and knowing it, I lack the happiness which perfect obedience would insure."

"Do you see the relation between the actor of a present life and his happiness or misery?"

"No, I do not. But I believe that such a relation does exist, and though I may not be able now to show that relation in others, yet I believe it becomes manifest at some period; certainly where they are not traceable in this world they become evident in the next."

"That next world is a sort of safety-valve to those who argue on religious topics with men like me. But if you could show me the relations which exist between your conduct and your present situation, or the dependence of my situation upon my present conduct, I might believe that there was some law—and when there is a law there must be a law-giver."

"Alas, captain, the discussion of causes and effects will not much benefit you at the present time, especially with such an one as I for an expounder. What you need is not argument, but reflection. Be assured of one thing, religion has had stronger antagonists than you, and they have been defeated, convinced, converted. But what you need—and captain you do need *that*—is to cease to argue in your own breast, and against what I perceive to be your own convictions—confess plainly now that you have made up your scepticism to meet certain circumstances of your own life, and that you are not prepared to admit of the connection of revealed religion and the terrible consequences of a neglect of its requirements."

"What circumstance of my life," said the captain, with much emphasis, "what circumstance of my life has thus induced me to shut my eyes and heart against truth?"

"That I do not know. But I believe if you will go over in your own mind candidly the events of your life, you will confess that, if they have not brought upon you the present fearful visitations, they have at least served to make you

argue yourself into infidelity."

"Amelia, what you say may be true—I will think of the matter. It would be curious if I should be brought back to my early belief by one so young and delicate as you."

"My youth and ignorance may be altogether in favor of such a result. You can have little or no pride in a discussion with me, and thus, instead of seeking to sustain an argument for the sake of a triumph, you might be willing to listen to the truths which I utter for the sake of the truth. But you intimated a disposition to review your life, and see whether you cannot find some relation between your past conduct and your present scepticism. And permit me to say that your present situation, though not dangerous perhaps, is one that ought to suggest to you the inquiry, whether the foundation on which you have placed your future condition is safe, and the conversation which we have already had is as much I am sure as the doctor would permit were he here. Sleep will be advantageous to your physical powers. I am confident that calm reflection, and honest retrospection must be profitable to your mind."

"She talks like a parson," said the captain, as he settled himself for sleep or for thought.

More than two hours had elapsed before Amelia could discover that her patient was asleep, though he was perfectly still. At length the heavy, regular breathing denoted that he had succeeded in his effort to sleep, or had failed in his efforts to keep awake.

Before Amelia saw the captain again she had visited her mother and made her acquainted with the state of the patient's mind. Mrs. B. could discover in the remarks of the captain which her daughter repeated to her, little else than the willingness of a sick or lame man to be courteous and civil to a voluntary nurse, and she expressed such an opinion to her daughter.

"I think otherwise, mother," said Amelia, "not so much from the words of the captain as from his tone, his earnestness of expression, and his readiness to return to the conversation whenever other persons leave the room."

"I have not so much confidence, Amelia, in the re-adoption of early religious opinions upon a sick bed; as some persons have. I love the virtue, the piety which extends along from the nursery to the grave, blessing and sanctifying the whole existence, and forming a complete chain of moral life, a religious growth."

"But, dear mother, if that chain has been ruptured by extraordinary violence, is it not best to connect the links? There may be less of continued perfection, but the reproduction of a part is worth the effort."

"The captain seems to have made a strong impression upon you, and to have excited unusual interest for a stranger."

Amelia did not blush, because she did not understand what would

ordinarily be inferred from such a remark as her mother's.

"I do not know when I have felt a greater interest for one of whom I know so little. But undoubtedly a part of the interest is mingled with curiosity. He is a man of some education, of much travel, and of more observation than masters of ships generally have. But there seems to be some event in his past life upon which he is strongly sensitive, and to which he is constantly referring; especially when a little feverish and in disturbed sleep."

"I need not say to you, my child, that you will hear as little of such involuntary talk as possible, and never repeat a word of it unless it be to *his* advantage."

"I understand, mother. But I have already told the captain that I thought his scepticism was referable to some past event, and he seemed to be struck by the remark."

"You will find that you were correct; and you will discern, moreover, that while he is sceptical from *past* occurrences, he postpones investigating the foundation of his opinions, on account of the interference which a correction of error would have on some *future* event. Men deceive themselves, or try to, just as much as they try to deceive others; and the whole course of the immoral man is one of deception, self-deception, from which rarely any thing but death arouses him."

Amelia received some advice with regard to her conduct, and some instruction relative to her proposed argument, and then took leave of her mother to enter upon her turn of duty in the chamber of the captain, promising to return the next morning.

But the next morning Mrs. Bertrand looked in vain for her daughter, and more than ever regretted that she herself was unable to share in the duties which Amelia assumed. It was not until evening that a lad came to the house, and brought a letter from Amelia, addressed to her mother. This is a copy of the letter hastily, but I believe faithfully made.

Thursday, Noon.

DEAR MOTHER,—You will wonder at my absence, and still more that, not returning in the morning, I did not send word to you; before I conclude this hasty note, you will see not only why I did not come, but why I now write.

After some arrangements made for the night, the other attendant left me with the patient, who seemed unusually restless, and were it not for the large box in which his leg is confined, he certainly would have left the bed. I sought to soothe him, and it was only when I reopened the conversation of my former visit, that he seemed to

forget his pain.

"You remarked," said he, "that scepticism is often referable to some former error of life, and the sceptic is only seeking to hide his fears of consequences in another state of existence, by creating a belief that there is no other state."

"That was the inference, if not the words of my remarks," said I.

"Well, I have thought much of it since you left me, and I have wished for life to repair if possible some injuries which I have done to others. The very feverish condition in which I find myself, and which I heard the doctor say would be dangerous should it come, leads me to fear that I shall not be able to accomplish my wish; and struck with the peculiar expression of your face, and the coincidence of your name —"

"That is my mother's name," said I.

"But you were born in this town?"

I gave no answer.

"Nevertheless, I will yield to the suggestion which I have felt, if you will allow me, and show you that while I have greatly erred, and may refer my scepticism to my errors, I yet have sought to repair a part of the injuries I did in my youth."

"If I heard your statement, should I be at liberty to tell my mother, because I do not like to hear anything which I may not communicate to her; and, of course, I could not tell, and she would not hear what was told to me in strict confidence?"

The captain reached his uninjured arm over the bed-side, and pressed my hand. I understood it to be a commendation of your instructions to me, and a consent that I should be at liberty to repeat what he said. But, oh, what a fever was scorching his skin.

"I was left with a fortune, a good education, and a knowledge of mercantile life. Too young to have the guidance of myself—but I escaped what the world calls gross dissipation.

"At 21 I was married to a poor, friendless girl, whom I had *injured*. I was married in the morning at 6 o'clock, and in half an hour left the home of my wife, whom I never saw again.

"I returned from Europe in about a year, having added much to my knowledge of the world, and to my means of enjoying it. In New York, I met a young lady, whose excellence in every female qualification so enraptured me, let me say rather, so awakened in me the slumbering affection of my heart, that I became attentive, and found that I had been successful in inducing love for me in her breast. I will not, for my mind now seems to waver, I will not

attempt to describe the progress of my courtship. But when I returned from another voyage to England, I led Amelia to the altar. We were married in Grace Church; and if mortal ever felt happy, certainly I did, as I handed my wife into the parlor of her distant relative with whom she resided—her father and mother having been dead for some years.

"Some time in the course of that day, for we were married early in the morning, letters were received at the house. One was addressed to Amelia—of course, with her family name. I remember now, as she opened it, she turned the letter over, and pointing to the superscription, which was in a bold, masculine hand, remarked, that if it was an offer, it came rather late.

" 'Too late for any thing *now*,' said her relatives.

"My own heart seemed to sink within me.

"Amelia opened the letter. I looked at her as she read it. She turned pale, and for a moment I thought she would have fainted; but rallying herself, she placed the letter in my hand, with the single remark, 'It is for you to explain this.'

"The letter was from some one in Albany—it contained only these words:

> " 'If the mail is not detained, this will reach you before you are married. Ask Captain Wilkinson whether he has not already a wife in Vermont.
>
> 'A FRIEND.'

"For one moment I hesitated whether I would not deny the charge implied, and take Amelia with me to Europe—her means with my wealth would have sustained us. But truth is always ready for utterance—and before the lie could be formed, I was ready to confess.

" 'Whatever wrong may have been done,' said Amelia, 'all I ask is that it may not be increased.'

" 'The answer to the question in the letter,' said I 'is in the *affirmative*.' And before explanation could be given, Amelia had been conducted to her chamber, and I took my hat and left the house. I have not seen her since, nor have I ever been able to ascertain her residence. She is probably dead, as is certainly also the unfortunate woman in Vermont, who died soon after my exposure. I have been in business, and I have traveled much; I have wasted much wealth, and acquired much. I have none to share with me my property, and no

one to inherit it when I depart, which must be soon, as I believe the child born in Vermont died soon after its mother's decease. The deep solicitude which you have manifested for my welfare, temporal and spiritual, has not been without its effect, and I have resolved that, whether I recover or not, you shall inherit the remainder of my fortune, either by right or by bequest; read—read a little—the Bible, or some from the Prayer Book."

I did read, and he seemed calmer for a moment, and then he said, "you now see what are the errors—the sins—and the misery of my past life; I give up scepticism; I do believe," and he added, " 'help thou mine unbelief.' "

The face of Captain W. at this moment appeared inflamed and swollen, and he became uneasy and quite delirious—and all his symptoms were aggravated. Early this morning Dr. F. pronounced the new disease to be the small-pox. Of course, I have been exposed, and I shall now remain in the house, and while I am able, shall attend upon the Captain. Let no one else be exposed to the contagion.

But, dear mother, what is this which I have heard? I know that you once resided in New York. I have seen in your desk, whither you had sent me, letters addressed to you in a name different from that which we both have. I saw also, in the same place, but never ventured to mention the discovery to you, a miniature which much resembled Capt. Wilkinson. What am I to think? Is this your husband—are you the woman whom he deceived—if so, who and what am *I*? Certainly I cannot be *his* child. Let me know—let me know all; but whatever else happen, oh, dear, dear mother, let me not lose the title of your affectionate *daughter*.

AMELIA.

The next day Amelia received a note from her mother. It was short and written under great agitation.

MY DEAR CHILD,—The information which your letter conveyed has sent me to my bed. You are exposed to the contagion of the small-pox; may God protect you! I cannot doubt that Capt. Wilkinson is the person whom you suppose him to be, if so, he is indeed your father. Be kindly attentive to him, and pray for

Your affectionate mother,
AMELIA BERTRAND.

The information which this note conveyed struck Amelia with painful surprise; if Capt. Wilkinson was, indeed, the man to whom her mother had been married—and there seemed to be no reason to doubt it—how could he be *her* father? The poor girl sat wrapt in doubt and perplexity. If he was her father, she knew the duty which she owed to him—and she blessed God that at any risk she had been allowed to minister to his physical comforts, and, as she had reason to believe, to his spiritual aid; and she would renew her devotion to him. But what could she say of her mother's conduct—her pure-hearted, her saintly mother? Is there shame on her name, too? Amelia arose up with firmness, and as she passed to the sick-chamber of her father, she said to herself, "I never knew her to say or do aught unbecoming a Christian lady; should not nearly twenty years experience teach me to trust to her purity and truth, rather than yield to doubt, which unexplained circumstances suggest. I will have faith in *her* who has never deceived nor has ever distrusted me. *Misfortunes* are around us—but may God shield us from *shame*!"

Captain Wilkinson soon passed through the worst stages of the loathsome disease, but he was still held to his bed by the broken limbs. One morning he missed his nurse, and on inquiry, learned that she was confined to her chamber with evident symptoms of the small-pox. This was most painful to him, as he felt that she had taken the disease by her attendance on him. "Am I destined," said he, "to bring distress into every family I visit, and repay the hospitality of a stranger with misery, and perhaps death? If she should ever recover it is likely that the ravages of the disease will destroy the beauty of a face that made the loveliness of the mind so captivating. Could I roll back twenty years of my life, could I forget, or could heaven forgive the follies which have caused so much misery, surely this young woman would, however disease may mar her beauty, be to me all that I had desired in the charms of one I ruined and in the mental excellence of her I shamefully imposed upon. How like the two Amelias is she—the gentle manners of the first, the mental excellence of the second. How can I compensate her for the distress which my advent here has wrought? If my life and hers are spared that must be my study. Heaven helping me, I here dedicate the remainder of my existence and my wealth to compensate, as far as both will go, those who have suffered by me, and when the injured individuals cannot be found, may my efforts for the good of others be accepted instead of the direct compensation."

"That is a Christian resolution," said the physician, who had entered the room unnoticed by his patient. "And as I have heard your remarks by mere accident, will you allow me to express my congratulation at what I regard a much greater change in your mental than in your physical condition, though the latter is truly hopeful?"

"Where two such physicians as yourself and my late gentle, meek nurse are

employed, we may hope for every thing of which the patient is capable; but let me add in truth, doctor, that skillful as you have shown yourself with my broken and bruised limbs, and my painful disease, I think Amelia has shown no less skill in dealing with an unbalanced mind and an untoward will."

"But, captain, neither of us hope for much success without a blessing."

"Ah! such an attendant as Amelia was in itself a blessing—she treated the wounds of my mind like those of my body, with perfect gentleness, but with the same direct application. But what will her aged mother say to the terrible consequences of her daughter's kindness to me?"

"She will answer for herself, captain, as she is with us."

The doctor then mentioned Mrs. Bertrand's name, and Captain W. apologized for his inability to recognize her; his lameness prevented him from moving, and the room was darkened with reference to the weakness of the eyesight consequent upon the small-pox.

Mrs. B. seated herself by the bed-side, and the physician withdrew.

"Your daughter, madam, is I am afraid, paying a terrible price for charity to me."

"My daughter, sir, has been taught to consider it proper to discharge a duty and leave the consequences to Heaven. But are you aware, captain, that my daughter felt it a duty to acquaint me with an interesting account which you gave her of your own life?"

"I gave her full permission to do so."

"I have come, having had the small-pox, to assist in the care of my daughter, and as far as possible, to supply her place by your bedside."

"I have not deserved this from Heaven or of men. Help me only to understand and do my duty, and you will complete the work which Amelia began."

In some conversation which Mrs. Bertrand had with Captain W. the next day, she alluded to his resolution to make reparation as far as possible for any injury he had inflicted on others. "Do you," said she, "continue of that resolution?"

"Increasingly so. And if now I could find where I might begin the work, I would divest myself at once, if necessary, of every dollar I possess to alleviate the suffering I have caused."

"Such a sacrifice can scarcely be required, it is certainly not necessary so far as I understand your situation."

"What then can I do—when shall I begin the *work* of repentance?"

"It is undoubtedly begun already in the resolve of restitution. I take that to be the essence of repentance, or rather the evidence of it."

"Am I then to recover, as the doctor assures me I shall? Am I to sit down in the enjoyment of my ample means, and in no way minister to the comfort of

those whom my follies made miserable? My wife and child dead—and she, who should have been my wife, lost to me—dead perhaps likewise! I have by various means sought to find Amelia. I even put into a New York and a Boston paper an advertisement, which if it met her eye, would have assured her of my repentance; but, alas! I might repent, I might seek now to marry her, with the same selfish views which I had at first. I might even for *her* sake now do what would be called justice by some, but what act of mine, however just, could compensate for the horrible outrage which I had committed, the gross insult, public, palpable, unpardonable, which I had offered to her? Yet I loved her, love her now, have ever loved her, and though I have sought refuge for my conscience in the clouds of infidelity, I have never ceased to love *her* image in my heart, and that has saved me from the follies and vices to which my state of mind and my profession exposed me."

The spring with its chill winds had passed, and summer was warming the earth. It was then, as it is now, delightful to sit and watch the waving of the long grass on yonder meadows, as the breeze passed over it, or to see the shadow of the cloud flit over the waters that are rippled with the west wind. You who have lived in other states, have undoubtedly found much that you think far more beautiful than this scene, but for me who have spent childhood and age on the banks of this river and the shores of the bay, I know of nothing in nature more lovely. It was just such a morning as this when the invalids were brought from the house, to taste the fresh air from the bay and to look abroad upon land and water, and thank God that they had been spared.

The captain walked with a crutch—his fine manly form would have attracted attention any where.

Poor Amelia sat in her chair, wrapped about with customary garments for the sick, and her face, then sadly marked with the remains of the small-pox, was covered with a green veil.

"I hope you enjoy this scene, captain," said Amelia.

"All of physical enjoyment which a healthful breeze can impart I certainly have, but I am incapable of mental ease."

"Is that a fruit of repentance?"

"If repentance is the recognition of errors, surely that repentance, even which seems the pardon of heaven, must keep alive the grief for the offence, though it may rather seem joy for the pardon.

"I may say to you, Amelia, that I have hinted to your mother, that while I shall retain enough of my wealth to sustain myself and do justice to others, I desire to make you remuneration for the benefits you have conferred on me, and the terrible suffering you have endured for me, and for this I shall not wait my own death, but I desire to place you at once in possession."

"I am compensated—but here comes my mother."

Mrs. Bertrand advanced, her face covered with her veil.

"Captain Wilkinson," she said, "your partial restoration renders unnecessary any further attendance on my part. You will probably leave to-morrow, and as I shall remove Amelia immediately to my own house, I have thought this a good opportunity to take my leave of you. I know you feel thankful to Amelia—I believe you are grateful to Heaven. I carry with me the happy reflection, that you will soon be restored to entire health, and that your moral condition is by the mercy of God infinitely improved."

"Am I not to be allowed to pay my respects to you—not again to say farewell to my beloved nurse, Amelia?"

"We part now—part forever, sir—part with my prayers for your good—with my —"

Mrs. Bertrand fainted from excessive agitation, the unbroken arm of Captain Wilkinson prevented her from falling, and Amelia rose with pain from the chair to remove the veil from the face of her mother, and admit the fresh wind from the bay to her face. When she recovered she looked up into the face of the captain; for a moment he seemed to stagger under the weight that rested upon him.

"Amelia, what is this—what does this mean? Whom do I hold on my arm?"

"It is your Amelia," said the girl—"Amelia Benton."

Mrs. Bertrand was placed in the chair which the captain had occupied, while he kneeling at her side, and Amelia rested her hand upon her mother's knees.

"It is Amelia Benton!" cried the captain—"but who are you?"

"I am her daughter."

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Bertrand, "not my daughter—not *my* daughter; your daughter, sir—the child of Amelia Woodstock!"

I saw this scene. I heard the wild burst of grief, of joy, of passion, of shame from the captain, and the anguished cry of the young Amelia, but I cannot describe them. She prevailed, nevertheless; and two months after that, Amelia Benton was again married to William Wilkinson; but not until she was satisfied that his "repentance was unto life, not to be repented of."

They left us, returning only for an occasional visit. Yet one of their children, and his daughter, Amelia, are buried in this village. She lived to do good, and to enjoy the blessings she had assisted to promote. She died with no wish ungratified, and was buried here; strange as it may seem to you, buried where the sunny hours of childhood had been spent, and where she had in that childhood selected a spot in which she desired to await the call at which her mortality should put on immortality.

A SPANISH ROMANCE.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

BRIGHT fell thy smiling ray,
Rosy Aurora!
Where Alvarado lay,
Dreaming of Mora!

To the tent stole a youth
Lovely as morning,
Yet was his mien in sooth
Full of proud scorning.

Bright, wavy locks fell o'er
Eyes wildly beaming,
Deep the plumed cap he wore
Shadowed their gleaming.

To his pale cheek there came
Hues like the sunset,
For his light, fragile frame
Thrilled for the onset.

Fiercely his sword he drew,
Bold was his bearing,
While to the knight he threw
Words of wild daring.

Crying—"Thou craven false!"
Dark the knight lowered—
"He who in battle halts
Proves him a coward."

Long had he calmly heard—

Brave Alvarado—
Deeming each daring word
Boyish bravado;

But as that bitter name
Left the lip curling,
Flashed his swift sword—a flame
Through the air whirling.

Proud as his princely foe,
Dauntless in danger,
Springing to meet the blow
Sprang the bright stranger.

Home struck the steel—and ah!
At his feet lying,
Pale as a waning star—
Who is it dying?

Back fall the cap and plume,
Back the bright tresses—
No more her rosy bloom
Meets his caresses.

Lightly her lovely hair
Floats o’er his shoulder,
To his heart’s mad despair
Soft his arms fold her.

“Wo worth the day,” he cried,
“Sweetest Lenora!
When I left thee, my bride
For the false Mora.”

Then in her wistful eyes,
Blue as yon heaven,
He saw her soul arise,
Sighing “Forgiven!”

But her pale, parted lips
Silently quiver,

And in Death’s dark eclipse
Falls she forever!

Sad fell thy sunny ray,
Rosy Aurora,
Where Alvarado lay
By his Lenora.

TO A. R.

How many nights, old friend, in earlier times,
When we were boys, we sat together nights,
Poring on books, with ever-new delights,
Fresh, dewy prose, and sweet and flowery rhymes;
I looked for you, as sure as evening came —
I knew your footstep on the stair, I knew
Your sudden rap, and said it must be you —
For step and rap were evermore the same.
We talked of every thing a little while,
And then I took to writing simple themes,
And you to reading—and I could but smile
(Hunting for rhymes, perplexed and lost in dreams,)
To see you knit your thought-contracted brow,
And when you caught my eye, I wrote again—as now!

R. H. S.

FANNY DAY'S PRESENTIMENT.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

(My dear Rose, you ask me to write something which Mr. Graham will print, for your sake; because it is the best Magazine extant, and because you subscribe for it. I will try.)

Do you believe in presentiments?

Two summers ago Fanny Day and myself visited Caroline Alden in her country home, about one hundred miles from Philadelphia.

The morning previous to that fixed upon for our departure, after vainly using all the ingenuity and strength of which I was capable, to stow away in the top of my trunk three dresses, one large shawl, nine bound books, a portfolio, and the four last numbers of "Graham," I was forced to the conclusion that one-half the articles named must be left behind. Then came the serious business of deciding which of them should be rejected.

"Couldn't I leave one of the dresses?"

No, that was out of the question. If I meant to ramble over rocks and hills the five (two were already deposited in the lower part of the trunk,) would be barely sufficient to last me through the visit.

"Suppose you leave some of the books—those two large ones, for instance?" suggested one of my sisters, called upon to aid me in the dilemma.

"Oh no, indeed! I could not think of taking fewer books. Those two volumes of Waldie in particular must go, for Caroline was so anxious to read 'Modern Societies' and 'Home.' "

"But the others?"

I picked them up one at a time. There were "The Cricket on the Hearth, &c.;" "Sketches of Married Life;" Mrs. Stowe's "May Flower," Willis and Longfellow, and three of the Abbott series, for Sunday reading. Each pleaded so eloquently to be taken, that I thought that to leave either would be an insult to the author, and so, after a little hesitation, I felt that *all* of them must go.

"Couldn't you do without the portfolio and magazines?" was then asked.

"That would be *impossible*!" I exclaimed.

"Then you must take that small portmantua, too."

"But I hate to take so much baggage with me," I said.

“Then I can’t think of any other mode of freeing you from the difficulty.”

In the midst of this dilemma Fanny Day was announced.

“Tell her to come up here,” I said.

“What, in this disordered room?”

I hastily glanced at the books and dresses strewn around me, and then replied:

“The room don’t look *very* well, I know; but I can’t leave my packing just now: besides Fanny may be able to assist me in this difficulty.”

I had expected to find Fanny full of joy and enthusiasm in the near prospect of our visit, for so she had always been when we talked about it previously; but she looked sad and dispirited, and it was not until I had made many repeated and eloquent exclamations upon the subject, that she would take any interest in my packing. Then she said quietly —

“Never mind, Marie, there is plenty of room in my trunk for more than half those things.”

I thanked her with delight; yet could not but be surprised that she should be satisfied with fewer “*positively necessary*” articles than myself.

“Now, that you have this matter satisfactorily arranged, will you go out with me?” she asked.

“Where?” I inquired with slight hesitation, for I had already planned engagements of some sort for every hour in the day.

“Down Chestnut street,” she replied.

“Will you keep me long?” I asked.

“I will tell you all about it when we get into the street,” she answered.

I hesitated.

“Come, Marie, do go with me; that’s a dear, good girl,” Fanny continued, looking coaxingly in my face all the time.

I had not the heart to resist her pleading, and very soon we were on our way to Chestnut street.

“I am going to Mr. Root’s to have my daguerreotype taken,” Fanny said, when we were about a square from home.

“But you had three taken last week,” I said.

“Yes, but my mother did not like those very well. They were not taken by Root, and now I am determined to have a good one for her.”

“Had you not better wait till we return?” I asked.

“No; I cannot,” she replied, in a serious tone.

I looked at her inquiringly.

“I know you will laugh at me, Marie, and think me very foolish,” she said, “but I have a presentiment that I shall never live to return.”

“I have had a dozen such in my life-time,” I answered, “yet they all proved untrue; and so may yours, Fanny dear.”

“I fear not,” she replied in a sad tone.

Knowing that all reasoning would be ineffectual in my friend’s present mood, I simply tried to relieve her sadness by talking upon other subjects on the way.

The likeness was a perfect one. It might have presented a gloomy countenance, but fortunately, I whispered to her, as she seated herself —

“Now, Fanny, do let your mother have a pleasant smile, or she will not like the picture.”

I wish you could see the likeness; the position was so natural and the work so beautifully executed! But you cannot—Fanny gave it into my hands to be faithfully delivered to her mother at some future time; and now—but my story must develop its present hiding-place.

Shall I tell you of our long rail-road journey, and of the dark tunnels through which we passed, reminding one of the “valley of death,” where, as I carelessly alluded to this resemblance, Fanny’s hand grasped, mine with a touch so cold as to send a sympathetic chill of horror through my veins? Or shall I tell you of the shorter stage-ride, and the close companionship of its occupants? No, I will not weary you with either of these in detail; for there was nothing to vary the usual monotony of such journeys we being allowed the customary number of crying babies, and troublesome older children, and the same amount of agreeable and disagreeable strangers.

We found Caroline delighted to see us, (as who would not be,) and I was pleased to notice that much of Fanny’s sadness had disappeared during the first evening. The next morning, however, it was again observable in a listless demeanor, or deep sigh in the midst of a witty remark, or gay laugh.

“What is the matter with you, Fanny?” Caroline asked, after some very marked signs of abstractedness on the part of the former.

“Oh, nothing at all!” Fanny answered quickly, and for a while she endeavored to take more interest in our conversation, but this soon subsided.

“Fanny, if you can give no better explanation of your conduct this morning, I must be under the necessity of attributing it to the usual cause of sighs and absent-mindedness, and believe you to be in love,” Caroline said.

Fanny colored, and exclaimed—

“Oh, no indeed, I am not!”

“Then don’t look so confused and mortified, my dear; for even if you were, you need not be ashamed of it,” Caroline answered composedly.

Fanny left the room soon after this, and I produced the daguerreotype from a corner in my work-box, and showed it to Caroline. She pronounced it the very best likeness she had ever seen, and laid it on the sofa-table. Just then a visiter was announced, proving to be Mr. Harry Lambert, who had spent the previous winter in Philadelphia.

After a mutual recognition, and a few of the common-place inquiries usually made upon such occasions, had passed, he carelessly opened the case containing Fanny's likeness. As the face met his eye, I thought he changed color, but this may have been mere fancy; for he said, in a perfectly calm and indifferent tone,

"This face looks familiar to me. I must certainly have met the original before."

"Of course you have, it is Fanny Day. You were quite well acquainted with her in Philadelphia, and I trust you cannot so soon have forgotten an old friend," I said; and scarcely was the remark made, when the object of it entered the room. This time there was no mistaking the glow upon the gentleman's face; but Fanny's cheek was quite colorless as she returned his greeting.

Unfortunately for me, on this very evening, a young gentleman of prepossessing appearance, and a stranger to me, called. Unfortunately in the *dénouement*, I mean. I was very much pleased with him, and thought him quite like Harry Lambert; although I wondered in what this likeness consisted, for there were no general points of resemblance either in person or manners between them. Very soon, however, I found it to consist in the fact that *they were both lovers*.

It *is* unpleasant to find one's self completely thrown upon the back-ground. I *know* that I am not naturally envious; but I could not help feeling akin to chagrin and disappointment upon perceiving the state of things; yet it was not *envy*. I am sure I did not care one bit that Fanny and Caroline should each have some one so completely absorbed in their interests, as to be indifferent to every thing else, for it made them happy; and I like to see people enjoy themselves. But I *did* think it looked stupid, or narrow-minded, or something of the sort, of any persons to be so intent upon *themselves*, as to take no notice of others, and so I told the ladies after their visiters were gone, I said —

"Caroline, are the people here in the habit of giving invitations to tea?"

"Oh, yes," she replied; "you will be overwhelmed with them, Marie, in a little time: but why do you ask?"

"Because I shall be very glad, in the words of the song,

> '——if any one invites me out to tea,
> For 'tis very dull to stay at home with no one courting me,' "

I replied, poutingly.

Caroline looked at Fanny, and both laughed.

"Poor Mae," the former said, in a coaxing tone, putting her arm around me, "it was *too* bad of us; but never mind, the next time we will behave better."

"I do hope you will," I answered, "for it is extremely annoying when you

are playing your best pieces, and think you have succeeded in charming the company, upon taking a sly peep to observe the effect, to find them coupled off, and each enjoying a quiet *tête-à-tête*; evidently regarding the music only as a happy means of getting rid of one who would otherwise be very much in the way."

"You are not jealous, of course," said Caroline, with a comic laugh.

"Certainly I am not," I replied. "I think beaux extremely disagreeable."

"Messieurs Russell and Lambert particularly so, I presume," Caroline remarked.

"Perhaps they may be," I replied; "but I cannot answer to a certainty, for my means of ascertaining their endowments were very limited: they did not either of them direct a half-dozen words to me."

From this time there was a marked change visible in Fanny. There was no unusual gayety in her manner, but a habitual look of quiet happiness. She talked no more of her presentiment, and, though strongly tempted to do so, I could not bear to annoy her by reminding her of it.

Harry Lambert was our constant visiter. No, not our, for his visits were evidently only meant for Fanny's benefit. They walked, and rode, and played, and sang together; always preferring a duet to a trio, or quartette.

His appearance in Mr. Alden's neighborhood was entirely unexpected to both of us. We did not know where he had settled. During his visit to Philadelphia he had been very attentive to Fanny; yet we all regarded this as a mere flirtation, or rather as the attentive kindness of a friend, who had had no thought of becoming a lover, as he left the city without having made any profession of attachment to her. This, I ascertained since, was owing to his having been led to believe, just before the termination of his visit, that she loved another. Afterward he learned that these suspicions were unfounded, and deeply regretted that they had ever existed.

Howard Russell performed the same part toward Caroline that Harry Lambert did to Fanny, during the remainder of our stay: but after the few first days had passed, I was not left companionless; for I formed some pleasant acquaintances there, the thoughts of which will be always dear to my memory.

Before Fanny returned to Philadelphia, with the full consent of her parents, she had entered into an engagement with Harry Lambert, and the daguerreotype was left as her parting gift to him.

Thus ended Fanny Day's presentiment.

THE PALE THINKER.

BY "ORAN."

I SAW him, at the dawn of day, come forth to greet the sun,
With salutation not unlike Electra's orison;
And, as with sad, though manly voice, he breathed his morning prayer,
I knew that, like Electra's self, he felt the weight of care.
"An idle student," many said, "who talks to trees and flowers,
And loiters by the running brook, and wastes away his hours."
I saw him in the maple wood, beside that murmuring stream,
Stoop, gazing downward thoughtfully, as in a pleasant dream;
And as he gazed thus often spoke—"O stream, away, away,
To some far-off and unknown sea thou hastenest every day!
And trees and flowers and stars and clouds are mirrored on thy breast,
They cheer thee on with greetings kind thou smilest, but dost not rest.
So to its far eternity the longing spirit goes —
This stream of life—away—away—O God, how fast it flows!"

I saw him, like a cloistered monk, at night, among his books,
He read and mused and wrote, with troubled, earnest looks;
Then late and weary sought his couch—I could not turn away,
For still with earnest, troubled looks the restless sleeper lay.
Then Fancy, by some magic art, the sleeper's brain laid bare,
O Heaven, it seemed a universe had been concentred there!
The semblance of all outer things in miniature was there,
And, working each a wondrous art, all spirits, foul and fair.
Uncertain forms traversed a plain, far-reaching as the sight,
Whereon, what seemed a "mount of pain," uprose in misty light.

"The flaming forge of life" glowed red, as burning fire could be,
And restless workmen toiled to forge an immortality.
Like beating surf on rocky shore, the sea of passion roared,
Like meteor on a dusky sky Ambition flashed and soared.
Far out imagination flew, on restless wings of light,

And myriad strangest forms of thought glimmered in reason's sight.
Religion and her goddess train their golden offerings poor,
The spirit of the wondrous past unfolds her wondrous store.
And fast and fierce the work goes on, furnace and forge and fire,
And busy hands, which ply the loom and weave the golden wire.
In glee the shadowy workmen toil, and this the song they sing —
"In deepest shade of destiny lies hid what man would know,
And useful thought comes but by pain, drawn up from down below.
He surely is a child of heaven who brings new truth to man,
To whom 'tis given, with vision clear, the inner world to scan,
'Tis ours to work behind the veil, thanks to this earnest soul,
Soon from these varied gems of thought shall rise a beauteous whole,
Adown the aisles of distant time our thinker's voice shall sound,
Inspiring hope and life and joy to souls in darkness bound.
To write a book inspired of heaven, O, 'tis a glorious task!
Pale thinker, though thy brain run wild, what higher boon couldst ask?"

And, Genius, by such toil as this thy fairest gifts are bought!
And he's a child of pain, though blest, whose life is earnest thought.
Ye who, with careless eye, peruse the page ye've bought for gold,
Ye little know the cost of that to you so cheaply sold.

GEMS FROM MOORE'S IRISH MELODIES.

NO. II.—THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE simple, yet exquisitely touching air to which Moore wrote the words of this song, is now one of the most familiar that we hear. Yet, familiar as it is, it never falls upon the sense without awakening in the heart the most tender, and even sad emotions. The song itself is in fine keeping with the melody.

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone:
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one!
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So, soon may *I* follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away;
When true hearts lie withered,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Although in private fashionable circles, like the "Meeting of the Waters," this song is rarely heard yet now and then the air, or the words and the air united, break unexpectedly upon us in public, and the effect is almost electric. Well do we remember, on the first appearance of Herz, the effect produced on a crowded assembly, combining nearly all the musical taste and talent of our

city, when, after a rapturous *encore*, he let his fingers fall with the exquisite grace that marked his playing on the keys of the piano, and “The Last Rose of Summer” trembled upon the hushed air. Literally, a pin might have been heard falling upon the floor. There was not a heart there that did not respond to the melody as an outburst of true emotion. The same effect was produced, not long since, when this air came thrilling over a large audience in the Musical Fund Hall, from the violincello of Knoop, and, soon after, from the warbling throat of Madame Bishop. Not to the players nor singer was this effect wholly to be ascribed. The power lay in the melody itself, to which they gave a full expression.

So long as there is an ear that can appreciate nature’s own music, and a heart to be touched by genuine emotion, “The Last Rose of Summer” will continue to be a favorite.

THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

THE EVIL EYE.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

PAST from my heart the place and hour
When first I met and owned thy power —
To shadow life with vain regret,
And clouds that darkened when we met —
But still through changing years I see
The lengthened gaze then fixed on me,
As, thrilling with a strange surprise,
I trembled 'neath those earnest eyes.

I know not whence their lustre came —
They quiver with a living flame;
Their liquid light, like diamonds beam,
Through ebon lashes darkly gleam,
Or softly melt with passion's ray,
That chase their baleful shades away,
Or with a hidden power control
The strongest impulse of the soul.

Those eyes have bent their glance on mine,
Each hidden feeling to divine
'Mid love's first dream—and love's decay —
Though from their gaze I turned away;
Read every hope and timid fear,
And smiled away the doubting tear;
Knew all I strove not to impart —
The weakness of my woman's heart.

In parting once they met mine own,
And cold in stern reproach they shone,
And lost the anguish of the hour
Beneath their dark and withering power —

The blighting sting no words can tell —
That lurked beneath that calm farewell,
The silent glance that left behind
The fevered pulse and wasted mind.

Since then, through thoughts of joy and pain.
Those haunting eyes their spell retain,
And silently they've watched me weep
O'er lonely graves where dear ones sleep;
But in my deepest wo's increase
Their beams have never whispered peace,
Though kindly words were breathed again,
I sought those speaking eyes in vain.

When steeped in wo, or wild with mirth,
The fickle, fleeting joy of earth,
Bound to the world with reckless thrall,
Those fated eyes have marked it all,
And taught the lip with mocking art
To act the tempter's wily part,
The soul with dreams of bliss to fill
And gently veil the lurking ill.

Alone!—by life's rough storms distressed,
Unprized, uncared for and oppressed,
Still wert thou near with tender tone,
That spoke of days forever gone,
Till softened memory made thee dear,
And half dispelled each chilling fear —
But starting from my heart's warm sighs
I marked the gleaming of those eyes.

Some demon power thy soul must bear,
Though angel guise thy features wear,
Arrayed in love alluring mien
To stand my better thoughts between,
Sin imaged form to tempt away —
The holier hopes for which I pray —
A watch above my heart to keep
Till it has sunk to dreamless sleep.

THE REVEALINGS OF A HEART.

BY D. T. KILBOURN.

(*Concluded from page 75.*)

As Arthur approached the city, the sun was sinking behind the snowy clouds, wreathing its trail of gorgeous light around their fleecy summits, then stretching along the blue horizon, until its brilliant folds, resting upon the leafless trees, swept o'er the barren earth, bathing field, mountain, air, sky and water, in one flood of golden light. A fitting robe to herald forth the natal dawn of man's Redeemer.

As Arthur gazed upon the beauteous scene, enhanced by the music of the merry sleigh-bells as they glided past, and the hurrying to and fro of gladsome faces, his heart leapt for joy, and he bounded along, forgetting his fatigue as the sweet face of the little Amy rose before him, radiant with smiles, at his return. He felt her little arms fondly clinging about his neck, and her warm caress upon his cheek; and oh, how distant seemed that pile before him, as his yearning heart leapt to her embrace.

And then came the time when he would come to take her away. And the past year, too, rose before him—his struggles mid scorn and reproach, to be a man, that he might take her to his own home, and be always near her. What cared he if they did laugh, and call him a poor *alms-house* boy, if one day he might always have his loved sister near him? That sister who looked so much like their dear, dead mother. He wondered if she had grown—and how she looked; and thus his happy heart glowed with fond anticipations of the future.

Entering the gate, and passing rapidly round the main building, with a beating heart, he rapped at the door of that part occupied by the children.

A stranger ushered him in, but in a few moments Mrs. Williams stood before him. In his joy he sprung to meet her.

"Why, Arthur, is this you? How you've grown! and so altered, I scarcely know you! But who would have thought of you?"

Without noticing the last part of her speech, he cried, "Where is sister Amy—can't I see her?"

"Amy!—why Amy has been dead this long time!"

“Dead! dead!” cried he, grasping her hands, while from his eyes gleamed a look of intense, imploring agony. “Oh, dear Mrs. Williams, don’t, don’t say that Amy is dead! She’s not dead! I know she would not die and leave me alone!”

Trying to release her hands from his tightening grasp, she cried, “Boy, you don’t know what you’re saying! She is dead, and no fault of mine; for, after you went away, she grieved so after you, poor thing! I tried to do every thing I could for her, and told her you would come back. But nothing would do—she would not eat, and looked so pitiful, that we were all glad when she died. And you ought to be glad too, for she is much better off. She was such a poor little delicate creature, she wasn’t fit to be in this cold world without a mother.”

Arthur slowly relaxed his grasp, as a consciousness of his utter loneliness came over him. Not a cry escaped his lips—not a sigh. There he stood—his wild, tearless eyes fixed on vacancy.

“Arthur, don’t take on so, child!” said Mrs. Williams, forcing back her tears. “She’s better off; come and see the boys”—taking his hand to lead him away.

Again turning his fearful eyes upon her, he said, “Wont you tell me where they have put her?”

“Oh, the snow has covered all the graves—you can’t tell hers from any other.”

“Oh do! Mrs. Williams; do, only show me where they have laid her. Lead me to the spot, and I will never trouble you again!”

Now really affected, Mrs. Williams, after wiping her eyes, took Arthur’s hand, and led him to the humble resting-place of the poor. Not a stone marked the spot of their repose.

Long did Arthur gaze with that same look of wild, unutterable agony, upon the spot which contained all to which his young heart had clung with such fond adoration; all for which he had borne mockery and insult; all that to him was fair, or beautiful, or loved on earth.

Turning to Mrs. Williams, in a hollow voice, he asked, “Why has God taken my sister from me?”

“Because she would be better off, Arthur.”

“Why did he not take me, too? *I* would be better off in the still grave.”

“It is wicked to say such things, Arthur.”

“Why wicked?” asked he, with an inquiring look.

“Because, God will be angry with you.”

“He is angry with me already,” murmured he, turning from the spot.

The heavy clock told the hour of midnight; silence hung heavily over the

slumbering earth. In a small room sat Arthur. The look of agony had settled down into one of calm, hopeless misery. And as he gazed upon the stars, his guardian angel hovered near—no smile played round its radiant face, but tear-drops sparkled in its eyes. Around his brow glowed the beings of intellect; some, in their flight, mounted toward those shining orbs, while others floated near to earth, as if in search of something, they knew not what. Love, too, was there, followed by the bright beings of adoration. To and fro they moved, apparently without an aim; while the ministers of flesh poured incense on unhallowed altars, to obscure their vision and lure them to earth.

A hand was laid upon his shoulder—he started.

"Come, Arthur, come to bed. I cannot sleep while you sit here," was said by a boy, apparently several years his senior, who had arisen from a bed in the room. But finding Arthur still immovable, he continued, "Don't mind them, Arthur—I would not mind what they say. The whole crew have about as much sense as their *Poodle*, on which the entire stock of their susceptibilities seems expended. And to hear the rascally old fellow threaten to flog you, after making such a fuss to get you back. But that's the old woman's fault, because the poor old gentleman, in his perturbation at your disappearance, sat down on her 'sweet Adonis's paw!' Why, Arthur, you would have died laughing, (for I did nearly,) if you could have heard the fuss that was raised over that miserable little dog. But we were all glad that you had spunk enough to go to see your sister."

"I was not thinking of them," interrupted Arthur—"I don't care what they say or do to me now."

"Then, Arthur, wont you come and lie down?" laying his arm coaxingly upon his shoulder.

Arthur suffered himself passively to be led to bed, after which, Dick continued. "I suppose, when the old woman broke her word with you, after you had saved the life of her child, she thought *she* had a particular license to lie! And the old man, too, when he tells me to say that I am selling things 'under cost,' while he is getting a good profit on them. So I thought, as *they* are good *church-going* people, there could be no possible harm, in a poor *dog* like myself, following their example. And when they asked me where you were gone, I would not say what you had told me to, for I thought it better you should get the start of them; so I told them I did not know," and with this Dick fell asleep, leaving Arthur to his own melancholy reflections.

Spring again appeared in all her loveliness. The full-orbed moon rode above on her chariot of clouds, now smiling upon the tranquil earth, now veiling her face in their misty folds. And as her smiles beamed forth, they

shone through a window upon a bunch of drooping violets.

The little flower-spirit awakened, beheld before it the child of yore; but oh, how changed! That brow, though still so beautifully fair, had lost the halo of its purity. The brilliant beings of the mind, pluming their pinions to the distant spheres, were dragged to earth. Love, too, with the bright beings that adore, was bound, but a rosy light played round its fetters, while ministers of flesh were tracing, with barbed arrows, dark, fearful characters upon the throbbing heart. The angel's face was veiled, but sorrowful supplications still went up to heaven.

The boy started from his feverish slumbers, and looked fearfully around. Awakening his companion, he cried, "Dick! Dick! do wake up! Oh, I have had such horrible dreams I cannot sleep! Oh, this weight upon my heart will kill me! I cannot deceive Mr. Buckler any longer—I must go tell him all, or my heart will break."

"Go, and be kicked away as a *poor alms-house boy* for your pains."

"I cannot help it, Dick. I'd rather be called any thing, bear any thing, than feel this weight upon my heart. Before this I could feel that my mother and sister were near me; but now that I am guilty of wrong, they are gone, and every thing is so awful!"

"Oh, Arthur, you have had the *nightmare*, and are frightened."

"There was a time, Dick, that I knew not fear. I was a very small boy, then. But if there were nothing else, Dick, to meet Mr. Buckler and *feel* that I have deceived him, when he has reposed so much confidence in me!"

"Arthur, if you *peach*, you know that I shall be sent away in disgrace, and it would break my poor father's heart—that father who was so kind to you; who took you home and saved you from perishing of cold. 'Twas but little, 'tis true, that he did, but that little was much to you."

Arthur groaned. After a few moments, he continued, "Dick, do you never feel unhappy when you have done wrong?"

"Yes, I used to be as chicken-hearted as you when I first came here; but now that I see that every one's for himself, and that a man is respected for his *cloth*, not his worth, I try to shake off such feelings. But I cannot always banish them when I think of my father and mother."

"Let us go to Mr. Buckler, Dick, and tell him all—I know that he will forgive us."

"The old flint! I know him too well for that. But, Arthur, if you want to *peach*, you may."

"On no, Dick, you know I would not do that; but, if you will only consent."

"But what have I done, after all, only taken a little of my own!"

"Your own, Dick—how so?"

"Why, don't we do as much as the old man; and if right's right, is it not as

much ours as his?"

"Oh no, Dick—not as long as we gain it for him and not for ourselves."

"But what have you done, Arthur? Why you only saw me go to the money-drawer, and said you knew nothing about it. That's no deception, Arthur."

"But it is, Dick."

"Well, if that will satisfy you, I will promise not to be guilty of the like again."

"But will you likewise promise not to go into that company again? I went with you, because I was so unhappy at home. And you were the son of one who had been kind to me, and I loved you for it; and after Amy died, I no longer felt a motive for wishing to become a great or a good man; but I feel to-night as if I should have been happier if I had never gone with you."

Dick was asleep. He knew that Arthur would not expose him. His parent's kindness sunk so deeply into his grateful heart, that it seemed to give their son a talismanic power over the unhappy boy, to govern him at will.

Again 'twas evening, and the little flower-spirit, cradled in the pearly folds of a pure snow-drop, looked from its lovely bed. There sat Arthur. Beside him glimmered the midnight lamp; his dark, full eyes were fixed intently upon the pages of a book, on which, spread by the ministers of earth, shone a glittering banquet. The *name* of Love was there—aye, and the counterfeit of its bright plumage, too, which threw a hue of beauty o'er the scene. This, the master of the feast, (to fix its spell on the unwary reader,) had deified as the radiant vision sent from high Heaven. And the bright beings of his soul caught greedily the tempting viands, as the food for which they sighed. But, as the poison mingled through their veins, their pinions flagged—the Passions threw their hateful coils around, binding them closer, tighter still to earth. And yet, upon that *title-page* there shone the name of one called *great* on earth.

And the little flower-spirit asked the weeping guardian, why he was called great! since the sole object for which he had labored, was to subject the bright beings of the soul to the groveling ones of flesh.

"He is great and god-like in his *powers*," replied the angel. "This, men see—and as he garnishes his viands with the counterfeit of love, their dazzled vision penetrates not the indignity he offers. And, oh, when a being thus armed with the panoply of the archangel, sent forth with powers to unseal the book of knowledge to the starving spirits of the mind, that they, gazing upon its effulgent pages, may drink in the glory, light and love of Deity! When such a being not only immolates this power-divine upon earth's altars, but, seizing thence unhallowed incense, wafts it forth, a *poison* to the young, confiding soul—a cry of agony mounts up to heaven, that echoes through the mazes of eternity."

The door opened, and Dick entered. "What, Arthur, you up still! Why do

you shut yourself up in this confined room, poring over books, while there is so much fun in life! You don't know how much you've lost. There was a splendid party at Mrs. M.'s this evening, and the ladies were really quite displeased with me for not bringing you along. Why, Arthur, you are getting to be quite a *Lion*! To tell the truth, I am jealous of you; and yet I shall not, after this, dare to show my face any where, unaccompanied by your beautiful self, for fear of getting no reception at all. I'm half sorry that I persuaded you to go to Mrs. Bailey's ball, since you seem destined to eclipse me every where. Still, I could not bear to see you sit here moping, night after night, and month after month, all alone. But, ah, ha! Mr. Arthur! I see your time's not all spent in dreaming, either! May I ask, of what fair damsel that is a memento?" pointing to the snow-drop.

Arthur had raised his eyes from his book, and was listening with pleased attention to the rattle of his friend; but at the mention of the snow-drop, the smile fled from his parted lips. Taking the little flower and gazing upon it, in melancholy accents, he said, " 'Twas Amy's favorite—and it is so like her sweet self, that I love to have it near me. The violet, too, I never meet one but I pluck it; to me it is as if her own blue eyes were mirrored in its little petals."

"Oh, Arthur, you must not think of her—it always makes you melancholy; and she has been dead now so long."

"The thoughts of my mother and sister, Dick, are the only things that really give me any pleasure; and could I once believe that their sweet spirits could die, I would, without hesitation, subscribe to the opinions of Voltaire."

"Well, Arthur, I don't trouble myself about any thing of the kind, as you well know—and you must not. Live and enjoy life while you can, is my motto. I have promised to take you to Mrs. G.'s, and you must go—so come, let's to bed."

Time sped. The sun had sunk to its ocean-bed; the dark clouds, one by one, rode forth, until their threatening hosts o'erspread the vault of heaven. And the sullen murmur of the ebon deep, as it heaved to and fro its struggling waters, all bespoke the coming strife of elements.

Upon the bosom of that troubled deep, there rode a frail, lone vessel, with white sails furled, like the wild bird of storm. And as the heavy thunder boomed o'er the mighty sea, and lurid lightnings, darting from cloud to cloud, lit up the awful scene, there stood upon that vessel's deck, a human form. His arms were folded on his breast—his head bared to the blast that whistled through his massy locks—his dark eyes fixed, without dismay, upon the forms of wrath, as they contended in their mortal hate. And as the winds swept by, making the light vessel leap and plunge upon its foamy bed, while the bursting

din and scathing glare, made the heart of the rude sailor quake with fear; and as the ghastly hue spread o'er his pallid face, he murmured, "On, on, ye raging elements! ye ne'er can equal the war within this heart. I love your horrid music, 'tis soothing to my reeling brain! Once I feared you. Then, oh then, this heart was like the summer-lake—but that is long, long past. Oh, visions of happiness, why will ye rise before me, in mockery of my wo! Then, there was a heart to love me—to counsel me when I was wrong! but now, a wretch, a lone outcast, and stained with vile ingratitude—a forger! Accursed beauty! fatal friendship! How have the powers of Hell been leagued against me since that fatal night, when she, my mother, died of cold and want! Tell me of a God—there is no God! Yet why this bitter, burning, deep remorse! If there's a God—then I'm an outcast, and have been from my infancy. But oh, what were the pains I suffered then, of separation, loneliness, contempt, to those which now devour my heart! And if there is a hell—its pains were bliss to these!"

A week had passed. The same strange being stood at the corner of a dark, deserted street, in the city of ——. No longer a look of proud despair flashed from his eyes; but want and suffering sat upon his pale, wan features. This noble form was bowed, and from his starting eyes there gleamed, bitter, heart-rending misery.

Two days had he sought employment, and sought in vain. There he stood, without a home—without food—without shelter. Beg he could not. A step is heard—a horrid thought darts through his brain; despair nerves him, and, as the unknown passes, he demands his money. The stranger resists—with one stroke of his powerful arm, he fells him to the earth—rifles him of his purse—and fleeing, leaves him for dead.

Reader, now we have witnessed the last step to ruin of the miserable young man. Why follow him in his downward career? Why enter with him into the abodes of vice and infamy? Why present the blackened picture to the mind of innocence? The guilty can imagine it but too well.

For a moment Ellen seemed transfixed to the spot whereon she stood. "I think it is all over with him," said the woman, who had followed her to the bed-side.

Ellen, stooping, took one of the cold hands that lay upon the coverlid, and pressing her fingers to his pulse, discovered by its faint, slow movement, that the soul yet lingered this side the portals of eternity.

Kneeling, she breathed one intense, imploring supplication, which, caught by the listening angels, was on wings of rapture borne to the throne of Grace.

Rising, she said to the woman, who stood gazing wonderingly upon her—"Where is the clergyman who belongs to this institution?"

"Oh! madam, he's gone a traveling after his health!"

"And the physicians?"

"If it's the doctors you mean, ma'am, *they* gave him up long ago."

At this moment Mr. Norton, who had been conversing aside with Mr. Barker, entered.

"Ellen, my child, you here!" And seeing her gaze intently fixed upon the corpse-like form before her, he looked inquiringly upon Mr. Barker, who said,

"Oh, the poor fellow! he's gone then—I don't know that I ever pitied any one so much in my life. He appears to have seen better days."

"Has he no friends?" asked Ellen.

"We do not know," was the reply. "He was picked up in the street, almost frozen to death, about six months ago—and has been, until about three weeks since, confined in one of the cells. He raves a great deal about his mother, who, as he seems to suppose, was frozen to death—and a sister—and appears to be one of those maniacs who fancy all kinds of demons pursuing them. But, poor fellow! it's all over with him now."

"He is not dead," said Ellen, "his pulse moves!" And as she again stooped to take his hand his lids raised, and his large ghastly eyes bent full upon her. Involuntarily laying her hand upon his marble brow, she said in sweet tones of sympathy, while the tears filled her eyes—"You are better now."

Shrinking from her touch, while a lurid glare momentarily fired his eyes, in a hoarse whisper he said—

"Don't, don't come near me! They will drag you down to this horrible place where they have me. Don't you see how their eye-balls glare at you!"

"They can't hurt us," said Ellen, in soothing accents—"and we have come to take you from them!" And calling for some cold water, she seated herself by his bed, and commenced bathing his temples.

"You are an angel," murmured the poor maniac, gazing wildly upon her. "My mother, did she send you to release me? And Amy!"

"They are all happy," said Ellen, following the poor creature's vagaries, "and you shall be happy too! God will send away those demons from you."

"Is there a God?" murmured he, a ray of reason for one moment, seeming to dart across his brain.

"It was he who sent us to you," answered she.

"Sweet angel! can you give me tears to quench this raging fire?" he said, laying his hand upon his heart, "naught but tears can do it! They took them all away when Amy died." Here nature yielded, and he sank exhausted.

The purity of Ellen's heart threw around her every act a halo of beauty; and Mr. Barker, who had been accustomed to see the fair ones of earth shrinking with horror and disgust from the poor fettered wretch deprived of reason, thought, as he gazed on Ellen as she knelt beside the unhappy sufferer and

bathed his temples, that she was indeed an angel! And she had risen and spoken to him the second time, ere he was conscious of being addressed.

"Mr. Barker," she continued, without noticing his embarrassment, "cannot this poor man be removed to a more comfortable apartment? I am sure that he is perfectly harmless!" Seeing him hesitate, she continued—"Or, at least, till he can be removed to the insane hospital."

"I will consult Dr. L.," and he turned to retire, when Lucy entered accompanied by that gentleman.

"Oh, papa, I could not think what had become of you and Ellen—I waited till my patience was quite exhausted, when meeting Doctor L. I taxed his gallantry to help me find you."

"We are very glad, cousin, that you have brought the doctor hither," said Ellen, "for Mr. Barker was just going in search of him, to see if this poor man cannot be removed to a more comfortable apartment in the main-building."

"I thought the poor fellow dead. He was sinking very fast two days ago."

"And have you not seen him since?" asked Ellen in surprise.

"Oh, no! I think the sooner such people die the better. They have no enjoyment themselves, and are a burden to others. And as to his being removed to the main-building, a raging maniac—that cannot be thought of."

"I do not see," persisted Ellen, "what objection can possibly be urged to removing a dying man to a comfortable room, even if he be a raging maniac."

"Really! Miss Lincoln," said Doctor L. with a meaning smile, "you seem to have taken a very deep interest in the handsome stranger."

Ellen raised her full eyes upon him, and while a smile of pitying contempt cradled about her mouth, said calmly—"The suffering, doctor, always excite the sympathies of the *humane*, and I trust I am of that class."

And turning to the unconscious sufferer, she continued bathing his wrists and temples, as if to hide her emotion, while a tear trembled upon her downcast lids.

"Let us go from here, Cousin Ellen," whispered Lucy, "we can do the poor man no good."

"Dear Lucy," said Ellen rising, "I cannot go and leave this poor creature without a soul near him in his last moments—and this good woman tells me that he has been pleading for some one to pray for him, which proves that reason has, at times, resumed her throne. And if uncle will consent, I will remain here, while Mr. Barker sends for the Rev. Mr. P., whose ear is ever open to the call of distress."

"But, Ellen, it is growing late, and you will be subject to remark."

"Lucy," she continued, "it is well to regard the world's opinion when it combats not with duty, but if the world remark unjustly, when I do my duty, be it even so. But what say you, uncle, shall I not stay?"

“Ellen, my child,” said Mr. Norton, “I think with Lucy, you had better not stay.”

“Oh! uncle,” cried Ellen, her eyes filling with tears, “think, for one moment, if this were your own son. Think if it were Lucy or myself, dying alone, without one being to pity, or hand a drop of cold water to soothe the parched lips—and in its last agonies, when the poor soul is about to take its flight, perhaps to the presence of an offended God, without one sympathizing soul to breathe a prayer for mercy!” And here, overcome by her feelings, she bowed her head upon his arm and wept.

“My noble girl!” said Mr. Norton, folding her to his heart, “you shall not only stay, but Lucy and myself will stay with you.”

At length, raising her head, she said—“This place, uncle, is cold and damp, and would, I fear, increase your rheumatism—and Cousin Lucy, you know, dear uncle, is not strong; and I fear his sufferings might affect her too sensibly. But I am well and healthy, and if you will send nurse and John to me, I will watch here to-night, if Mr. Barker will permit.”

“You shall send for no one,” said Mr. Barker, much affected. “Mary and myself will share your labors. You have taught us our duty, Miss Lincoln.”

As a fragrant honeysuckle raised its tiny head to the soft caress of the dewy night winds, a rude blast swept it from its trellised home, through an open window, until caught in the ample folds of a snowy curtain.

The unbidden breeze extinguished a flickering light, rousing the nurse from her recumbent position beside a couch whereon reposed a pale unconscious form. Re-lighting the taper, she advanced to close the window, and hastily throwing aside the curtain, the little floweret found a resting-place below, upon the bosom of a sweet bouquet formed of its beauteous sisters. And, as the little flower-spirit gazed upon the sleeper’s form, the same mysterious atmosphere was there that erst had hovered round the fairy child, but greatly changed.

No longer basked in golden beams the brilliant beings of the mind, nor those of flesh wove chains; but with each other waged a mortal strife. Among the latter might another form be seen, grim, shadowy, and severe. Within his hand a barbed shaft he bore, and whatsoever it rested on was rendered powerless. Above, far in the hazy atmosphere, there shone a radiant light! mysteriously beautiful and fair it seemed; too pure for earth’s conception—and there was seen an angel form bearing a golden vessel.

And the little spirit asked the angel guide, who with uplifted pinions, looks of love, and rapturous adoration, gazed on that glorious vision—what these things meant.

“Yon radiant vision is the cause of all you see. It is the soul’s true aliment

—the emanations of a dying Saviour's love, reflected from the noble hearts of those who have so prayerfully watched around the sufferer's couch. This, the bright spirits of the soul perceive, and strive to free themselves from earth's dull chains, to plume their pinions to yon glorious light.

"The grim and shadowy form you see moving amid the ministers of flesh, is fell Disease, offspring of laws transgressed—the direst fee and curse of earthly life. Already have the ministers of flesh felt his barbed shaft—and this it is, that sunk that noble form so low and powerless.

"That angel bright, bearing a golden vessel, is hither drawn from Calvary's mount, by the united efforts, prayers, and tears of those who, weariless, have at the Throne of Grace implored that soul's release. He bears the purifying fount of Love, to wash and cleanse that blackened, tainted heart from every trace of sin—nearer it must not, *cannot* come, until *his will* shall plead."

The spirit of flowers turned to the sleeper. His large eyes raised—one deep, imploring gaze—and then his hands were tightly clasped in earnest supplication! A cry of joy ecstatic burst from the angel-guide, ascended heavenward, and caused the seraphs round the Lamb's pure throne to tune their harps anew!

Heavy, convulsive sobs burst from the bosom of the penitent; and as the watcher raised his head, the light of heaven played around his brow—while from his heaving heart was washed away the name, with every blackened trace of sin! But still, at times, dim shadows flitted past, shading the lustre of its purity. And the little spirit asked, in much surprise, why this should be?

"These are *regrets*," the angel said, "shadowed from wings of *memory*, as she flits o'er the past. On earth these ne'er can be effaced."

It was a beautiful morning in autumn. The mellow, golden light of an Indian summer shed its soft rays over the pensive earth, as arrayed in her magnificent robe of a thousand varied hues, she seemed to cling with fond remembrance to departed joys, while with melancholy repose she awaited the chilling approach of the stern and rigid form of winter.

Her sweet breath, wafted by gentle zephyrs through an open casement, filling the apartment, and kissing the pale, sad features of a beautiful invalid, as wrapped in a morning-dress, resting in a large easy-chair, his head supported by snowy pillows, he gazed thoughtfully upon the winding river as it flowed beneath, not a ripple resting upon its placid surface, save, ever and anon, when some fairy sailboat moved gracefully along, reflecting the bright sunbeams from its dazzling sails. At last, raising his eyes to the benevolent countenance of a matron, whose plain, neat attire, and light cautious movement, bespoke the office of nurse, he said —

"Is it not time for some of Mr. Norton's family to be here?"

"I saw the carriage stop, sir, a short time since, below the hill, and some persons get out. I think the ladies," she replied. A rap upon the door, and Mr. Norton entered.

The invalid reached forth his emaciated hand, while a smile of pleasure lit up his features. Grasping it warmly within his own, Mr. Norton said —

"I am delighted to see you so much better, Mr. Edridge. Dr. Warner tells me, if this fine weather continues, we may take you home with us—although, I don't know that you will thank me for carrying you away from this beautiful place, for every time I ascend this hill and breathe its pure atmosphere, I feel like a young man again. It is, indeed, a delightful situation, just the place for a hospital."

Tears filled the dark eyes of the invalid, as returning the pressure of Mr. Norton, he said—"Kindness such as has been bestowed upon an object as unworthy as myself, Heaven alone can repay. Could I once have received but one ray, I should not now have to mourn over misspent time and degraded talents."

"Oh, don't think of the past," interrupted Mr. Norton, "you have many long years of usefulness yet before you. You must not be sad. I left Ellen and Lucy at the foot of the hill to gather flowers, they preferred ascending on foot—but here they are, and they must cheer you."

At this moment nurse ushered them in; and as the former approached, an expression of holy joy irradiated his noble features, as with extended hand, she said—"Mr. Edridge—well then, Arthur if you will—we are, indeed, pleased to see you so much better."

"But he seems to have a slight touch of the *blues*! You must not let that be, girls," said Mr. Norton, laughingly.

"Mr. Edridge," said Lucy, with a merry smile, "if you did not know it before, you certainly will learn by this," (presenting him a bouquet of gay wild flowers,) "that I am an inveterate enemy to every thing of a sombre hue."

"And myself, also," responded Ellen.

"Miss Lincoln," he continued, with a still deeper tone of sadness, "if you had the same power to renew the wasted energies of the mind, and blot out from the pages of memory the dark characters of the past, as you seem to possess, to lead the rebellious, blackened heart to the fount of purifying Love, no gleam but that of joy, should ever emanate from my grateful heart."

"Don't say *I*, Mr. Edridge, but the humble, holy man who led you to a Saviour's arms."

"I do not know which had the greater influence, Miss Lincoln—your sympathy—your earnest pleadings to remain with a poor abandoned wretch in that loathsome room, to soothe his dying agonies, who conscious, yet

powerless, listened in wonder—your prayerful watchfulness during that awful night, amid ravings of despair and cries for mercy, intermingled with the yells of the chained maniacs; or the unwearied kindness and holy teachings of the Rev. Mr. P. If one led me to this fount, the other had created in my soul a thirst for its purifying waters. From the moment you first knelt beside my couch, a new light seemed to dawn upon my darkened soul, though at first faint and indistinct, and this morning, as I gaze upon this beautiful landscape, all, all comes up so vividly before my mental vision, accompanied with the sad picture of my wasted time and degraded powers, that, although it may give you pain, I cannot deny myself the pleasure of some slight expression of gratitude, even though shaded by my own sombre reflections. Oh! could I but regain my lost health and strength, how would I labor to show forth the love, mercy, and wisdom of the glorious Being whom I have so blasphemed. Then, Miss Lincoln, would you see that your sympathies and kindness have not been thrown away."

"Resignation to the will of Heaven," said Ellen, endeavoring to regain her wonted composure, "has power, if not to obliterate the dark characters upon the pages of memory, to take from them their bitterness."

"That you have yet to teach me, Miss Lincoln," said he with a melancholy smile.

"*I* shall teach, Mr. Edridge," said Lucy laughingly, (perceiving the embarrassment of her cousin, and wishing to relieve her from the conversation,) "that when I present to you a bouquet, you are not to pull it to pieces."

Arthur smiled, and commenced re-arranging the scattered flowers. While the little flower-spirit saw his bright guardian, now radiant with heavenly smiles, hovering near. In its hand it bore a chalice, from which it poured sweet odors upon the pure heart of the noble Ellen.

'Twas midnight—every sound was hushed. The earth lay slumbering in her fleecy robe of white. The diamond-gemmed trees, the tall spires, and the distant hills, all reflected back the smiles of the queen of night, as she rode majestically above, presenting a scene of enchanting loveliness.

In an elegant apartment, reposed a little flower-spirit upon the soft bosom of the lily of the Nile. The same strange, delicious music filled the atmosphere, that erst had burst from cherub choir that hovered round the sleeping babe—save that its strains were louder, more triumphant.

Forth floated the little flower-spirit. There lay upon a couch, round which gathered weeping friends, a form of manly beauty. The ministers of earth lay cold and lifeless—their work was done. The bright beings of Intellect and

Adoration rested upon the shadowy pinions of the celestial guardian—while *Love* floated in the ethereal beams of other worlds reflected from the golden wreaths of light, encircling the snowy brows of a seraph band, upon which the full dark eyes of the dying man were fixed; while far above, beyond the deep blue vaults, there burst forth strains of sublime, entrancing melody—as if the revolving spheres had joined the joyous anthem that echoed round the throne of God—a soul redeemed.

"Arthur, are you willing to die, are you happy?" whispered a sobbing voice, while a pearly tear fell upon his brow.

"Oh, joy inconceivable! Happiness that mortals ne'er can know! But see'st thou that bright seraph? It is Amy—her arms stretched forth to meet me. And my mother—she is pouring blessings on thy head! Ellen, sister—friends farewell—we meet again."

And as they grasped his icy hands, the spirit freed, was borne upon the rapturous wings of the awaiting angels to the realms of bliss.

"Dear Ellen," said Lucy, as they were seated together one pleasant morn, "why did you refuse the hand of Dr. Warner? I am sure he is talented, pious, and every thing one's heart could wish. Then, you know, he loves you for your own worth, and not your wealth, for he has enough of that already."

"What makes you suppose that I have refused him, coz?" said Ellen, a bright blush suffusing her cheek.

"Simply, appearances. As you say *such* secrets should not be revealed, I do not expect to get much information from yourself," was Lucy's reply. "But, in the first place, there used to be a peculiar looking bouquet sent here every morning for Miss Lincoln—then papa's consent was asked! And lastly, he is among the missing, bouquets and all."

"Really, Lucy!" said Ellen laughing, "you form very rapid conclusions."

"But not always unjust ones," she persisted.

"Well then, Lucy, if you will have it so, suppose I did refuse the hand of Dr. Warner; it was simply, that I neither wish nor intend to marry."

"Do not intend to marry, cousin!" said Lucy, laying down her work.

"Why, coz!" said Ellen smiling, "you seem surprised."

"Cousin Ellen," continued Lucy, in a more serious tone, "I wish to ask you another question—will you answer me candidly?"

"Certainly," said Ellen, "if it be in my power."

"Then Ellen, did you love the beautiful penitent?"

"Arthur! Lucy. What could have induced you to ask such a question?"

"I have two reasons. The one, because the world says so. The other, because I was half in love with him myself, before he became so etherial."

“The world says so,” responded Ellen.

“Yes, it says that you fell violently in love with his handsome face at the alms-house; then, afterwards, had him removed to the insane hospital, where he remained at your expense, (though papa did pay the bills!) and since his death, that you have formed the resolution to devote your life to *single* blessedness.”

Here Ellen burst into a peal of merry laughter “Dr. L. must have reported that story. Poor fellow! his soul is so given to earth, that he cannot conceive one idea above it—and it is but natural that he should form such conclusions. But to be serious, Lucy,” continued she, a sad smile lighting up her expressive countenance, “I never felt for Arthur one ray of earthly love! What I did for him at the alms-house, I would have done as you well know, and would still do, for the most hideous wretch who possesses an immortal soul. His deep contrition, and early history, made me feel for him the love of a sister for an erring, but penitent brother; but, to say that his uncommon beauty, and superior powers of mind, did not heighten that interest would be false. We are all formed to love what is beautiful and sublime, and I know of nothing more beautiful, than beautiful features lit up by purity of heart—or more God-like and sublime, than great powers of mind rightly directed; for, even when fallen and degraded from their high estate, we cannot divest them of interest. And when he came to reside with us, his pious resignation under suffering, and his deep absorbing love for our blessed Saviour, made me feel as in the presence of a pure spirit! and as such, I loved him. And now, every spot that he loved—every flower which he cherished—the room in which he died—all have to me a holy charm!”

“Is this a new resolution, cousin?” said Lucy, after a pause; “or do you suppose yourself incapable of feeling any attachment for Dr. Warner?”

“No, Lucy, the resolution was formed long since. And as for my affections, were I to permit them to rest upon an object as worthy as he, I doubt not they would cling to it—as the heart must cling to something.”

“You speak of permission, Cousin Ellen. Do you think we have any power over our affections?”

“Certainly, Lucy. It is the greatest insult to reason to suppose otherwise. For why are we punishable for misplaced affections, if we have no power to govern those affections? As I said before, we are created to love all that is lovely, pure, and noble; and if the heart turns to aught else, it arises, not from the laws of the Deity, but from the transgression of those laws.”

“Then, cousin,” said Lucy, “if the heart is formed to love all that is good and noble, why do you speak of not permitting your affections to rest upon a worthy object—since they would naturally cling to it?”

“Dear Lucy,” answered she, her pure countenance radiating with an

expression of heavenly beauty, “there is a higher and holier object of love than is found on earth, and to which all human affections should be subservient—the love for a crucified Redeemer! In possessing this, we love all that his eternal Father has created—all for whom that Saviour died.”

“Then do you mean to say, Cousin Ellen, that in order to make ourselves acceptable in the sight of Heaven, we must all devote ourselves to a life of single-blessedness?”

“Far from it, dear Lucy. Matrimony as instituted by God, and blessed by the presence of his divine Son, can but be holy, and consequently acceptable. But since, dear Lucy, we have seen the ‘Revealings of a Heart,’ I feel that there could be so much misery relieved—so many hearts gained for Heaven, by a knowledge of *self*, and the perfections of the Deity—not taught in dry, dogmatical truths, addressed only to the reason, but in words and acts of sympathy and love, which soothe the torn and lacerated heart, and bind in sweet captivity the young and pure. And since, dear cousin, I feel convinced of this truth, I have resolved to devote the fortune, together with the few talents intrusted to my care, to the relief of the unfortunate and distressed. And the reason *I* do not wish to marry, is, that my duties, my affections, would claim much of my energies, and where the force is weak, dear coz, you know that it were better not divided.”

“My dear, my noble cousin,” said Lucy, throwing her arms around her, “I fear that I shall never understand you. It was Dr. Warner himself who told me of his rejection. He is so good, so noble, and was so kind to poor Arthur from the first, that I promised to intercede for him. Then papa was anxious you should marry him; for he thinks, as he must part with you some day, that Dr. Warner is the only person he has ever met worthy of you. And now, dear Ellen, shall I not tell them of your noble resolution? They must love you for it as I do!”

Ellen was silent.

At length, while a mischievous smile danced through her tears, Lucy cried—“I wonder if *I* wouldn’t do for the doctor! and then papa can retain all his treasures. There he comes! I must run to tell him of this new plan!” And away she flew to meet her father.

FANCIES ABOUT A PORTRAIT.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

O SWEET the dreams that gather now,
Around me with their magic power,
The years are falling from my brow,
And hope, and joyousness, and thou,
Are back again with childhood's hour.

Thou, thou, a bright-eyed laughing girl,
With voice as sweet as summer glee,
And hair upon whose clustering curl
The sunbeams rested gloriously.

Footsteps, as light as legends tell,
By moonlight gather on the lawn,
Scarce shake the dew-drops from the cell
Of some down-looking lily bell,
That opens to the ardent dawn.

A nature mild as summer's cheek,
On which the smile of beauty lingers;
But glowing as some mountain peak,
That's tipt with sunlight's dying fingers.

And now I look far down the vale,
Through which our weary steps have come,
And memory tells me many a tale,
Of hopes that perished in the gale,
Since last we looked on home.

I think of one around whose form
Thy arms have clung in fond caress,
Whose bark amid the world's wild storm

Was guided by thy tenderness.

And fancy brings thy home again
Back as it was in years ago,
The robin by the window-pane,
Amid the woodbine pours his strain,
In murmurs soft and low.

The meadow, with its singing stream,
Is stretched before the door,
And in its crystal depths the bream
Plays on the pebbled floor.

I hear the songs of infancy,
At evening, in that peaceful cot,
And the young mother in her glee
Echoes them back in mimicry,
And cares and fears are all forgot.

Love's sunlight pours beneath that roof
Its beams upon the path of all,
Threading with golden hopes the woof
Of life's bright festival.

But time goes on, and far away,
Beneath another sun and sky,
Two graves are opened, and the day
Looks down into them mild and gay,
With scarce a murmur or a sigh.

And that young mother kneeling there,
Heart-broken, desolate and lone,
Hears nothing in that summer air
But grief would fashion to a moan.

Her heart is lying 'neath the flower
She planted on that quiet sod,
And memory with her magic power
Goes back, at evening's holy hour,
With pilgrim's staff and rod.

One morning, when the corn was green,
And song-birds warbled forth their glee,
A wan and faded form was seen
Beneath the church-yard tree.

A pale moss rose was in her breast,
Wet with the dew of burning tears;
And wandering words and looks confessed
That she, amid her wild unrest,
Was living o’er the by-gone years.

And thus with names she loved so well
Still lingering on her clay-cold lips,
Speaking affection’s fadeless spell,
She sunk beneath death’s dark eclipse.

This is a dream from which I start,
And wonder if it can be so—
For there, with ruby lips apart,
And sunny youthfulness, thou art,
As in those years long, long ago.

GEN^{L}. JOSEPH WARREN.
Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

LIFE OF GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN.

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

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THIS illustrious champion of liberty was born in Roxbury, near Boston, in the year 1741. His father was a respectable farmer, and employed much of his time in raising fruit. He was the person that produced that species of apple called the *Warren Russet*. The house in which his father resided is still standing, near the centre of the village, in a street which has received his name. One day in autumn, as he was in his orchard, he saw an apple remaining on the top of a tree, which, by its uncommon beauty tempted him to climb the tree to pluck it, but as he was reaching the apple, the branch upon which he stood broke under him, and precipitated him to the ground a lifeless corpse. His youngest son, the late Dr. John Warren, of Boston, then four years old, who had been sent by his mother to the orchard to call him to dinner, met the body borne by two laborers. By this fatal accident the mother of Warren was left a widow, with the charge of four boys, of whom the eldest, Joseph, was then about sixteen years of age. The fidelity with which she executed this arduous trust, is sufficiently attested by the eminent virtues and talents of her children. She lived to a very advanced age at the house in Roxbury, surrounded by the younger members of the family, and reaping in their affectionate attention, the best reward for her exemplary and maternal duties. Joseph commenced his education at the grammar-school of Roxbury, which at that time had great celebrity from the superior attainments of its teachers. At fourteen he entered college at Harvard, and passed his examination with such satisfaction to his preceptors, that drew from them expressions of surprise and admiration. The whole term of his collegiate life was marked by a generous, independent deportment, fine manners, with indomitable courage and perseverance.

In 1759, Warren graduated with the highest honors, and on leaving college, signified his wish to study medicine; this was complied with by his maternal parent, who placed him under the care of a personal friend of his father. His professional studies were alike prosecuted with energy and success.

At the age of twenty-three he established himself at Boston, and

commenced the practice of his profession, which he pursued with distinguished success.

He had not been in practice more than two years when the town was threatened with that direful disease, the small-pox, the treatment of which was but little known at that day—it was considered the most dreadful scourge of the human race. This disease continued to rage with the greatest violence, baffling the skill and efforts of many of the most learned of the faculty.

Our young practitioner soon distinguished himself by his successful method of treating that disease, and from that moment was exalted to the highest pinnacle of fame. He stood, week after week, untiringly by the bed of his patient, using the necessary exertions with his own hands. These noble and humane traits, apart from his laborious profession, firmly attached him to the people; he stood high among his older brethren in the profession, and his courtesy and his humanity won the way to the hearts of all—and what he once gained he never lost.

A bright and lasting fame in his profession was now before him, whilst wealth and influence were awaiting his grasp; his exalted talents had secured the conquest it had always been his aim to achieve. But the circumstances in which his beloved country was then placed necessarily directed the attention of Warren from professional pursuits, and concentrated it upon political affairs.

The same superiority of talents and ardor of temperament, which would have given him an easy success in any profession, rendered him more than ordinarily susceptible of the influences which then operated upon the community, and threw him forward into the front rank of the asserters of liberal principles. The fact, however, that men, like Warren, of the finest talents, and in every respect the fairest promise, were among the first to join in the opposition to the measures of the government, shows sufficiently how completely the whole mind of the colonies had given itself up to the cause, and how utterly impossible it was for the ministry to sustain their pretensions by any power that could be brought to bear upon the people of America.

In answer to a letter received from his late preceptor, advising him against any action amounting to rashness, he says, “The calls of my distracted country are paramount to every interest of my own. I willingly leave fame and all its glories to aid in bursting the bonds of tyranny, and giving freedom to a virtuous people.” And in another letter to a friend, who had remonstrated with him on the same cause, he says, “It is the united voice of America to preserve their freedom or lose their lives in defense of it; their resolutions are not the effects of inconsiderate rashness, but the sound result of sober inquiry and deliberation. I am convinced that the true spirit of liberty was never so universally diffused through all ranks and orders of people in any country on the face of the earth, as it is now through all North America.”

No sooner were Warren's intentions made known, than he was appointed surgeon-general of the army.

At the time of Warren's appointment, the conclusion of the definitive treaty of peace, which terminated the French war took place, and from that period to the battles of Lexington and Bunker's Hill, eleven years intervened, which period was filled up by a succession of interesting events, many of which occurred in the vicinity of Boston.

The Stamp Act; the tumults which followed it; its repeal; the Tea Act; the troubles which attended its enforcement, and which terminated in the celebrated Boston *Tea Party*; the military occupation of Boston by the British army; the hostile encounters that occurred so frequently between the troops and the citizens, including the fatal events of the 5th March, 1770; these occurrences, with various others of less importance, were the preludes to the tragedies of the 19th April and 17th June, 1775. In adverting to one or two of these occasions, it will be seen that General Warren was the leading spirit of the colony during the eleven years before mentioned.

Mr. Everett, in his biography of this distinguished officer, says, "The great authority and influence which Warren exercised over his fellow citizens, evidently show that he combined in a remarkable degree the qualities requisite for excellence in civil pursuits, with a strong taste and aptitude for war. In this particular he stood alone among the leading patriots of Massachusetts; this, had his valuable life been prolonged, would have contributed very much to establish and extend his political influence.

He also possessed, in high perfection, the gift of eloquence, and in exercising it, he is represented as having exhibited the discretion which in all respects tempered so honorably the ardor of his character!

His voice was often raised in public, for the purpose of dissuading the people from tumultuous movements, and exhorting them to seek redress for their wrongs, as much as possible, according to the forms of law, and without detriment to the rights of individuals, or a breach of the public peace. The daily riots, which followed the attempt to enforce the new revenue laws at Boston, produced, as must have been expected, the military occupation of the town by British troops.

In the year 1768, two regiments from Halifax, and two from Ireland, making together nearly four thousand men, were ordered to be stationed at Boston, under the command of General Gage, an officer who had honorably distinguished himself in the preceding French war. This gave great dissatisfaction to the inhabitants, and the general found great difficulty in erecting barracks for their accommodations, and consequently hired houses for the greatest part, and the remainder were quartered in tents upon the common.

This military occupation of Boston led to continual animosity between the

soldiers and the citizens. In these very frequently the latter were in the wrong, which was certainly the fact on the tragical 5th of March, 1770.

On the evening of that day, while the soldiers were on guard at the Custom House, King Street, now State Street, a mob of citizens, armed with every description of weapons, insulted, and finally assaulted them. The guard exhibited great forbearance, until one of their number had been actually knocked down by one of the mob, and ill-treated; they then precipitately fired and killed three persons on the spot, and wounded two others. So satisfied were the patriots that the citizens were in the wrong, that John Adams and Josiah Quincy volunteered their services as counsel for Captain Preston, the commanding officer of the guard who had been brought to trial for the offence. He was honorably acquitted. This unhappy affair left in the bosoms of the citizens an impression that seemed impossible to erase; and they determined to set apart that day for an annual celebration; and it was accordingly so observed for several years, until the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence was finally substituted for it. On the second of these celebrations, Samuel Adams was invited to deliver the address. He declined the task, and it was then committed to Dr. Warren, who acquitted himself with great ability. On another anniversary, three years afterward, he again delivered another and last address, which, from the mutual exasperation between the troops and the citizens, was considered rather a critical duty. The day arrived, however, and the weather remarkably propitious; the old South Meeting-House was the place appropriated for the delivery of the oration, and so crowded was the building at an early hour, that on the arrival of our young orator, there was no way of access but by the pulpit window, which his friends effected for him by means of a ladder. The British officers occupied the aisles, and the stairs leading to the pulpit. Each man felt the palpitation of his own heart, and watched the pale but determined face of of his neighbor. The speaker began his oration in a firm tone of voice, and proceeded with great energy and pathos.

Warren and his friends were prepared to chastise contumely, prevent disgrace, and avenge an attempt at assassination. The scene was sublime. A patriot in whom the flush of youth and the grace and dignity of manhood were combined, stood armed in the holy sanctuary to animate and encourage the sons of liberty, and to hurl defiance at their oppressors. The orator commenced with the early history of the country, described the tenure by which we held our liberties and property; the affection we had constantly shown the parent country, and boldly told them how, and by whom these blessings of life had been violated.

There was in this appeal to Britain—in this description of suffering, agony and horror, a calm and high-souled defiance, which must have chilled the blood of every sensible foe. Such another hour, perhaps, has seldom happened

in the history of man, and is not surpassed in the records of nations. An able writer, commenting on the oration, says, “The thunders of Demosthenes rolled at a distance from Philip and his host—and Tully poured the fiercest torrent of his invective when Catiline was far off, and his dagger no longer to be feared; but Warren’s speech was made to proud oppressors, resting on their arms, whose errand it was to overawe, and whose business it was to fight. If the deed of Brutus deserved to be commemorated by history, poetry, painting and sculpture, should not this instance of patriotism and bravery be held in lasting remembrance? If he

‘That struck the foremost man of all this world,’

was hailed as the first of freemen, what honors are not due to him, who, undismayed, bearded the British lion, to show the world what his countrymen dared to do in the cause of liberty? If the statue of Brutus was placed among those of the gods, who were the preservers of Roman freedom, should not that of Warren fill a lofty niche in the temple reared to perpetuate the remembrance of our birth as a nation?”

The late Rev. Dr. Homer, of Newton, Massachusetts, recently deceased, who was present on this ever memorable occasion, related the following incident, which we consider worthy a place on these pages. He says, “while the oration was in progress, a British officer, seated on the pulpit-stairs, raised himself up and held one of his hands before the speaker, with several pistol-bullets on the open palm. Warren observed the action, and without discontinuing his discourse, dropped a white handkerchief upon the officer’s hand.”

How happy had it been for the country, if this gentle and graceful admonition could have arrested the march of violence, and averted the fatal presage afforded by this sinister occurrence of the future fate of the patriotic speaker—a presage too soon and too exactly realized on the following 17th of June. The first position of a public character in which Dr. Warren took a part, were those which grew out of Governor Gage’s determination to fortify the southern entrance of Boston, by lines drawn across the isthmus or Neck, which unites it to Roxbury. On this occasion a convention was held, of delegates from all the towns in the county of Suffolk, which then comprehended the present county of Norfolk, for the purpose of endeavoring to prevent this measure from being carried into effect. Dr. Warren was a delegate to this convention, and was made chairman of the committee which was appointed to prepare an address to the governor upon the subject. The governor replied in a brief and unsatisfactory manner.

The committee rejoined in another address, of greater length, which was

transmitted to the governor, to which he did not think proper to reply. These papers were written by Warren, and give a very favorable idea of his literary taste and talent, as well as of his courage and patriotism. The correspondence was communicated by Dr. Warren, as chairman of the committee, to the Continental Congress; and that body, in their reply, notice, in terms of high approbation, the part taken in it by the committee. The high sense, which was now entertained by his fellow-citizens, of the value of the services of Warren to the cause of liberty, was strikingly evinced on this occasion, first by his election as a delegate from Boston to the Congress, and secondly, by his designation as President of that body, and chairman of the committee of public safety. By virtue of these situations, he united in his person the chief responsibility for the conduct of the whole civil and military affairs of the new commonwealth, and became a sort of popular dictator. The Congress was organized at Salem, but shortly after removed to Concord, and, a few days before the battle of Lexington, adjourned to meet again at Watertown, on the 10th May, 1775. The Committee of Safety held its meetings, at this time, in a public house at West Cambridge, and seems to have been in session every day. It was soon apparent that the station now occupied by Warren, in the councils of Massachusetts, would be no sinecure. The events of the 19th of April, including the battles of Lexington and Concord were of such a character, that no individual could well occupy a very conspicuous position in the field. There was no commander-in-chief, and, properly speaking, no regular engagement or battle. The object of the British was to destroy the military stores at Concord; that of the Americans, to prevent this, if possible, and to show that, in this quarter of the country, every inch of ground would be desperately contested. For the vigor and determination which marked the conduct of the people on this important day, it is not too much to say, that the country is mainly indebted to the vigilance, activity and energy of Warren.

It had been the intention of the British commander to surprise the Americans, and so severe were the precautions taken for this purpose, that the officers employed in the expedition were only informed of it on the preceding day. Information of a meditated attack had been, however, for some time in possession of the Americans; the first intimation having been given by a patriotic lady of Boston, the wife of a royalist officer. A most vigilant observation was, in consequence, maintained upon the movements of the British; and, in this operation, great advantage was derived from the services of an association, composed chiefly of Boston mechanics, which had been formed in the autumn of the preceding year. The late Col. Paul Revere was an active member of this society, and was employed by Dr. Warren, on this occasion, as his principal confidential messenger. Some preparatory movements took place among the British troops on the 15th of April, which

attracted the attention of Warren. It was known that the principal object of the contemplated expedition was to seize the stores at Concord. Presuming that the movement would now be made without delay, the committee of safety took measures for securing the stores by distributing a part of them among the neighboring towns. John Hancock and Samuel Adams were then at the house of the Rev. Mr. Clark, in Lexington, and Colonel Revere was dispatched as a special messenger to inform them of the probable designs of General Gage. On his return to Boston, he made an agreement with his friends in Charlestown, that, if the expedition proceeded by water, two lights should be displayed on the steeple of the North Church, if it moved over the neck, through Roxbury, only one. The British commander finally fixed upon the 19th for the intended attempt; and, on the evening of the 18th he sent for the officers whom he had designated for this service, and communicated to them, for the first time, the nature of the expedition upon which they were to be employed. So strict had been the secrecy observed by the governor in regard to this matter. The same discretion had not been maintained in other quarters, for Lord Percy, who was to command the reserve, on his way home to his lodgings, heard the expedition talked of, by a group of citizens, at the corner of one of the streets.

He hastened back to the governor's headquarters, and informed him that he had been betrayed. An order was instantly issued to prevent any American from leaving town, but it came a few minutes too late to produce effect. Dr. Warren, who had returned in the evening from the meeting of the Committee of Public Safety, at West Cambridge, was already informed of the movement of the British army, and had taken the necessary measures for spreading the intelligence through the country. At about nine o'clock on the evening of the 18th the British troops intended for the expedition were embarked, under the command of Colonel Small, in boats at the bottom of the Common. Dr. Warren inspected the embarkation in person, and having returned home immediately after, sent for Colonel Revere, who reached his house about ten o'clock. He had already dispatched Mr. Dawes overland as a special messenger to Lexington, and he now requested Colonel Revere to proceed through Charlestown on the same errand. The colonel made arrangements, in the first place, for displaying the two lights on the steeple of the North Church, agreeably to the understanding with his friends in Charlestown, and then repaired to a wharf, at the north part of the town, where he kept his boat. He was rowed over by two friends, a little to the eastward of the British ship of war *Somerset,* which lay at anchor in this part of the channel, and was landed on the Charlestown side.

He pursued his way through Charlestown and West Cambridge, not without several perilous encounters with British officers, who were patroling the neighborhood, and finally arrived safely at Lexington, where he met the

other messenger, Mr. Dawes, whom he had, however, anticipated.

After reposing a short time, they proceeded together to Concord, alarming the whole country as they went, by literally knocking at the door of almost every house upon the road. They had of course been in part anticipated by the signals on the North Church steeple, which had spread intelligence of the intended movement, with the speed of light, through all the neighboring towns. By the effect of these well-judged and well-executed measures, Hancock and Adams were enabled to provide in season for their personal safety, and the whole population of the towns, through which the British troops were to pass, were roused and on foot before they made their appearance. On reaching Lexington Green, they found a corps of militia under arms and prepared to meet them. At Concord, they found another; and when, after effecting as far as they could, the objects of their expedition, they turned their steps homeward, they were enveloped, as it were, in a cloud of the armed yeomanry, which thickened around them at every step, and did such fearful execution in their ranks, that nothing but their timely meeting with the reinforcements under Lord Percy, at West Cambridge, could have saved them from entire disorganization and actual surrender. Colonel Revere, many years afterward, drew up a very curious and interesting account of his adventures on this expedition, in the form of a letter to the corresponding secretary of the Massachusetts Historical Society, which is printed in the Collections of that body, and is now familiar to the public. Warren who was now in attendance on the Committee of Safety at West Cambridge, expecting the British troops to pass that way on their return from Concord, awaited their arrival.

On their approach he armed himself and went out in company with General Heath to meet them.

On this occasion he displayed his usual fearlessness, by exposing his person very freely to the fire of the enemy; and a bullet passed so near his head, as to carry away one of the long, close, horizontal curls, which, agreeably to the fashion of the day, he wore above his ears.

This accident was regarded by the superstitious as an ill-omen, or a presage of an early doom that awaited him. But Warren himself, even in a superstitious age, never yielded to such notions, his frank and generous spirit would rather sympathize with the gallant Trojan hero, who when he was advised to await, before he entered upon a battle, till the omens deduced from the flight of birds should become favorable, exclaimed, “What care I for the flight of birds, whether they take their course to the right or to the left? I ask no better omen than to draw my sword in the cause of my country.”

It is a remarkable fact, on examining the composition of the New England army of 1775, how many names we find of men, either previously or subsequently illustrious in the history of the country.

The fact is one among many other proofs, how completely the spirit of the times had taken possession of the whole mind of the colonies, and drawn within the sphere of its influence the most eminent professional, political, and military characters, as well as the mass of the people. In regard to the character of the troops, it is sufficient to say that they were the flower and the pride of our hardy yeomanry. They were not like the rank and file of the regular armies of Europe, the refuse of society, enlisted in the worst haunts of crowded cities, under the influence of a large bounty, or perhaps an inspiration of a still inferior kind. They were, as they are correctly described by our enemies, “the country people.”

Though generally unaccustomed to regular service, their continual conflicts with the Indians made them expert in the use of arms. Of the officers, who commanded in this army, Warren has been rendered, by subsequent events, by far the most conspicuous. Prescott and Putnam, both veterans of the former wars, occupied with him at the time, the highest place in the confidence of the country. But, in addition to these, there were many others whose names are not much less extensively known throughout the world than theirs. It will not be irrelevant we trust, to touch some of the leading characters in connection at that time, without this, the character of him who figures in this memoir must be incomplete. To Mr. Everett, the able historian of Warren, we are indebted for much of the history following.

Prescott, the colonel of one of the Middlesex regiments, was the officer, who, on the 16th of June, received the orders of the commander-in-chief to occupy and fortify the heights of Charlestown, and who commanded in the redoubt on the day of the battle. He was a native of Pepperell, in the county of Middlesex, where his family, one of the most distinguished and respected in the State, still reside during a part of the year. Prescott inherited an ample fortune from his father; but he seems to have possessed a natural aptitude for military pursuits, and, at the opening of the war of 1756, he, with so many others of the noble spirits of New England, joined the expedition against Nova Scotia, under General Winslow, with a provincial commission. He served with such distinction, that, after the close of the war, he was urged to accept a commission in the British line; but he declined the honor, and preferred returning to the paternal estate. Here he resided, occupied in the peaceful pursuits of agriculture, and in dispensing a frank and liberal hospitality to his neighbors, many of whom were his old companions in arms, until the opening of the Revolution called him, already a veteran, to the council and the field. During the progress of the battle of Bunker’s Hill, he was frequently seen on the top of the parapet, attired in a calico frock, with his bald head uncovered to the sun, observing the enemy, or encouraging his men to action. Governor Gage, who, at one of these moments, was reconnoitering the American works

through a telescope, remarked the singular appearance of Prescott, and inquired of Willard, one of the council, who he was. “My brother-in-law Colonel Prescott,” was the reply. “Will he fight?” returned the governor. “Ay,” said Willard, “to the last drop of his blood.”

Putnam, another veteran of the French wars, was not less bold in action, and equally regardless of unnecessary show and ceremony.

In the war of 1756 he commanded a company of provincial rangers, and, in this capacity, rendered the most essential services; passing through a series of adventures, the details of which, though resting on unquestionable evidence, seem like a wild and extravagant fable. After the close of the seven years’ war, Putnam returned to the plough, and was in the act of guiding it, when he heard the news of the battle of Lexington.

Like Cincinnatus of old, he left it in the furrow, and repaired at once to Cambridge, though now more than sixty years of age. He was particularly earnest, in the council of war, in recommending the measure of fortifying Bunker’s Hill; a part of his regiment was detached for the service, and he was present and active himself on the field, through the night of the battle, and during the action.

Whether, as some suppose, he was charged by the Council of War with a general superintendence of the whole affair; or whether, like Warren, he appeared upon the field as a volunteer, is not known with certainty; for the official record of the orders of the day is lost, and the want of it is not supplied, for this purpose, by any other evidence.

It is certain, however, from all the accounts, that his agency in the action was great and effectual. It may be here remarked, that the principal British and American officers were personally known to each other. They had served together in the French wars, and in some instances, had contracted a close and intimate friendship.

Not long after the battle of Lexington, there was an interview at Charlestown, between some of the officers on both sides, to regulate an exchange of prisoners; and Governor Brooks, who was present, was accustomed to relate that General Putnam and Major Small, of the British army, no sooner met, than they ran into each other’s arms.

In this state of the hostile preparations of the two parties, and with the strong feeling of mutual exasperation, which, notwithstanding occasional instances of a different character, prevailed generally between the masses of both, it was apparent, that a trial of strength on a more extensive scale, and of a much more serious and decisive kind, than any that had yet occurred, must soon take place.

The Americans had been for some time employed in fortifying the heights of Charlestown, and in preparing to defend them against the enemy; the British

on their part had commenced preparing for an attack.

At an early hour in the morning, Governor Gage summoned a council of war at the City Hall. They were all agreed as to the propriety of dislodging the Americans from their work; but there was some difference of opinion upon the mode of making the attack. Generals Clinton and Grant were for landing at Charlestown Neck, and attacking the works in the rear, but this plan was considered too hazardous.

It would place the British between two armies, one superior in force, and the other strongly intrenched, by which they might be attacked at once in front and rear, without the possibility of a retreat.

The plan preferred by the council was to attack the works in front. Accordingly, at about noon, twenty-eight barges left the end of Long Wharf, filled with the principal part of the first detachment of the British troops, which consisted of four battalions of infantry, ten companies of light infantry, and ten of grenadiers. They had six pieces of artillery, one of which was placed in each of the six leading boats.

The barges formed in single file, and in two parallel lines.

The day was without a cloud, and the regular movement of this splendid naval procession, with the glow of the brazen artillery, and the scarlet dresses and burnished arms of the troops, exhibited to the unaccustomed eyes of the Americans a brilliant and imposing spectacle. The barges proceeded in good order, and landed their freight at the south-eastern point of the peninsula, commonly called Morton's Point. Immediately after they had landed, it was discovered that most of the cannon-balls, which had been brought over, were too large for the pieces, and that it was necessary to send them back and obtain a fresh supply. A British writer of that day gives the following ludicrous account of this blunder of over-sized balls, he says: "This blunder arose from the dotage of an officer of high rank, who spends all his time with school-masters' daughters." It seems that General Cleveland, "who," as the same author says, "though no Samson, must have his Delilah," became very much in love with the beautiful daughter of Master Lovell, and, in order to gain favor with the damsel, had given her young brother, a mere boy, an appointment in the ordnance department, for which he was not qualified. His inexperience was the cause of the error, for which General Cleveland was much censured by his commanding officer, as it created some delay and diminished the British fire during the first two attacks. While the British commander was preparing to send off his second detachment, the first remained unmolested at Morton's Point, and quietly dined from the contents of their knapsacks. At about two o'clock, the second detachment followed in barges to join the first at Morton's Point, soon after a few companies of grenadiers and light infantry, with a party of mariners, the whole amounting to about four thousand men, who were

commanded by General Howe. He had under him General Pigot, and Colonels Nesbit, Abercrombie, and Clark.

Such, then, were the respective forces and positions of the two armies immediately preceding the battle. General Burgoyne, in a letter written some days after the battle, has given a spirited sketch of the splendid panorama, seen by the British officers from the heights at the northern extremity of Boston. He says, "the spectacle which was exhibited at this time by the two peninsulas and the surrounding waters, was of a highly varied and brilliant character; for immediately below flowed the river Charles," (not, as now, interrupted by numerous bridges,) "pursuing a smooth, unbroken way to the ocean. Between this and Charlestown shore, lay at anchor, the ships of war, the *Somerset*, the *Lively*, and the *Falcon*; and further on the left, within the bay, the *Glasgow*. Their black and threatening hulks poured forth at every new discharge, fresh volumes of smoke, which hung like fleecy clouds upon the air, till cleared by the northern breezes, when the spectator could perceive on the opposite side of the river, rising from the shore by a gentle ascent, the sister hills of Charlestown, clothed in the green luxuriance of the first flush of vegetation, excepting where their summits were broken by the low and hasty works of the Americans." While both the armies and the assembled multitude were hushed in breathless expectation, might be seen our gallant fathers, eagerly awaiting the signal for the action, ready to rush to the rescue of freedom and their country. Their homely apparel had but little to attract the eye, but frequently, when some favorite officer made his appearance, a shout of gratulation passed along the ranks, which showed the zeal that inspired them for the cause. During this silent suspense, a horseman was seen advancing at full speed toward the American works. As he crossed the hill, General Putnam rode forward to meet him, and perceived it was General Warren.

"General Warren!" exclaimed the veteran, "is it you? I rejoice and regret to see you. Your life is too precious to be exposed here; but, since you are arrived, I take your orders."

"General Putnam, I have none to give. You have made your arrangements, therefore proceed. I come to aid you as a volunteer. Tell me where I can be useful."

"Go, then," said Putnam, "to the redoubt; you will there be covered."

"I came not to be covered," replied Warren, "I came to do my duty; tell me where I shall be most in danger, and where the action will be hottest."

"The redoubt," said Putnam, "will be the enemy's object; if that can be defended, the day is ours."

General Warren at once hastened to the redoubt, and his approach to the troops, who recognized him, though he wore no uniform, was welcomed with loud acclamations. When he reached the redoubt, Colonel Prescott requested

him to give him his orders.

"No, Colonel Prescott," he replied, "give me yours—give me a musket; I have come here to take a lesson of a veteran soldier in the art of war."

These particulars, including the dialogue, are given substantially, as reported afterward by General Putnam and Colonel Prescott, and may be depended on as authentic. General Warren was originally opposed to the plan of fortifying the Heights of Charlestown; but when he found the Council of War had decided in favor of it, he told them he should aid them personally in carrying it into effect. Against this he was strongly urged, but his resolution was immovable. Warren had officiated the preceding day at Watertown, as President of Congress; that body being in session there, and had passed the whole night in transacting business.

At daylight he mounted his horse, and rode to headquarters at Cambridge, where he arrived much indisposed from fatigue; he was urged to take some repose, which he did; but he had retired to bed but a short time, when information was received from General Ward that the British were moving.

He rose immediately, said he was quite well, and attended the meeting of the Committee of Safety as chairman. During this meeting, Elbridge Gerry, who entertained the same opinion as Warren upon the prudence of the attempt, earnestly requested him not to expose his person.

"I am aware of the danger," replied the young and ardent soldier, "but I should die with shame, if I were to remain at home in safety, while my friends and fellow-citizens are shedding their blood, and hazarding their lives in the cause."

"Your ardent temper," replied Gerry, "will carry you forward into the midst of peril, and you will probably fall."

"I know that I may fall," returned Warren; "but where is the American who does not think it a glory to die in defense of his country?"

After the adjournment of the committee, he mounted his horse, and rode to Charlestown, where he arrived but a short time before the battle commenced.

General Pomroy, of Northampton, reached headquarters at this time, as a volunteer; he had served, with the rank of captain, under Sir William Johnson, in the war of 1756; and was distinguished in the celebrated battle with the French and Indians, under Baron Dieskau. When the sound of the artillery rattled in his ears, he felt it as a summons to action, and could not resist the temptation to repair to the field. He accordingly requested General Ward to lend him a horse, and taking a musket, set off at full speed for Charlestown. On reaching the Neck, and finding it enfiladed by a hot and heavy fire of round, bar, and chain-shot from the *Glasgow*, he began to be alarmed, not, as may be supposed, for his own safety, but for that of General Ward's horse. Horses were at this time almost as rare and precious as the nobler animals that

rode them. Too honest to expose his borrowed horse to “the pelting of the pitiless storm,” and too bold to dream of shrinking from it himself, the conqueror of Baron Dieskau dismounted, delivered the horse to a sentry near, shouldered his musket, and marched on foot across the Neck. On reaching the hill, he took his station near the redoubt; and he had no sooner been recognised by the soldiers, than his name rang with repeated shouts along the line. About three o’clock in the afternoon, every necessary preparation being made, the signal for action was given by a general discharge of artillery along the whole British line.

The troops advanced in two divisions, General Howe, in person, led the right, toward the rail-fence; General Pigot, with the left, aimed directly at the redoubt. At this time, it appears, the order for the exchange of balls sent in mistake, had not yet been answered, which caused a suspension of the fire from the British artillery very soon after it had commenced. It was, however, renewed with grape-shot. The little battery, stationed at the opening between the redoubt and breastwork, in the American lines, replied with great effect. In the meantime, the American drums beat to arms. General Putnam, who was still at work on the redoubt, quitted the intrenchment, and led his men into action. “Powder is scarce,” said the veteran, addressing them in his usual laconic style; “powder is scarce, and must not be wasted; reserve your fire till you see the whites of their eyes, then take aim at the officers.” These laconic remarks were repeated as an order along the line; but when the British had come within gunshot of the works, a few sharp-shooters disobeyed the injunction, and fired. “Fire again before the word is given at your peril,” exclaimed Prescott; “the next man that disobeys orders shall be instantly shot.” The British were now at only eight rods distance. “Now, men, now is your time!” said Prescott. “Make ready! take aim! fire!”

So effectually was this order obeyed, that when the smoke disappeared, the whole hill-side was covered with the fallen. The British returned the fire, and attempted to rally and advance, but without success. After a moment’s irresolution, they turned their backs, and hurried from the hill.

Such was the futile attempt to storm the works; and had the reinforcements of artillery and supplies of ammunition, which had been ordered from Cambridge, arrived, a brilliant success must have followed. It was at this moment that the mischief resulting from Colonel Gridley’s ill-judged exhibition of parental partiality, in giving the place of major in the artillery to his son, in preference to Count Rumford, was severely felt. This young officer, as his subsequent conduct proved, was entirely incompetent to the duty assigned him.

Could the long-tried and energetic character of Rumford been employed, there would have been no want of ammunition; powder and balls enough

would have found their way into their works, and the day might still have been ours. But America paid the penalty of Colonel Gridley's fatherly weakness, as Great Britain did that of General Cleveland's superannuated gallantry. The American artillery was badly served through the whole action. Early in the day the officer, who was stationed with his company and two field pieces at the opening between the redoubt and breastwork, drew off his pieces from the post assigned, in order, as he said, to prepare his ammunition in safety. General Putnam was obliged to employ Captain Ford to drag the pieces back; by him and Captain Perkins, they were served the whole day. Major Gridley, who had been ordered with his battalion from Cambridge to the lines with all speed; had advanced only a short distance beyond the Neck, and halted, as he said, in order to wait and cover the retreat, which his inexperience deemed inevitable.

At that moment, Colonel Frye, a veteran of the old French wars, whose regiment was in the redoubt, perceived Major Gridley with his artillery in the position described. Frye galloped up to him, and demanded what it meant.

"We are waiting," said Gridley, "to cover the retreat."

"Retreat!" replied the veteran, "who talks of retreating? This day thirty years ago I was present at the first taking of Louisburg, when your father, with his own hand, lodged a shell in the citadel. His son was not born to talk of retreating. Forward to the lines!"

Gridley proceeded a short distance with his artillery, but overcome with terror, and unequal to such a task, he ordered his men to re-cross the Neck, and take a position, where they were to fire with their three pounders upon the *Glasgow*. The order was so absurd that Captain Trevett refused to obey it, and proceeded at once toward the lines. Major Gridley was tried for neglect of duty, and dismissed from service.

A few hours had now passed in silence, when General Howe determined upon a second attack, and, having rallied and re-organized his men, gave the order to advance. This was complied with, and the artillery pushed forward to within three hundred yards of the rail-fence, to prepare the way for the infantry. During these movements, a solemn silence brooded over the American lines.

The men were ordered not to fire till the enemy were within six rods distance. While every thing was in agitation, a new spectacle burst upon the eyes of the assembled multitude, and added another feature more startling, if possible, than the rest, to the terrible sublimity of the scene. Clouds of smoke were seen to overspread the air, from which flashed sheets of fire. It soon became apparent that Charlestown was in flames. The British General had been annoyed, at his first attack upon the works, by the fire of a detachment stationed in the town, and had given orders that it should be burned. For this purpose, combustibles were hurled into it from Boston, which commenced the

conflagration; and a detachment of marines from the *Somerset*, were directed to land, and aid in its destruction. The flames spread with devastating rapidity, till street on street, and house on house, were even with the ground. The last structure which seemed to strive with holy efforts against the devouring element, was the large church; sublime indeed was the spectacle! the crackling flames ascending from the body of the spacious building, and playing around its lofty spire. Solemn indeed was the continuous toll of the large bell, as the beams that suspended it were vibrating, till they fell with one tremendous crash. Scenes like these in ordinary times, which would have driven the most inanimate soul to madness, were entirely overlooked by both armies, who coolly prosecuted their work.

The British troops ascended the hill by slow and regular approaches, firing without aim, in platoons, with all the precision of a holyday review.

The Americans, agreeably to their orders, reserved their fire till the British were within six rods distance. The word was then given, and the discharge took place with more fatal effect than the former attack. Hundreds of the British soldiers fell—General Howe remained almost alone, for he lost almost every officer belonging to his staff. His aids, Colonels Gordon, Balfour and Addison; the last was a member of the family of the author of the "Spectator."

So tremendous was the havoc, that, the second time on this eventful day, did the British army retreat from the hill. At this period in the progress of the battle, a little incident occurred, which shows that the American officers were fighting for their country, not for the sake of blood and carnage, and that they never forgot that high-souled feeling for which they were ever distinguished. After the fire from the American works had taken effect, Major Small, (who has been named before as a personal friend of Putnam,) like his commander, remained almost alone on the field.

His companions in arms had been all swept away, and standing thus apart, he became, from the brilliancy of his uniform, a conspicuous mark for the Americans within the redoubt. They had already pointed their unerring rifles at his heart, and the delay of another minute would probably have stopped its pulses forever.

At this moment Putnam recognized his friend, and perceiving the imminent danger in which he was placed, sprang upon the parapet, and threw himself before the levelled rifles.

"Spare that officer, my gallant comrades, he is my friend; do you not remember our affectionate meeting at the exchange of prisoners?"

This appeal from the favorite old chief was successful, and Small retired unmolested.

This anecdote, poetical as it appears, is attested by undoubted authority.

General Howe, undaunted by the second repulse, felt determined to venture

a third attack, but thought best to adopt a more judicious plan than before. He this time concentrated his whole force upon the redoubt and breastwork, instead of directing a portion of it against the rail-fence.

He also directed his men to reserve their fire, and trust wholly to the bayonet. He had discovered the vulnerable point in the American defenses, and pushed forward his artillery to the opening between the redoubt and breastwork, where it turned our works and enfiladed the whole line. By this time the Americans were nearly reduced to the last extremity. Their ammunition was exhausted; they had no bayonets; no reinforcements appeared. Colonel Gardiner, who had been stationed with his regiment at Charlestown Neck, but had received no orders to march, reached Bunker's Hill with three hundred men. He had no sooner reached the lines, when he received a wound from a musket ball, which afterward proved fatal. As his men were carrying him from the field, his son, a youth of nineteen, second lieutenant in Trevett's artillery company, which had just come up, met and recognised his father. Distracted at seeing him in this condition, he offered to aid in conducting him from the field.

"Think not of me," replied the gallant patriot, "think not of me—I am well. Go forward to your duty!"

The son obeyed his orders, and the father retired from the field to die.

The Americans awaited with desperate resolution the onset of the British, prepared to repel them, as best they could, with the remaining charges of powder and ball, with the stocks of their muskets, and with stones.

Having reached the works, the foremost of the British attempted to scale them. Richardson, a private in the Royal Irish regiment, was the first to mount the parapet. He was shot down at once. Major Pitcairn followed him, and as he stepped on the parapet was heard to exclaim, "The day is ours!" But the words had no sooner escaped his lips, than he was shot through the body; his son caught him in his arms as he fell, and carried him from the hill.

He led the detachment which first encountered our troops upon Lexington Green, on the 19th of April; he had a horse shot under him on that day, and was left upon the field for dead. General Pigot, who had mounted the redoubt by means of a tree left standing there, was the first person to enter the works. He was followed by others. The Americans, however, still held out, till the principal of their officers were badly wounded. Perceiving, at length, that further resistance would be a wanton and useless sacrifice of valuable life, Colonel Prescott ordered a retreat. The Americans left the hill with very little molestation. General Warren had come upon the field, as he said to learn the art of war from a veteran soldier. He had offered to take Colonel Prescott's orders, and it was with extreme reluctance that he quitted the redoubt. He was slowly retreating from it, only a few rods distance, when the British obtained

full possession, which exposed his person to imminent danger. Major Small, whose life, as has been mentioned in the preceding chapter, had been saved in a similar emergency, by the interference of General Putnam, attempted to requite the service by rendering one of a like character to Warren. He called out to him by name from the redoubt, and begged him to surrender, at the same time ordering his men around him to suspend their fire. On hearing the voice of Major Small, Warren turned his head, but the effort was too late. While his face was directed toward the works, a ball struck him on the forehead, and inflicted a wound which was instantly fatal. The magnanimous champion of liberty had fallen.

The body of General Warren was identified the following day, and the ball which terminated his life was taken from the body by Mr. Savage, an officer in the Custom House, and was carried to England. Several years afterward it was returned to the family, in whose possession it now remains. The remains of Warren were buried on the spot where he fell, but the following year they were removed to a tomb in the Tremont Cemetery, and subsequently deposited in the family vault, under St. Paul's church, Boston.

In the official account of the battle of Bunker's Hill, the character of Warren is noticed in the most honorable terms.

"Among the dead," says the account, "was Major General Joseph Warren, a man whose memory will be endeared to his countrymen, and to the worthy in every part and age of the world, so long as virtue and valor shall be esteemed among mankind."

General Warren left four children, two sons and two daughters. Within a year after the death of Warren, it was resolved, by the Continental Congress, that his eldest son should be educated at the public expense; and two or three years after, it was further resolved, that public provision should be made for the education of the other children, until the youngest should be of age. The sons both died in their minority; the daughters were distinguished for their amiable qualities, and personal beauty; one of them married the late General Arnold Welles, of Boston, and died without issue; the other married Richard Newcomb, of Greenfield, Massachusetts, whose children are the only surviving descendants of the hero of Bunker's Hill. In addition to the public provision made by the Congress for the children of Warren, it was also resolved by that body that a monument should be erected, at the national expense, to his memory. This resolution, like similar ones to the other officers of the Revolution, remains as yet without effect. Such are the only particulars of interest that are known of the brief and brilliant career of Joseph Warren. As Mr. Everett remarks:

"To Warren, distinguished as he was among the bravest, wisest and best of the patriotic band, was assigned, in the inscrutable degrees of Providence, the

crown of early martyrdom. It becomes not human frailty to murmur at the will of heaven; and however painful may be the first emotions excited in the mind by the sudden and premature eclipse of so much talent and virtue, it may perhaps well be doubted, whether by any course of active service in a civil or military department, General Warren could have rendered more essential benefit to the country, or to the cause of liberty throughout the world, than by the single act of heroic self-devotion which closed his existence. The blood of martyrs has been in all ages the nourishing rain of religion and liberty. The friends of liberty from all countries and throughout all time, as they kneel upon the spot that was moistened by the blood of Warren, will find their better feelings strengthened by the influence of the place, and will gather from it a virtue in some degree allied to his own."

THE DREAM OF YOUTH.

BY WM. P. BRANNAN.

O GIVE me back my dream of youth,
When every pulse throbbed wild and gay,
My heart's sweet spring-time when life's flowers
Bewildering bloomed along my way;
When all the world was Paradise,
And Pleasure held a sovereign sway;
When every change brought new delight,
And all the blessed year was May.

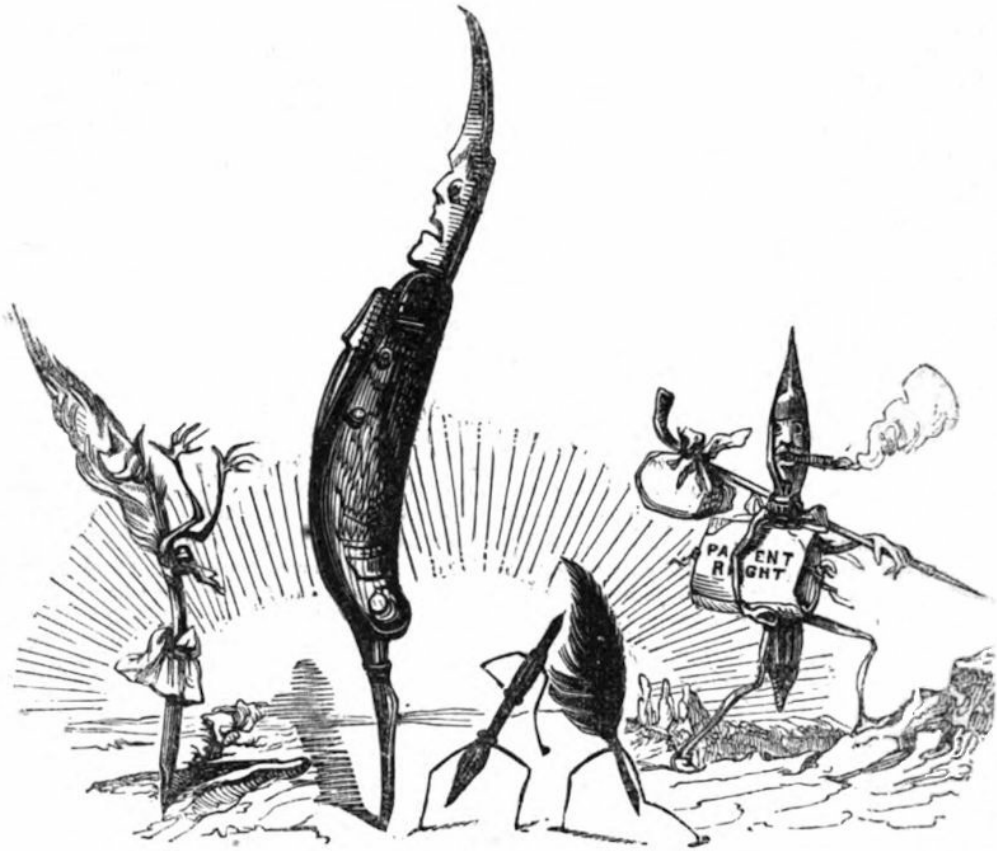
O give again those rapturous hours
When first my soul with beauty thrilled,
And mad with ecstasy I dared
To love, nor cared if loving killed
When every radiant face I saw
Flashed with enchantment on my brain,
Till earth seemed changing spheres with heaven;
O give to me that dream again.

Those aspirations for a fame
Immortal through all coming time;
That faith which soared on angel wings
From gladsome earth to heights sublime;
When every air a perfume breathed,
Melodious with the voice of song,
That swayed me with resistless power
And nerved my soul with purpose strong.

O give me back my boyhood's dream,
Those gleams of glory from above,
That hope which grasped a deathless name,
And blest me with undying love;

O let me taste that joy again
    Which riots in my thought to-day —
That earnest and exulting youth
    When all the blessed year was May.

EDITOR'S TABLE.



FREAKS OF THE PEN.

"GRAHAM" TO "JEREMY SHORT."

MY DEAR JEREMY,—I write you while a hail-storm is rattling at the window-panes, as if anxious to get in and warm its nose, and while the fire in my Radiator is roaring as angrily as a young lion, as if anxious to get out and have a battle with the storm. The clouds without, too, have a warlike aspect, look blue, and go tumbling about as if they had taken whisky-toddy not over warm.

Nature, after the sulks, is hysterical. The wind goes moaning and howling around the house, as if anxious to vent its temper in a blow at somebody. The solitary oysterman in the street, is raising a cry as dolorous as if he had taken a breeze—been on a gale—on his own account, was melancholy, and had not the heart to sing-"away;" yet in fact he keeps singing away, in tones rather inviting to blue-devils. He does not feel, evidently, as well as his oysters, though he is their master. The vanity of riches is thus made apparent,—wealth does not always produce happiness. Patient industry in the storm is dismal—so another apophthegm is exploded. Knowledge is not the grand specific either. Their ignorance of the roasting which awaits them, is bliss. His knowledge of the roasting which awaits him—if he goes home without market-money—is, perhaps, the particular misery which weighs upon his soul, and renders his cry so plaintive.

The philosophers say that contentment is happiness—but who is contented? The very discoverers of this sovereign balm for restless spirits, go toiling on over musty tomes in search of something new, and grow fretful and peevish from indigestion, or irritable from age and failing eyesight. Nature herself is not always calm and smiling. She has her storms, her earthquakes, and her eruptions. The earth is not satisfied with her own dull face, but must borrow her brightness and beauty from the sun, she gets the dumps, and grows cold, if the loan is reluctantly given. What, then, can she expect from her children, but a thirst insatiate for change and glory of some sort? Philosophy is all very well in its way, and so is the philosopher's stone—but who is the happy possessor of either? People talk of the insensibility of the oyster—perhaps that is the great secret; but try him upon a hot stove, if you wish to witness the open-mouthed, but mute, appeal of despairing distress; try him upon your palate afterward, if you wish to paliate conscience for his sufferings—but do not slander the fine feelings of so good a fellow for the sake of an apophthegm. He is more worthy of your regards than many men who put him to the torture on silver dishes.

Happiness, after all, is more active than passive, and depends a good deal upon the bent which education, our own strong instincts, or the fashion of the age or the day may inculcate. I'll warrant me, that the Crusaders thought it consisted in slicing off the heads of the Saracens—the good old monks in fasting, prayer, and hair-garments,—some of the old fathers again, in capon, burgundy, and beauty. The curate of the English Church, thinks it is the mitre and the bishop's holy office—the bishop, in turn, the gold and the influence of the station, yet he is not wholly satisfied. Some of the Spanish girls think it consists in a rich old husband, and a handsome young cavalier; others, who will none of them, turn nuns. John Bull finds his in roast-beef, trade, and the aristocracy. Brother Jonathan in politics, progression, gold, and the cuteness of

the universal Yankee nation. But what philosopher, to clinch his theory, will bring you an individual who has no longings, no aspirings to be, or do, or have something more? Who does not feel proud to excel in something?—goodness even becomes a marketable article, for praise. Virtue in rags loves incense. Every man does, or feels that he does, outdo his fellows in something. The inflation of a mind conscious of superior powers; the thought of a purse larger and deeper—of a cheek of purer roundness, whiteness, or bloom—a voice of richer powers—a name, a position, the huzzas, or the stare of the multitude—to be a lucky fellow, a great man, these make up the sum of personal gratification. But who is contented, without taxing the praise, the envy, the pockets of others? The fashionable woman, who shines in brighter jewels and more brilliant parties than her opposing friends—the merchant who chuckles over the feat of driving a sharp bargain with a brother trader, each has a standard of happiness not set down in philosophy—self-sufficiency—personal acquisition and glory—vanity all, Jeremy.

Above the roar of my little fire, I hear, from my den editorial, the tumult of the great world without, and fancy I can see the struggle going on through all the avenues of life—from the church where we have specimen preaching and fashionable morals, down to the poor boot-black, who polishes your patent boots, and praises his patent blacking. You will find all things made up to lure and dazzle the unsophisticated. At every turn you must beware of man-traps and cajolings. In a moment, and a shape you least anticipate, some brilliant fortune-seducer and ensnarer, will start up opportunely in your very path; for what your own brain does not suggest, your passion and self-love urge you to—will spring, full-armed from the head of some daring genius, who is your dear friend, and takes you in, for that reason only. The influence of a bad example in morals or business, a determination not to be outdone or to be bullied, a suggestion to excel and overtop our fellows, are poisons very flatteringly administered to our self-esteem, but certain and deadly, nevertheless. The disease is contagious, and you have been slightly bitten already; be contented, my dear boy, if you can—but be modest, be wary, be cool. Instead of trying to practice philosophical apophthegms in a world made up as ours is, try a little self-denial. Let the glitter and the huzzas of the supposed great and successful, sweep by you, but stand firm—it is a luxury worth the testing. You shall look from the banks of the stream of time, and see the dead of the slain of this world float by you, and with your staff in hand, shall walk slowly and surely onward and upward to the source of all inspiration and happiness. You can have no chance in the bold games played in this world, without a defilement of the heart—an utter loss of self-respect, a total disregard or an annihilation of conscience.

Yet your sharp fellows—what a feast of enjoyment have they, in a world

made up expressly to their hands of duller clay? Men who, smiling kindly, will cheat you before your very eyes, with a consciousness of self-power, that you cannot, with all your acuteness, tell under which thimble "the little joker" happens to be. Is there rare enjoyment in this? There must be, you will think, or why is it so perseveringly followed in nearly all the dealings of man with man. Your eyes are your market, my friend—keep them open. I'll warrant you, that my dismal friend, who is singing so sadly out in the street over his bivalves, says in his heart—"the world is mine oyster," and has as high an opinion of his own sagacity, as any dealer in broad-cloths or sugars, and will trick you as nicely with a specimen oyster, as the best of them. You shall buy them, upon looking at the one he opens for you—but be not amazed, oh, weak and trusting purchaser, at the shrunken forms of the shell-fish when thou openest the kettle! Call not hard names after the departing vendor—it is the way of life—a specimen is the same, all the world over. The departure from the *principle* is the exception, not the rule.

Not to say any thing about copper, a friend of mine was ruined by Patent Pumps—not dancing shoes, for he was a Quaker—but a very plain water-pump. He invested his all, as purchaser of the *right*, after seeing the model, which was very ingeniously devised to supply the famishing cattle of all the farm-houses in the country, at the shortest notice, with a steady supply from never-failing wells. There were not less than thirty thousand farmers anxiously waiting at that instant to buy the article at twenty dollars each. The inventor was poor, and needed ready money, or he never would have parted with it for ten times the sum agreed to be given. The only difficulty, with the new owner, was to find logs to be bored, and men as borers—it was a bore decidedly, and nothing but energy and perseverance could have surmounted these obstacles. But somehow, though the model worked bravely—even the ruin of its owner, pumping him dry—the water was obstinate in coming above its level in large bodies, and in consequence, the enterprise was water-logged. And so failing in the water business, he became a member of the Sons of Temperance, and took his revenge by putting down that water, that wouldn't come up. And this man was an editor, like yourself, Jeremy, with a great fund of knowledge, and should have known better—at least so his friends said, and that was all the comfort they gave him.

Tom Brown, too—you remember Tom? had a wisdom above his years, and rather an ambition to do something extravagant and new. He therefore became discontented with the slow and sure profits of a regular business, and embarked his little fortune, great experience, and goahead-a-tive-ness in a "swift-sure" line. He purchased "*The Patent Steam Sand Excavator and Elevator*," designed for the very laudable purpose of taking superfluous sand from river-beds, and transferring it to the mortar-beds of the builder. Tom had

fortune now by the skirts, and would not let go. People wondered what Tom and his friends were at, ploughing up and down the river with their sand-scow, but supposed that they must have a large contract from government for cleansing the beds of the rivers—taking the initiative in navigation made easy. From the quantity of sand carefully piled upon shore, it was manifest that the business was to be done, and would be, thoroughly. Tom was cautious, close, smiling, and enjoyed highly all manner of jokes, such as "Capt. Sandy Tom"—Tom's hair was red, but he wasn't to be—and winked knowingly to the engineer, when he came on board.

"It will never do," said Tom, "to let the secret out to these fellows, until we get our contracts with the builders, or we shouldn't get half-price. And in order to do that safely, on a large scale, we must first get out the sand."

Bright thought, shrewd Tom! The engine, therefore, went on puffing, but not Tom—he kept quiet, but busy.

"If we can throw dust into their eyes," said he, "until we get *a pile*, we can come the bluff game on the river-side, with a hand full of spades, ha! How do you like that, engineer?"

The engineer thought that Tom *was some*, at a pun.

The enterprise went on, but it came to a head too, as all enterprises will, somehow; and Tom had spent his availables. But then he had the sand, heaps —yes, mountains of it.

"It is time now," said he, "that I made my contracts with these builders. I'll offer—let me see—ten thousand loads, at ten per cent. below the market price; that will bring in the funds, and send out the Excavator. They'll snap at that, in no time. Then twenty thousand, at fifteen per cent. discount—and I'll contract to supply the market for three years, at twenty-five per cent. off—and *do it*, too! Talk about your Liverpool Steamers, and your Girards improving the river fronts, will you? when you can scoup a fortune out of the dock, while these merchant princes are asleep."

Tom made his terms for the ten thousand loads, "to be delivered as wanted." He commenced, too, to fulfill his contracts, but the builders "did not *want* the article at all." They had contracted for sand—not mud and sand together—and *sand* they insisted on having.

Alas! for the patent Excavator, neither it nor Tom's genius could separate the particles. An action was brought against him for obstructing the river front, as soon as it was found he was not backed by government, and was backing himself, out of his contracts.

Tom coolly replied, "that he was devilish sorry, the *Patent Steam Sand Excavator and Elevator* had not been originally designed to run on land, as it might be used, now, to shovel it back again; but as for himself, he had been thrown so high by the Elevator, that it was doubtful if he would ever come

down, in time to attend to it."

I know another gentleman of the quill—who perpetrated errors of the press of this sort—who, in addition to instructing mankind, took it into his head to teach the hens something that nature never knew. An invention of some gigantic Yankee genius, styled "*The Patent Chicken Hatcher, and Grand Cluck to the whole Commonwealth*" was irresistible, and he bought it. It was demonstrated upon paper, that a certain number of chickens, ate but a given quantity of corn-meal. That any number of hens laid any number of eggs. That these produced any number of chickens, which, in a very short period of time, sold for any amount of money, or produced other eggs, after eating the aforesaid corn-meal. Now the "Chicken Hatcher," proposed to improve upon nature by a sort of double rule of three proposition, and to show the result by logarithms as a sort of short-hand process, in the arithmetical progression of profits. "Nature abhors a vacuum," and she had therefore given up half the argument to the Hatcher—for the proposition was, to keep the hens continually at work, producing eggs for the Hatcher; while the Hatcher was continually working for them, in a sort of compound ratio producing chickens which should go on laying eggs to produce other chickens, *ad infinitum*. The thing was as plain as the nose on your face. To reason about it was to be absurd. To doubt, was to be scorned. Barbecues looked cheap and plentiful in perspective—roasts abundant, but rather more of a delicacy, as interfering somewhat more with progressive profits.

The eggs of a whole county were first to be submitted to experiment, previous to taking the entire Commonwealth under the capacious wing of the Hatcher. The first process of cubation completed, it was only necessary to heat the Patent, and the business was done, and so were the chickens; but instead of producing hens or roosters, it only roasted the eggs—and very nicely it did it, too, it is said. Nature defied the power of figures, and gave facts as arguments. The hens of the neighborhood survived the innovation, and went on in the old way. Our friend had burned his fingers as well as his eggs, and was sore when the subject was touched. It was his bull, and he didn't wish him horned. A dilemma, neither horn of which he wished to take. He had hatched himself a life-time remembrancer whenever he heard a cock crow—and he wanted no crowing. He was no *eg*-otist on this subject; on the whole, he would rather cry *peccavi*—and shell out—he would stand treats, but no jokes.

But, my dear Jeremy, do not consider me as sneering at the ambition of man to outdo his fellows, to surpass all previous knowledge, to wrest nature from herself to fulfill his purposes—it is of the eternal law of progress. Man can no more stop, and be contented, than the worlds which are revolving in space, can rest and shine on. Each age makes a giant's stride onward. The past is strewn with theories toppled down, and with systems exploded. The

monuments of philosophy, the labor of ages, are the marks now for the child's finger of scorn. The voyage of Columbus is now the work of a week. Work, did I say?—his toilsome and desolate path over the waters, is now the holyday ramble of all nations. Thought itself leaps a continent in a second, and by means of cipher, is communicated to minds thousands of miles distant, putting the *speed* of steam, the glory of an age just gone, to shame; accomplishing its purpose, even while the sonorous steam-whistle is but giving its note of departure. The press, in a night, performs the labor of a year, in multiplying printed thought, and a Commonwealth, a Nation is shaken in the time requisite, formerly, to ink the rollers for Franklin's heavy edition. Who will say that man himself shall not yet be shot into the air like a rocket, and diverge at pleasure to any point of the compass, in defiance of the caprice of air-currents? That if he can now snatch from the sun a likeness of himself in an instant of time, he shall not, one day, look the sun itself in the face with unblinking eyes, take his observations from the horn of some remote planet, and return to earth to record his discoveries. "Philosophy," you will say. But how much is philosophy herself learning daily? How much of her previous knowledge is shown daily to have been worthless? The chemist, the geologist, the astronomer, torture nature continually for her secrets, but the provident Mother is chary. It is but by a step at a time that her children are allowed to enter into her mysteries, lest the full blaze of her awful truths should suddenly strike them blind.

Shall we be contented, then, and pin our faith to the sleeve of that philosophy, which sees happiness in the indolence and ignorance of the savage, who

> "Basks in the glare, and stems the tepid wave,
> And thanks his gods for all the good they gave."

Or shall we assert the rights of a diviner principle within us, restless, yearning, unsatisfied, which if it is not allowed to soar up and grasp after a goodness, like unto God, will attempt to absorb its energies in the pursuit of evil, wreaking upon humanity around it, the power of a fiend to make wretched, the cunning of a devil, to seduce and destroy?

It is reserved for the Millenium, to give us all the knowledge, all the good, all the perfection we are striving after; until then, who will—*any, who can*—rest satisfied? When "the lion and the lamb shall lie down together," and man shall cease to war upon his brother, the philosophy of Experiment and of Observation shall be perfect, man shall cease from struggling, shall be contented and be HAPPY.

G. R. G.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Poems and Prose Writings. By Richard Henry Dana. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

In reading these elegantly printed volumes one is surprised that a collection of poems and essays, possessing excellencies so original and striking as this, should not have been made before. Mr. Dana is, unquestionably, in his own department, one of the deepest, most original and most suggestive thinkers that the country has produced, and although his writings may not be familiar to a large class of readers, his name is generally known and honored. We think that the present work will fully sustain his reputation, and that many who have heretofore been content with acknowledging his fame as a poet and thinker, will now be glad of an opportunity of testing it, by reading his productions. The first volume contains his poems and the essays and narratives originally published under the title of The Idle Man. These are better known than the reviews and dissertations contained in the second volume, now for the first time collected. It is curious that compositions of such excellence and permanent interest should so long have slumbered undisturbed in old magazines and reviews. They are marked by great force and fertility of thought, singular felicity in discerning the spirit and meaning of things, and singular sweetness, richness and harmony of style. The reviews bear the unmistakable stamp of a poetic mind, interpreting by the freemasonry of genius the intellectual excellence and moral beauty of other minds, and flashing light into every corner of the subject of which it treats. The articles on Allston, Hazlitt's Lectures on the English Poets, The Sketch Book, Pollock's Course of Time, Henry Martyn, not to mention others, are replete with sound and searching judgment as well as imaginative beauty.

In a short notice of a work of such literary pretensions as the present, it is more appropriate to indicate its positive merits than to allude to its defects. A mind so vital, powerful and individual as Mr. Dana's can claim the privilege of being judged by its own laws of thought and production, and an application to it of external rules, which it does not profess to regard, would be little better than an impertinence. Still there are some peculiarities in the volumes which are slightly unpleasing, not because they are peculiar expressions of the author's nature, but because they occasionally manifest an ungenial

development of it. It is said that Mr. Carlyle's opinion on any social reform can be accurately calculated from the speeches of the Exeter Hall reformers—he being sure to contradict them, whatever they may say. Accordingly, he defends slavery when they denounce it, and is in favor of dealing powder and shot to Ireland, when they are in ecstasies of philanthropic horror at its misgovernment. Something of this reactionary disgust we discern in a few of Mr. Dana's compositions, and it gives to them as much willfulness as can possibly have its seat in a mind so gentle and just as his. His poems often have a roughness which is evidently intentional, and which indicates not so much a desire to produce new musical tones as to express contempt for old ones. Some of his speculations on society and government appear to us not fair expressions of his really large and solid intellect, but to spring from a morbid dislike, rather than from a calm objective vision, of the present. With these slight drawbacks, we hardly know of a recent work which contains so much to nourish the mind, to develop its finer tastes and affections, and give breadth to its thinking, than this collection of Mr. Dana's poems and prose writings.

Agnes Grey, an Autobiography. By the Author of "Jane Eyre," "Shirley," etc. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson.

This is a charming novel, full of fine character painting, and strongly marked by that exquisite development and analysis of the female heart, which distinguishes all the novels of this writer. As an autobiography, partaking of the nature of *confessions*, it has afforded fine scope for the display of the peculiar powers of the author. Agnes Grey, the heroine, herself, is one of the most vigorous and truthful drawings of character—one of the finest pieces of pen-limning that we have encountered any where, though not to young readers, perhaps, as distinctive as that of "Shirley," as it has less of the really romantic to give it impressiveness. He gives in this novel a charm to love, in the vulgar course of this world's affairs, by laying bare the sentiment of the heart—the exceeding beauty of pure love unadorned. As Hazlett says of Shakspeare's women, "We think as little of her face, as she does herself, but are let into the secrets of her heart, and are charmed." It is not until she has fallen in love, that our hearts open kindly to receive her, for the full beauty of the woman is then exposed to our worshiping eyes.

Rosalie Murray is a different character, but drawn with a keen discrimination, a nice discernment of coquetry, rarely met with. She is the most finished flirt of all the class—nature, and a heart totally uneducated, no less than the scheming of an ambitious mother, made her a very beautiful

fiend.

He who quarrels with the loves of Edward Weston and Agnes Grey, must have read the novel, and studied human nature indifferently. We commend the work cordially to our readers, admonishing them that they will complain of its shortness; for we are mistaken if they do not find themselves, on closing the book, desirous—as we felt—of following the heroine in the holy duties and daily beauty of her life in her new sphere.

The Poetical and Prose Writings of Charles Sprague. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 16mo.

This edition of Sprague is beautifully printed, is published under the sanction of the author, and contains a number of poems never before collected. Although the current style in poetry has changed since Sprague first won his reputation, and an entirely new class of poets has caught the public ear, Sprague himself has been excepted from the neglect which has fallen upon too many of his school. The reason is that Sprague is really a poet, and the form of composition which a poet assumes, whether it be that of Pope or Wordsworth, of Young or Browning, is never of itself sufficient to consign him to oblivion. It is impossible to read a page of the present volume without being impressed with the conviction that you are communing with a strong nature, sound in heart and brain, and piercing through the shows to the realities of things by a native force and vividness of conception. Sprague appears here as a satirist and humorist, as a lyrist and as a poet of sentiment. In all of these he is successful. His curiosity is one of the best occasional poems over written in the United States. When we consider how wide a variety of humorous and pathetic pictures are called into being in the unfolding of one teeming idea, and that amid all the variety, the impression of unity is never lost, we must admit it to be not only poetical in passages, but poetical in its whole spirit and execution. The Odes we do not like so well. They are full of brain, but the feeling and sentiment do not seem to us sufficiently hearty and impassioned. The best pieces in the volume are the poems devoted to the affections. These are expressions of tenderness, love, grief, and hope, coming from the heart and imagination of a strong man, and their intensity is heightened by their very reserve. They are arrows sent directly to the reader’s heart. We never have been able to wear them out by frequent reperusal, their pathos keeping always its morning freshness and searching sweetness.

Poems of Alice and Phœbe Carey. Philadelphia: Moss & Brother. 1 vol. 16mo.

There are few volumes more calculated to relax the rigidity of criticism than this elegant octo-duodecimo, gilded without and golden within. Sisters in song as in blood, the authoresses awaken the chivalric rather than the critical sentiment, although they are abundantly capable of bearing some of the most tormenting acquirements of the latter. There is a family likeness in their minds, but in Alice the imaginative element is predominant, while her sister displays more of the reflective. Both are poets as distinguished from fluent versifers of accredited commonplaces, and both manifest originality in their imagery and music, but the mind of Alice is remarkably sensitive and imaginative, melting at once into melody the moment her heart is filled with a poetical object, and absolutely gushing out in song. A fine poetical instinct of the most subtle and elusive character, seems to dwell at the very life-spring of her nature, so that poetry seems the necessity of her being, the inevitable mode in which her nature must be expressed, if expressed at all. The poem entitled "Pictures of Memory," is one of the simplest and subtlest expressions of ethereal sentiment and refined imagination we ever read: it being an exquisite embodiment of a mood of mind rarely experienced in its purity by any intellect, and certainly never pictured forth with more truth to the spirit of the subject. Phœbe Carey hardly has this instinctive and unconscious certainty in the action of her mind, but excels in thoughtfulness, tenderness, and fancy, "leaning her ear" to catch "the still, sad music of humanity," and conscious of a moral purpose in her singing. Both deserve a hearty recognition equally from their countrywomen and countrymen.

The Boston Book. Being Specimens of Metropolitan Literature. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

This beautiful volume contains prose and poetical pieces from some fifty writers hailing from Boston, such as Willis, Dana, Hillard, Sumner, Emerson, Sprague, Choate, Webster, Buckingham, Whittier, Fields, Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, and the like. A number of the articles are original contributions. Among the best of these are the poems by Holmes and Parsons. The editor has exhibited great taste in his choice of matter, both as regards excellence and variety, including, as he has, in one duodecimo, not only fair specimens of Boston belles-lettres, but selecting pieces addressed to almost every mood, satirical, humorous, tender, thoughtful, impassioned, imaginative

and didactive, and written in all varieties of style and manner. We have poets lyrical, and poets elegaic; poets of the school of Goldsmith and Gray, and poets of the school of Wordsworth and Coleridge; prose writers with sentences long as Hooker's, and prose writers with sentences short as Macaulay's; and the general impression left by the book is, that the city it represents is under the dominion of no clique of writers, but that all kinds find "ample room and verge enough" for their peculiarities, and follow their own sweet will without any fear of established canons. In looking through the volume, one is surprised to find how few of the contributors are men of letters by profession. There are literary clergymen, poetic physicians, ethical merchants, and transcendental lawyers in abundance, with a good representation of men who live on the interest of their money, and only write from occasional impulse, but no *litterateurs*, and no hacks.

The book is really creditable to Boston, and its interest is not merely local. The publishers have issued it in that style of elegance for which they are widely celebrated.

The Pilot; a Tale of the Sea. By the Author of the Spy, etc. Revised, Corrected, and Illustrated, with a new Introduction. Notes, etc. by the Author. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

We are glad to welcome this handsome volume, so soon following the lead of "The Spy." A collection of Cooper's works, in a style worthy of their merit and their position in American literature, we doubt not will be a good speculation for author and bookseller. The present volume is one of the most popular of the series, and will ever keep its position among standard novels, whatever fate should befall some of the others.

The Caravan; A Collection of Popular Tales. Translated from the German of Wilhelm Hauff. By G. P. Quackenbos, A. M. Illustrated by J. W. Orr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a good translation of a good book. The stories are thoroughly German, though the costume and manners are Asiatic, and from their supernatural character, take a strong hold upon the feelings through the imagination. The Spectre Ship is especially powerful.

MUSIC.—We have received from the publisher, Mr. Walker, a new song, entitled *Saucy Kate*, the words by Henry H. Paul. Esq., which is very beautiful in all respects, and reflects great credit upon both writer and publisher. Mr. Walker is making the public indebted to him by almost daily issuing new and fashionable music, in the most attractive style, and we are glad to hear is doing a very handsome business. This store is one of the elegant rooms immediately under Barnum's Museum, where he will be glad to see our friends.

LEVY'S *New and Elegant Store*—decidedly the handsomest in Philadelphia, is daily crowded with beautiful and fashionable ladies, presenting, during the holydays, a *Levée* quite attractive and enticing. The finest silks, the richest laces and shawls, and the most splendid goods of all kinds fill the shelves and flood the counters of this establishment, and all the town finds its way there to admire and purchase. Messrs. Levy and Grugan are gentleman of exquisite taste and tact, and in the management and general arrangement of their business, have shown both. Our friends in any part of the country, may rely with perfect assurance upon their judgment and integrity, to fill any orders sent them satisfactorily and promptly.

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Graham's Magazine

WISSAHIKON WALTZ.

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MISS ELIZA L. HALL,

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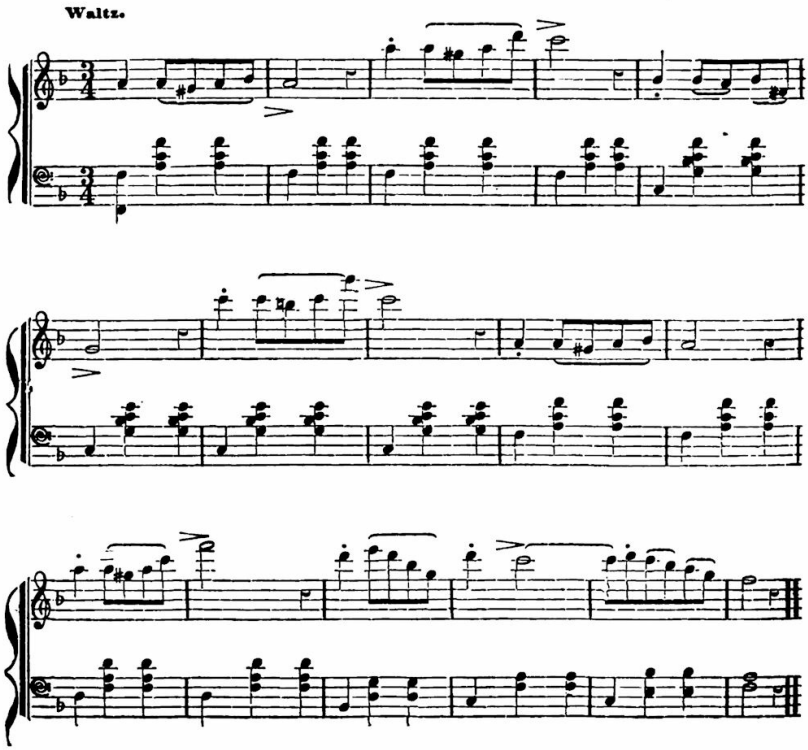

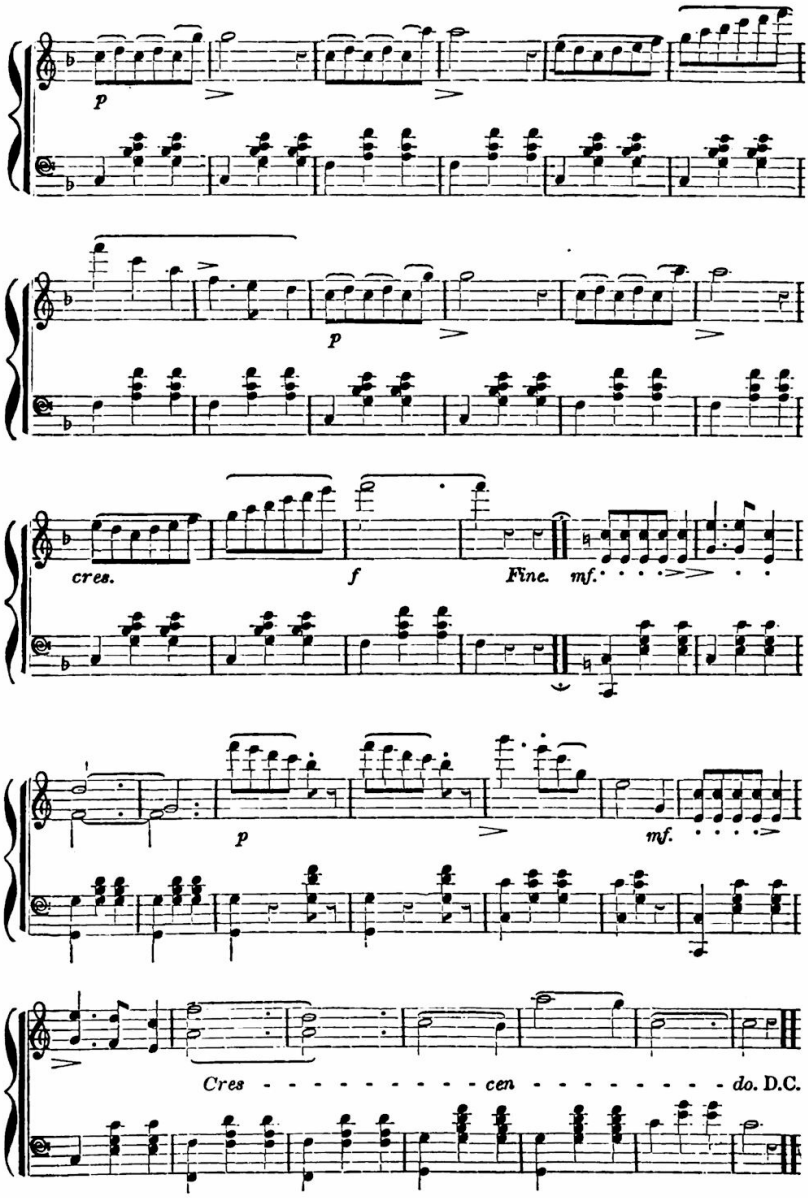

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious type-setting and punctuation

errors have been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals available for preparation of the eBook.

page 105, sunk one after another ==> sank one after another
page 126, the song she sung. ==> song she sang.
page 134, Had fleshed his sword ==> Had flashed his sword
page 144, in the *denouément* ==> in the *dénouement*
page 149, room, pouring over books, ==> room, poring over books,
page 151, joy exstatic burst from ==> joy ecstatic burst from
page 158, not be irrelevent we ==> not be irrelevant we
page 167, mind, interpretating by the ==> mind, interpreting by the

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. XXXVI No. 2 (Feb. 1850)* edited by George R. Graham]