GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1850

Volume XXXVI
No. 4 April

Title: Graham's Magazine Vol. XXXVI No. 4 (Apr. 1850)
Date of first publication: 1850
Author: George Rex Graham (1813-1894) (editor)
Date first posted: Apr. 27, 2018
Date last updated: Apr. 27, 2018
Faded Page eBook #20180442

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A. E. Chalon, R.A. W. H. Egleton

MIRROR OF BEAUTY.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXVI. April, 1850. No. 4.

Table of Contents

Fiction, Literature and Articles

April
Kate Lorimer: Or The Pearl in the Oyster
Loiterings and Life on the Prairies of the Farthest West
The Lady of the Rock
Fanny. A Narrative Taken from the Lips of a Maniac
Gods and Mortals
Minna
Life of General Baron De Kalb
The Housekeeping Husband
The Darkened Casement
Review of New Books
Mount Prospect Institute, West Bloomfield, N. J.

Poetry, Music, and Fashion

Ballads of the Campaign in Mexico. No. III.
Lines
Aileen Aroon
Sonnet
Uriel
Out of Doors
Miss Dix, The Philanthropist
Invocation to Sleep
German Poets
The Song of the Axe
Le Follet
The Shawl Designer Salaville

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

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APRIL.

"The shower is past, the birds renew their songs,
And sweetly through its tears the landscape smiles."

"APRIL," says the author of the "Fairie Queene," "is Spring—the juvenile of the months, and the most feminine—never knowing her own mind for a day together. Fickle as a fond maiden with her first lover; toying it with the young sun till he withdraws his beams from her, and then weeping till she gets them back again." April is frequently a very sweet and genial month, partly because it ushers in the May, and partly for its own sake. It is to May and June what "sweet fifteen," in the age of woman, is to the passion-stricken eighteen, and perfect two-and-twenty. It is to the confirmed Summer, what the previous hope of joy is to the full fruition—what the boyish dream of love is to love itself. It is, indeed, the month of promises—and what are twenty performances compared with one promise? April, then, is worth two Mays, because it tells tales of May in every sigh that it breathes, and every tear that it lets fall. It is the harbinger, the herald, the promise, the prophecy, the foretaste of all the beauties that are to follow it—of all and more—of all the delights of Summer, and all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious Autumn." It is fraught with beauties itself, which no other month can bring before us.

"When proud, pied April, dressed in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing."

It is one sweet alternation of smiles, and sighs, and tears—and tears, and sighs, and smiles—till all is consummated at last in the open laughter of May.

April weather is proverbial for a mixture of the bright and gloomy. The pleasantness of the sunshiny days, with the delightful view of fresh greens and

newly opened flowers, is unequaled; but they are frequently overcast with clouds, and chilled by rough, wintry blasts. This month, the most perfect image of Spring —

> "Looks beautiful as when an infant is waking
> From its slumbers;"

and the vicissitudes of warm gleams of sunshine and gentle showers, have the most powerful effects in hastening the universal *springing* of vegetation, whence the season derives its appellation.

The influence of the equinoctial storms frequently prevailing, causes much unpleasant weather; its opening is—

> "Mindful of disaster past,
> And shrinking at the northern blast,
> The sleety storm returning still,
> The morning hoar, the evening chill:
> Reluctant comes the timid Spring,
> Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
> Murmurs the blossomed boughs around
> That clothe the garden's southern bound;
> Scarce a sickly, straggling flower
> Decks the rough castle's rifted tower;
> Scarce the hardy ivy peeps
> From the dark dell's entangled steeps,
> Fringing the forests devious edge,
> Half-robed, appears the privet hedge,
> Or to the distant eye displays,
> Weakly green, its budding sprays."

An ancient writer beautifully describes one of those bright, transient showers which prevail at this season.

> Away to that sunny nook, for the thick shower
> Rushes on strikingly: ay, now it comes,
> Glancing about the leaves with its first dips,
> Like snatches of faint music. Joyous bird,
> It mingles with thy song, and beats soft time
> To thy warbling notes. Now it louder falls,
> Pattering, like the far voice of leaping rills;
> And now it breaks upon the shrinking clumps
> With a crash of many sounds; the thrush is still,
> There are sweet scents around us; the flow'ret hides,
> On that green bank, beneath the leaves;
> The earth is grateful to the teeming clouds,
> And yields a sudden freshness to their kisses.
> And now the shower slopes to the warm west,
> Leaving a dewy track; and see, the big drops,
> Like falling pearls, glisten in the sunny mist.

The air is clear again, and the far woods
Shine out in their early green. Let's onward, then,
For the first blossoms peep about the path;
The lambs are nibbling the short, dripping grass,
And the birds are on the bushes.

The month of April not unfrequently introduces us to the chimney or house-swallow, known by its long, forked tail and red breast. At first, here and there only one appears glancing quickly by us, as if scarcely able to endure the cold, which Warton beautifully describes —

The swallow for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green.

But in a few days their number is much increased, and they sport with seeming pleasure in the warm sunshine.

Along the surface of the winding stream,
Pursuing every turn, gay swallows skim,
Or round the borders of the spacious lawn,
Fly in repeated circles, rising o'er
Hillock and fence with motion serpentine,
Easy and light. One snatches from the ground
A downy feather, and then upward springs,
Followed by others, but oft drops it soon,
In playful mood, or from too slight a hold,
When all at once dart at the falling prize.

As these birds live on insects, their appearance is a certain proof that some of this minute tribe of animals have ventured from their winter abodes.

Thomson thus describes this busy month among the feathered tribes —

Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring. The cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart, far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave;
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by kind duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis naught

But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build the hanging house
Intent. And often, from the careless back
Of herds and flocks, a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw, till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.

Another celebrated poet completes the picture: —

The cavern-loving wren sequestered seeks
The verdant shelter of the hollow stump;
And with congenial moss, harmless deceit,
Constructs a safe abode. On topmost boughs
The oriole, and the hoarse-voiced crow,
Rocked by the storm, erect their airy nests.
The ousel, long frequenter of the grove
Of fragrant pines, in solemn depth of shade,
Finds rest. Or mid the holly's shining leaves,
A simple bush, the piping thrush contents;
Though in the woodland contest, he, aloft,
Trills from his spotted throat a powerful strain,
And scorns the humble quire. The wood-lark asks
A lowly dwelling, hid beneath some tuft,
Or hollow, trodden by the sinking hoof:
Songster beloved! who to the sun such lays
Pours forth as earth ne'er owns. Within the boughs
The sparrow lays her spotted eggs. The barn,
With eaves o'er-pendent, holds the chattering tribe.
Secret the linnet seeks the tangled wood,
The white owl seeks some antique ruined wall,
Fearless of rapine; or in hollow trees,
Which age has caverned, safely courts repose.
The velvet jay, in pristine colors clad,
Weaves her curious nest with firm-wreathed twigs,
And sidelong forms her cautious door; she dreads
The taloned hawk, or pouncing eagle,
Herself, with craft suspicion ever dwells.

As the singing of birds is the voice of courtship and conjugal love, the concerts of the groves begin to fill all with their various melody. In England the return of the nightingale in the spring is hailed with much joy; he sings by day as well as night; but in the daytime his voice is drowned in the multitude of performers; in the evening it is heard alone, whence the poets have always made the song of the nightingale a nocturnal serenade. The author of the "*Rime of the Ancient Mariner*," thus beautifully describes an April night, and the song of this siren: —

All is still,
A balmy night! and though the stars be dim,
Yet let us think upon the vernal showers
That gladden the green earth, and we shall find
A pleasure in the dimness of the stars.
And hark! the nightingale begins his song;
He crowds, and hurries, and precipitates,
With fast, thick warble, his delicious notes,
As he were fearful that an April night
Would be too short for him to utter forth
His love-chant, and disburden his full soul
Of all his music!
I know a grove,
Of large extent, hard by a castle huge,
Which the great lord inhabits not; and so
This grove is wild with tangling underwood,
And the trim walks are broken up; and grass,
Thin grass and king-cups, grow within the paths;
But never elsewhere in one place I knew
So many nightingales. And far and near,
In wood and thicket o'er the wide grove,
They answer and provoke each other's songs —
With skirmish and capricious passagings,
And murmurs musical and swift—jug, jug!
And one low, piping sound, more sweet than all,
Stirring the air with such a harmony
That, should you close your eyes, you might almost
Forget it was not day! On moonlight bushes
Whose dewy leaflets are but half disclosed,
You may, perchance, behold them on the twigs,
Their bright, bright eyes, their eyes both bright and full,
Glistening, while many a glow-worm in the shade
Lifts up her love-torch.
Oft a moment's space,
What time the moon was lost behind a cloud,
Hath heard a pause of silence; till the moon
Emerging, hath awakened earth and sky
With one sensation, and those wakeful birds
Have all burst forth in choral minstrelsy,
As if one quick and sodden gale had swept
An hundred airy harps! And I have watched
Many a nightingale perched giddily
On blossoming twig, still swinging from the breeze,
And to that motion tune his wanton song,
Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head.

Milton, too, in the first of his sonnets, has a beautiful address to this success portending songster:

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
While hours lead on the laughing month of May,

Thou with fresh hopes the lover's heart dost fill.

The fishes are now inspired by the same enlivening influence which acts upon the rest of animated Nature, and in consequence, again offer themselves as a prey to the art of the angler, who returns to his usual haunt.

"Beneath a willow long forsook,
The fisher seeks his 'customed nook;
And bursting through the crackling sedge
That crowns the current's caverned edge,
He startles from the bordering wood
The bashful wild-ducks early brood."

A considerable number of plants flower in this month, which Bloomfield beautifully describes.

Neglected now the early daisy lies,
Nor thou, pale primrose, bloom'st the only prize,
Advancing Spring profusely spreads abroad
Flowers of all hues with sweetest fragrance stored,
Where'er she treads Love gladdens every plain,
Delight on tiptoe bears her lucid train;
Sweet Hope with conscious brow before her flies,
Anticipating wealth for Summer skies.

In particular, many of the fruit-bearing trees and shrubs, the flowers of which are peculiarly termed *blossoms*. These form a most agreeable spectacle, as well on account of their beauty, as of the promise they give of future benefits.

"What exquisite differences and distinctions, and resemblances," exclaims Warton, "there are between all the various blossoms of the fruit-trees; and no less in their general effect, than in their separate details.

"The almond-blossom which comes first of all, and while the tree is quite bare of leaves, is of a bright blush-rose color; and when they are fully blown, the tree, if it has been kept to a compact head, instead of being permitted to straggle, looks like one huge rose, magnified by some fairy magic, to deck the bosom of some fair giantess. The various lands of plum follow, the blossoms of which are snow-white, and as full and clustering as those of the almond. The peach and nectarine, which are now preparing to put forth their blossoms, are unlike either of the above; and their sweet effect, as if growing out of the bare wall or rough wooden paling, is peculiarly pretty. They are of a deep blush color, and of a delicate bell-shape; the lips, however, divided and turning backward, to expose the interior to the cherishing sun. But, perhaps, the bloom that is richest, and most promising in its general appearance, is that of the

cherry, clasping its white honors all around the long, straight branches, from heel to point, and not letting a leaf or bit of stem be seen, except the three or four leaves that come as a green finish at the extremity of each branch. The blossoms of the pears, and, loveliest of all, the apples, do not come in perfection till next month."

It is, however, an anxious time for the possessor, as the fairest prospect of a plentiful increase is often blighted. Shakspeare draws a pathetic comparison from this circumstance, to paint the delusive nature of human expectations:

> This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
> The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
> And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
> The third day comes a frost, a killing frost!

And Milton beautifully uses the same simile:

> Abortive as the first-born bloom of Spring,
> Nipped with the lagging rear of Winter's frost.

Herrick indulges in the following "fond imaginings" to blossoms:

> Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
> Why do you fall so fast?
> Your date is not so past
> But you may stay yet here awhile
> To blush and gently smile,
> And go at last.
>
> What! were ye born to be
> An hour and half's delight,
> And so to bid good-night?
> 'Tis pity Nature brought ye forth,
> Merely to show your worth,
> And lose you quite!
>
> But your lovely leaves where we,
> May read how soon things have
> Their end, though ne'er so brave;
> And after they have shown their pride,
> Like you away to glide
> Into the grave.

The poet of the Seasons gives delightful utterance to the aspirations of many a bosom at this inspiring season:

> Now from the town,
> Buried in smoke, and sleep, and noisome damps,

Oft let me wander o’er the dewy fields,
Where freshness breathes; and dash the trembling drops
From the bent bush, as through the verdant maze
Of sweetbriar hedges I pursue my walk;
Or taste the smell of daisy; or ascend
Some eminence, Augusta, in thy plains,
And see the country far diffused around,
One boundless blush of white empurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms, where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and hid beneath
The fair profusion, yellow Autumn spies.

The farmer is busied in sowing early sorts of grain and seeds for fodder, for which purpose dry weather is most suitable, though plentiful showers, at due intervals, are desirable for feeding the young grass and springing seeds:

“The work is done, no more to man is given,
The grateful farmer trusts the rest to Heaven;
Yet oft with anxious heart he looks around,
And marks the first green blade that breaks the ground;
In fancy sees his trembling oats uprun,
His tufted barley yellow with the sun,
Sees clouds propitious shed their timely store,
And all his harvest gathered around his door.”

KATE LORIMER:

OR THE PEARL IN THE OYSTER.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"The pearl in ocean's cavern lies,
The feather floats upon the wave."

KATE LORIMER was neither a beauty, a wit, nor an heiress: she was only one of those many commonplace young ladies, who are "brought out" every winter to laugh, dance and flirt, for a season or two, then to marry, and fulfill their destiny by immuring themselves in a nursery for the rest of their lives. So said the world—but for once that many-eyed and many-tongued gossip was mistaken. Kate was very unlike most young ladies. With her Juno-like figure, and fine, though somewhat massive, features, there needed only a careful study of the mysteries of the toilet to make her appear what dandies call "a splendid woman." But Kate, though in reality she was neatness itself, generally seemed but one degree removed from a sloven; so careless was she respecting the color, make, and adjustment of her clothes. Then she had what Shakspeare calls "a very pretty wit," a certain shrewdness of intellect, and a quiet sense of the ridiculous, which wanted only the piquant sauce of boldness and ill-nature to make her what the witlings in primrose kids would style "*bre-i-lliant*." But Kate was equally indifferent to her own looks and manners. She seemed like a kind of human machine, moved by some invisible springs, at the volition of others, but by no positive will of her own.

What, you will ask, was the secret of this cold abstraction in a young and not ungifted girl? There was no mystery about it; Kate was only one of the many instances of "a candle placed in the wrong socket," as my poor friend —— used to say. She was one of a large family, but she was neither the oldest —the first inheritor of parental love—nor the youngest—the recipient of its fond dotage. Her elder brother, a tall, graceful youth, was the pride of both father and mother, and whatever privileges Kate might have claimed as the *first* of the troop of damsels who chattered their days away in the nursery and school-room, they were entirely forgotten in favor of the second daughter, who

chanced to be extremely beautiful. The fact was that Kate occupied a most insignificant position between a conceited oldest son and a sister who was a belle. Her brother Tom's sententiousness overwhelmed her and crushed her into nonentity, while Louisa's beauty and vivacity threw her completely into the shade.

At her very first entrance into society, Kate felt that she had only a subordinate part to play, and there was a certain inertness of character about her, which made her quietly adopt the habits befitting her inferior position. Her mother, a handsome, stylish woman, with an easiness of temper which won affection but not respect from her children, and a degree of indolence which sadly interfered with the regularity of her household—sometimes fretted a little at Kale's sluggishness, and wished she was a little less "lumpish" at a party. But there was a repose in Kate's manner, which, upon the whole, Mrs. Lorimer rather liked, as it effectually prevented any rivalry between the two sisters. Aunt Bell, a somewhat precise, but sensible old maid, was the only one who was seriously dissatisfied. She remembered Kate's ambition as a schoolgirl; she preserved among her most precious mementoes all Kate's "prizes," "rewards of merit," etc. And she could not conceive why this enthusiasm and eagerness for distinction should have died away so suddenly and so completely. Aunt Bell suspected something of the truth, but even she, who loved Kate better than any body in the world, could not know the whole truth.

Kate Lorimer was like one of those still, quiet mountain lakes, which at one particular spot are said to be unfathomable, but whether because they are so deep, or because a wonderfully strong under-current carries away the line and plummet in its descent, is never clearly ascertained by those who skim over the surface of the sleepy waters. Almost every one liked her; that is, they felt that negative kind of liking which all persons have for a quiet, good-humored sort of a body, who is never in the way. At a crowded party Kate always gave up her place in the quadrille if there was a want of room on the floor; if beaux were scarce, Kate was quite content to talk to some frowsy old lady in a corner; if a pair of indefatigable hands were required to play interminable waltzes and polkas, Kate's long white fingers seemed unwearied; in short, Kate never thought of herself, because she honestly believed she was not worth anybody's thinking about.

Was she so inordinately humble as to set no value upon herself? Not exactly that; but she had so high a standard of excellence in her own soul, and was so conscious of her utter inability to attain to that standard, that she grew to feel a species of contempt for herself, and therefore she neglected herself, not as a penance, but because she would not waste thought or time upon any thing appertaining to herself. No one understood poor Kate, and of course

nobody appreciated her. When she spent hours in dressing her beautiful sister for a ball, and then twisting up her own fine hair in a careless knot, and slipping on a plain white dress, was ready in ten minutes to accompany the belle to the gay scene where she knew she could never shine, people only called her slovenly and careless, but gave her no credit for the generous affection which could lavish decorations on another, and be content through a whole evening

"to hear
Praise of a sister with unwounded ear."

When she refused invitations to parties that she might stay at home and nurse Aunt Bell through a slow fever, people said—"She is so indolent, she is glad of an excuse to avoid the trouble of going out." No one knew that she was not too indolent to watch through the long hours of night beside the sick-bed of the invalid, while her lovely sister was sleeping off the fatigues of the dance. When she gave up a gay season at the Springs, rather than disappoint her old grandmother, who had set her heart upon a visit from one of the sisters—when she spent a long, dull summer in a hot country-house, with no other companions than Aunt Bell and the infirm old lady, and no other amusement than could be found in a book-case full of Minerva-Press novels, then people —those wonderfully knowing people—again said, "Kate Lorimer is turning her indolence to account, and will earn a legacy out of it;" while the fact was, neither Aunt Bell nor grandmother had a cent in the world beyond their life-interest in their old country home.

"If Louisa makes an engagement this winter, I think I shall hurry Ella's education a little, so as to bring her out next season;" said Mrs. Lorimer to her husband, during one of those "*curtain conferences*" which are quite the opposite to "curtain lectures."

"Why should you do that? You will have Kate still to provide for, and Ella will be all the more attractive for another year's study," was the reply of the calculating though kind father.

"Oh, Kate is a hopeless case; she will never be married, she is too indifferent; no man will take a fancy to a girl who at the first introduction shows by her manner that she does not care what he thinks of her."

"Then you think Kate is one of the 'predestinate old maids?' "

"I am afraid so."

"Well, Kate is a good child, and we shall want one of the girls to keep house for us when we grow old; so I don't know that we need regret it much."

"You don't consider the mortification of bringing out two daughters at a

time and having one left on hand, like a bale of unsaleable goods, while such a woman as that vulgar Mrs. Dobbs has married her four red-headed frights in two seasons."

"How was that done?"

"Oh! by management; but then the girls were as anxious as the mother, and helped themselves along. As to Kate, I don't believe she would take the trouble to walk across the room in order to secure the best match in the country."

"She certainly is very indifferent, but she seems perfectly contented."

"Yes, that is the trouble; she is perfectly satisfied to remain a fixture, although she knows that she will have to rank with the '*antiques*' as soon as I begin to bring out her four younger sisters."

"Perhaps it would be better to bring out Ella next winter," sighed the father.

"Yes, Ella is lively and fresh-looking, and during the festivities which will follow Louisa's wedding, she can slip into her place in society without the expense of a '*coming-out*' party."

"You speak as if Louisa's marriage were a settled thing."

"Because she can have her choice now of half a dozen, and by the time the season is over she will probably decide."

"Well, under your guidance, she is not likely to make an imprudent choice."

"I hope not. To tell you the truth, I am waiting for one more declaration, and then there will be no more delay," said the mother.

"Has she not admirers enough?"

"Yes, but if she can secure young Ferrers it will be worth waiting."

"What! Clarence Ferrers? Why, he is worth almost half a million; is he an admirer of Louisa's?"

"He is a new acquaintance, and seems very much struck with her beauty; but he is an odd creature, and seems to pride himself upon differing from all the rest of the world; we shall see what will happen. One thing only is certain, Louisa will be married before the year is out, and Kate will, I think, resign herself to old-maidism with a very good grace."

And having come to this conclusion, the two wise-acres composed themselves to sleep.

Clarence Ferrers, so honorably mentioned by Mr. Lorimer as "*worth* half a million," was a gentleman of peculiar tastes and habits. His father died while he was yet a boy, and he had struggled with poverty and hardship while

acquiring the education which his talents deserved, and which his ambition demanded. He had stooped his pride to labor, and he had learned to submit to want, but he had never bowed himself to bear the yoke of dependence. Alone he had toiled, alone he had struggled, alone he had won success. His mother had been the first to encourage his youthful genius, and to plant the seeds of honorable ambition within his soul. He had loved her with an almost idolatrous affection, and when he saw her eking out by the labors of the needle the small annuity which secured her from starvation, in order that he might devote all his own little stipend as a teacher to his own education, he felt that gratitude and love alike required him to persevere until success should reward the mother by crowning the son.

There is something ennobling and hallowing in such a tie as that which existed between Mrs. Ferrers and Clarence. A gentle, humble-minded woman herself, she was ambitious that her son should be good and great. She knew the benumbing effect of poverty upon the soul, but she took care that the genial warmth of affection should counteract its evil influences upon the gifted mind of her darling son. She was his friend, his counselor, his sympathizing companion, sharing all his hopes, his aspirations, his pleasures, and his sorrows, as only a true-hearted and loving woman can do. Long ere he reached the years of mature manhood the bond between mother and son had been made stronger than death; and, alas! far more enduring than life. Mrs. Ferrers lived to see Clarence occupying a position of honor and usefulness as professor in one of our most distinguished colleges. Her death left him a lonely and desolate man, for so close had been their communion, so thorough had been their mutual sympathy, that he had never till then felt the need of another friend. But in the enthusiasm of his deep and fervent love, he felt that he was not dissevered by the hand of death; and many an hour did he hold converse in his secret soul with the “spirit-mother,” whom he felt to be ever near him.

Clarence Ferrers had counted his thirtieth summer, when an old great-uncle, who had suffered him to struggle with poverty during all his early years, without stretching forth a finger to sustain him, died very suddenly, leaving behind him an immense fortune, which he distributed by will, among some dozen charitable associations, whose very names he had never heard until they were suggested by his lawyer, and making not the slightest mention of his nephew. Luckily for him, the will was *unexecuted*, and the neglected Clarence learned that, as heir-at-law, he was entitled to the whole of his miserly uncle’s hoarded wealth. Years had passed since Clarence had even seen the old man; and he certainly owed him no gratitude for the gift which would have been withheld from him if death had not been more cruel even than avarice. But Clarence was not a man to feel selfishly on any subject. One hundred thousand

dollars, the fifth part of his newly-acquired fortune, was distributed among the charities named in the will, thus fulfilling the supposed wish of the deceased. With another large portion he endowed a “Home for Poor Gentlewomen,” as a tribute to the memory of his mother, whose life had been one of struggle and care for want of such “a home” in the early days of her widowhood. Then, after liberally providing for all who had any claims upon the old miser, he placed his affairs in the hands of a trusty agent, and sailed for Europe.

Clarence Ferrers set out upon his travels with no fixed purpose, except that of acquiring knowledge of all kinds, and of compelling occupation of mind to quiet yearnings of the heart. Eight years elapsed ere he revisited his native land. During that time he had explored every part of Europe, treading the greensward of its by-ways, no less than the dust of its high-roads. From the islands of the Archipelago to the most northerly part of Russia, he had traveled, commanding respect by his scientific attainments, receiving attentions every where for his courtly elegance of manner, winning love wherever he went by his suavity and kindness. Then to the East, that land of sacred memories, he turned his steps; Egypt, the land of mystery, too, was not forgotten, and when Clarence returned to his own country, he bore with him treasures of learning and wisdom from every land where the footsteps of man had trod. Yet was he as modest as he was learned, and few would have suspected that the quiet, gentlemanlike person, whose tall figure bent so gracefully over some timid girl at the piano, or who so carefully escorted some old lady to the supper-room at a party, was the celebrated traveler and man of world-known science.

Such was the man whom Mr. Lorimer pronounced to be “WORTH *half a million*!” I have sketched him at some length, because this is no fancy portrait, and memory has been faithful to her trust in thus enabling me to trace, though but in faint and shadowy outline, the noble character of one of God’s noblest creatures.

But all this time I have forgotten poor Kate Lorimer. She would have thought it strange that she ever should be remembered, especially when Clarence Ferrers was in one’s mind. Kate had seen Clarence Ferrers introduced to her beautiful sister, and had felt a glow of pleasure as she marked his look of genuine admiration. She had listened to words of graceful compliment, so unlike the vapid flattery of others. She had heard the tones of that thrilling voice, whose musical accents had been able to move alike the wild Arab, and the wilder Cossack, by their melody. She sat alone in the only shadowy corner of a gay and crowded saloon, but she would not have exchanged places with the most flattered and courted of the guests; for she could listen unobserved to the gifted traveler, and look unnoticed upon his expressive countenance. She

had heard of him from childhood; for Aunt Bell had been one of Mrs. Ferrers' earliest friends, and the story of his early struggles, his devoted love for his mother, and his subsequent good fortune, had been one of Aunt Isabel's favorite themes. But he was a man when Kate was still in the nursery, and was but a shy girl of fourteen when, as she remembered, he called to pay his farewell visit to his mother's friend previous to his departure. To the unappreciated girl, living in the midst of an ungenial though not unhealthy moral atmosphere, the picture of perfect sympathy and affection, as it had existed between the gentle mother and her gifted son, was one which, unconsciously, left its reflection within her soul, and became a sort of ideal to her half-developed nature. She did not retain the slightest remembrance of his actual appearance, but so vivid an image of his mental and moral gifts was traced upon her memory, that she felt she needed not the intercourse of social life to make her know him better. Yet as the beauty and vivacity of her sister attracted him closer to her side, it was impossible for Kate, with all her shyness, to avoid becoming acquainted with him; and it sometimes happened that when the beautiful Louisa was led off to the dance by one of her host of admirers, she would leave Kate to entertain Mr. Ferrers till her return, thus flattering him by her evident desire to retain his society, and, at the same time securing him from all rival belles.

Clarence Ferrers was now eight-and-thirty, an age when a man, however gifted, will not be insensible to the evident admiration of a very young and extremely pretty woman. He was still a fine looking man, but he was no longer youthful in his appearance. His teeth were fine, and his eyes, those soft, bright, tender eyes, were as beautiful as in boyhood, when his mother loved nothing so well as to kiss those full, heavily-fringed lids for the sake of the beaming look which rewarded the caress. But Clarence had not escaped the touch of Time; his luxuriant locks were thinned, and the silver threads were mingled among those dark chestnut curls. He appeared full as old as he really was; but who could look on his magnificent brow, watch the play of his flexible lips, or listen to the tones of his exquisite voice, and think of the ravages of Time?

Kate Lorimer was one of the best *listeners* in the world. There was a certain negligent ease with which she inclined herself toward the speaker, and a look of quiet attention on her countenance which always gratified the self-love of those who conversed with her. To be sure, in nine cases out of ten, this pleasant manner arose only from her indolent good humor, which found a kind of luxurious repose in the monotonous hum of a busy talker. But when listening to Clarence Ferrers, (for she seldom talked with him, except as much as common politeness required,) Kate soon found that his conversation did not afford her a mere cushion for mental repose. Not that Clarence dealt much in

the marvelous, or excelled much in narration, although he abounded in illustrative anecdotes and reminiscences on every subject; but he had the art—so rare and so delightful—of waking up every faculty in the mind of those with whom he conversed. He imparted knowledge in such a manner as to make his hearer feel as if the *ideas* were his own, and the corroborative *facts* only were the results of the traveler's observation. Yet he was no flatterer, he only, as I said before, had the power of arousing and stimulating the intellect of his hearers.

If Clarence Ferrers had been at first struck with the extreme beauty of Louisa, he was not less sensible to the "surprises of sudden joy" with which he beheld the dawning of Kate's peculiar qualities of character. Her moral nature he had read at a glance, and it inspired him with respect and esteem, but her intellectual being, which was a mystery even to herself, became a study to the man of science and research. There was so much freshness of thought in her hitherto slumbering mind; such clearness of perception when she was unconsciously led to exercise her mental vision; such harmony of movement between the reasoning and the imaginative faculty, that Clarence became daily more interested in the "lumpish" Kate, despite the attractions of her beautiful sister.

"Mamma, I do not believe I can put off Frank Dormer any longer; he is desperately in love, and determined to make a declaration," said Louisa, one morning, as she sat assisting Kate to trim a ball-dress with which she expected to charm all eyes.

"It would be a pity to lose so rich and generous an admirer, Lou," was the reply of the prudent mother.

"But suppose I should accept him, mamma?"

"That you would not do; Frank Dormer is only rich in expectancy, while Clarence Ferrers has both wealth and fame."

"I like Frank best;" said the young lady, coolly.

"My dear Louisa, have you lost your senses?"

"No, madam; but you may as well let me tell you now, that, for all his fortune, I would not marry Clarence Ferrers."

"Why not?"

"Oh, he is so frightfully sensible, I should never dare do or say an absurd thing for fear of seeing those great *lamping* eyes looking reproval at me. Besides, he does not seem inclined to offer himself."

"How can you say so, Louisa? I am sure he never leaves us at a party, and seems never so happy as when sitting near us and watching your graceful

movements when you are dancing."

"Well, he can't expect me to drop into his arms by the mere fascination of his look. If he were not so rich, I should not think of him for a moment, while I really like Frank. He is full of gayety and frolic, and with him I should have a merry life. Clarence Ferrers is too old and grave for me. Don't you think so, Kate?"

Kate started at the question; she had evidently been in one of her dreamy moods, and perhaps had not heard a word of their conversation.

Poor Kate! she bent over her sewing, and seemed intent only on placing at proper distances the delicate white roses which looped the gauze drapery of Louisa's new dress; but she felt a sudden faintness come over her, which required all her habitual self-control to subdue. Not until the dress was finished and displayed upon the sofa to her mother's criticism; not until the pearl ornaments had been laid upon the beauty's dark curls by the skillful fingers of the all-enduring Kate; not until she had listened to all her sister's ideas respecting the sash, which was to be tied at the side, with long floating ends; in short, not until all the important trivialities of a belle's ball-costume had been discussed and decided upon by the aid of Kate's taste, was she at liberty to retire to her own room. At last she was released, and as Louisa sprang up stairs, humming a lively Opera air, Kate, gathering up her sewing materials, slowly followed till she arrived at the door of her own apartment, which, in consideration of its being the smallest room in the house, and in the fourth story, she was permitted to occupy *alone*. This had long been poor Kate's sanctuary, where she could think and feel and act as she pleased. Now she quietly locked the door, and then, when she had secured herself from intrusion, she sat down in the rocking-chair which had been her companion from childhood, and gave way to the tears which were pressing so painfully against her hot eye-lids.

Kate had often wept—much oftener than those who called her indifferent and cold in temper, could have imagined—but never had she shed such bitter, burning tears as now. There was grief and shame, and wounded affection, and mortified pride, all blended in the emotion which now agitated her. She could not have analyzed her own feelings; she only knew she was very unhappy and very lonely.

That evening Kate was too unwell to accompany her sister to the ball. A severe headache, arising from an attack of influenza, which accounted for the humid eyes that would weep in spite of all poor Kate's efforts, was sufficient apology. So Mrs. Lorimer, with her tall son and beautiful daughter, were whirled off to the gay scene, leaving Kate to read the newspaper and play backgammon with her rheumatic father, who never went out after sunset.

But the old gentleman's evenings were generally short. By nine o'clock he was comfortably fixed in bed, and Kate sat alone in the deserted drawing-room, when she was startled by the sound of the door-bell. It was too late for a visiter, and Kate's first thought was that it might be a message for a parcel for her brother. She did not alter her position, therefore, but sat with her head bent, her hands listlessly lying in her lap, and her whole attitude one of the deepest dejection. A gentle footstep, and the tones of a well-known voice, startled her from her painful dream, and as she looked up her eyes fell on the stately form of Clarence Ferrers.

"I heard you were kept at home by indisposition, Miss Lorimer," said he, "will you pardon me if I have availed myself of this opportunity of seeing you alone?"

Kate was a little bewildered, but she murmured something about "the pleasure of seeing him," etc. like a well-bred young lady.

"Kate—Miss Lorimer—will you answer me frankly? I have lately indulged the hope that we may be united in a closer bond than even the friendship with which you have honored me; have I deceived myself with vain fancies?"

Kate's heart seemed to stand still for a moment, and an icy coldness ran through her veins. She saw it all in a moment. Clarence Ferrers wanted to learn from her his chance of success with her beautiful sister. What should she do? Louisa did not love Clarence, but it was a desirable match. Should she sacrifice the prospects of her sister, or should she betray the noble confidence of him who called her his friend? How could she decide when her own heart was just awakened to a dim sense of its own mad folly and weakness?

Clarence watched her countenance, and marveled at the lights and shadows that flitted so rapidly across it. "I am afraid I have given you pain, Miss Lorimer," said he at length: "I meant not to distress you; only tell me whether I have done wrong in believing that I might yet occupy a nearer and dearer place in your esteem; whether I have been mistaken in my hope of finding you my strongest advocate?"

Kate felt that she must speak. "You can scarcely need an advocate," said she timidly: "I presume I understand your meaning, and I can only say that any woman might be proud to be the object of your choice."

"And is this all you can say? Am I to think that on the empty gifts of fame, or the paltry advantages of fortune, I must depend for that most precious of earthly things, a sympathizing heart. '*Proud to be my choice*'—oh! Kate, I did not expect such a cold rebuff from you."

Tears rushed into Kate's eyes; she felt herself growing weaker every moment, and she determined to put an end to the conversation.

“Have you spoken to my sister, Mr. Ferrers?” said she, while she strove in vain to check the quick gasps that almost suffocated her.

“To your sister!” said Clarence, in some surprise. “No, Miss Lorimer, I preferred coming first to you.”

“I have but little influence over Louisa,” said the trembling girl, “but all that I have shall be exerted in your behalf.”

“Louisa!—your sister!—I really do not comprehend you, Kate.”

A momentary feeling of wounded pride aroused Kate, and mastered her coming weakness. She rose from her seat; “Did you not ask me to be your advocate with my sister?” asked she, while her cheek and lip grew white as ashes.

“My advocate with your sister!” exclaimed Clarence; “no indeed: Kate! my own dearest Kate! it was with your own sweet self I wanted an advocate, and hoped to find my strongest one in your heart.”

Kate grew dizzy and faint; a mist gathered before her eyes, and when it cleared away she was sitting on the sofa, with a strong arm lovingly twined about her waist, and on the soft white hand which lay in the grasp of Clarence glittered the betrothal ring, though how or when it was placed there she never clearly could remember.

“How strangely Clarence Ferrers disappeared from the ball to-night,” exclaimed Mrs. Lorimer, as she puffed her way up to her room at two o’clock in the morning.

“I was not sorry he went, mamma, for it gave Frank the chance he has so long wanted. He offered himself last night, while we were in the midst of that last polka; and I referred him to papa,” said Louisa, as she turned toward her own room.

“Well, I only hope you have not been too hasty,” said the mother, too sleepy just then to care much about the matter.

The next morning Mr. Lorimer was visited in his private office by the young and handsome Frank Dormer. He was an only child; his father was prepared to “come down” handsomely with the cash, and Mr. Lorimer gave a ready assent to the proposition of the enamored youth. He had scarcely finished his after-dinner nap, on the same day, when Clarence Ferrers sought an interview. Matters were soon arranged with a man who was “*worth half a million*,” and Mr. Lorimer chuckled and rubbed his hands with infinite glee, as he reminded his wife of her prediction that “*Kate was a predestinate old maid*.”

Kate has been more than two years a wife, and in the elegant, self-possessed, dignified woman, whose statuesque repose of manner seems now the result of the most perfect grace, no one would recognize the dull, indifferent, “lumpish” Kate of former years. In the atmosphere of affection every faculty of mind and body has attained perfect development. She has learned to value herself at her real worth, because such a man as Clarence Ferrers has thought her deserving of his regard. She is not the less humble, but she is no longer self-despising and self-neglectful. In order to do honor to her husband, she has striven to be all he would have her, and the result is one of the most intellectual and elegant women of whom our country can boast. The “light” which was threatened with extinction has now found “its right socket,” and no brighter luminary shines either in the world of fashion, or in the circle of home.

BALLADS OF THE CAMPAIGN IN MEXICO. NO. III.

BY HENRY KIRBY BENNER, U. S. A.

Monterey.

IT was early in September, in the morning of the day,
When our army paused admiringly in front of MONTEREY; —
Like Cortez, had our general led his gallant little band
Through hosts of savage foemen to the centre of the land; —
Guerilla and Ranchero had followed on his track,
Like hungry wolves, but steadily our men had beat them back.

There lay the noble city—its cathedrals, and its towers
And parapets; its palaces, and gardens bright with flowers —
With the sunlight falling on it, over tower and dome and spire,
Through the mellow morning radiance, in a rain of golden fire:
Never, even in dreams of Orient lands, had Saxon eyes looked down
On so glorious a country, or so beautiful a town.

Through the grove of San Domingo our general led the way,
Reconnoitring in silence the city as it lay —
When from the Citadel, which frowned scarce half a league before,
We saw a flash of flame leap out, and heard a cannon's roar:
The enemy were there in force, and we braced us for the fray,
Though retiring for the time before the guns of MONTEREY.

All day our parties scanned the place; and never had our eyes
Beheld a spot so guarded from all danger of surprise;
Its fortresses apparently all human force defied,
For what nature left unfinished, consummate art supplied:
We felt, while gazing on it, that many a bloody day
Would pass before our gallant troops were lords of MONTEREY.

Next morning came the order; and we saw chivalrous WORTH,
With his regulars, march silently and determinedly forth.
On the heights that overhung his road the Bishop's Palace rose,
Like a giant looking down on the columns of his foes;
But his men pressed bravely on, led by HAYS and noble MAY,
Till from their eyry in the hills they gazed on MONTEREY.

Meanwhile we stood like restive steeds, fretful and full of fire,
And anxious for the conflict which every hour brought nigher.
Day waned, and morning came again, and then the word was given
And answered by a thousand shouts that shook the vaults of heaven,
For our troops, long curbed, now held the reins, and lightly leapt away,
Sweeping with headlong fury toward defying MONTEREY.

We saw brave WORTH, whose noble band was ordered to the right,
Lead on his men through sheets of flame, and storm the castled height,
And the Mexic flag go down, and the stars and stripes expand
In the golden yellow sunlight, like a rainbow o'er the land,
As, led by gallant BUTLER, our division fought its way,
Foot by foot, and step by step, toward the town of MONTEREY.

The Citadel had greeted us, but we passed along the plain,
While its showers of grape and musket-shot deluged our ranks like rain;
But fierce and hot as was its fire, 'twas naught to what ensued
When in the suburbs narrow ways our little phalanx stood;
But BUTLER led us on, and we swore to win the day
Or die, like Yankee volunteers, in the streets of MONTEREY.

The cannon of the Citadel still swept our falling flanks —
The guns of Fort Teneria sent death throughout our ranks; —
Every window, door and house-top concealed a hidden foe,
Who sent his leaden welcome to the files that fought below:
Death reigned supreme: we stood aghast; but not a man gave way,
Though never yet was fight so fought as that at MONTEREY.

Sudden! arose a cry—a yell! and we saw our banners wave
Over Fort Teneria's summit: God! what a shout we gave!
QUITMAN and his brigade were there, and the enemy's flag went down,
As, with another rallying cry, we hurried through the town:
Fort Diablo's guns received us, and one third our columns lay
Gasping—wounded—dying—dead—in the streets of MONTEREY.

The rest grew sick at heart; but we closed our ranks and dashed
Onward, with cheers, as all around our enemies' muskets flashed;
But BUTLER, tottering on his steed, staggered, and reeled, and sank,
And with him, at the same discharge, went down our leading rank: —
Human nature could endure no more, and the now departing day
Saw us retreating slowly through the town of MONTEREY.

Another day passed slowly by, and we made our bivouac
Where we fought, for, though our foes were brave, they could not drive us back;
But the morrow brought fresh orders, and our men with hurrying feet
Pressed on again, troop after troop, contesting street by street;
From door to door, from house to house, we fiercely fought our way,
Determined that the night should see us lords of MONTEREY.

Then came the deadly conflict, foot to foot and hand to hand,
For at every nook and corner our foemen made a stand;
From the barricades which swept the streets, from the roofs above our head,

And the windows at our sides, descended showers of iron and lead;
And the crash of tumbling timbers, and the clash of steel, that day,
With the death-cries of the dying, rent the skies of MONTEREY.

That night the conflict ceased, and the crimson morning sun
Beheld the city in our hands—the bloody battle won.
Next day our conquered foes marched out, and slowly over the plain
Moved from our sight in silence—a sad, disheartened train;
But many an eye glanced backward, remembering the affray,
While we gazed on, like statues—the MEN OF MONTEREY.

THE SUNSHINE OF LOVE.

LOITERINGS AND LIFE

ON THE PRAIRIES OF THE FARTHEST WEST.

BY J. M. LEGARE.

IN October of forty-six, while on a visit to St. Louis, I met a college-mate, Charles G., who, after a two years' ramble toward the South, was now about to lace on his moccasin again, from a pure love of adventure, and distaste for the so-called comforts of life in the States. He had once before traversed the prairies skirting the Mississippi, and even passed a winter among the Chippeways on the frozen lakes, but his present design was to build a lodge somewhere in the neighborhood of the head-waters of the Missouri, and run the risk of losing his scalp, for the sake of the abundance of game of all sorts, and freedom from the trammels of civilization, to be found on the farther side of the Yellow-Stone river. As I had abundance of leisure, and not a little fancy for stirring adventure myself, he readily made me a convert to his way of thinking, and in three days we were steaming up the Missouri for Fort Leavenworth, where we designed taking a canoe and paddling the rest of the voyage. This outpost is fully six hundred miles from St. Louis; but as these sketches are such as one would scrawl off, lying full-length on the grass, with rifle within reach, and a blazing fire in front, drawing savory steams from a haunch of antelope or deer, or buffaloe-hump, I will describe nothing so commonplace as a voyage in the high-pressure steamer which landed us in company with half a regiment of raw dragroons en route for New Mexico.

We were all anxiety to begin our expedition in earnest, and the same day purchased a dug-out of sufficient capacity from a couple of traders on their way down stream, in which we embarked the next morning by daylight, with a cargo consisting of a keg or two of powder, pig-lead, Mackinaw blankets, biscuits, coffee, and liquor enough to take the clayey taste out of a *few* gallons of the river-water. Our party consisted of four, Charlie G., myself, a Canadian trapper, named Jean le Louche, from an outrageous squint in one eye, whom Charlie had hunted with formerly, and hailed as an old acquaintance, and now hired to add to the physical strength of the future little garrison, and lastly, a woolly-headed servitor of mine, (Jock,) more honest than brilliant, (I mean

intellectually—for his face shone,) who had begged hard to accompany me, in place of being sent back to Carolina. The true banks of the Missouri are from two to twenty miles apart, and two or three hundred feet in perpendicular height, sometimes rising in pinnacles and terraces studded with glittering fragments of gypsum, making a splendid show in the full blaze of the sun, and variegated with broad parallel stripes of red, yellow, and gray, where the stratas of different soils appear in their natural position laid bare by the heavy rains. The space between is occupied by a rich plain, deposited by the river during its frequent overflowings; and through this beautiful meadow, shaded as it is here and there by forests and groves of cotton-wood, beech, sycamore, and oak, the current flows, winding, from bank to bank, with an average rate of speed of four or five miles. From the summit of the cliffs stretches a vast level prairie quite to the falls of the Missouri, a distance of perhaps 2,500 miles; but of this great pasture for game I will say nothing for the present, but return to the region of the river, which abounds with antelopes, deer, bears, and big-horns—the former trooping down the grassy slopes in herds of from fifty to a hundred, stamping their little feet and stretching out their necks, in their impatience to learn the errand of the voyageurs, and the last-mentioned making their appearance on the most inaccessible heights, often standing motionless between the looker and the blue sky above, like images carved out of the chalk which capped many of the peaks. These wild sheep or goats, (for they resemble both,) I observed frequently perched on the precipitous banks within reach, or very nearly, of a good rifle from the shore, but on pointing this out to Jean, the Voyageur, he only laughed, saying, "*Sacré!* monsieur, dat vere true—a'most, tourjours a'most—but nevare anyting else. *Monsieur bighorn a bien de connaissance*—all de Injens call him 'med'cine'—ha! Him stan' vere quite—him not move an pouce. Mais, tenez, him eye fix on you steady, not so much as make vink. Ven you come assez close, you raise your fusil—oh, vere softly—den you quite sure ob him rib for supper. Mais—dans l'instant—*sacré!*—where him jomp? You look leetle more high up de cliff, and dare him stan' a'most in de—de—how you call? Ah, in de shot-rifle. Nevare mind, you say, I not so slow anoder time. Den you climb up leetle vay and take de aim agen. Mais, come autrefois, him no longer dere—mais *a'most*—ah, diable! toujours *a'most*!"

We laughed at Jean's odd description of the habits of these wonderful mountain-sheep, which he rendered more forcible by his extravagant gestures, sometimes rising suddenly in our narrow canoe, at the risk of turning it bottom upward.

"But," said I, "what if one were to drive one of your 'medicine' goats where he would have no higher place to leap to, and only a sheer precipice

before him?"

"Oh ho, monsieur, you tink you got him vere safe now—mais, monsieur, med'cine not tink so—him laugh, oh vere much in him sleeve—diable! in him hide! Eh bien, you much fatigué—you say to yourself, now or nevare! Den you raise your rifle for de last time—your finger feel for de trigger—*n'est-ce pas?*—Hola! sacré, diable, ventrebleu—were him? You rub your eye, you open him wide—*so* wide. Presently you look more closer—you not see no terrace, noting but deep prec'pice—ha! Den you smile vid yourself, you quite sure him break de neck at de bottom. You creep down, creep down vere slow, dat your neck might not brake *aussi*. Mais, ven you reach de bottom, you not see him novere!"

"How—you don't mean to say that this devil of a goat can fall a hundred feet or more without breaking every bone in his body?"

"Précisement, monsieur, précisement. Vhen him jump down, him fall on him big horn—him not broke noting at all. Den à l'instant him on him four foot—him cut caper—him say, *bec—bah*! And dat is de last you shall see of monsieur vid de grandes hornes—eh bien!"

This was all very fine, but I credited about one-half of Jean's assertions, and determined to embrace the first opportunity of trying a shot on my own account. Accordingly while the others were constructing our usual night-camp one afternoon, I slipped quietly away, and after a half hour's prying about, discovered a big-horn, and crept cautiously under the cliff upon which he was perched, but the animal discovered me before I could get within long-shot. I followed, however, and to do so, was obliged to begin the ascent, which was toilsome and sometimes dangerous, from the narrowness of the ledges affording foot-hold. Several times my eye glanced along the rifle-barrel, but before I could draw trigger, a sudden leap would again place him out of reach; and in this manner I persisted in creeping and clambering higher and higher, until I found myself near the edge of the prairie above, and the big-horn some distance *below*, with only a sloping ledge intervening between us. I saw in a moment that he could not escape me this time, unless he threw himself over the brink of the precipice, as Jean related—a feat I placed no faith in.

To reach the nimble animal it was necessary to slide a portion of the way down the inclined shelf, which I did sitting, with my eye fixed on the game; the first part of the slope was hard clay, and I counted on putting a stop to my descent a dozen or so yards below, where a stratum of sand appeared; but when I reached what I had taken for sand, I found it to be sand-*stone* instead, and so smooth, that my velocity was augmented rather than retarded. Away I went faster than ever—I quite forgot the big-horn, and only thought of saving myself from a leap which would certainly prove fatal without a pair of

monstrous spiral horns. Luckily, the ledge became horizontal before it terminated, which saved my neck; but the seat of my trowsers, although of stout buckskin, were grated away, and it was a great marvel I was not ground off to the waist. As for the big-horn, he had thrown himself over even before I touched the rock, and up the face of this last I was obliged to climb, breaking holes in the slippery surface with my hatchet to serve as steps, before I could regain my former position. I related my disaster with the best grace I could to a grinning audience around the camp-fire, and sought consolation in the broiled ribs of a fat doe Jean had brought in, during a running fire of jokes and mock sympathy directed against me, sitting *in naturalibus* as to my legs, while Jock stitched in a new piece of leather where it was most needed. A day or two after this we came upon a herd of buffaloes for the first time. A party of Kanzas, whom we met on their way to Fort Leavenworth, informed us that not many leagues due west large game abounded—an assertion borne out by the long strips of jerked meat with which their pack-horses were loaded. The same day we arrived opposite Bellevue, and after a council held, determined to land, drag our canoe and freight into the enclosure of the station, and spend a week or two in collecting a good store of buffaloe-tongues and pemican. Accordingly, we disembarked, and found no difficulty in lodging our small vessel in a block-house not far from the water's edge, the main fort being situated on the brow of a hill of considerable elevation. Here we purchased horses with the condition of returning them to the traders from whom they were obtained, should we return in the course of a few weeks, and desire to continue our voyage. On the second or third day, (I forget which,) Jean, on mounting a steep eminence somewhat in advance, cried out, "*Voilà des buffaloes!*" in a rapturous manner, which quickly brought us to his side. Sure enough, some miles off, a vast number of black specks were to be distinguished scattered over the plain below, a semicircular range of low hills, separating the prairie we had just traversed, and which terminated at the banks of the Missouri, from that stretching to the Platte River. As a light wind was blowing in the direction of the buffaloes, we retraced our steps down the side of the hill, and following the direction of the range, after a couple of hours' ride, came into the immediate vicinity of the grazing herds, but this time to leeward. From the thicket of dwarf bushes bordering the ravine in which we stood, and extending into the plain a short distance, was little more than three hundred yards to the nearest group, and we could see all the cows and half-grown calves lying about in the sunshine, or feeding by twos and threes, while the bulls paraded themselves, occasionally tearing up the soil with their hoofs, bellowing, and locking horns with a chance antagonist, all wholly unsuspicious of the proximity of an enemy. We determined to descend the ravine cautiously, and if possible get a standing shot from the extremity of the cover before

making a dash into the open plain; but our care was thrown away, for before we had advanced fifty yards, a pack of wolves, who were lurking about the skirt of the herd, in the hope probably of making a meal of a sick individual, galloped off toward the next line of thicket, and drew the attention of those closest to our party. There was now no chance of approaching unperceived, so dashing boldly out, we each selected a victim as we rode, and made straight for it, regardless of the rest. The rest, however, were far from unmindful of our presence, and such a bellowing roaring, and scampering, I never saw or heard before. Some of the larger bulls stood for an instant eyeing us through the shaggy mane in which their heads were buried, cast earth into the air, lowered their horns as if for a rush, but immediately after wheeled, and, tail on end, followed their companions in an ungainly sort of race, which, when hard pushed, they exchanged for a lumbering gallop.

The whole surface of the prairie, as far as eye could see, was now in motion, the nearer masses thundering along amidst clouds of dust, and making the plain quake with the dint of thousands of hoofs, while those in the distance were just beginning to take the alarm, and stopped frequently, fronting about to distinguish the cause of the disturbance. We had only time to make these hasty observations, when our horses bore us into the very midst of the melée, and as, of course, every thing was literally lost sight of, as well as forgotten for a time, with the exception of one's own deeds and misdeeds, I will confine myself for the present to what befell me in person. I cannot say whether the others succeeded in reaching the buffaloes they had selected from the cover, but for my part, I lost sight of the cow I had chosen before I was fairly among the panic-stricken multitude; my horse, however, was a thorough Indian hunter, and entering into the spirit of the thing, presently brought me alongside of a huge bull, who, with his stump of a tail elevated at an angle of forty degrees, head down, and small, red eyes dilated with terror, was making the most of his time under the circumstances. At first our course took us into a dense crowd of fugitives, who would have been only too glad to afford us plenty of space, had it laid in their power to do so; as it was, I saw myself at one hasty glance, surrounded on all sides by the flying throng, some ahead, striving their utmost to keep out of harm's way, others on each side jostling and pressing their fellows, and others again, those we had passed in our career, bringing up the rear, and laboring to overtake their more vigorous companions, and all seen dimly through a cloud of dust, and in the midst of an uproar which I never saw equaled. I think this must have been the last general observation I made, for a moment after, the bull to whom we had attached ourselves broke from the flank of the moving mass, toward which he had been by degrees edging, and made across the prairie at an acute angle to the line of flight pursued by the greater number. This manœuvre gave him a start of some yards, as it was no

easy matter to extricate ourselves at a moment's warning; but when we did, the superior speed of my horse rapidly decreased the distance between us. Now that there was only one object to engross my attention, I entered heart and soul into the wild excitement of the chase, and as far as my individual senses were concerned, the world was compressed in a single buffalo, hotly pressed by a half-mad horseman, the one endeavoring as strenuously to preserve his life, as the other to take it. Away we went—sometimes over the short-tufted sward, then into a wooded hollow, and out again on the other side—up hills and down, at the same furious pace at which we had parted from the herd. I was soon enabled to use my rifle which the denseness of the throng in which we had at first ridden had prevented me from doing to advantage, as there was no room to wheel, and to have attempted a halt would have been a sure means of finding ourselves run down and possibly trampled to death by the press behind. We were now running abreast, and holding my rifle across the saddle, and braced against my left arm, I fired without sighting, and lodged the ball in his bushy neck instead of behind the fore-shoulder, as I intended.

At the report, my steed, who knew well what he was about, dashed off at a tangent just in time to avoid a furious charge from the horns of the huge brute, but in a short while we had recovered the lost ground, and were bearing hard upon his flank. This time I used my pistol, and, as it happened, with success; for my finger pressing the trigger sooner than I designed, the charge hamstrung the bull and brought him down headlong in an instant, rolling over in a whirlwind of dust. As he was now safe enough, I dismounted, reloaded, and approached with the bridle over my arm, to give the coup de grace; and this I was glad to do, for the poor brute had raised himself on his fore legs and was making violent efforts to regain his feet, his eyes blood-shot and rolling, and a bloody foam flying from his nostrils, while he bellowed as much from terror and rage as pain. A third bullet put an end to his sufferings, and after cutting out the tongue, I looked about for the rest of the party. Nothing whatever was to be distinguished moving on the great level, but far away to the north, a low, gray mist showed the route pursued by the herds. A perfect stillness had fallen over all nature, and this sudden change from the recent life and tumult was startling and even oppressive. No idea can be formed of the solitude of these vast tracts from that experienced in the midst of a forest; for in the latter there are either birds, or living creatures of some sort, or if there be none of these, every trunk aids in creating an echo, and the very motion and rustling of leaves convey an idea of existence; but alone in the open prairie, the voice is lost in the vast space if a shout is attempted, and a solemn hush succeeds which overawes the rudest heart. I felt much relieved, then, when from the summit of a mound some hundred yards removed, I perceived on the farther side of a low ridge, a number of buffaloes which had been headed off, and were now making

straight for where I stood. They must have been nearly two miles distant, and it was not until they were near enough to distinguish my presence and wheel as I approached, that I perceived any one in pursuit. It was Charlie, who fired at the moment, and brought down a fat cow, as I discovered when I reached the spot. I assisted in cutting off the choicest portions of the meat, after which we rejoined the others half a mile farther on. Jean's horse was loaded with thin strips of meat, two or three tongues, and a couple of humps, the greatest delicacy of the prairies; and on these we feasted that night, building our camp at the foot of the ravine down which we had descended some hours before. Every one had some exploit or misadventure to relate. Jean had killed two bulls and a cow, and Charlie a couple of cows, but the last had received a fall and bruised his shoulder in rather an odd manner. When a herd of buffaloes are excited and begin running, a number of the bulls are usually found in the rear, and these, in the first panic, rushing blindly onward, and being more clumsy than the cows, not infrequently stumble in some of the numerous holes in the surface, and roll over and over before they can recover their legs; although occasionally the violence of the shock is such that they are maimed and unable to make much progress afterward. Charlie had just finished his first cow, and was in the act of pursuing another, when one of these accidents occurred directly in his path, and both he and his horse were precipitated over the shaggy monster on the instant. Fortunately, he was not at full speed, or the fall might have been fatal; and he possessed presence of mind enough to retain fast hold of the bridle, so that, although dragged a short distance, he was enabled to prevent his hunter from following the throng and ultimately to regain his seat. But the worst off of all was Jock, who had begged so hard to be allowed to try his chance also, that we had given him a heavy horseman's pistol, and left him to tie the pack-horse in the ravine when we sallied forth from cover. It seemed that having done so securely, as he thought, he galloped after a cow, which, from frequently facing about to protect the retreat of her calf, had fallen behind the others. This female buffalo turned out to be a regular vixen, for either exasperated at the *color* of her pursuer, or unwilling to abandon her offspring without a struggle, contrary to their usual custom, instead of scouring off the faster when pushed hard, she wheeled and made a determined rush at the terrified Jock. He managed to fire full at her breast, but without the least apparent success, for the next instant his horse was knocked over broadside by the impetus of her charge, and he himself projected through the air, and landed on his head with a shock which would have fractured the skull of any but a negro.

However, on rising, he had the satisfaction of seeing his late antagonist lying quite dead, the ball having entered her heart, and the effort which overthrew her enemy being the last of life. There was a slight drawback to this

self-gratulation in the fact, that his horse had taken advantage of the moment of liberty to dart after a detachment of the great herd which had thundered by, and could now be distinguished afar off, the flapping of Jock's Mackinaw-blanket, which had been tied about the steed's neck, and served the rider in place of a saddle, every instant accelerating his speed. When he came to look about, nevertheless, his face expanded into a grin of delight, for the calf had stopped short when the dam was slain, and now returned, stamping his feet and eyeing the sable hunter with some signs of anger, and certainly very few of fear. Jock from the first moment had coveted the calf, and now, in his charming ignorance, thought nothing easier than to catch it by the ears and drag it into the ravine, where he could secure it alive with a cord. With this design he marched directly up to his proposed prisoner, who stood his ground by the side of the carcase, his small, red eyes watching the enemy from under his shaggy brows; but the instant Jock stretched out his hands to clutch him, the undaunted little brute plunged forward and gave the former a thump in the stomach, which knocked the breath fairly out of his body, and laid him flat on his back in the grass. Greatly indignant, the discomfited aggressor scrambled up and began a search for his pistol, which in the fall from his horse he had lost possession of, but before he could recover it, the calf, emboldened by success, made a second attack on him, and taking Jock at a disadvantage in that portion of his body which is most prominent in stooping over, cleverly caused him to perform an involuntary somerset. This was the last of Jock's adventure, for as soon as he could recover his perpendicular, he took to his heels, and now related his ill-luck with a crest-fallen air enough. We all went to see this sturdy calf, but the little fellow had no sooner caught sight of our white (or what passed for white) faces, than he scampered off, and we saw no more of him. Jock profited by this retreat to find his pistol, but when we returned to the ravine, we discovered a worse misadventure had occurred; the pack-horse had broken loose, and gone off at full speed, to judge from the numerous cups, pans, and a dozen other miscellaneous articles scattered for some yards along his track until he got clear of the bushes. If he chanced to cross the path of the wolves we started up earlier in the day, I am sorry for him.

LINES.

BY GEO. D. PRENTISS.

THE sunset's sweet and holy blush
Is imaged in the sleeping stream,
All nature's deep and solemn hush
Is like the silence of a dream;
And peace seems brooding like a dove
O'er scenes to musing spirits dear —
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The myriad flowers of every hue
Are sinking to their evening rest,
Each with a timid drop of dew
Soft folded to its sleeping breast
The birds within yon silent grove
Are dreaming that the spring is near —
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

On yon white cloud the night-wind furls
Its lone and dewy wing to sleep,
And the sweet stars look out like pearls
Through the clear waves of heaven's blue deep;
The pale mists float around, above,
Like spirits of a holier sphere —
Sweet Mary, 'tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

The pale full moon, in silent pride,
O'er yon dark wood is rising now,
As lovely as when by thy side
I saw it shining on thy brow;

It lights the dew-drops of the grove
As hope’s bright smile lights beauty’s tear —
Sweet Mary, ’tis the hour of love,
And I were blest if thou wert here.

Ah! as I muse, a strange, wild thrill
Steals o’er the fibres of my frame —
A gentle presence seems to fill
My heart with love and life and flame;
I feel thy spirit round me move,
I know thy soul is hovering near —
Sweet Mary, ’tis the hour of love,
And I am blest, for thou art here.

AILEEN AROON.[1]

BY WILLIAM P. MULCHINOCK.

GIRL of the forehead fair,
Aileen, aroon!
Girl of the raven hair,
Aileen, aroon!
Girl of the laughing eye,
Blue as the cloudless sky,
For thee I pine and sigh,
Aileen, aroon.

Girl of the winning tongue,
Aileen, aroon!
Flower of our maidens young,
Aileen, aroon!
Sad was our parting day,
Fast flowed my tears away,
Cold was my heart as clay,
Aileen, aroon.

When o'er the heaving sea,
Aileen, aroon!
Sailed the ship fast and free,
Aileen, aroon!
Wailing, as women wail,
I watched her snowy sail
Bend in the rising gale,
Aileen, aroon.

I watched her course afar,
Aileen, aroon!
Till rose the evening star,
Aileen, aroon!

Then fell the shades of night,
Wrapping all from my sight
Save the stars' pensive light,
Aileen, aroon.

Stranger to grief is sleep,
Aileen, aroon!
What could I do but weep?
Aileen, aroon!
Worlds would tempt in vain,
Me, to live through again
That night of bitter pain,
Aileen, aroon.

Oh! but my step is weak,
Aileen, aroon!
Wan and pale is my cheek,
Aileen, aroon!
Come o'er the ocean tide,
No more to leave my side,
Come, my betrothed bride,
Aileen, aroon.

Come, ere the grave will close
Aileen, aroon!
O'er me and all my woes,
Aileen, aroon!
Come with the love of old,
True as is tested gold,
Pet lamb of all the fold,
Aileen, aroon.

By the strand of the sea,
Aileen, aroon!
Still I'll keep watch for thee,
Aileen, aroon!
There with fond love I'll hie,
Looking with tearful eye
For thee until I die,
Aileen, aroon.

[1] Aileen, aroon—pronounced Ileen a roon—Ellen, darling, Anglice.

SONNET.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

LOVE before admiration! Yes, oh yes!
Far sooner than give up the quiet love
Of a few warm, strong hearts, or even less,
Of one true heart alone, where like a dove,
To her own nest, I may for comfort press,
I'd yield the admiration of the world,
Were the world's admiration mine! Confess,
Thou, over whom Fame's banner is unfurled,
Can that broad banner hide thee from distress?
Thou, in whose ears the trumpet-peals of Fame
Forever sound, can those loud peals suppress
The secret sigh that trembles through thy frame?
Ah no! Take empty Fame away, and give
Love before admiration, or I cannot live.

THE LADY OF THE ROCK.

A LEGEND OF NEW ENGLAND.

BY MISS M. J. WINDLE.

(*Continued from page 181.*)

CHAPTER V.

The convent bells are ringing,
  But mournfully and slow;
In the gray, square turret swinging,
  With a deep sound, to and fro,
  Heavily to the heart they go!
Hark! the hymn is singing—
  The song for the dead below,
  Or the living who shortly shall be so!
BYRON'S PARISINA.

THE thirtieth of January, memorable in history, rose gloomy and dark, as though the heavens would express their sympathy with the tragedy about to be enacted.

Three days only had been allowed the condemned prisoner between his sentence and his execution. This interval, during the day, he had spent chiefly in reading and prayer. On each night he had slept long and soundly, although the noise of the workmen employed in framing his scaffold, and making other preparations for his execution distinctly reached his ears.

On the morning of the fatal day he rose early, and calling his attendant, desired him to employ great care in dressing and preparing him for the unusual solemnity before him.

At length he appeared attired in his customary suit of black, arranged with more than his wonted neatness. His collar, edged with deep lace, set carefully round his neck, and was spotless in color, and accurate in every fold, while his pensive countenance exhibited no evidence of emotion or excitement.

Bishop Juxon assisted him at his devotions, and paid the last melancholy

duties to the king. After this, he was permitted to see such of his family as were still in England. These consisted only of his two younger children, the Princess Elizabeth and the Duke of Gloucester.

Notwithstanding the tender years of the young Elizabeth, she seemed fully to appreciate her father's unhappy situation, and her young heart appeared well nigh bursting.

"Weep not for thy father, my child," said Charles, kissing her tenderly; "he but goeth where thou mayest one day meet him again."

She threw her arms around his neck, and sobbed aloud. He pressed her to his bosom and soothed her gently, but seemed for the first time since his interview with Alice Heath, on the night previous to his sentence, half unmanned. "It is God, my love, who hath called thy poor parent hence, and we must submit to his will in all things. Bear my love to your mother, and tell her that my last thoughts were with her and our precious children."

Separating himself from her by a great effort, and then pressing the boy to his heart, he motioned to the attendants to remove them, lest the trial of this interview might, at the last, unnerve his well-sustained resolution and courage.

The muffled bells now announced with mournful distinctness, that the fatal moment was approaching. The noisy tramp of the excited populace—ever eager to sate their vulgar gaze on any bloody spectacle, but anticipating extraordinary gratification from the novel sight of the execution of their king—was plainly audible. Presently, the guard came to lead him out. He was conducted by a private gallery and staircase into the court below, and thence conveyed in a sedan-chair to the scaffold, followed by the shouts and cries of the crowd.

About the time that these sounds were dying away from the neighborhood of Lisle's house, William Heath hastily entered the library, and taking pen and paper, wrote the following brief letter.

> My Dear Alice,—I cannot but rejoice, that after finding, as we believed, all hope for Charles Stuart at an end—your visit to Cromwell having been unsuccessful—I removed you to a distance, until the tragical scene should, as we thought, be ended. The tumult and noise which fill the city, together with the consciousness of the cause creating it, would have been too much for your nerves, unstrung as they have been of late, by the feeling you have expended for the unhappy king. There is yet, though—I delight to say, and you will delight to hear—a single hope remaining for him, even while the bells now ring for his execution. Lord Fairfax, who though, like myself, friendly to his deposition, still shudders at the thoughts of

shedding his blood, will, with his own regiment, make an attempt to rescue him from the scaffold. There is, in fact, scarce any reason to doubt the success of this measure; and this evening, Alice, we will rejoice together that the only cloud to dim the first blissful days of our union has been removed—as I shall rejoin you at as early an hour as the distance will permit.

I write this hastily, and send it by a speedy messenger, in order to relieve, by its agreeable tidings, the sorrowful state of mind in which I left you a few hours since. I am, my own Alice, your most affectionate husband,

WILLIAM HEATH.

The street before Whitehall was the place prepared for the execution. This arrangement had been made in order to render the triumph of popular justice over royal power more conspicuous, by beheading the king in sight of his own palace. All the surrounding windows and galleries were filled with spectators, and the vast crowd below were kept back by soldiery encircling the scaffold. Charles mounted it with a steady step, and the same dignified resolution of mien which he had all along so admirably maintained. Uncovering his head, he looked composedly around him, and said, in a clear, unfaltering voice, though only sufficiently loud to be heard by those near him, owing to the buzz of the crowd,

"People of England, your king dies innocent. He is sentenced for having taken up arms against Parliament. Parliament had first enlisted forces against him, and his sole object—as God is his judge, before whom he is momently to appear—was to preserve, as was his bounded duty, inviolate for himself and his successors, that authority transmitted to him by royal inheritance. Yet, although innocent toward you, and in that view undeserving of death, in the eyes of the Omniscient his other sins amply merit his coming doom; in especial, having once suffered an unjust sentence of death to be executed against another, it is but meet that he should now die thus unjustly himself. May God lay not his death in like manner to your charge; and grant that in allegiance to my son, England's lawful sovereign at my decease, you may speedily be restored to the ways of peace."

Lord Fairfax, with his regiment, prepared for the rescue of Charles, was proceeding toward the place of execution by a by-street, at the same time that the king was being conducted thither. On his way, he was passed by Cromwell, who then, for the first time, became aware of his purpose.

Much disturbed in mind at the discovery of a project so likely to thwart his own ambitious views, just ripe for fulfillment, the latter walked on for some

moments in deep reflection. Presently quickening his pace, he turned a corner, and stepped, without knocking, into a house near by. His manner was that of a person perfectly at home in the premises, which, indeed, was the case; for James Harrison, the tenant, was one of his subservients, chosen by him in consequence of his austere piety, and great influence with his sect, of whom it will be recollected that Fairfax was one. Harrison's appearance, though coarse, was not actually vulgar. He was a middle-aged man, tall and strongly made, and his manner, rough and military, might command fear, but could not excite ridicule. Cromwell found him in prayer, notwithstanding all the tumult of the day.

"I have sought thee, Harrison," he said, "to beseech thee engage in prayer with Lord Fairfax, who is now on his way to rescue this Saul from the hands of the Philistines. He should first crave the Lord's will in regard to his errand. Wilt thou not seek him and mind him of this?"

"I will e'en do thy bidding, thou servant of the Most High," said Harrison, rising and accompanying him to the door. "Where shall I find Fairfax?"

"Thou wilt overtake him by turning speedily to the right," replied the other, parting from him.

"One of his lengthy supplications at the throne of grace," said Cromwell to himself, as he walked on, "will detain Fairfax until this son of Belial is destroyed."

Meanwhile, upon the scaffold, Charles, after delivering his address, was preparing himself for the block with perfect equanimity and composure.

"There is but one stage more, sire," said Juxon, with the deepest sympathy of look and manner. "There is but one stage more. Though turbulent, it is a very short one; yet it will carry you a long distance—from earth to heaven."

"I go," replied the king, "from a corruptible to an incorruptible crown, where no downfall can transpire."

So saying, he laid his head upon the block, and the headsman, standing near, in a visor, at one blow struck it from his body. Another man, in a corresponding disguise, catching it and holding it up, exclaimed, "Behold the head of a traitor!"

At this moment Lord Fairfax and his regiment came up. His humane purpose, so artfully defeated, becoming known, with the strange perversity of mankind, now that its benefits were too late to reach the king, an instant revulsion in the feelings of the populace took place; and the noise of quarrels —of reproaches and self-accusations rent the air, until the tumult grew terrific.

But the reverberation of no thunder-clap could have reawaked the dissevered corpse of the dead monarch. Charles Stuart, the accomplished

scholar and elegant poet—Charles Stuart, the husband, father, friend—Charles Stuart, the descendant of a long line of sovereigns, and legitimate king of the most potent nation upon earth—was no more; and a human life was blotted from existence! That life, what was it? Singular and mysterious essence—capable of exquisite pleasure and intense pain—held by such a precarious tenure, yet valued beyond all price—the gift of God, and destroyed by man—a moment past here, and now gone forever—tell us, metaphysician, what was it, for we cannot answer the question.

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CHAPTER VI.

Patience and sorrow strove
Which should express her goodliest.
SHAKSPEARE.

We pass over that brief period in history during which the new form of government established by Cromwell flourished, and the usurper and his successor, under the title of Protector of the Commonwealth, enjoyed a larger share of power than had previously been attached to the regal dignity. It will be remembered that the deficiency of the latter in those qualities requisite to his responsible position soon led him formally to resign the Protectorship, and his abdication speedily paved the way for the restoration of Charles II. to the throne of his ancestors. Unfortunately for the chief characters of our tale, one of the first and most natural aims of the new king on his accession, was to seek the conviction and punishment of the Court who had so presumptuously, although in many instances, so conscientiously, passed that sentence against his father, which we have seen reluctantly carried into execution.

Many of those had fled at the first rumor of the restoration, in anticipation of the worst, so that, on the command of Charles, only twenty-seven persons—judges and accomplices inclusive—could be arrested. These had now been incarcerated three weeks awaiting their trial, which was deferred from time to time in the hope that more of the regicides might yet be brought to justice.

Among those thus imprisoned were Henry Lisle and William Heath, whose fates are interwoven with this narrative.

Leaving this needful preface to what is to follow, let us again visit Lisle’s mansion—the same which witnessed the marriage of his daughter. Several years have elapsed since that event; and after the mournful impression caused by the death of the ill-fated king had been obliterated from her mind—for Time has the power speedily to heal all wounds not absolutely inflicted upon

the affections—till within the last few weeks, the life of Alice Heath had flowed in as smooth a current as any who beheld her on her wedding-night, could, in their most extravagant wishes, have desired. In their untroubled union, her husband had heretofore forestalled the wife's privilege to minister and prove devotion—a privilege which, however, when the needful moment demanded it, no woman better than Alice was formed for exerting. Trouble had not hitherto darkened the young brow of either; nor pain, nor sorrow, nor the first ungratified wish, come nigh their dwelling. Under the same roof with her pious and austere but still affectionate father, the daughter had been torn from no former tie in linking herself to another by a still nearer and more indissoluble bond. There had been nothing to desire, and nothing to regret. The life of herself and husband had been as near a type as may be of the perfect happiness we picture in Heaven—save that with them it was now exchanged for sorrow—more difficult to bear from the bitter contrast.

It is an afternoon in September. Alice, not materially changed since we last saw her—except that the interval has given, if any thing, more of interest and character to her features—is in her own room, busily engaged in arranging articles in a traveling-trunk. Her countenance is sad—with a sadness of a more engrossing and heartfelt kind than that which touched it with a mournful shadow when she grieved for the fate of Charles Stuart—for there is an incalculable difference between the sorrow that is expended between a mere object of human sympathy, and that which is elicited by the distress and danger of those we love. And the sadness of Alice was now connected with those dearer to her than life itself. No tear, however, dimmed her eye, nor shade of despair sat upon her brow. Feeling that the emergency of the occasion called upon her to act, not only for herself but for others, the bravery of true womanly resolution in affliction—resolution which, had she alone been concerned, she might perhaps never have evinced, but which, for the sake of others, she had at once summoned to her aid—was distinguishable in her whole deportment as well as in her every movement.

As she was engaged with great seeming interest in the task we have described—the articles alluded to consisting of the clothing suitable for a female child of tender age—the little creature for whose use it was designed was sitting at her feet tired of play, and wondering probably why she was employed in this unusual manner. Alice frequently paused in her occupation to cast a look upon the child—not the mere hasty glance with which a mother is wont to satisfy herself that her darling is for the moment out of mischief or danger—but a long, devouring gaze, as though the refreshing sight were about to be removed forever from her eyes, and she would fain, ere the evil moment arrived, stamp its image indelibly on her memory. Who shall say what

thoughts, what prayers were then stirring in her bosom?

The little object of this solicitude had scarcely told her fifth year; and the soft ringlets which descended half way down the shoulders, the delicate bloom, the large, deep blue eyes and flexile features made such an ideal of childish beauty as artists love to paint or sculptors model.

When Alice had finished her employment, she took the little girl in her arms, and strained her for some moments to her heart, with a feeling, as it would seem, almost of agony. The child, though at first alarmed at the unusual vehemence of her caresses, presently, as if prompted by nature, smiled in reply to them. But the artless prattler had no power to rouse her from some purpose on which her thoughts appeared deeply as well as painfully intent. Putting the little creature aside again, she drew near to her writing-desk, and seating herself before it, penned the following letter:

> My dear Friend,—It is now some weeks since the imprisonment of my husband and father, who are still awaiting their trial. The active part which the latter is known to have taken in the punishment of the late unhappy king, precludes all hope of their pardon. But I have matured a plan for their escape, which I am only waiting a fitting moment to put into execution. When this is effected, we will take refuge in your American Colonies. I have the promise of influential friends there to assist in secreting us until it shall be safe to dwell among you publicly—for this country can never again be our home.
>
> In the meantime, as some friends are about embarking, after a struggle with myself, I have concluded to send my little daughter in advance of us, lest she might prove an incumbrance in the way of effecting the escape alluded to, inasmuch as she has already been a great hindrance to detain me at home many hours from the dear prisoners—to both of whom my presence is so needful, especially to my husband, who is extremely ill in his confinement.
>
> I need not say that I feel all a mother’s anxiety in parting with my child. But I have confidence that you, my friend, will faithfully supply my place for as long a time as may be necessary. It has occurred to me that it would be well to let the impression go abroad among you that my daughter is the young relative whom you were to receive by the same vessel, and of whose recent death you will be apprised. This may shield her in some measure from the misfortunes of her family; and I would be glad, therefore, if you would humor the innocent deception even with all of your household, until such time

as we may reclaim her. With a firm reliance on my Heavenly Father, I commit my precious infant to His protection.

ALICE HEATH.

She had just concluded, when a servant appeared at the door. “Some ladies and a gentleman, madam,” said he, “have called, and are awaiting you in the drawing-room. They came in a traveling-carriage, and are equipped as if for a long journey.”

“Remove this trunk into the hall,” replied Alice, “and then say to the visiters that I will see them presently. They have already come to bear away my darling,” added she to herself. “I scarce thought that the hour had yet arrived.”

As she spoke, she set about attiring the child with great tenderness, seemingly prolonging the act unconsciously to herself.

“Now the Lord in Heaven keep thee, precious one!” she exclaimed, as, at length, the motherly act terminated; and imprinting on her face a kiss of the most ardent affection, though without giving way to the weakness of a single tear, she bore her from the chamber.

We leave the reader to imagine the last parting moments between that mother and her child. She who had framed the separation as an act of duty, was not one to shrink at the last moment, or betray any faintness of spirit. With a nobly heroic heart she yielded up the young and helpless treasure of her affections to the guardianship of others, and turned to expend her capacities of watchfulness and care upon another object. How well she performed this labor of love, notwithstanding the trial she had just experienced—how far she succeeded in dismissing the recollection of it from her mind sufficiently to enable her to sustain the weight of the responsibilities still devolving upon her —we shall now have an opportunity to determine.

Within another half hour Alice entered the cell of a prison. It was one of those constructed for malefactors of the deepest cast, being partially under the ground, and partaking of the nature of a dungeon. The mighty stones of the walls were green and damp, and together with the cold, clay floor, were sufficient of themselves to suggest speedy illness, and perhaps death, to the occupant. Its only furniture consisted of a single wooden stool, a pallet of straw, and a rude table.

On the pallet alluded to lay a man in the prime of life, his eyes closed in sleep, and the wan hue of death upon his countenance. One pallid hand, delicate and small as a woman’s, rested upon the coarse coverlet, while the other was placed beneath his head, from which streamed forth a profusion of

waving hair, now matted and dull, instead of glossy and bright, as it had been in recent days.

When Alice first entered, the sleeper was breathing somewhat disturbedly, but as she approached and bent over him, and raising the hand which lay upon the quilt, pressed it to her lips, his rest suddenly seemed to grow calm, and a faint smile settled upon his mouth.

"Thank God!" whispered she to herself, as she replaced the hand as quietly as she had raised it, "my prayer is heard—the fever has left him, and he is fast recovering."

Seating herself on the wooden stool by his side, she remained watching him with looks of the most devoted interest and affection. In about half an hour he heaved a deep sigh, and opening his eyes, looked around to the spot where she was sitting.

"You are a guardian angel, dear Alice," said he; "even in my dreams I am conscious of your presence."

"Saving the little time that I must steal from you to bestow upon my poor father, I shall now be ever present with you," answered Alice. "I have placed our little one in safe-keeping, and henceforth, while you remain here, I shall have no other care but yourself."

"Methinks I have already been too much your sole care, even to the neglect of your own health. Yet, except that sad look of sympathy, you seem not the worse for the tending me, else I might, indeed, reproach myself for this illness."

Well might William Heath say she had nursed him with unselfish care—for never had it fallen to the lot of sick man to be tended with such untiring devotion. For weeks she had watched his every movement and look—anticipated his every wish—smoothed his pillow—held the cup to his parched lips—soothed him with gentle and sympathizing words when in pain—cheered him when despondent—and seized only the intervals when he slept to perform her other duties as a mother and daughter. It is no wonder, therefore, that it appeared to him that she had never been absent from his side.

Gently repelling his insinuation that she had been too regardless of herself, she turned the conversation to a topic which she was conscious would interest and cheer him.

"Continue to make all speed with this recovery, which has thus far progressed so finely," said she, "for the opportunity for your escape from this gloomy place is only waiting until your strength is sufficiently recruited to embrace it."

"That prospect it is alone," replied the invalid, "held up before me so

constantly as it has been during my illness, which has had the power to prevent my sinking joyfully into the grave from this miserable bed, rather than recover to die a more violent and unnatural death."

"It waits alone for your recovery, dearest," repeated his wife; "and once in the wild woods of America, you will be as unconfined and free as her own mountain air, till the very remembrance of this dungeon will have passed away."

"Sweet comforter," he said, taking her hand and pressing it gratefully, "thou wouldst beguile my thoughts thither, even before my footsteps are able to follow them."

"Thank me for nothing," said Alice; "I am but selfish in all. The rather return thanks to the Lord for all his mercies."

"True, He is the great fountain of goodness, and his greatest of all blessings to me, Alice, is bestowed in thyself."

"I fear thou art conversing too much," said Alice, after a moment's pause, "and I would not that a relapse should retard this projected escape a single day. Therefore I will give thee a cordial, and thou must endeavor to rest again."

So saying, she administered a soothing potion, and, seating herself by his side, she watched him until he fell into a peaceful slumber. Then, stealing so noiselessly away from his pallet that her footsteps were inaudible, she gently approached the door, and groped along a gallery—for it was now dark—until she reached another door. It communicated with a cell similar in all respects to that we have described.

Within this, before a table, sat the figure of a solitary man. He was elderly, but seemed more bent by some recent sorrow than by the actual weight of years; yet his brow was somewhat wrinkled, and his locks in many places, much silvered with gray. But his countenance was remarkable, for it evinced a grandeur and dignity of soul even through its trouble. Beside him, upon the table, burned a solitary candle, whose long wick shed a blue and flickering light upon the page of a Bible open before him.

Unlatching the door, Alice paused, for the clear and deep voice of the inmate fell upon her ear: "Behold, happy is the man whom God correcteth: therefore, despise not thou the chastening of the Almighty: for he maketh sore, and bindeth up; he woundeth, and his hands make whole. He shall deliver thee in six troubles: yea, in seven, there shall no evil touch thee."

Advancing, Alice threw her arms affectionately round the neck of the person we have described, and interrupted the reading, which, even more than her occasional visits, was his chief stay and solace in his imprisonment.

"Thou wilt rejoice with me, my father, that William is recovering. All that

is needful now is for him to gather strength sufficient to quit this place. I trust that ere six weeks have elapsed, we shall be on our way to America."

"Forget not, my child, Him to whom thy thanks are due for thy husband's prospect of recovery. Remember the Lord in the midst of his mercies."

"I do, my father, and we will return praises together ere I leave you."

"Saidst thou, Alice," asked the old man, after a short silence, "that before six weeks have passed away, we may be freed from this prison-house?"

"Yes, even so; and I have this day sent my infant in advance of us."

"The Lord hath indeed been gracious to us, my daughter. Let us arise at once and give thanks to his holy name."

At these words they arose together, after the manner of their sect, and in an earnest, pathetic tone, the voice of the aged Puritan ascended to Heaven. No palace-halls or brilliant ball-rooms, or garden walks, or trellised bowers have ever shown so interesting a pair—no festive scenes, or gorgeous revels, or glittering orgies ever rose upon so beauteous an hour as did the captive's cell in that season of prayer!

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CHAPTER VII.

A lovely child she was, of looks serene,
And motions, which, on things indifferent shed
The grace and gentleness from whence they came.
SHELLEY.

The child shall live.
TITUS ANDRONICUS.

Here are two pilgrims,
And neither knows one footstep of the way.
HEYWORD'S DUCHESS OF SUFFOLK.

With equal virtue formed, and equal grace,
The same, distinguished by their sex alone.
THOMPSON.

A short gap in this narrative places the present action of our story in America. It is needless here to narrate the first settlement of the New England Colonies. The landing of the Pilgrim Fathers has been immortalised both in prose and verse until it has become as familiar to each American as any household word. We will not, therefore, ask the reader's detention at the

perusal of a thrice-told tale. It is likewise known that that landing was but the herald of a succession of immigrations, and the establishment of numerous colonies. Owing to the talent and liberal education, not less than the enterprise of the early settlers, this wilderness was not long, in spite of repeated obstacles, ere it grew up into flourishing villages and towns, some of them fairer than had ever graced the stalwort ground of Old England.

We introduce the reader into one of those villages, situated some twenty miles distant from New Haven. It might somewhat surprise him when we say, were it not for the frequent instances of the rapid growth of cities in our western wilds, which we would remind him have sprung up within his own recollection, that the latter place was, even at the period to which we refer, a flourishing and important town. Yet, notwithstanding the superior size and consequence of New Haven, the village of L—— was the place in which the governor of the colony chose to reside.

Had the course of our narrative not led us thither, we could have selected no better sample than L., of the truth of what we have asserted regarding the existence of neat and attractive villages in New England at that early day. It was situated on the high-road, in a small valley, through which wound down certain rocky falls, a clear rivulet, that afforded excellent opportunities of fishing to such of the inhabitants as were fond of the occupation of the angle. These, however, were few, for then, as now, the people of Connecticut possessed much of the same busy spirit which is one of their distinguishing characteristics. The glassy brook alluded to, served yet another purpose during the season when the sportive inhabitants of the watery element had disappeared. In the winter-time, when thickly frozen over, it formed, out of their school-houses, the grand resort of the children of the village for the purpose of skating and sliding. There, at those times, on a clear, bracing day, such as no country but New England ever shows in perfection, might always be seen a crowd of these happy beings, of both sexes, and of various ages, all collected together, some to partake and others merely to observe the amusements mentioned.

Upon a certain day, the neighborhood of the brook was thronged even to a greater extent than usual, owing to the exceeding brightness of the weather, which had led some of the tenderest mothers to withhold their customary mandate enjoining immediate return from school, lest the beloved object of the command might suffer from playing in the cold. Among those who had thus had their ordinary restrictions remitted, was a little girl whose extreme loveliness must have arrested the attention of any observer. Her features were not merely beautiful, but there was a charm in her countenance more attractive still—that purity and mildness which our fancy attributes to angels. There was

a bewitching grace, moreover, in her attitudes that might have furnished delighted employment to the painter and sculptor, had there been any time or inclination among the colonists to bestow upon the cultivation of the arts.

This child was seemingly about five years old. She was standing, with a number of other little ones of her own age, looking on with great apparent delight—now at the larger boys, who were skating dexterously, and describing many a circle and angle, unknown in mathematics, upon the smooth surface of the brook, and then at a number of girls merrily chasing each other upon a slide at one side.

As one of the large boys spoken of passed her, he said, “Come, Jessy, I will give you a ride upon the ice;” and taking her in his arms, he was soon again gliding rapidly along.

“Take care!” shouted a noble-looking youth, whose glowing complexion and sparkling eye shone with the excitement of the exercise. “Take care, the ice is slightly cracked there, and it will scarcely bear the double weight.”

It was too late. Ere the words were well spoken, the ice gave way, and the boy who bore the fair burden sunk beneath the congealed element.

One loud shriek from the mingled voice of the young spectators announced the frightful accident.

With the speed of lightning, the youth who had uttered the words of warning darted forward, and plunging under the ice, disappeared from view.

Great consternation prevailed for some moments. Many of the children gave way to loud cries; others quietly wept; while a few of the older and more considerate ran toward their homes, in order to summon assistance.

In less time than it has taken to represent the state of feeling which prevailed during his absence, Frank Stanley rose to the surface, bearing in his arms the unconscious form of the young creature he had saved. Recovering his position on the ice, he speedily regained the shore, and overcome with the exertion, laid her gently on the ground.

The heart in his bosom was frozen with cold, but a quickening thrill passed through it, boy as he was, as he gazed upon those sweetly composed features. Her hair was dripping, and her long, wet lashes by upon her cheek as quietly as upon that of a dead child. Her garments hung heavily around her, and her tiny hands, which were half lost in their folds, were cold and still, as well as beautiful as gems of classic sculpture.

As his companions came up bearing the other sufferer, Frank Stanley hastily snatched off his own saturated coat, and spread it over her senseless body, ere he again, with recovered strength, raised her in his arms.

The alarmed villagers by this time came flocking to the spot, among whom was the governor of the settlement, whose venerable and striking countenance manifested peculiar anxiety.

“Your niece is safe, Governor H——,” said Frank Stanley, pressing forward and exposing his fair burden. “She is merely insensible from fright.”

“Thank God that she is saved!” exclaimed the governor, receiving her in his arms. “But whose rash act was it,” continued he, looking sternly around among the boys, “that exposed my Jessy to such peril?”

Something like a flush of indignation passed over the countenance of young Stanley, as he replied, “It was an accident, sir, which might have happened in the hands of more experienced persons than ourselves.”

“Thou hast been in danger thyself, Frank, hast thou not?” asked the governor, his stern mood giving way immediately at the sight of the youth’s dripping clothes. “And is there no one else more dangerously injured?” inquired he, casting an anxious, scrutinizing glance among the collected group.

“Frederick, here, is wet too, but not otherwise the worse for the accident.”

“Let him and Frank, then, immediately return to their homes, and don dry garments; and I must look to my little girl here, that she do not suffer for this.”

So saying, the governor turned and departed, pressing the little lifeless one more closely in his arms.

His disappearance was the signal for the dispersion of the group, the young members of which turned toward their homes, much sobered in spirits from the accident here related.

Following Governor H. to his home, we will leave him a moment and pause to describe that rustic dwelling. It was situated at some little distance from the main village, and was of larger size than most of the cottages there. Like them, however, it bore the same rural name, though it looked more like an English villa of some pretensions. On each side of a graceful portico stretched piazzas, covered in summer with roses and woodbine, while the neat enclosure in front, surrounded by its white paling, bloomed richly with American plants and shrubbery. At this season, however, the roses were dead, and the shrubbery lifeless; and the frozen ground of the well-kept walk rang under the tread of the stout governor, as he flung open the gate and rapidly approached the house.

The brilliant lustre of the brass-knocker, the white and spotless door-step, and the immaculate neatness of every thing around, were types of the prevailing habits of the proprietors.

At the door, awaiting Governor H.’s arrival with great anxiety depicted on

their faces, stood two female figures, the one being a genteel matron, somewhat advanced in years, and the other a young lady of less than twenty summers.

“Relieve yourselves of your apprehensions,” said the governor, in a loud voice, as soon as he came within speaking distance. “She had merely fainted from fright, and seems to be even now gradually recovering.”

“The Lord be praised!” exclaimed the ladies, advancing to the steps of the portico to meet him.

They entered the house together. In a moment the fainting child was laid upon a couch, and being quickly attired in dry clothing, restoratives were actively applied. The elder female chafed her small, chilled palms in her own, while the younger administered a warm drink to her frozen lips.

After a short time she unclosed her eyes, smiled faintly, and throwing her dimpled arms around the neck of the young lady who bent over her, burst into tears. “My dear sister,” she said, faintly, “I dreamed that I had gone to Heaven, where I heard sweet music, and saw little children like myself, with golden crowns upon their heads, and beautiful lyres in their hands.”

“God has not called thee there yet. He has kindly spared thee to us a little longer,” said the young person to whom she spoke, stooping down and kissing her tenderly, while she, in like manner, relieved herself by a flood of tears.

“The Almighty is very merciful,” said the matron, wiping her eyes, while something like a moisture hung upon the lashes of the governor’s piercing orbs, and dimmed their usual keenness.

“I am not ill, uncle, aunt, Lucy, and we need none of us cry,” said the child, with the fickleness of an April day and the elasticity of her years, instantly changing her tears for smiles. “See, I am able to get up,” she added, disentangling herself from the embrace of her whom she had called her sister, and sitting upon the side of the couch.

At that moment a shadow without attracted her attention. “There is Mr. Elmore, Lucy!” she exclaimed, with childish glee.

The young lady had barely time to wipe away the traces of her recent emotion, when a tall figure crossed the portico and entered the room without ceremony. The new comer was a young man in the bloom of youth. As he entered, he lifted his hat, and a quantity of fair brown hair fell partially over a commanding forehead. His features were handsome, and his aspect both manly and prepossessing.

The governor and his wife advanced and greeted him cordially, while the blush that mantled on the of Lucy Ellet, as she half rose and extended her hand to him, told that a sentiment warmer than mere friendship existed between

them.

“Where is the young heroine of this accident, which I hear had well nigh proved fatal?” asked the stranger, after he had exchanged congratulations with the rest.

The little Jessy, who had at first shrunk away with the bashfulness of childhood, here timidly advanced. The stranger smiled, stroked her soft ringlets, kissed her fair brow, and she nestled herself in his breast.

The whole party drawing near the fire, an interesting specimen was now exhibited of those social and endearing habits of the early settlers peculiar to their intercourse.

The simple room and furniture were eloquent of the poetry of home. Not decorated by any appendages of mere show, whatever could contribute to sterling comfort was exhibited in every node and corner of the good-sized apartment. The broad, inviting couch on which the rescued child had lain was placed opposite the chimney. The heavy book-case, containing the family library, occupied a deep recess to the right. On the left was a side-board, groaning with plate, the remains of English wealth. The large, round dining-table, polished as a mirror, stood in its customary place in the centre of the room. Two great arm-chairs, covered with chintz and garnished with rockers—the seats belonging to the heads of the family—filled a space on either side of the hearth, within which burned a huge turf fire, that threw its kindly warmth to the remotest walls. Over the mantel-piece hung a full-length miniature portrait of the first Protector of the British Commonwealth. Coiled on a thick rug before the fire lay a large Angola cat. A mastiff dog had so far overcome his natural antipathy to her race, as to keep her company on the other side; while the loud breathings of both evinced the depth of their slumbers.

The huge arm-chair on the left was the throne of the governor. There he received and dispatched the documents pertaining to his office. There also he wrote his letters, read his papers, received his visiters, conversed with his friends, and chatted with his family. There, besides, he gave excellent advice to such of the members of the settlement as needed it: and there, above all, arose morning and evening the voice of his pious worship.

The lesser arm-chair on the right was the seat of Mrs. H., who, in like manner, had her established routine of duties which she discharged there, with not less laudable exactness and fidelity. Nor was there at any time a more pleasing feature in the whole apartment than her motherly figure and cheerful visage fixed within its comfortable embrace.

While the party were agreeably engaged in conversation they were suddenly interrupted by a loud knock at the door.

“Who can that be?” said the governor. “Will you ask who knocks, Mr. Elmore?”

The latter rose and unlatched the door, when two figures crossed the threshold.

“Pray pardon us,” said one of the new comers, in a courteous voice, “but having business of importance with the governor, we have ventured to intrude,” and he lifted his hat with something of foreign urbanity.

The speaker was not handsome, but there was a certain elegance in his air, and intelligence in his countenance that were agreeable. He was clad in a velvet traveling-dress, and possessed an address greatly superior to any of the villagers, at the same time that his height and the breadth of his muscular limbs were calculated to induce that admiration which the appearance of great strength in his sex always inspires.

His companion was totally different in all outward respects—being a man of about fifty years of age, attired in a garb which was chiefly distinguished by an affectation of ill-assorted finery. A colored silk handkerchief, in which glittered a large paste brooch, was twisted around his neck, and his breeches were ornamented with plated buckles. His harsh countenance was traced with furrows, while his hair fell over a low and forbidding brow, on which hung a heavy frown, unrelieved by any pleasing expression of the other features.

“Walk in, gentlemen, and approach the fire,” said Governor H., rising and eyeing the strangers with a keen and rather dissatisfied glance.

In drawing near the younger gallant cast an unsuppressed look of admiration upon Lucy Ellet, that caused her to bend down her sparkling eyes, which had previously been fixed on himself and his companion with an arch expression of penetrating curiosity.

It was not surprising that the attention of the stranger had been attracted by the appearance of this young lady, for, like the little Jessy, she was endowed with a more than ordinary share of personal attractions. Yet it must be admitted that the styles of their beauty were of an exactly opposite cast. One of those singular freaks of Nature which sometimes creates children of the same parents in the most dissimilar mould, seemed to have operated in their case to produce two sisters as unlike in every particular relating to outward appearance as possible.

While the young countenance of Jessy was of the tenderest and softest Madonna cast, her eyes of a delicate azure, and the light golden locks parted upon a fair brow, like a gleam of sunshine upon a hill of snow, her sister’s face was precisely the opposite. Lucy’s complexion, indeed, was of the darkest hue ever seen in maidens of English birth, yet mantled withal by so rich a shade of

color, that for many it might have possessed a greater charm than the fairness of a blonde. Her hair was black as night; and her eyes, of the same hue, were never excelled in lustre or beauty by the loveliest damsels of Spain. Her countenance was of a lively and expressive character, in which spirit and wit seemed to predominate; and the quick, black eye, with its beautifully penciled brow, seemed to presage the arch remark to which the rosy and half smiling lip appeared ready to give utterance.

"We have ridden far," said the younger stranger, breaking the silence which ensued when they had taken seats, and turning his eye again on Lucy, as though he hoped to elicit a reply to his remark.

He was not disappointed. "May I ask," said she, "what distance you have come?"

"We left Massachusetts a couple of days ago," he replied, "and have been at hard riding ever since."

"You spoke of business, gentlemen," remarked the governor, rather impatiently; "will you be so good as to proceed with the object of your visit?"

"I address Governor H., sir, I presume?" said the ill-looking stranger, speaking for the first time.

He signified ascent.

"Our business is official and private," continued the speaker, in a voice harsh and unpleasant, looking around uneasily at the spectators.

"All affairs with me are conducted in the presence of my family," said the governor drily.

"It is imperative, sir, that we see you alone," urged the other, in a dictatorial tone.

"Will you look whether there is a good fire in your little sanctum?" said her uncle to Lucy, giving her at the same time a significant glance, and having referred in his remark to a small room adjoining, where Lucy not unfrequently repaired, surrounded by numbers of the village children—with whom she was a general favorite—to dress their dolls, cover their balls, and perform other similar acts. Here, too, she retired for the purpose of reading, writing, and other occasions of privacy. More than all, it was the spot sacred to an hour's conversation with Mr. Elmore apart from the rest of the family during his visits.

The little Jessy anticipated Lucy, just as she was rising, and opened the door leading to the room spoken of.

"The fire burns brightly, uncle," said the child.

"Will you walk in here with me, gentlemen?" said the governor.

The two strangers rose, and Governor H. held the door until they had preceded him into the room. Going in last, he threw another expressive glance at Lucy, and followed them, leaving the door ajar.

Lucy, with the quickness of her character, read in her uncle's look that he wished her to overhear the conversation about to take place between himself and his visiters. Moving her chair, therefore, near the half open door, while her lover was engaged in speaking with her aunt, and playing at the same time with the soft curls of the fair Jessy, who was leaning on his knee, she applied herself to listen.

"Your names first, gentlemen: you have not yet introduced yourselves," said her uncle's voice.

"Mr. Dale," replied the pleasing tones of the young stranger who had spoken on their first entrance, "and Mr. Brooks."

"Be seated, then, Messrs. Dale and Brooks," observed the governor, "and have the kindness to proceed in unfolding the nature of your errand."

"I am the bearer of these documents for you," said the harsh voice of him who had been introduced as Mr. Brooks.

Lucy here heard the rattling of paper, as though the governor were unfolding a letter. He proceeded to read aloud:

"The bearers, James Brooks and Thomas Dale, having been empowered by His Majesty, in the enclosed warrant, to seize the persons of the escaped regicides, Lisle and Heath, you are hereby desired, not only to permit said Brooks and Dale to make thorough search throughout your colony, but likewise to furnish them with every facility for that purpose; it being currently believed that the said regicides are secreted in New Haven.

ENDICOTT,

Governor of Massachusetts Colony."

There was now again a rattling, as if occasioned by the unfolding of paper. The governor continued:

"Whereas, Henry Lisle and William Heath, of the city of London, having been confined under charge of treason and rebellion, have made their escape—and whereas it is believed they have fled to our possessions in America, we do hereby authorize and appoint our true and loyal subjects, James Brooks and Thomas Dale, to make diligent search throughout all the New England colonies for the said traitors and rebels. Moreover we do hereby command our subjects, the governors and deputy-governors of said colonies, to aid and abet by all possible means their capture and imprisonment: And we do hereby denounce as rebels any who may secrete or harbor said Lisle and Heath, in the

accomplishing of this our royal mandate."

Lucy heard her uncle clear his throat after he had ceased reading, and there was a moment's pause.

"It will be impossible," said he at length, "Messrs. Brooks and Dale, for me to act officially in this matter until I have convened the magistrates of the colony."

"I see no necessity for any thing of the kind," said Mr. Brooks, in an irritated tone.

"Nevertheless, there exists a very great necessity," answered the governor, decidedly; "so much so, that as I have said, it will be utterly out of the question for me to proceed independently in relation to the affair."

"How soon, then, can this convocation be summoned?"

"Not certainly before twenty-four hours from this time," replied the governor: "or perhaps a day later. You are aware that the meeting will have to take place in New Haven, which is twenty miles distant."

"We might easily proceed there at once, and reach the place in time to call a convention, and settle the affair to-night," urged Mr. Brooks, dictatorially.

"I am a slow man, and cannot bring myself to be in a hurry. One night can make no possible difference, and to-morrow I will call a meeting of the magistrates."

Lucy here arose and approached a door leading to the outer piazza. Her lover's eye followed her graceful figure with a feeling of pride as she crossed the room. She turned at the door, and seeking his eye ere she closed it, gave him a signal to follow her.

In some surprise, he instantly obeyed.

"Henry," she said earnestly, and in a low voice, as if fearing that some one might chance to be near, "Henry, I have overheard what has passed between my uncle and his visiters. The latter are persons commissioned by King Charles to apprehend the escaped prisoners who have taken refuge in New Haven. They wish to obtain authority for their arrest and re-imprisonment, as well as for making a strict search throughout the colony, and will probably obtain this to-morrow. What do you think can be done in this emergency?"

"I scarce know what to say, dear Lucy," said he, as he took her hand involuntarily, and seemed to be reflecting deeply on her words.

"Could not you," resumed Lucy, "return at once to New Haven, and apprise the exiles of their danger?"

"Excellent: I will set out at once."

“I have thought of a place of security for them likewise,” continued Lucy, and she drew nearer and whispered a word in his ear.

“Admirable girl!” exclaimed her lover, delightedly. “Why, Lucy, I believe you are inspired by the Almighty for the exigencies of this moment. But I must depart without delay.”

“Yes,” said Lucy, “there is not an instant’s time to be lost; and I will contrive to detain the officers until you are too far on your way for them to overtake you, in case they should design proceeding to New Haven to-night.”

He pressed her hand affectionately to his lips, and was gone.

Lucy returned into the room she had left just at the moment that her uncle and the strangers re-entered.

“Your visiters, uncle, will probably remain and take some refreshment,” said she, as she perceived they were about to depart, and giving him at the same time an arch look to second her invitation. “Tea will be in a short time, gentlemen,” she added, fixing her eyes on the younger stranger with such a coquettish urgency as to make her appeal irresistible.

“Take seats, gentlemen,” said the governor, in a more cordial tone than he had yet assumed.

“I thank you,” said Mr. Brooks, “but we will—”

“We will remain,” interrupted Mr. Dale, giving a wink to his companion, and turning toward the fire.

Mr. Brooks had no alternative but to follow his example; and the governor and his wife held him in conversation, while Lucy exerted all her powers of entertainment for the benefit of Mr. Dale. The little Jessy, more wearied than usual in consequence of her late adventure, fell asleep upon the couch, and did not awake until tea was over, and the visiters had departed.

True to his promise, early on the following morning Governor H. set out for New Haven, and convened the magistrates of the colony. After a short consultation, the determination was arrived at, that the exiled regicides not having violated any of the laws by which the community was governed, were not subject to arrest under their order. But to that part of the mandate authorising a search to be made, and prohibiting a secretion of the offenders, they paid loyal respect, and the sanctity of every house resigned and exposed to the inquisition of the officers. Their search, however, was unsuccessful, and they set out the next morning on their return to Massachusetts.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Which sloping hills around enclose.
Where many a beech and brown oak grows,
Beneath whose dark and branching bowers
Its tide a far-famed river pours,
By Nature's beauties taught to please
Sweet Tusculan of rural ease.

WARTON.

Have I beheld a vision?

OLD PLAY.

The gentle breath of spring-time was now stirring in L. The trees had begun to blossom, the flowers to bud, and the tender grass to spring up beneath the tread. Birds were returning from exile, and fishes were re-peopling the village rivulet. Nature, in short, was assuming her most attractive and becoming dress—that attire which many a worshiper has celebrated in songs such as not the gaudiest birth-night garb of any other queen has ever elicited. After these, it is not we who dare venture to become her laureate on the occasion referred to, when she outshone herself in that gentle season, in the balminess of her breath and the brightness of her sky, as well as in all those other particulars which are dependent upon these. Those who have lived the longest may recall every return of spring within their recollection, and select the fairest of the hoard, but it will still refuse comparison with the spring of which we speak.

The pretty English custom of children celebrating the first of May by an excursion into the country had been preserved among the colonists. On that day, from every village and town a flock of these happy beings, dressed with uncommon attention, and provided with baskets, might be seen merrily departing on one of these picknick rambles. Every excursion of this kind was not merely an event in the future, but an epoch in the past. The recollection of each successive May-day treasured up throughout the following year, never became so swallowed up in that which came after it, that it did not preserve in its own associations and incidents a separate place in the memory.

But an occurrence transpired on the May-day of which we are about to speak, for the little villagers of L., calculated to fix it indelibly on their remembrance. The morning rose as serene and clear as if no pleasure excursion had been intended. A large party of children set out from their homes on the day alluded to. This was composed, with very few exceptions and additions, of the same group which had been collected the previous winter about the frozen brook on the day of the accident to the young niece of the governor.

The utmost harmony and good conduct prevailed among the youthful corps, which was generaled by the sage and skillful Lucy Ellet, who, in order to preserve order on all festive occasions, lent the young people her decorous example, and the experience of her superior years. The young procession made a beautiful appearance as it wound along the verdant banks of the village rivulet, and was lost among the neighboring hills.

The spot selected as the place of rendezvous was an umbrageous woods in a green valley, surrounded by various rocky hills of considerable height, rising in some places one above another with great regularity, the highest apparently touching the horizon, and the progressive ascent seeming like a ladder of approach to the sky. The cavities and crevices of these hills were numerous, serving as excellent retreats for the children in their game of hide-and-seek, as well as for the retirement of separate groups apart from each other. This vicinity had, therefore, for years been the stated resort on May-day occasions; yet not alone for the advantages mentioned, since the shady grove attached to it, well cleared beneath the tread, might of itself have been sufficient cause for its selection. Even in winter it was a sheltered and sequestered spot; but when arrayed in the verdure of Spring, the earth bringing forth all her wild-flowers, the shrubs spreading their wealth of blossoms around it, and the thick branches interweaving their leaves to intercept the sun, it was a peculiarly appropriate place for the purpose in question. If a gardener would have deplored the opportunities of embellishment which had been here suffered to lie undeveloped, a true lover of scenery would have been glad that the wild and picturesque spot had been left undisturbed by the hands of industry or art. The situation had been first discovered, and its aptitude for the purpose which it served, pointed out by Lucy Ellet, ever interested, since she had emerged from her own childhood, in considering the happiness and pleasure of the little community.

On the day in question it was therefore remarked as somewhat strange that that young lady strove to exert her influence in prevailing on the party to turn another way, expending much eloquence in extolling the superior advantages of a spot of ground situated in an opposite direction. The former prejudice in favor of the other prevailed, and the assemblage repaired thither as usual.

In this glade the forest trees were somewhat wildly separated from each other, and the ground beneath was covered with a carpet of the softest and loveliest green, that being well shaded from the heat of the sun was as beautifully tender as such spots are in the milder and more equable climes of the South.

The morning was occupied in crowning and doing honor to the lovely little Jessy Ellet, who had been unanimously chosen, according to a custom

prevalent, the queen of the day. At noon dinner was served upon the grass from the contents of the various baskets, and the afternoon passed in the customary sports.

It had been noticed by such of the children as were old enough to be in any wise observant, that Lucy Ellet, so far from busying herself as usual to devise rambles among the hills, and promote diversity of amusement, would have used her persuasions to detain the young people the whole day in the grove. Her amiable disposition, however, prevented her from employing positive authority in restraining their footsteps, and she had been obliged, however regretfully, to behold them wander abroad at their pleasure.

When the members of the scattered assemblage were re-collecting around her, late in the afternoon, previous to their return home, she anxiously scanned their several countenances as they appeared, as if to detect whether any individual had made an unusual or curious discovery. She seemed satisfied, at length, that this was not the case, and evinced extreme satisfaction when, a little before sunset, the party set out on their return to L.

They had not proceeded far, however, ere it was discovered that the young May-queen was missing from the party. In small alarm, they retraced their steps, expecting to find her fallen asleep under the trees where they had dined. But on arriving at the spot, she was nowhere to be seen. Her name was next loudly called, yet there was no reply. Apprehension now seized every member of the young party, who dispersed in various directions in search of the lost child.

Frank Stanley, the youth who, it will be remembered, had once been her preserver from a watery grave, evinced especial uneasiness at her singular absence, and was, perhaps—her sister excepted, whose anxiety amounted almost to frenzy—the most active in his endeavors to discover her. Separating himself entirely from the rest, he climbed among the rocky hills, and searched in every nook and cavity, at the same time shouting her name until his voice was drowned in the resounding echoes.

At length he had given up his search in despair, and was in the act of descending, when he heard a soft call from behind him. He turned, and on a higher hill than any of the young villagers had ever been known to climb, stretched out upon its side in calmness sleeping, lay the fair object of his search! On the rock above her, round which the dew of evening had gathered the thickest, he beheld standing, apparently to keep watch upon the child’s slumbers, a full-grown female figure. This form, reflected against the sky, appeared rather the undefined lineaments of a spirit than a mortal, for her person seemed as light and almost as transparent as the thin cloud of mist that surrounded her. The smoky light of the setting sun gave a hazy, dubious, and

as it were, phantom-like appearance to the strange apparition. He had scarcely time, however, to note this, ere she vanished from his view, so suddenly and mysteriously, that he could hardly distinguish whether he had been subjected to a mere illusion of the senses, or whether he had actually seen the aereal figure we have described. Yet he could in no other wise account for the voice he had heard, except by ascribing it to the same vague form, for the child was evidently in too deep a sleep to have uttered any sound. Doubtful what to believe in regard to this phantom-image, and in that perplexed state natural to one not willing to believe that his sight had deceived him, ere he yielded himself up to the joy of recovering Jessy Ellet, whom he loved with the depth and sentiment of more mature age, he hastily climbed to the spot where it had appeared. There was no trace, however, of the vision to be seen. It had melted again into that air from which it had seemed embodied. Immediately descending again, he lifted the slumbering child, whom he had found at last, and imprinting a kiss upon her face, proceeded to bear her down the hill.

On reaching the valley, he found the rest of the party collected in the grove, after an unsuccessful search, in great anxiety awaiting his return.

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CHAPTER IX.

Night wanes—the vapours round the mountain curled
Melt into morn, and light awakes the world.
Man has another day to swell the past,
And lead him near to little but his last.

BYRON'S LARA.

The double night of ages, and of her,
Night's daughter, Ignorance, hath wrapt and wraps
All round us; we but feel our way to err!

CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE.

The adventure of young Stanley, recorded in the last chapter, made a strong impression on his mind. The more he reflected on what he had beheld, the more he became convinced that it was no mere conjuration of his fancy. Nothing in his feelings at the moment, absorbed as they were with thoughts of the little truant he had been seeking, could have suggested to his imagination the image which arose before him. That it was an embodiment of some kind he became therefore convinced, though he could not believe either that it was human, when he remembered the sudden and mysterious manner of its disappearance.

Frank Stanley was by nature neither timorous nor credulous, and a course of reading, more extensive than usual for boys at his age, had in some degree fortified his mind against the attacks of superstition; but he would have been an actual prodigy, if, living in New England in the end of the seventeenth century, he had possessed a philosophy which did not exist there until much later. Those, therefore, who will recall to mind the superstitious feelings at that time prevalent among the early settlers, will not be surprised that our youthful hero should have closed his reflections with the conviction that he had beheld a supernatural visitant. That its mission, however, was not an unholy one he might have believed, when he recollected that he had seen it keeping watch over the lost child of his boyish love, and that its voice had been the means of directing him to the spot where she lay. But he had so strongly imbibed the common idea that all supernatural indications were demonstrations of the Evil One, that his cogitations the rather resolved themselves into fears that she who had been so guarded by one of His emissaries, though in the form of the being of light that he had beheld, was marked out as a victim of future destruction.

This idea became agony to the sensitive mind of the boy, whose heart had outstripped, in a great measure, his years, and was fixed with sentiments of strong attachment upon the little girl. He determined, therefore, to keep constant watch upon the child's movements, and should he behold her again in the hands of the tempter, by timely warning to her sister to enlist her in attempts to destroy the power of the enemy by fasting and prayer.

Thoughts of the kind described had disturbed Stanley's mind during the whole night succeeding his adventure, and caused him the first sleepless pillow he had ever known. He rose earlier than usual the next day. Feeling languid from want of his customary rest, he walked out to recover his freshness in the morning air. Even to those who, like Stanley, have spent a sleepless and anxious night, the breeze of the dawn brings strength and quickening both of mind and body. He bent his steps involuntarily toward the place of the previous day's innocent revel.

The day was delightful. There was just enough motion in the air to disturb the little fleecy clouds which were scattered on the horizon, and by floating them occasionally over the sun, to checker the landscape with that variety of light and shade which often gives to a bare and unenclosed scene, a species of charm approaching to the varieties of a cultivated and planted country.

When Stanley had reached the borders of the grove in which the party had dined, he cast his eyes upward on the hills where he had climbed in search of Jessy Ellet. Curiosity suggested to him to ascend again to the spot where he had beheld the strange apparition. Fear for himself knew no place in his brave young soul. He felt that his virtuous and strong heart was even proof against

the power of Satan and his agents. He proceeded, therefore, to remount the hills, in hopes that he might again behold the shadowy spirit, and perchance have time to question it of its errand to earth, ere it a second time disappeared. When he arrived beneath the well-remembered rock, he raised his eyes, more however in the expectation of being disappointed in the object of his quest, than with any actual idea of meeting a return of his former vision.

It was consequently with the astonishment of one utterly unprepared, that he beheld, standing upon the rocky elevation, the same figure of the mist which had filled his waking dreams throughout the night. The sudden sight took from him, for the instant, both speech and motion. It seemed as if his imagination had raised up a phantom presenting to his outward senses the object that engrossed his mind. She seemed clad in white, and her hair of threaded gold, while her complexion looked radiant and pure through the rising beams that reflected upon it. In the morning vapor she appeared even more transparent than in the sunset dew; so much so, that the broken corner of the rock which she had chosen for her pedestal, would have seemed unsafe for any more substantial figure than her own. Yet she rested upon it as securely and lightly as a bird upon the stem of a bush. The sun, which was rising exactly opposite, shed his early rays upon her shadowy form and increased its aereal effect. Internal and indefinable feelings restrained the youth from accosting her as he had thought to have done. These are easily explained on the supposition that his mortal frame shrunk at the last moment from an encounter with a being of a different nature.

As the boy gazed, spell-bound, he observed that this being of the vapor was not alone. Ere long, however, he became aware that near her, in the middle of the rock, where the footing was more secure, stood another form. Fixing his bewildered gaze steadily upon this second object, in order to scan it as carefully as he had done the other, he became convinced that it was a familiar figure. For a moment his memory failed him, and he could not place that round and coquetish form, with its garb of rich pink, nor that face, with its sparkling eyes of jet, and its raven braids. His doubt, however, lasted but for an instant. It was Lucy Ellet whom he beheld. She perceived his proximity before her companion, for, turning to the phantom-form, she pointed to him just as he himself was about to speak. Ere his words were uttered, the misty figure had vanished from her side, and she remained upon the rock alone.

Awe-struck, the youth turned to depart. “Both the sisters, then,” thought he, “are in league with this spirit-messenger of darkness. Alas! each so fair in their different styles, so idolized in the village, one of whom, too, I have treasured up her childish image in my heart, and mixed it with all my young dreams of the future!” He perceived, moreover, that such an association as he

had witnessed with the emissaries of evil, might not only be a soil upon the virtue of Lucy and Jessy Ellet, but a lasting disgrace to their names, should the knowledge of it come to the ears of the pious community. Congratulating himself that he alone was privy to the unhappy circumstance, he was wending his way down the declivity when his meditations were interrupted by the gay voice of Lucy Ellet behind him.

"Out on your vaunted politeness, Master Frank, to trudge down hill in front of a lady, and never turn to offer her your arm."

"Excuse me, Miss Lucy," replied Stanley, stopping and much embarrassed, "methought you would not desire to be troubled with my company."

"I honour your delicacy, Frank," resumed Lucy, taking his arm, as they walked on. "You saw me but now in circumstances which you rightly judge I intended to be secret, and would not mortify me by forcing me to meet you just at the moment of my detection."

After an instant's pause, she continued. "I will let you into the secret, Frank, for there may one day be need to employ your services; and I am sure I may rely on your judgment and discretion not to divulge what I shall unfold. Your occasional assistance is the only return I demand for my confidence. Yon stranger lady is——"

"Hold, Miss Ellet, I cannot consent to obtain any knowledge of your secret under the condition that I am to become a party in the sinful affair. I not will unite in league with any daughter of the clouds or spirit of darkness."

"Then you deem her whom you saw beside me on the rock one of those visionary beings you mention?" asked Lucy, looking at him steadily, to learn if he were in earnest, and an arch smile curling on her mouth, and sparkling in her eyes, when she perceived that he had spoken seriously.

"What else can I think of one who hath scarce the weight of a feather, is transparent as a cloud, and dissolveth in a moment into air?"

Lucy Ellet here laughed outright. But instantly checking herself and looking grave, she replied in a mysterious tone, "I have, indeed, a strange associate in yonder lady of the mist. And you positively decline an introduction to her?"

"I did not think thou would'st thus seek to destroy others as well as thyself, Miss Ellet. Is it through thine influence that thy sister has been made acquainted with the evil spirit?"

"Oh, thou fearest for her, dost thou?" said Lacy, mischievously seizing the opportunity of turning the conversation. "Thou wouldst have her kept stainless from sin in order that she may be thine when thou art a man, eh, Frank? Nay, you need not blush, though you see I read your heart."

Stanley’s thoughts were now completely diverted from the first topic of conversation, and talking on indifferent subjects, Lucy Ellet and himself entered the village.

[*To be continued.*

URIEL.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

A HAUGHTY, high-born maiden was the Lady Uriel,
With stately step, majestic mien and royal falcon eyes,
Whose glory scintillated like auroras in the skies.

She sat her steed, and held her hawk, and ruled her father's board,
Among her maidens, like a queen; and all her noble guests
Swore fealty to her beauty, and obeyed her least behests.

From East to West, from North to South, the wonder of her charms
Had been the theme of troubadours, who sang, with many sighs,
The splendor of her beauty and the grandeur of her eyes.

From East and West, from North and South, came many a gay gallánt,
Like pilgrims to Jerusalem, to worship at her shrine;
And each one swore that song did wrong to beauty so divine.

All day in panoply of steel these young chivalrous knights
Strove gracefully and gallantly in deeds of bold emprise,
Seeking to call down sunny smiles from her imperial eyes.

All night, beneath the icy orbs of the unheeding moon,
The invisible breath of music filled the castle's gray arcades;
But Uriel's heart replied not to her lovers' serenades.

Some sought her father—paladins, whose names for centuries
Had sparkled, like a necklace, on the snowy bust of fame,
With hosts of anxious aspirants who struggled for a name.

And haughty merchant-princes, who, in countless argosies,
Possessed the wealth of Orient Ind, sued humbly at her feet;
And monarchs put aside command and followed in her *suite*.

But all in vain, for Uriel loved none, nor cared to love;
She only prized her sire and home; she sought no other ties;
So not a single suitor saw his image in her eyes.

More beautiful with every moon became the maiden's face,
More queenly still her stately step, more luminous her eyes,
Until her lovers thought her charms translations from the skies.

One day, perchance attracted by the maiden's marvelous fame,
An unknown knight, in humble guise, rode slowly to her gate.
No page, no man-at-arms had he; he came in simple state.

His armor was as dark as night, his tossing plumes were black,
As was his gaunt gigantic steed;—no arms were on his shield —
Only a deadly night-shade shone upon its ebon field.

Next day the tournament gave birth to doughty deeds of arms,
For down before the Nameless Knight the lady's suitors went;
And, strange to say, that Uriel's eyes now sparkled with content.

Next night a mournful melody swept from the plain below,
And from her oriel, bright as stars, peered Uriel's luminous eyes:
Her heart made echoes to the strain, and answered it with sighs.

Hunting, or hawking, in the dance when jewels made the hall
Shine like the heavens on starry evens, the tall and shadowy knight
Followed her form from place to place, as darkness follows light.

And Uriel's cheek grew crimson, and Uriel's glorious eyes
Shone brighter when his step was heard in palace, or on plain,
Though her other guests shrunk from him with expressions of disdain.

For all her father's titled friends—the lords who sought her hand —
Hated the bold adventurer; but no one spoke a word —
They only looked their anger;—they knew he wore a sword.

And sadly as he came he went, and Uriel's anxious eyes
Followed him, step by step, until the distance closed their view;
And when her guests came once more round, they saw them moist with dew.

And Uriel's cheek grew pallid, and Uriel's eyes grew dim,
And Uriel's form grew slender, and her beauty, day by day,
Seemed stricken like the morning moon, and sinking to decay.

Her father called her to him, and he kissed her icy brow,
And gave her gentle names; for he saw her mother's eyes
Looking pleadingly upon him from her daïs in the skies.

A warm and rosy brightness, like the bloom upon a peach,
Blossomed on Uriel's marble cheek, and the light in Uriel's eyes
Came back at once, like light to stars, when clouds have left the skies.

For Uriel's sire, forgetting his long ancestral line,
Consented that his gentle child should wed the nameless knight:
What wonder, then, that Uriel's eyes resumed their olden light!

—The chapel bells were ringing; the priest was in his place,
And the incense clomb in clouds from the censers by his side,
While the organ's billowy melodies breathed a welcome to the bride.

The princely train came slowly in, for Uriel's satin feet
Fell fainter on the pavement than the snow-flake on the stream,
As she walked, in silence, by her groom, like a vision in a dream.

But when she reached the altar, grandly, and like a sun,
Shone out the marvelous brightness of her supernatural eyes
So vividly, the aged priest stepped back in mute surprise!

But the groom—his eyes shone brighter still, like lightning in the night.
As he motioned to the monk to expedite the rite;
But Uriel's cheek grew pale again, and her eyes became less bright.

Slowly the priest proceeded, while the organ's swan-like song
Swept toward the gilded dome and died, and lived and died again,
As the monk in mellow monotones chanted his deep refrain.

The priest was silent: with a sigh the bride sank on the breast
Of him she loved so wildly, as a bird sinks on its nest,
As her sire, her bridemaids and her friends around the couple prest.

Suddenly, like an expiring lamp, her large, unusual eyes
Flashed, and went out, as forward, with a simple rustling sound,
The noble Lady Uriel fell lifeless to the ground!

The maidens shrieked in terror when she sank, as through a mist,
For where the bridegroom stood was space—his form was gone in air;
And the lonely sire embraced his child in agonies of despair!

From his place behind the railing came the shorn and shaven priest,
And quoth he, while the expectant crowd stood mute and held their breath —
"Take up the dead: *its* Nameless Groom was the *Invisible* DEATH."

OUT OF DOORS.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

’Tis good to be abroad in the sun,
His gifts abide when day is done;
Each thing in nature from his cup
Gathers a several virtue up;
The grace within its being’s reach
Becomes the nutriment of each,
And the same life imbibed by all
Makes each most individual:
Here the twig-bending peaches seek
The glow that mantles in their cheek—
Hence comes the Indian-summer bloom
That hazes round the basking plum,
And, from the same impartial light,
The grass sucks green, the lily white.

Like these the soul, for sunshine made,
Grows wan and gracile in the shade,
Her faculties, which God decreed
Various as Summer’s dædal breed,
With one sad color are imbued,
Shut from the sun that tints their blood;
The shadow of the poet’s roof
Deadens the dyes of warp and woof;
Whate’er of ancient song remains
Has fresh air flowing in its veins,
For Greece and eldest Ind knew well
That out of doors, with world-wide swell
Arches the student’s lawful cell.

Away, unfruitful lore of books,
For whose vain idiom we reject

The spirit's mother-dialect,
Aliens among the birds and brooks,
Dull to interpret or believe
What gospels lost the woods retrieve,
Or what the eaves-dropping violet
Reports from God, who walketh yet
His garden in the hush of eve!
Away, ye pedants city-bred,
Unwise of heart, too wise of head,
Who handcuff Art with *thus and so*,
And in each other's foot-prints tread,
Like those who walk through drifted snow;
Who, from deep study of brick walls
Conjecture of the water-falls,
By six feet square of smoke-stained sky
Compute those deeps that overlie
The still tarn's heaven-anointed eye,
And, in your earthen crucible,
With chemic tests essay to spell
How nature works in field and dell!
Seek we where Shakspeare buried gold?
Such hands no charmed witch-hazel hold;
To beach and rock repeats the sea
The mystic *Open Sesame*;
Old Greylock's voices not in vain
Comment on Milton's mountain strain,
And cunningly the various wind
Spenser's locked music can unbind.

FANNY.

A NARRATIVE TAKEN FROM THE LIPS OF A MANIAC.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears
Do scald like molten lead.
KING LEAR.

THEY tell me I am mad—*mad*! No, I am not mad! In this den of horror I at least am sane. Reason bursting from the heavy shackles which would press her down to death, now asserts her right—yes—I am sane—though they tell me I am mad—*mad—ha! ha!*

Around me I hear the incoherent ravings of insanity—the wild screech and terrific yells of demoniac rage as the unhappy wretch dashes against the iron bars and tears his very flesh in torture. Bursts of laughter echo around my prison walls, and eye-balls red and wild glare at me through yonder grating—but *I* am not mad!

Fanny! Fanny! where are you, my life, my love!

Ah-h! now the past comes up before me. Distinct as the clouds mirrored in some placid lake do the events of my life float by.

Stay—stay—fleeting images of pleasure and of wo—let me trace distinctly as your wavelets sweep over my soul the causes which have brought me here!

A boyhood spurning parental control. A youth of wild, ungoverned passions. These—these—first point the path I trod. And whither—ah whither have they led me!

My God—to a mad-house! *But I am not mad!*

At twenty, giddy with the possession of uncontrolled riches, which, as an only son, fell to me at the death of my parents, I plunged wildly within the Maelstrom of dissipation. On—on in its soul-destroying vortex I was whirled for months—nay, years—madly, blindly, sweeping to my destruction. In a fortunate hour my reason, even as now, was restored to me—for remember I am not mad!

I suddenly became disgusted with that which had before seemed to me the *all* that life was designed for. I forsook my gay companions. I filled my library with the choicest books—my walls with the rarest paintings—my halls with master-pieces of sculpture.

I traveled—not to see life in the haunts of folly—but the world—poised in the Creator's hand—to learn from her majestic mountains, heaped up to the skies—from her mighty rivers—her foaming torrents—from the wild cataract and the flaming volcano, the power of God—and the insignificance of man!

It was in Italy, pure land of song, that I first met Fanny—the bright, the beautiful star of my destiny.

Ah, pause memory—pause on this blest vision! Pass not too soon from my tortured brain—but for a moment stay, and soothe me into forgetfulness of all save Fanny and love!

A wasting malady had brought the father of Fanny from the bleak climate of Canada to the pure skies and genial airs of Italy, in the flattering hope that health would once more invigorate his feeble frame—and she, ministering angel, came with him.

The lily is not purer than was the soul of Fanny—nor the rose more beautiful than her cheek. She had been nurtured in the lap of indulgence—heaven's breath scarce allowed to fan her brow—her delicate foot to touch the earth.

And I—I won this peerless one to be my bride!

Has Heaven aught in store for the blessed can rival that rapturous moment when I called Fanny mine! Fanny! Fanny! where are you now, my beautiful, my injured wife? And I—where am I—the tenant of a mad-house—the companion of maniacs—but I am not mad—no, not mad!

We laid her father, in the sleep of death, among the vine-clad hills, and then to my native shores I brought my lovely bride.

She was my idol, and at her feet I worshiped.

But a day of reverses came. The riches which I had foolishly deemed inexhaustible I found were melting like the morning dew. Too late I saw the ruinous tendency of the life I had led. To retrieve if possible my sinking fortunes, I plunged deeply into speculations—seizing eagerly the wild, visionary schemes of artful or misguided men—and so lost all!

I had studiously concealed the truth from poor Fanny, hoping even yet to seize some golden opportunity to re-create a mine of wealth. But now the fatal fact must be told—poor, poor Fanny!

Like an angel she listened to me. She soothed my grief, and hushed my

self-reproach by her embraces. Never had I loved her so well—never had she appeared to me in a light so beautiful.

Thus the sharpest wound was healed—and the loss of wealth for a time scarce heeded.

The necessity of doing something for our support pressed upon me, and my angel wife encouraged my efforts. I sought employment from those against whom wealth had barred my doors, and whom in my exaltation I scarce deigned to acknowledge—but now my pride was gone, and for Fanny's sake I sought from them to earn my daily bread. I obtained a lucrative business, and for a time was happy, for I was still enabled to place my dearest Fanny above want—even to surround her with some few of the luxuries with which her young life had been crowned.

But soon a new fear begat itself. I found my health rapidly declining. The life of pleasure I had led, and the shock lately sustained by my reverse of fortune, had materially injured a constitution naturally nervous and weak. What was to become of my poor Fanny in the event of my death! Upon this one thought I brooded despondingly. My exertions even for our present support were paralyzed—my health suffered more and more—my form wasted, and my countenance became so changed that even my best friends scarce recognized me.

Shall I go on! Shall I call up the monster-fiend that awoke me from my misery, only to plunge me by degrees into horrors deeper than the pit of hell!

Ay, gibe and grin at me, fiend! I defy you now—you have accomplished your worst—there is not a deed more damnable left for me to do! ha! ha! you would drive me mad—you say I *am*—but, fiend, I am not mad!

One morning a friend came into my office. With my elbows resting on my desk, and my hands supporting my aching temples, I sat brooding over the one dark thought, which, like an incubus, pressed upon my brain.

Townsend was an old acquaintance—one whom I loved and trusted—but I am now convinced he was no other than the Devil, who had come to tempt me here—*here* amid the rattling of chains and shrieks of wo!

"Cheer up, Denton—cheer up, my man—what ails you?" he cried, gaily slapping me on the back.

"Townsend, I am miserable," I replied. "My wife—my poor wife—my angel Fanny, what is to become of her? Were she less kind—less sympathizingly affectionate, I might perhaps be less sensitive for the future. Poor girl! I feel I shall not live long, and then—ah, Townsend, must her delicate frame bear fatigue—her tender hands be forced to labor!"

"Tut—tut, man—all nonsense, I tell you," answered my *friend*. "If you

have a mind to die, so be it—but I have come in on purpose to suggest to you a means by which you can secure to Mrs. Denton not only a competence but comparative wealth."

"How! how!" I exclaimed, eagerly interrupting him and starting to my feet —"only tell me, and I will forever bless you!"

"Why, my dear fellow, the simplest thing in the world—you have only to get your life insured!" cried the tempter.

"How—my life insured!" I echoed.

"To be sure—come go with me to some responsible office, and insure your life for three, five, or ten thousand dollars, as you please. You will only have to pay a small premium—a mere trifle in comparison, and then, my dear fellow, you may welcome death as you would a *douche* in August, sure that her you love will be benefited by your demise."

"My dear friend," said I, warmly embracing him, "how can I sufficiently thank you for your suggestion—come—why my heart already feels lightened of half its load—don't let us lose a moment's time—let me secure to my dear Fanny an independence, and then I may die in peace!"

"I am ready," replied Townsend with a gay laugh.

Such a laugh! It yet rings in my ear—it pierces my brain—it echoes from corner to corner of this dismal cell—it rattles like a serpent through the straw on which my worn body rests—but—it cannot drive me mad!

In less than an hour the business was accomplished, and the policy in my hands, by which, in the event of my death before the expiration of the year, I secured to my dear wife the sum of ten thousand dollars—and feeling happier than I had done for months, I sought my home.

My charming Fanny met me with a sweet kiss, and her watchful eyes soon read in mine that joy I was eager to speak.

"Ah, my dearest Henry," she said, caressing me, "I see you have good news for me—what is it has brought back the long banished smiles to your dear face?"

"Wait until we are alone, my dearest," I answered, for our *one* servant was then placing dinner on the table, "and I will tell you why it is that I am so happy."

No sooner therefore was our meal ended and the servant retired than drawing Fanny on my knee, and tenderly embracing her, I related the events of the morning.

But instead of sharing my happiness, as I imagined she would, she grew paler and paler as I proceeded, and finally throwing her arms around my neck

she burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"Harry, how cruel to talk to me of riches which can only be mine through your death! Henry—Henry, do you think so meanly of me—would not every dollar speak to my soul as from the grave of all I hold dear. I will die with you, my husband—but I beseech of you—I pray you by all our love to give up that hateful policy—no good will result from it!"

Was her angel voice prophetic!

Would to God I had obeyed her—then these chains would not confine me—but I am not mad—no—not mad!

I could not but admit her reasoning to be perfectly natural—just such as one might expect from a young, loving heart—for it is a bitter thought that by the death of our souls' idols worldly comforts are to be granted us! And does not this tend to harden the feelings of the survivor—to crush the sensibilities, and render them insensible to those holy influences which come to the sincere mourner—turning sorrow into joy—mourning into gladness! nay, does it not produce selfishness and unrighteous wishes, even *before* death!

Life Insurance! Ay, write it, fiend, in letters of flame, and seal it with the blood of sacrifice! ha—ha! you would scorch my brain—but you cannot—it is *seared—seared!*

[The reader must recollect this is the speech of a madman—for certainly no sane person can deny or doubt the immense benefits daily arising from the noble institution of Life Insurance. In the case of this poor wretch, it would seem that the sudden loss of wealth acting upon a mind unhealthy from youthful excesses, and shattered by illness, had produced a morbidness upon which any chimera long dwelt upon, no matter in what shape it appeared, might at length impel to insanity—indeed, the very fancy brooded over, that Fanny in the event of his death would become a beggar, had already driven him, as we have seen, to the verge of madness when his friend advised the life insurance, and it is easy to conceive how the re-action from despondency to joy might, in the sickly state of his mind, have produced the lamentable result. Whatever, therefore, the unhappy Denton utters in his delirium against that institution for whose blessings the widow and the fatherless daily offer up prayers of thankfulness, must be considered only as the ravings of insanity.]

I labored in every way to do away the prejudices of my darling Fanny. I pictured to her in the strongest language what would be her wretched situation, left friendless and penniless by my death, and little by little she yielded to my arguments, and conversed calmly, though with an air of touching sadness, upon the subject.

My heart thus relieved of the burthen so long oppressing it, I became

cheerful. My sighs and melancholy no longer grieved the tender sympathies of Fanny, and as in my happiness her own was found, what wonder her gayety soon outmeasured mine. Indeed one would have thought we were possessed of all the treasures of the earth, we were so happy. And what are the treasures earth can boast to equal love and contentment! I know it—ah, I know it—for these treasures were once mine—but they are gone—*gone* I say—ha! do you mock me, fiend—do you laugh at my agony!

This state of bliss soon ended.

The demon came—whispering words which turned my heart to ice, and set my brain on fire!

I began to look jealously upon poor Fanny's uniform cheerfulness—well may she laugh—well may she sing, urged the demon—what care has she for the future—*she* is provided for—true, you are near death—what of that—wont it shower down gold upon *her*—ha—ha—ha! She will turn from your grave with a smile, and revel in the proceeds of—A Life Insurance!

From that hour I grew suspicious of every thing my poor wife said or did—her every action was scanned, every word translated to meet my own bitter jealousy. I became moody, rude, fretful—nay, harsh to my angel Fanny, and if, when I saw her tears, and her cheek turn pale at my cruelty, my heart moved with pity, the demon with a hideous laugh would cry "*cockatrice*—she only weeps and wishes you were dead."

One day I came home with a violent headache and threw myself upon the sofa. Fanny stole to my side with a step so noiseless and gentle I heard her not, and kneeling down she parted the hair from my fevered brow, and kissed my closed eye-lids.

"Dear Henry, can I do any thing for you?" she softly murmured. "You are sick—your hands are hot, and your cheek feverish—tell me what I can do for you, dearest?"

I made her no answer—but I glared upon her with *such* a look that she trembled and turned pale—then once more stooping over me until her golden ringlets touched my cheek, she said again—

"Henry, let me send for a physician—indeed you must."

"Ha, wretch! traitress!" I cried, suddenly starting up and pushing her from me with violence—"you would have the work finished soon—eh! You would soon put me under ground if you could, woman!"

"Henry! Henry!" cried Fanny, with a look which is fastened on my brain—and with a convulsive groan she sank fainting upon the floor.

In a moment all my affection returned. I hung over her insensible form—I

kissed her pale lips—I besought her to forgive me. I bathed her temples—I called her by every endearing name. At last she opened her eyes, and catching her to my breast I wept my contrition. I added falsehood to my infamy—attributing the words I had uttered to the effects of opium taken to relieve a raging tooth-ache.

The dear girl believed me, and with a sweet angelic smile forgave, and blamed herself for being so easily disturbed.

We passed the evening happily, and for several days my jealousy slumbered.

But again the demon got possession of me, and again my infernal suspicions goaded me almost to madness. Why did I not go mad! See how the fiends mock me, and with their fleshless fingers point at me, crying—"You are mad *now*"—but no—no—I am not mad!

It was a lovely day in October. I had walked out far from city haunts. The pure breath of heaven cooled my fevered brain—my pulse beat less wildly, until by degrees a sweet serenity crept over me. I thought of Fanny—of her love—of the patience and forbearance with which she had met my cruel treatment of her. My heart bled for her, and tears of pity bedewed my cheek.

Once more I sought my home. It was long since I had offered my injured Fanny any of those kind attentions it should be a husband's pride and pleasure, as well as his duty, to bestow—but in this softened, subdued moment I resolved to take her to ride—the day was so lovely, the air so bland, it would do her good.

I entered the house—*and the demon stole in by my side*—though I felt him not. I ran up stairs—Fanny was not in her room, so again I went below, and was about to enter the parlor, when the words "life insurance" met my ear. It was the voice of Fanny. "Ha!" cried the demon, grasping my heart in his sharp talons, and wringing it until my life's blood seemed bursting out—"ha! do you hear!"

Unperceived we stole into the room—the demon and I. Fanny was in earnest conversation with a female friend, whose husband I knew to be wasting away in a consumption. Tears stood in the beautiful eyes of Fanny—while her friend held her handkerchief to her face as if in deep grief. Their conversation was low—the only words I could catch were those I have named. My wife grew more earnest as she proceeded—her companion removed her handkerchief and appeared to listen intently—she even smiled—and so did Fanny—and again the words "life insurance" hissed through my brain!

This was proof enough. My artful wife was no doubt setting forth to her friend the pleasures she would reap from my death, and that when I was placed

in the tomb—then, and only then, should she begin to enjoy life! And not only was she thus wickedly anticipating my death, but she was also encouraging this *worthy* friend of hers to take advantage of this same institution, instigated and supported by the Evil One, to secure to herself a good round sum of money, and a round sum of enjoyment.

Perhaps they were even then devising means to murder us! So said the demon.

I could bear no more. I rushed upon them *like* a maniac.

"Vile, unfeeling wretches!" I exclaimed, "is it thus you plot and plan for the death of your husbands! Is it thus you form schemes for reveling in the ill-deserved wealth which may then be yours! With suppressed laughter you would close the coffin-lid, and dance over our scarce cold remains, shouting, Ho-ho-ho! for the merry Life Insurance!"

Before I had done speaking, poor Fanny was stretched senseless upon the floor, while frightened and amazed her companion fled the room.

And so did I. Leaving my wife in a state of insensibility, I flew to my chamber. I raved and tore like a madman—but remember, I was not mad! No, it was not madness—for madness utters it knows not what, and memory takes no heed; but *I*—I knew all—no, I was not mad—I *am* not mad!

From that day I saw poor Fanny's heart was broken. She breathed no complaint—she uttered no reproach, not even from those languid eyes which ever beamed on me with so much tenderness—wretch, infamous wretch that I was; but I saw the fatal blow was given. And I also saw, with a fiendish joy, that she was afraid of me—yes, *afraid*—ha! ha! She thought me mad—*me*! How I reveled in this idea; what gambols I held with my demon, in my joy that I could affright her timid soul—how I gloried in it! Her monomany was such a farce, to believe *me* mad! I knew she would die sooner than complain of my treatment—and the demon shouted, "Take your revenge now for the happiness she expects from your death; give ten thousand deathly stabs to her heart by your unkindness, for the *ten thousand dollars* she will finger! Leave her no peace—waste her to a skeleton, and then—*let her enjoy the Life Insurance—ha! ha!*"

Sometimes I resolved I would live until the day the policy expired, and then die—*cheat her at last*.

There were seasons, however, when I threw off the mask of the madman—for, remember, I was not mad—when I would take my Fanny to my arms with love and kindness, when I would entreat her to forgive me, while with her true woman's heart she would bless me and pardon my guilt toward her.

On the first of February the policy on my life would expire. For some

weeks I had been uniformly kind to my poor wife. The demon had departed for a season, but you may be sure he was not far off. As the first of the month drew near she became more cheerful—her step was lighter, and a smile, as of old, played around her sweet mouth.

It was the afternoon of the 31st of January that I drew Fanny to my bosom as I reclined upon the sofa, and carelessly playing with her beautiful ringlets as I spoke, said,

"Do you know, dearest Fanny, the policy on my life expires to-morrow, and yet you see here I am hale and hearty—what a pity!"

"Thank God, my dear Henry, that you are so!" she replied, tenderly embracing me, "thank God!" and tears glistened on her long curling lashes.

"Shall I renew it, Fanny?" I asked smiling in her face.

"Oh no, Henry, not for worlds—if you love me, don't renew it!" she cried, slipping from my arms upon her knees, and pressing my head to her bosom. "Oh, my dear Henry, you know not the agony I have suffered from that simple act of yours, done in all love and kindness to me—no, Henry, don't renew it!" she added, while a shudder passed over her.

"Ah," whispered the demon, tugging at my heart-strings till they snapped, "is not she a good actress—how well she feigns; she weeps, don't she—but it is because you are not in the church-yard!"

For the first time I paid no heed to the demon, but kissing my darling Fanny, and promising I would comply with her wishes, I withdrew to my office.

That evening—little did I think it was to be my last with my beloved—my angel wife—my *last—last—last*!

Ay, howl, ye mocking fiends! gibe and chatter, and clap your hands with hellish joy! shriek to my burning brain, "*It was the last!*" What care I—you cannot drive me mad!

That evening we were so happy—we talked of the future, we reared temples of happiness wherein our days were to be spent—but the demon set his foot upon them, and lo, they were dashed to pieces, and in an instant I was transformed from the tender, loving husband to the maniac—but I was not mad.

I turned upon my wife with the demon's eyes. She grew suddenly pale. She went to the side-board and poured out a glass of wine; she brought it to me and said timidly, "Will you drink this, Henry?"

I dashed it from her hand—I struck her a blow! Heavens! why was not my arm paralyzed! and cried in a voice of fury,

“Wretch! murderess!—would you poison me!”

Fanny stood for a moment transfixed with wo unutterable—it was too deep for tears; then taking the lamp, she slowly, slowly left the room, casting back upon me a look so full of grief—of pity.

In a few moments I softly followed her up stairs—I gently pushed open the door of our sleeping chamber. She did not hear my approach. She was kneeling by the bedside, her white hands uplifted in prayer. Yes, she was praying—praying God for *me*—praying Him to restore my *reason*, to remove the darkness from my mind! *My reason!*—ha—ha—how I chuckled as I listened.

I threw myself on the bed without speaking, and was soon asleep, or feigning to be so—narrowly watching, meanwhile, every motion of Fanny, for the demon whispered, *she meant to kill me to save the Life Insurance!*

She did not undress, but sat for a while in a large easy chair. Sometimes she wept, sometimes she seemed engaged in prayer.

“*Kill—kill—kill!*” I muttered, as if in sleep.

She started—her eye-balls dilated with terror. She rose quickly from her seat, as if to fly; but the next moment she softly approached the bed, her countenance changing from terror to pity.

“My poor, poor Henry—God help thee!” she murmured.

She then cautiously stepped across the room and carefully examined the windows, to see if they were fastened. She then took down my pistols. I knew they were not loaded; she, too, appeared to recollect it, and gently replaced them. With a timid step she next approached the bureau and opened my dressing-case, glancing uneasily at the bed as she did so. Good heavens! what was she about to do!

Ah, I knew—though I cunningly closed my eyes and lay still—still—she could not make me believe she was only anxious to put all dangerous weapons from the power of a *madman*—no—no, I knew better!

She drew forth a razor—and then softly, softly, softly, she turned from the bureau and—

But I waited for no more. With a horrible cry I sprang from the bed, and with one bound stood before her. I snatched the razor from her hand—I waved its shining blade in triumph.

“Wretch—murderess!” I cried.

I attempted to seize her—she eluded my grasp, and ran shrieking from the room. I rushed wildly after her, shouting madly down the stairs—through the hall. I saw her white garments as she sprang through the street-door. “On—on—after her—after her!” cried the demon.

But strong men seized me; they bound me with cords—they called me *mad*—they brought me here—they shut me up with maniacs; but I am not mad—no, no, no—not mad!

The demon, with a fiendish joy, whispers, “Fanny was an angel—Fanny was innocent—that I have killed her!”

Fanny! Fanny! Fanny—where are you? Come to me, my love! No, she will not come! the fiends are keeping her from me! Ah, I see them as they wind themselves around her delicate form—break from them, my angel—my wife, come to me! *See!* she too laughs and mocks my groans! Now—now I am, indeed, growing mad—mad!

MISS DIX, THE PHILANTHROPIST.

BY MRS. E. C. KINNEY.

FROM the deep heart of Wo went up a groan
That, piercing the cerulean vault of heaven,
Found access to the great Eternal's throne,
Amid the prayers of such as are forgiven: —

When, from that throne—where none but seraphs gaze,
And only they as reverent worshipers —
Like lightning through th'empyrean did blaze
A mandate writ in shining characters!

And then a spirit meek, yet pure as snow,
The mission craved, and swiftly winged to earth,
Where, in the modest form of woman, lo!
That angel took a new, terrestrial birth!

The form was woman's—but the voice that spoke
To love's key-note attuned—the dauntless heart —
The smile, that on Wo's night like morning broke,
Were still the angel's—still of Heaven a part.

And when the man of crime that eye beheld,
And felt the power of that transforming smile,
Beneath sin's iron breastwork beat and swelled
The heart that seemed in contrast doubly vile.

Next to that glance of calm divinity,
Through which the Saviour's eye could guilt disarm,
Was her mild look, from human passion free,
Subduing evil by its silent charm.

And as Christ's voice made frantic demons flee,
Or lulled the raging elements at will;
So her soft tone made discord harmony,
And frenzied minds obeyed its "peace, be still!"

She through the dungeon's gloom did fearless grope —
Herself a light that on the sufferer gleamed —
As if the day-star of celestial Hope
Serenely through his grated window beamed.

The eye, whose intellectual ray obscured,
Had fixed on vacancy its soulless stare,
Grew lucid from a spirit reassured
In faith and trust, through Mercy's brooding care.

The ear, that only jarring sounds had heard,
Now, listening to Love's heavenly dialect,
Was moved, as when an exile's heart is stirred
By native tones, 'mid strangeness and neglect.

And Madness soothed, coherently replied —
The arm resistant raised, submissive fell,
And sunken eyes, by burning anguish dried,
Grew moist again from feeling's latent well.

Chaotic Intellect took Beauty's shape
At the omnipotence of gentle speech,
And hands unbound, exulting in escape,
Wrought works that taste to saner minds might teach.[2]

Oh, wondrous power of holy, heaven-born Love!
Whose spirit, in that woman's humble form,
Doth noiseless yet 'mid human suffering move,
Unchecked by frenzy's strife, or passion's storm.

And when her mission to this earth shall end —
When love's pure essence seeks its native heaven,
Her glory there the angels' shall transcend,
And loftier place than theirs to her be given.

[2] Some of the most ungovernable subjects of insanity have been so changed in a *few days*, by the soothing kindness of Miss Dix, as to execute various articles of fancy-work, under her teaching, with remarkable neatness and taste.

GODS AND MORTALS.

BY A. K. GARDNER, M. D., AUTHOR OF "OLD WINE IN NEW BOTTLES."

MONDAY 19th of March, 1849, was one of those beautiful days which make Spring so delightful. The smiles of nature never appear more charming than when they expel the frowns of winter. At the time above-mentioned, the world had just thrown off its fleecy mantle, preparatory to making a new toilet for the coming season. One would have imagined that the wardrobe of mother earth was very scantily provided, for the day previous her soiled coat of snow was sent to the washerwoman, who had employed the whole twenty-four hours in soaking the poor garment, scouring it with sand, and drenching it with continual showers of rain-water, so that when finally in a state to hang up to dry, scarcely a patch could be found, and those not apparently much benefited by its severe laundress. Mother Earth was surely in a most unfortunate state! Her old clothes not come home from the wash, and the new ones not ready to put on. She determined at first to lie a-bed till one or the other were ready for use. But Dame Luna was then mistress, and absolutely refused to harbor such an impoverished individual. "Credit, indeed!" she echoed. "To trust you I shall truly be a Luna-tic." You should have seen this individual, as she stood with arms akimbo, in the fullness of her pride. Her face pale with anger, and her eyes losing their usual mildness, glared forth upon our unfortunate mother. None could account for this unwonted spirit. Some of the fixed stars, however, very different from our M. P.'s, who sometimes sleep on their posts, had noticed Mistress Luna walking in the Milky Way; and it was charitably supposed that she had been taking a little too much of the celebrated punch of that locality. These celestial M. P.'s had winked at the matter, and hence all the trouble.

Hinc illæ lachrymæ.

The irate Luna was inflexible. In spite of all that could be said, she persisted in turning our mother out of the house.

Think of the mortification of our common parent, standing on the threshold of night, without a rag to cover her nakedness. Just then came Aurora on her morning's work to put out the gas. Her beautiful face and neck were covered

with crimson blushes, as she discovered the situation of our poor mother Earth.

"Hide yourself quickly," she cried, "for Phœbus is coming, riding in the chariot of day."

Now our mother had for some time carried on a little flirtation with him. She called him Apollo in those happy days; but for some time there had been a coldness between them. He was of a warm and impetuous disposition, and fond of having every thing bright about him. He objected to her white dress, which he considered to reflect upon his taste. It is true that this colorless robe, with only a few green pine sprigs upon it, did give mother rather a frigid and puritanical air. If he should be so offended at this dress, she thought, though a gay youth, I fear me much he will be greatly scandalized at seeing me with none.

Aurora's lantern, by good fortune, showed to my mother a little strip of Crocuses, with which she hastily covered her bosom. It was truly a scanty scarf —merely a pattern of the spring fashions, which the manufacturer had sent on in advance of the season for a specimen—nevertheless it was some protection. Her benumbed form she wrapped in a rosy mist, which was found overhanging the horizon, and by the time that Mr. Apollo, Hyperion Phœbus, came up, she was in a most delightful *demi-jour* ready to receive him. Mr. Phœbus was entranced; and, to tell the truth, our mother was warmed up at his presence.

From that time an ardent attachment commenced. Throwing aside the mists of formality, and the fogs of prejudice, they appeared imbued with a mutual spirit, created for one another, and shortly after parson Summer united them together in the happiest of states.

I have described to you the proceedings of celestials; but we mortals have a commonplace way of doing up these little matters, far more interesting to us to my fancy. A ferry crossed—a short trip in the cars, and we are landed in the centre of a charming neighboring city. A bright sky and balmy air give vivacity, and life, and joy to all. Still a step further, where the tall spire casts its lengthened shadow across the way.

We enter the church, and many colored lights from diamond panes shed a mellowed hue around. Its oaken benches are filled with the smiling faces of friends and neighbors. There are few greetings for us, and the solemnity of the place, and the occasion, have an opportunity to exert that influence which the most thoughtless cannot entirely escape in a similar situation.

A moment longer and the organ's roll announces the entrance of the surpliced priest. The pure lawn bespeaks respect for the unspotted character of the man of God. And now a general rustle of dresses and smothered whispers say that the bridal party approach. The gentle bride whose color rivals the hue

of the camellias that adorn her jetty hair, leans on the arm of one who henceforth is to be her all in all—for whom she leaves parents, family, friends, home and country. Is it strange that the cheek is blanched and the eye moist? His is a firm step and a manly form, and a gentle eye. Affection looks out at every glance, while pride and good-fortune rejoice together. "Happy is the bride that the sun shines upon," runs the adage. But the sun is not more ominous for good, than the mutual affection which gilds all around with its beams. Next comes the sister, whose sympathies, from nearness of age and common interests are strongest, her warm heart evincing itself by a hurried breath and a nervous step. Behind follow the dear friends of her youth, whose path so long the same, now separates, and the only brother, on whom falls the hope of the family, its perpetuated name, future reputation, and influence.

Now as they kneel about the altar, while parents, sisters, friends, stand silent around, one wish animates all that "God may have them in his holy keeping." The service goes on. Those pledges of mutual love and fidelity—oaths, not lightly to be taken, never to be broken—vows, registered in heaven by the Great Jehovah, the almighty witness—are said. The warm-hearted father gives away the bride. The ring—the benediction—and again the fresh air salutes us. The most important of all earthly rites is finished. It is a solemn occasion. Those who have passed through this scene, are forced to recall it to themselves, to examine if they have kept the faith—to make good resolutions for the future. To the young a lesson is given. Thoughtfulness is compelled to the importance of proper care in the selection of a partner, so that inclination and duty may go hand in hand together. The rolling peals of the organ grow fainter and fainter behind us.

Still another scene. A lordly mansion, whose wide-oped doors invite our entrance. From the sanctity of the church, the sanctuary of home receives us. The voices of friends and the merry laugh greet our ears. All is gay and joyous. Out of the *pale* of the church the lovely bride, with blushing cheeks, receives the envious congratulations of her friends.

The table that groaned with the feast now yields its rich supplies. The wassail bowl spreads gayety around. But hush! the clang of glasses, and the busy tongues are stilled. A manly voice, with mellowed cadence, reads a heartfelt epithalamium—an ode becoming a laureat—to the health and prosperity of the young couple.

The occasion was indeed worthy of the brilliant pen of the gifted authoress. Its reading produced various effects upon its auditors. Some wondered at its beauty, some were impressed with the honor done. Those of sensibility wiped their overflowing eyes, wondering whether it was the intrinsic beauty of the poem or its peculiar appropriateness that so moved them. All felt its influence,

for the children of the heart, like the carrier-pigeons, fly always to their native home.

A toast! a toast! To the bride and the poetess—and on went the feast.

The hour for separation approaches. The rolling ocean is to divide the daughter from her tender mother, beloved father, and friends. Their pangs of parting cast the only gloom upon the occasion. But now all is over. The business of every day life, with its noise, and bustle, and heartlessness, is again resumed. The scenes just described have left their subjects of contemplation too lightly treated in this day of frivolity and Fourierism, viz., the sacredness and responsibilities of marriage, and the affectionate devotedness of loving, trusting woman.

INVOCATION TO SLEEP.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

THROUGH the night's weary vigils
My pulse doth keep time
With the clock's never ceasing
And passionless chime.
Sweet Hope with my spirit
In daylight doth dwell,
But Sadness at nightfall
Weaves o'er me her spell.

In the twilight of dream-land
Dear forms hover near,
And their sweet, tender love tones
Sooth each rising fear.
Come, come to my pillow,
Thou dreamy-eyed Sleep!
For thou bringest with thee
Charms potent and deep.

Through my casement the moon beams,
I look on the sky,
And my fancy there pictures
Sleep's form soaring high.
I see in the white clouds
Her head drooping low,
Her thin, trailing garments.
Her poppy-bound brow.

She is queen of the dream-land,
That pure, blest retreat:
And the loved that are parted
In spirit there meet.

Come, come to my pillow,
Thou poppy-crowned queen!
Bear off my sad spirit,
Of Hope let it dream.

Cruel Love by my pillow
Keeps hovering near:
Of the absent he murmurs—
Quick starts the sad tear.
I know that the fluttering
Of his tiny wing
Drives away the dear forms
Sleep only can bring.

For with sleep come the loved ones,
In dream-land we meet,
And our spirits there mingling,
Hold commune most sweet.
Come, come to my pillow,
Thou poppy-crowned queen!
And bring to my spirit
Sweet Hope’s soothing dream.

MINNA.

BY W. S. SOUTHGATE.

In the midst of a beautiful valley on the Rhine, known as the "Vale of Peace," stood the cottage of an honest peasant. The lofty mountains, with their woody sides, seemed to shut out every thing but peace and contentment. A bubbling brook ran close by the cottage-door, and sweet-scented flowers grew along its sides. Merry birds sang sweetly the live-long day, and unaffrighted, built their nests around the peasant's door. It was as if Paradise had been restored. Well might Peace love such a dwelling-place. Here the peasant had lived for years in the enjoyment of that quiet contentment which only peasants know. Every year he had reaped his unblighted grain, and gathered his purple grapes. No cruel wolf entered his sheep-fold, no disease carried off his cattle. For the fairies of the valley delighted to protect him, and would only do him good. Often would they come by moonlight, and play their merry pranks near the cottage, and he would wake and lie listening to their joyous shouts, blessing them in his heart.

Often would they work while he was sleeping, and in the morning peep from their hiding-places, and laugh at his surprise at what they had done for him. And it seemed as if one half their merry lives was spent in making the peasant and his good wife happy. Thus the years had passed, and they had lived in quiet, wanting nothing but the merry shouts of childhood to make their happiness complete. Soon this joy came also, and a prattling daughter was added to their household. Loud were the fairies' rejoicings, and long their dances on Minna's birth-night. The rising moon had just begun to cast the long shadows of the mountains over the quiet valley, and its white light was just struggling through the silent tree-tops, when the fairy-queen summoned her elfin band to their bower. And well might fairies choose such a retreat. Myriad wild-rose vines, that had crept up the trunks of the trees, met overhead, and formed the fairy hall. The vine-leaves and the branches were so thickly entwined, that even the sunbeams could find no place to enter. Each side sloped gently down to the murmuring fountain which gushed forth from the midst, gladdening every thing with its coolness. The air was filled with the fragrance of the roses as the wind stirred lightly amongst their leaves. The

humming-birds built their nests in the bower, and fed upon its sweets, for the fairies love them of all birds. Here would the fairy band repose all day. And many a time, when working away from his cottage, had the peasant heard their merry songs rising above the murmur of the forest. And when the sun went down, he would hasten home, loving them more than ever.

Here they assembled, while their queen addressed them. “Listen, fairies. This night brings on its wings the sweet hope of the peasant, and a welcome care to us. Ye have long guarded this our valley against the coming of hurtful spirits; ye have many a fairy-circle in it, where ye sport in the moonlight dance; but to-night brings your greatest joy. Ye truly love the forest, the valley, and the peasant; but now Minna is your chief delight. Ye three spirits, Love, Virtue, and Peace be ever with her, nor once forsake her. And ye, Grace and Beauty, preside at her birth. Now hence to the valley, for the moonlight waits.” And to the valley they did go—scampering, flying, tumbling, and rolling, like so many dried leaves before a whirlwind. And all that night were they rejoicing, nor ceased till the dawning light heralded the approaching sun. And now the once lonely cottage echoes all day with the childish laughter of Minna. And the peasant toils daily in the valley with a lighter heart than ever. The good wife’s soul overflows with a mother’s joy. For the three spirits, Love, Virtue, and Peace abide with them.

Years passed, and with them fled the childhood of Minna. The little sporting fawn had become a stately deer. Her joyous girlhood had slipped away, and womanhood found her still playing by the silvery brook, as pure in heart as its own clear water. The twin fairies, Grace and Beauty, were ever with her. And all the fairies so loved her, that they had once even taken her to their sacred bower.

And now many noble knights had heard of the beauty of the peasant’s daughter, and many desired to see her. But one, the good knight Edchen, determined to seek her hand, for a spirit seemed to whisper to him, that she was destined to be his. One day as she sat singing by the brook, twining wild-roses and lilies in her hair, she looked up, and lo! a manly knight gazing upon her. She started to her feet, and like a surprised deer, stood wondering at the sight. And the renowned knight Edchen, for he it was that stood before her, was astonished at her beauty. For she seemed to him more like an angel or the being of a dream, than the daughter of an humble peasant. And ere either had spoken, their hearts met in love. And now he knew that some good spirit had directed him, that he might find his heart’s mate. For truly every heart has somewhere in the world a loving companion. And thus he spoke, “Fair lady, if I am bold, forgive; but when first I saw thee, a spirit whispered to my heart —‘she is thy mate.’ I am Edchen, and can boast only good. I have sought thee

long, and have loved as no other since first I heard of thy loveliness. And now behold me ready to follow thy command as a faithful knight, if I may but carry with me thy love."

Then the happy Minna answered the knight, "Noble Edchen, I heard of thy goodness even here in this lonely valley, and wished thee near me, that I might love thee as I love this little brook, and all these hills. Dear as is my home, my heart longs for a companion, and truly thy face betrays thee good. Welcome my heart's mate, I'm glad a kind spirit sent thee."

And thus quickly did their hearts become one! for loveliness and goodness are ever congenial. Soon Edchen returned to his home, carrying with him the plighted love of Minna, promising quickly to return and take her with him as his own dear bride.

Now the brook and the flowers were forgotten, for the heart of Minna was filled with love for Edchen. And like a merry bird she would sing all day long, and all her song be love. The peasant and his good wife were rejoiced to see her so happy, yet they looked forward with sorrow to the time when the knight should come to claim his bride, and take her away from the valley. And when the peasant looked sad at the thought of this, his wife would say, "Henri, we are old, and have naught to live for but the happiness of Minna—and will she not be happy with the noble Edchen?" Then the peasant would cheer up and be as light-hearted as ever, for the words of the good wife drove away sorrow.

Two months had worn away slowly—how slow is time to waiting love! When one day as Minna tripped along the valley, she heard the fairies singing in their bower; she listened, and this was their song:

"Two roses together
In love shall twine,
O cruel the spirit
That breaks the vine."

Minna trembled; before she had heard the fairies sing only joyous songs, but now they seemed to be mourning as if some evil were coming. She hastened home; nor did she sleep that night for thinking of the fairies' song. All night a fairy voice seemed to whisper, "Thy love is blighted." 'Twas now a year since they parted, and yet no word had come from Edchen. And now the gentle Minna began to droop and fade; as you have seen a fair lily droop its head, and its pure white leaves become dry and yellow, when some rude blast has broken its stem. And ever and anon the fairy voice whispered, "Edchen is dead." One night she dreamed, and a band of freed spirits seemed flying from earth to heaven. Amongst them she saw the pure white spirit of Edchen; and it seemed to beckon and say, "Come, Minna." The shock was too strong; the stem too

tender. The feeble flower drooped and died. And now it seemed as if peace had fled from the valley, and left only grief. But it soon returned and dwelt again in the peasant's heart, for as he worked in the valley, he heard the fairies sing,

"The vines that grew on earth
Have gone to bloom in heaven."

GERMAN POETS.

BY MRS. E. J. EAMES.

I.—GOETHE.

Light! more light still! GOETHE.

Thou unto whom was given the golden key
To unlock the portals of the human mind, —
Oh! Spirit grand—adventurous—and free —
In that last awful moment didst thou find
"*More* light" than shone upon thy earthly vision?
Was the Great Idea to thy sense made clear?
The solemn secrets of the veiled Elysian —
Say—were they whispered in thy closing ear?
"Light! more light still!" it was thy last, *last* prayer!
And oh! how strove thy straining, dying eyes,
To pierce the far, impenetrable skies,
And read the mighty mystery, written *there*!
Alas! to *us*, poor dwellers in the clay,
Are given but glimpses of the Land of Day!

II.—SCHILLER.

"Keep true to the dream of thy youth."

Thy dream of youth! ah, no! it ne'er forsook thee,
The worshiped Ideal of thy boyhood's time;
Still pure and beautiful as when it took thee
To cross the Holy Land of Truth sublime!
So earnest thy Belief—to later age
The visions of thy childhood stayed to bless thee —
Though sorrow dimmed the lustre of life's page,
And shadows deepened round—and pain opprest thee —

The Beauty of thy Being still caressed thee.
Still didst thou reverence thine early dream,
And woo fair Nature as thy loveliest bride; —
Still from thy Soul did Faith's pure radiance stream,
So was the Angel of thy Youth, thy guide,
In snow-white raiment clad, forever at thy side.

III—RICHTER.

My Jean Paul, I shall never forget. HERDER.

Never forgotten! still do they enshrine thee
The pride and glory of thy Fatherland:
Before the altar of the true Shekinah,
O priestly poet! it was thine to stand
Clothed in the purity of thy high nature —
And wearing on thy spiritual features
(Illumined with the tenderest charities)
A world of kindness for thy fellow creatures.
Ah, yes! the Universal heart of man
The Holiest of Holies was to thee: —
Thy everlasting covenant and plan
To love and trust—believe: wait patiently!
Never forgotten thou! true Poet of Mankind,
Still in their hearts thy words a general echo find.

IV—KORNER.

"Lord of the Sword and Lyre!"

Oh, Warrior Poet! thou before whose eyes
Rose the enchanted realm of the Ideal —
The star-lit land of Fancy, whose fair skies
Bent in unclouded loveliness around thee —
The angel of the world of visions found thee —
Bore thee from the cold Winter of the Real,
And with unfading wreaths of Poesy crowned thee.
Lord of the Lyre and Sword! O, blest wert thou
To live and die, amid thine early dreams!
Nor bay, nor blossom faded from thy brow —
No star of Promise, shed its dying gleams

Upon thy path—and left thee, *thus* to bow
A lone survivor! Oh! *no* lot so blest
As that which calleth *early* unto rest!

LIFE OF GENERAL BARON DE KALB.

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

VERY little is known of this illustrious officer till about the year 1755, when we find him filling an inferior station in the quartermaster-general's department, in the imperial army of France; his intimate acquaintance with the details of that department led his friends in America to believe that he had held it for some considerable time.

Toward the close of the French war with England, Baron De Kalb was dispatched by his sovereign to North America, to visit the British Colonies there, expressly to ascertain the points in which they were most vulnerable, and to discover how far it was practicable, by well-timed insinuation and winning intrigue, to generate dissatisfaction, and excite a suspicious jealousy against the mother country, so as to shake their confidence in the purity of her views, and beget and cherish a desire of asserting their independence.

He traversed the British provinces in a concealed character; and when speaking of the existing war, often expressed his astonishment how any government could have so blundered as to efface the ardent and deep affection which, to his own knowledge, existed on the part of the colonies of Great Britain previous to the late rupture. Just before the peace our incognitus becoming suspected, was arrested, and for a few days imprisoned. On examination of his baggage and papers, nothing was found to warrant his detention, and he was discharged. Such discovery was not practicable, as, during this tour, the baron himself declared that he relied entirely upon his memory, which was singularly strong, never venturing to commit to paper the information of others, or his own observations.

On the restoration of peace, the baron returned to France, and there remained in the service of his country till 1777. When the news of the war of the American Revolution reached France, the youthful and chivalrous Lafayette, accompanied by the Baron De Kalb, left their native shores to offer their assistance in the struggle for independence. They came in the same ship, and arrived in America early in July, 1777, and presented their credentials to Congress, who gave them commissions as major-generals—their commissions

bearing date on the same day, July 31st, 1777.

General De Kalb served in the main army, under the immediate command of General Washington, until March, 1780, when the entire Maryland and Delaware lines, with the 1st regiment of artillery, were detached from the main army and placed under his command, and ordered to South Carolina, to reinforce and take command of the southern army, which had almost been destroyed by the unfortunate surrender of General Lincoln.

In this command he remained until the 25th July, 1780, when General Gates, having been appointed by Congress commander-in-chief in the South, arrived in camp, and assumed the command; General De Kalb remaining second in command. General Gates, having broken up the camp and made suitable preparations, subsequently marched his army to within a few miles of Camden, South Carolina, unfortunately, was persuaded that he had nothing further to do but to advance upon his enemy, never supposing that so far from retiring, the British general would seize the proffered opportunity of battle.

Unhappily for America, unhappily for himself, he acted under this influence, nor did he awake from his reverie until the proximity of the enemy was announced by his fire in the night preceding the fatal morning. Lord Cornwallis having been regularly informed of the passing occurrences, hastened to Camden, which he reached on the 13th of August. Spending the subsequent day in review and examination, he found his army very much enfeebled, eight hundred being sick, his effective strength was reduced to somewhat less than two thousand three hundred men, including militia, and Bryan's corps, which, together, amounted to seven hundred and fifty men. Judging from the Congressional publications, he rated his enemy at six thousand, in which estimation his lordship was much mistaken, as from official returns on the evening preceding the battle, it appears that our force did not exceed four thousand, including the corps detached under Lieutenant-Colonel Wolford; yet there was a great disparity of numbers in our favor; but we fell short in quality, our continental horse, foot, and artillery being under one thousand, whereas the British regulars amounted to nearly one thousand six hundred.

In case of a disaster, the American commander had an eye to the three powerful and faithful counties, Cabarrus, Rowan, and Mecklenburgh. The inhabitants of these three counties, amongst the most populous in the state, were true and zealous in their maintenance of the Revolution; and they were always ready to encounter any and every peril to support the cause of their hearts. Contiguous to the western border, over the mountains, lived that hardy race of mountaineers, equally attached to the cause of our common country, and who rolled occasionally like a torrent on the hostile territory. The ground

was strong, and the soil rich and cultivated. In every respect, therefore, it was adapted to the American general until he had rendered himself completely ready for offence. Notwithstanding his diminished force, notwithstanding the vast expected superiority of his enemy, the discriminating mind of the British general paused not an instant in deciding upon his course. No idea of a retrograde movement was entertained by him. Victory only could extricate him from the surrounding dangers, and the quicker the decision, the better his chance of success. He therefore gave orders to prepare for battle, and in the evening of the 15th put his army in motion to attack his enemy next morning in his position at Rudgely's Mill. Having placed Camden in the care of Major McArthur, with the convalescents, some of the militia, and a detachment of regulars expected in the course of the day, he moved at the hour of ten at night, in two divisions. The front division, composed of four companies of light infantry, with the twenty-second and twenty-third regiments, was commanded by Lieutenant-colonel Webster.

The rear division, consisting of the legion infantry, Hamilton's regiment of North Carolinians, the volunteers of Ireland, and Bryan's corps of loyalists, was under the orders of Lord Rawdon.

Two battalions of the seventy-first, with the legion cavalry, formed the reserve.

After Gates had prepared his army to move, it was resolved in a council of war to march on the night of the 15th, and to sit down behind Saunder's Creek, within seven miles of Camden.

Thus it happened that both the generals were in motion at the same hour, and for the same purpose, with this material distinction, that the American general grounded his conduct in his mistaken confidence of his adversary's disposition to retreat; whereas, the British commander sought for battle with anxiety, regarding the evasion of it by his antagonist as the highest misfortune.

After sending the baggage, stores and sick, off to the friendly settlement of the Waxhaws, the army marched at ten o'clock at night. Armand's legion, in horse and foot, not exceeding one hundred, moved as a vanguard, flanked by Lieutenant-colonel Porterfield's corps on the right, and by Major Armstrong's light infantry of the North Carolina militia, on the left. The Maryland and Delaware lines, composed the front division, under Baron De Kalb; the militia of North Carolina, under General Caswell, the centre; and the Virginia militia, under Brigadier Stevens, the rear. Colonel Lee, in his Notes, says, "Armand was one of the many French gentlemen who joined our army, and was one of the few who were honored with important commands. His officers were generally foreign, and his soldiers chiefly deserters. It was the last corps in the army which ought to have been entrusted with the van post, because, however

unexceptionable the officers may have been, the materials of which the corps was composed, did not warrant such distinction." About one o'clock in the morning the two armies met, and from the darkness of the night they came almost in close contact before either was aware of their position.

As soon as the corps of Armand discovered the near approach of the enemy, they shamefully took to flight, carrying dismay and confusion through the whole ranks. The leading regiment of Maryland was disordered by this ignominious flight; but the gallant Porterfield, taking his part with decision on the right, seconded by Armstrong on the left, soon brought the enemy's van to pause. The two armies halted, each throbbing with the emotions which the van encounter had excited. The British army displayed in one line, which completely occupied the ground, each flank resting on impervious swamps. The infantry of the reserve took post in a second line, one half opposite the centre of each wing, and the cavalry held the road where the left of the right wing united with the volunteers of Ireland, which corps formed the right of the left wing. With the front line were two six and two three-pounders, under Lieutenant McLeod of the artillery; with the reserve were two six-pounders. Thus arrayed, confiding in discipline and experience, the British general waited anxiously for light.

The Maryland regiment soon recovered from the confusion produced by the panic of Armand's cavalry. General Gates saw the moment fast approaching, and arrayed his army with promptitude. The second brigade of Maryland, with the regiment of Delaware, under General Gist, took the right; the brigade of North Carolina militia, led by Brigadier Caswell, the centre; and that of Virginia, under Brigadier Stevens, the left. The first brigade of Maryland was formed in reserve, under the command of General Smallwood, who had on York Island, in the beginning of the war, when colonel of the first regiment of Maryland, deeply planted in the hearts of his countrymen, the remembrance of his zeal and valor, conspicuously displayed in that the first of his fields. To each brigade a due proportion of artillery was allotted; but we had no cavalry, as those who led in the night were still flying. Major-general Baron De Kalb, charged with the line of battle, took post on the right, while the general-in-chief, superintending the whole, placed himself on the road between the line and the reserve. Light now began to dawn, and every moment was an hour of anxious suspense; the signal for battle was given, and instantly our centre opened its artillery, and the left line, under Stevens, was ordered to advance.

The British general, closely watching our motions, discovered this movement, immediately gave orders to Webster to lead into battle with the right. The command was executed with the characteristic courage and

influence of that officer. Our left was instantly overpowered by the assault, and the brave Stevens had to endure the mortifying spectacle exhibited by the flying brigade. Without exchanging more than one fire with the enemy, they threw away their arms, and sought that safety in flight which generally can be obtained only by courageous resistance. The North Carolina brigade, imitating that on the right, followed the disgraceful example. Stevens, Caswell, and even Gates himself, struggled to stop the fugitives, and rally them for battle; but every noble feeling of the heart was sunk in anxious solicitude to preserve life; and having no cavalry to assist their exertions, the attempted reclamation failed entirely. The continental troops, with Dixon's regiment of North Carolinians, were left to oppose the enemy, every corps of whose army was acting with the most determined resolution. De Kalb and Gist yet held the battle on our right in suspense. Lieutenant-colonel Howard, at the head of Williams' regiment, drove the corps in front out of line. Rawdon could not bring the brigade of Gist to recede—bold was the pressure of the foe; firm as a rock was the resistance of Gist. The Marylanders appeared to gain ground; but the deplorable desertion of the militia having left Webster unemployed, that discerning soldier detached some light troops with Tarlton's cavalry in pursuit, and opposed himself to the reserve brought up by Smallwood to replace the fugitives. Here the battle was renewed with fierceness and obstinacy. The Marylanders, although greatly outnumbered, firmly maintained the desperate conflict; and De Kalb, now finding his once exposed flank completely shielded, resorted to the bayonet. Dreadful was the charge! This appeared to be his last hope, and making a desperate charge, drove the enemy before him with considerable advantage.

But at this time, Cornwallis perceiving the American cavalry had left the field, ordered Tarlton to make a decisive charge; this was done, and our brave troops were broken; and his lordship following up the blow, compelled the intrepid Marylanders to abandon the unequal contest.

To the woods and swamps, after performing their duty valiantly, these gallant soldiers were compelled to fly. The pursuit was continued with keenness, and none were saved but those who penetrated swamps which before had been deemed impassable.

De Kalb, sustaining by his splendid example the courageous efforts of our inferior force, in his last resolute attempt to seize victory, received eleven bayonet wounds. His lingering life was rescued from immediate death by the brave interposition of one of his aids-de-camp.

Lieutenant-colonel De Buysson saw his prostrate general in the act of falling, rushed through the clashing bayonets, and stretching his arms over the fallen hero, exclaimed, "Save the Baron De Kalb! Save the Baron De Kalb!" The British officers interposed and prevented his immediate destruction; but he

survived his wounds but three days.

To a British officer, who kindly administered every consolation in his power, he replied, “I thank you for your generous sympathy, but I die the death I always prayed for—the death of a soldier fighting for the rights of man.” The heroic veteran employed his last moments in dictating a letter to General Smallwood, who succeeded to the command of his division, breathing in every word his sincere and ardent affection for his officers and soldiers, expressing his admiration of their late noble, though unsuccessful stand; reciting the eulogy which their bravery had extorted from the enemy; together with the lively delight such testimony of their valor had excited in his own mind. Trembling on the shadowy confines of life, he stretched out his quivering hand to his friend and aid-de-camp, Chevalier De Buysson, proud of his generous wounds, he breathed his last benediction on his faithful, brave division.

In this disastrous conflict, besides the gallant De Kalb, this country lost many excellent officers, and among them Lieutenant-colonel Porterfield, whose promise of future greatness had endeared him to the whole army. On the 14th of October, 1780, Congress resolved that a monument should be erected to his memory, in the town of Annapolis, in the State of Maryland; but this resolution, it is believed, has never been carried into effect, and the gratitude and plighted faith of the nation both remain unredeemed.

He was in the forty-eighth year of his age, most of his life, with the exception of the last three years spent in the American Revolution, he had passed in the armies of France, having entered at the early age of sixteen years. In the resolution of Congress we find the following inscription, which was intended to have graced the monument of this gallant officer:

Sacred to the memory of the
BARON DE KALB,
Knight of the royal order of Military Merit,
Brigadier of the armies of France,
and
Major General
In the service of the United States of America;
Having served with honor and reputation
For three years,
He gave a last and glorious proof of his
Attachment to the liberties of mankind
And the cause of America,
In the action near Camden, in the state of S. Carolina,
On the 16th of August, 1780;

Where, leading on the troops of the
Maryland and Delaware lines,
Against superior numbers,
And animating them by his example
To deeds of valor,
He was pierced with many wounds,
And on the nineteenth following, expired,
In the 48th year of his age.
THE CONGRESS
Of the United States of America,
In gratitude to his zeal, services and merit,
Have erected this monument.

No man surpassed this gentleman in simplicity and condescension, which gave to his deportment a cast of amiability extremely ingratiating, at the same time exciting confidence and esteem.

General Washington, many years after, on a visit to Camden, inquired for the grave of De Kalb. After looking on it a while with a countenance expressive of deep feeling, he breathed a deep sigh, and exclaimed, “so there lies the brave De Kalb, the generous stranger, who came from a distant land to fight our battles, and to water with his blood the tree of our liberty. Would to God he had lived to share its fruits!”

When General De Kalb came to the United States with Lafayette to enter into the service of America, he left his wife and children in France—two sons and a daughter. Soon after his arrival here the troubles in France arose, which terminated in revolution. In this revolution, the eldest son, who had joined one of the parties, perished under the guillotine; the second son received a commission in the army; and the Baroness De Kalb, with her daughter, fled into Switzerland. The second son remained in the service of France until the downfall of the Emperor Napoleon, when he retired from public service to the family *chateau* at Milon, in the vicinity of Paris, the residence of the late Baron De Kalb, before he left his native country.

THE HOUSEKEEPING HUSBAND.

BY ANGELE DE V. HULL.

Nor does he govern only, or direct,
But much performs himself.
COWPER.

NOW, dear reader, do not think for a moment that Mr. Bettyman is any relation of yours. He is nobody's uncle, cousin, or brother, though, indeed, accident may have thrown into your way a kinsman of his peculiar temperament. But if, out of the fifty thousand readers of Graham's Magazine, forty of whom I, in my insignificance, may know but slightly, six in every town or village were to take offence at my penchant for the ridiculous, and call upon me to deny any particular caricature of any particular individual, what sort of a postage-bill do you think mine would be, allowing a letter for each very sensitive reader? Understand, then, loveliest of your sex, whichever you be, that I don't mean any body in particular, nor any thing in general—I only mean to inform you, best reader, that Mr. Edwin Bettyman was a newly married man at the time I knew him, and had just carried his pretty little wife to his elegant but simple home near the suburbs of *his* native place, which, of course, is not yours. As for myself, I am not fond of these half-way sort of places; I like to be in the country, amid the green fields and wild-flowers, or in town, amid its concomitants, smoke, dust, and fuss. But, as my opinion cannot possibly be of any consequence to any body, I will merely mention that Mr. and Mrs. Bettyman both disagreed with me, and were delighted with their location. The house was unexceptionable—a large, airy cottage, with front and back piazzas, a fine yard, and the greenest of grass-plots on either side of the gate, around which was a hedge of juniper in beautiful luxuriance.

Mrs. Bettyman was enchanted. The furniture was light and graceful; Edwin had guessed her own taste, and she ran about surveying her new home as blithe of heart as any bride on earth. As to household affairs, she knew enough to call herself an accomplished *ménagère*, and shaking back her sunny curls, she gayly challenged her cousin Isabel and myself to dine with her that day week. So "all went merry as a marriage bell;" and as we returned home Isabel expressed her satisfaction at the choice Edwin had made, and the sweet relative

he had given her, for, as I ought to have mentioned before, she was *his* cousin.

"They seem well matched," said I, musingly, and half sadly, too. "I wonder, now, how much there is for each to learn of the other. How many failings to come out, like dark spots upon the deep, clear blue of love's happy horizon."

"Why really, you grow fanciful," laughed my companion. "Surely they must know one another by this time!"

I opened my eyes in wonder. The idea of any man or woman being aught but a faultless monster, after three weeks' marriage, was preposterous in the extreme. How few weddings there would be, were lovers sent to the Palace of Truth for a month or two.

"Does not Josephine think her husband free from faults, Isabel?" asked I, after a pause.

"I fear that she does," said she, smiling, "but," added earnestly, "I hope not. Even I, who have been Edwin's favorite cousin, cannot presume to say what kind of a husband he will be. A very pleasant acquaintance may become a disagreeable person to live with; a gentle manner may conceal an evil heart. Not that I suspect Edwin of either, but you have conjured me into seriousness somehow, and I begin to doubt the existence of that perfect happiness supposed to follow the union of two loving hearts."

"A poet's dream," exclaimed I. "The Eden of early faith changes too soon to dread and despair. There is no perfect bliss on earth, and of quiet, sober happiness, how few instances!"

Isabel turned toward me with an air of astonishment that amused while it abashed me. I might be accused of experimental knowledge and I looked away.

"Have you foresworn marriage, my dear, or have you had an escape after a sentence of banishment to the Palace of Truth?"

Just as I said—an accusation in set terms. So I laughed very affectedly at my homilies, and confessed that I was in a reflective mood. We changed the subject, and went home through a pleasant wood, stopping a while to choose some bright wild-flower, or watch the "lazy pacing clouds" pile themselves into enormous masses of blue and silver, to melt away into mysterious shapes as we gazed.

Some time after this I was called away and remained absent for several months. On my return, I found Isabel Stewart an inmate of her Cousin Edwin's house, having lost her only near relative, an old uncle, during my absence. As we had been dear friends from early childhood, I gladly accepted an invitation to spend a portion of my time with her, and drove out "armes et baggage" to the pretty residence of my hero and his lovely wife, too willing to escape from

the thraldom of a hotel life.

Isabel was paler and thinner, and threw herself without speaking into my arms. Josephine was as pretty as ever, as cordial and hospitable as hostess could be. But she had lost that catching gayety that so enchanted me at the time of her marriage, and seemed to grow timid as her husband's step was heard upon the gravel-walk.

"How do you do, my dear Miss Ellen?" said he, taking my hand and shaking it heartily. "I am glad to see you once more. Have you had lunch yet? No. Josephine, my love, how could you neglect your guest?"

"I this moment arrived," said I, smiling and seating myself. "Do let us take breath before you send Josy off to the pantry. Knowing her boast of housekeeping accomplishments, I am sure of a grand lunch by and bye."

She smiled and answered cheerfully, "Oh, you must not remember what a braggart I was, Ellen. Edwin is not at all pleased with my housekeeping, and pretends that I know nothing about it. But it *is* time to get something to refresh you after your drive, so excuse me, I leave you with Isabel—and you want no better companion."

"No better, indeed," said I, drawing her closer to me as Josephine left the apartment. "Now do tell me, dear Isabel, all about yourself, for you have not written me very explicitly since your change of residence. Are you happy here?"

And receiving an answer in the affirmative, we talked, like two egotists, of nothing but ourselves until summoned to the dining-room.

Mr. Bettyman seemed to me a *fussy* man—(dear reader, you *must* understand the term.) He got up and unlocked the sideboard, looked very mysterious as he examined the decanters, took one out, relocked the door, and returned to his seat. The wine-glasses were as usual at each place. Taking mine, he was about to fill it when something attracted his attention, and he tittered an exclamation of tragical amazement.

"Is it possible! Cracked already! Not eight months since we came here and another glass ruined. Two wine-glasses cracked—I cannot say how may tumblers broken—"

"Only one, Edwin," said his wife, blushing slightly as she glanced at me. "And that, you know, cracked from the ice with which it was filled."

"Ay, always some excuse. It is perfectly useless, my dear Miss Ellen," interrupted he, and I expected from the expression of wo he assumed, to see him burst into tears, "it is perfectly useless for me to purchase any articles of value for my house. Every thing goes to ruin;" and he shrugged his shoulders, mournfully looking around for sympathy.

“And in the meantime, Ellen is waiting for a glass of wine,” said Isabel, “and I for a piece of that tongue before you.”

“Oh! I beg pardon—I am neglecting my duty as host; but you must really excuse me, I am so shocked—so often surprised at the destruction of property —”

“Josy, do give Ellen some of that pine-apple jam,” interrupted Isabel, looking as though she had not heard Mr. Bettyman speak, “I want her to see what excellent preservers we are. Indeed, I never tasted better sweetmeats than those we made this season.”

“Nearly an entire barrel of the finest crush sugar consumed! I hope that Josephine will acquire more knowledge of economy as she grows older,” said Mr. Bettyman, encouragingly. “A half pound to three-quarters of fruit, I remember, was my mother’s rule—and I mentioned this to Josephine.”

“My dear cousin, what a pity you were not born an old lady!” said Isabel, gravely, “you are too good for a man.”

My politeness was very nearly upset by this sally, and I looked at Edwin. He seemed rather *flattered*, yet doubtfully examined his cousin’s eyes, deceived by the gravity of her tone into an assurance of her sincerity. Still the appellation of old woman was not very respectful, and while he pondered in silence, we talked without further interruption. His wife was evidently mortified, as must be the case on the introduction of any stranger into her domestic circle; but her sweet and amiable manner throughout all, was truly commendable. I must own my perfect astonishment at Mr. Bettyman’s meddling disposition. I had never seen such an exhibition before, but concealed my feelings, and ate lunch enough to frighten him, had he been actuated by avarice. But he was not a “stingy man;” he had no meanness about him. Providing handsomely for his house, lavishing every comfort upon his wife, loving her with true devotion, he embittered her life by this love of control, this singular passion for leaving his sphere of husband to interfere with her household cares in a way as unmanly as it was annoying. His place was as intrusive there as Josephine’s would have been in his counting-room. As well might she seat herself at his desk and examine his books—and what would he have thought and said, had she ever attempted it? Surely Mr. Bettyman, like Lady Macbeth, unsexed himself.

Isabel and I were too busy chatting to notice his display of old ladyism, by any remark to one another; and as I then concluded it to be merely an accidental humor of Mr. Bettyman’s, I descended to the breakfast-room the next morning, more and more delighted with my change of apartments, from the refreshing sleep I had enjoyed.

“Come, Ellen,” said Josephine, as she bade me good morning, “do justice to my cook’s rolls. You never eat better bread in your life; and as for fresh butter, look at it and then taste it.”

“Josy grows vain,” said Isabel, putting an egg into my cup. “She will tell you how much smarter her hens are than city hens.”

“Indeed they are,” cried Josephine, laughing. “You shall visit my poultry-yard this morning, Ellen, and see what a collection I have. Dorking, Bucks County, Polish, Chinese, Java, etc., to say nothing of native hens to the manor born. And such broods of chickens—pretty little creatures!”

And breakfast passed very pleasantly, Mr. Bettyman making himself agreeable without being useful, until Josephine was ready to give her orders for the morning and show me her pretty place. To the poultry-yard we were going, sun-bonnets in hand, when Edwin mounted the steps, wearing a most unhappy look, and holding in the tips of his fingers, a something that seemed a conglomeration of mud, mire, and cloth.

“My dear Josy, do look at this! One of those excellent cup-towels in the ground—buried actually in the ground! This is really too bad! You should see to your servants—you seem to take no interest in any thing about your domestic affairs. Just see this towel!” and Mr. Bettyman contemplated it with a look of sorrow, as though it had been a deceased friend instead of the skeleton of a bit of crash. Isabel descended the steps and taking it from him, examined it in the four corners. At length she looked up, and the wonder is to me how she could preserve her gravity.

“Was your mother’s maiden name Brown?” asked she with *such* an innocent look!

“Why surely not, Isabel,” replied he, surprised. “Why you must know—what did you ask for?”

“Because this towel is marked Brown, printed in large letters, and as your name is Bettyman and Josy’s was Singleton, I cannot imagine to whom it belongs.”

“Oh! it must have fallen over the wall, Miss Isabel, and belongs next door. Mrs. Brown lives in there, and I expect it blew over with the wind and rain lately. I’ll wash it out and carry it home,” said the servant, as she took it from Isabel, who turned smilingly to Josephine, while Mr. Bettyman walked away a little disconcerted.

As for myself, I opened my eyes to twice their usual size, and pulled my long bonnet over them, to hide my wonder. While we were admiring Josy’s beautiful poultry, her husband came running toward us, and I dreaded some other muddy discovery; but it was to bid us good morning, and kiss his wife

before he drove off to the city. As I remarked his sincere look of affection when he pressed his lips to her blooming cheek, I could not help sighing as I remembered how grieved she was at his reproach, “you take no interest in your domestic affairs.” He might speak kindly now, but he had spoiled her pleasure for the hour, and seemed to feel no extra gratitude for her perfect freedom from every thing like resentment. Her smile was so sweet and winning, that I felt like reminding him how little he deserved it, after his *bêtises*. She left us to get a basket for the eggs that were scattered in great profusion about the nice nests ranged along the side of the coop; and where the cackling and clucking of a hundred hens was a safe preventive against overhearing, I exclaimed to my companion,

“Isabel! what sort of a *lusus naturæ* is your Cousin Edwin? If it would not be considered offensive, I should offer him a petticoat, and make one long enough to cover his pantaloons and boots.”

“And he would do honor to it, Ellen,” was the reply. “This Miss Molly-mania of Edwin’s is the one spot that has risen on Josephine’s otherwise happy union. She is the loveliest woman I ever knew, so sweet and patient; and I feel so provoked at her husband that I often am afraid to do mischief by interfering. But I cannot help it! As ridiculous as it is—as it helps to make him—we cannot laugh at it, because it is an evil—a source of serious unhappiness in any household. And Josy bears it so nobly! And never smiles when at times I cannot contain my amusement even before him. I am afraid he is incurable, for if he is not content with her neatness and order, an angel’s efforts could not please him. I wish you would think of some cure for his disease.”

“I’d put a cap on him, and make him mend his own stockings,” said I, with more indignation than dignity; but Josephine was at the gate, and after filling the basket with what New Orleans calls creole eggs, a fortune to the one who could have taken them to St. Mary’s Market, we returned to the house and spent a pleasant morning together.

Fortunately no further opportunities presented themselves to Mr. Bettyman, and I found him a very pleasant, well-informed person, capable of being as entertaining as he had been in the beginning disagreeable. Two more delightful days I never passed, when on the third morning I heard Mr. Bettyman give orders to take back his rockaway to the stable, as he intended remaining at home for the day. Isabel lifted her hands in dismay, as he leant out of the window, and I guessed that we were to be favored with some more of his attempts at housekeeping. Ah! and so we were! I saw him enter Josy’s pantry, putting on a light blouse, and soon after he came in to us, his head pretty well powdered. He had been at the flour-barrel!

“My dear! the flour goes very fast. Two weeks since that barrel was

opened, and there is, I can assure you, a very large portion gone. How much do you give out for the day? I'm sure that five pints ought to be sufficient for our use."

"I do not think it can be wasted, Edwin," said his wife, rising hastily, as though prepared for some announcements. "I'll go and see myself."

"No, *I* will speak to Maria about it," replied he, obligingly. Poor Josy! how much she dreaded his being laughed at by his servants—but Isabel was there ever ready to protect her.

"Stop, Edwin!" said she, meeting my eye, and looking so arch that I had to smile and turn away. "*Ellen* eats a great deal of bread, and perhaps Maria found it necessary to use more flour in consequence. I think she is excusable if she takes *more* than five pints."

Poor Mr. Bettyman! He piqued himself upon his exceeding politeness, and had Isabel given him a galvanic shock he could not have felt it worse. After expressing his surprise at her injustice, he turned to me with so many explanations and apologies that but for the good lesson taught him, I could have been half angry at my friend's zeal for his improvement. At all events, he was stopped in his visit to Maria, and returning to the pantry, armed with a dusting brush, very industriously applied himself to cleaning every shelf, and peeping carefully behind each row of china, glassware, and jars, assured that no one ever peeped so effectually before. At dinner he appeared much fatigued as well he might; and after entertaining us and improving himself with a discourse upon the manner in which a house should be governed, he turned to his wife.

"I did not see the cheese in the jar, my dear, when I was examining the pantry. Certainly, you cannot have used all that I sent home but a short time since."

Josephine colored deeply, and paused a while before answering. At length she took courage,

"It grew mouldy, Edwin, and I sent it into the kitchen. I did not think—"

He clasped his hands in apparent agony of mind. "In the kitchen! That delightful old cheese that would have kept for months! Do you know, my dear, what such cheese as that costs?"

This was the signal for a series of "pokings," as Isabel called them, and from the table Mr. Bettyman went into the kitchen at last. Through the window I watched him giving directions to the cook, who stood, broom in hand, patiently awaiting them. Pots, kettles, stew-pans, ovens, and what not, were lifted out in obedience to his warning finger. Not Hercules, with the distaff, so labored for his Dejanira, and I could not help wishing that some spiteful elf

would suddenly transform him into an old woman at once.

We had retired to our separate chambers as soon as the coffee had disappeared, for each wished to conceal from the other the feeling of indignation, amusement, and anger, that my host had called forth. Josephine's eyes were red when she joined us in the evening, for she had been deeply mortified at the ridicule to which he inevitably exposed himself, and a burning spot on her cheek told that for once she began to feel some resentment at this tacit condemnation of her own part in her household affairs. She seemed nervously expecting her husband's appearance, and seated herself at length by Isabel.

"Josy," said she, smiling, and putting her arm around her, "why do you not give up the keys at once? I'm sure, since Cousin Edwin is so fond of playing housekeeper, that he might as well accept your abdication in his favor. Besides, and curiously, my dearest Josy, you will soon be obliged to resign the office, and as it then falls to my lot, depend upon it I shall not be the patient, enduring creature that you are."

"I have been thinking of the very same thing, Isabel," replied Josy, laughing now in spite of herself, and at the same moment her husband came, "puffing and blowing" into the hall where we were assembled to enjoy the summer air and take our tea. (I never could imagine how it is, that people *will* swallow boiling liquid on the hottest of days, but somehow or other we cannot do without it, even when fanning ourselves, and exclaiming at the heat. This much for the consistency of human nature.)

Mr. Bettyman seated himself in a fan-chair, and began rocking to his apparent content.

"I have done a good day's work, ladies, allow me to tell you," said he, with much complacency; and turning to his wife, "all for your benefit, Josy."

"And I am not ungrateful, Edwin. To prove to you how much I am humbled at your discovery of my incompetency to see to my *ménage*, I have resolved to give it up entirely, and beg you to continue in my place. Here are the keys," and stepping forward, Josephine dropped the basket at his feet. "Martin—Lucy! hereafter you will go to your master for orders, and remember that I am on no account to be disturbed by any one of you."

It was impossible to laugh, for the quiet dignity of her manner forbade it. Martin bowed—Lucy curtsied and ran off. Edwin remained as if spell-bound. He had never once dreamed of Josy's rebelling, and had looked upon himself as a model husband from the daily assistance he afforded her. Moreover, he began to perceive his absurd position, and reddening to the temples, arose from his chair.

“You are surely not in earnest, Josephine, in offering me these keys. I am not the proper person to carry them; certainly, I have endeavored to assist, and enable you, knowing your inexperience, to become more careful with your property and mine; but I do not wish to usurp your place at all.”

“You have done so until now, my dear Edwin,” was her mild but firm reply. “When you become convinced of my ability to be my *own* housekeeper, I may then offer to take back the place; but my mind is made up, I do assure you,” and she placed the basket of keys once more in his hands. He dared not accuse her of spite, she had borne it so long; but he was too much humiliated and vexed to conceal it. Courtesy prevented his refusing to take his seat at the table, or I verily believe he would have left us in high dudgeon. Isabel and I talked as fast as we could, and Josy took her part as gayly as either of us. And after a while so did he, supposing in his inmost mind, that his wife would revoke her decision on the morrow.

But the morrow came, and Martin, as firm as his mistress, went to know what Master Edwin wanted from market. It was of course very early, and to say the truth very unusual, as Josy was in the habit of giving her orders at night.

“D—n it,” said Mr. Bettyman, half asleep, “what do you come to me for?”

“My mistress told me to do so, sir,” was the respectful reply, though poor Martin had to struggle with a laugh, as he again applied himself to rouse his master. “Would you prefer a breast of veal to-day, sir? I think that you were not pleased with the leg of mutton this day week.”

“Confound the leg of mutton!” muttered the master, rubbing his eyes and sitting up. “Martin, am I dreaming, or you?”

“You are, sir, I think,” replied Martin, smiling now in good earnest. “My Mistress sent me to you to know what was to be got in market today. We always have mutton on Wednesdays, sir, but you didn’t like—”

“Pshaw! get what you please! Give me my vest there—take the money, and let me be quiet;” and Mr. Bettyman fell back on his pillow, and closed his eyes once more in sleep. A few moments after he was again roused.

“Master Edwin will you have toast this morning—milk toast? And shall Maria broil the chickens, or stew them, sir?”

“What do I know about chickens? Are you all crazy, that you come one after another to disturb my rest to-day? I have just gotten rid of Martin, and now you must come and rouse me from my morning sleep. Why don’t you go to your mistress? Hang the chickens!”

Lucy ran out as Mr. Bettyman turned over grumbling to resume his nap.

“Maria, I can’t get Maus Edwin to answer me a word, excepting that you are to hang the chickens.”

“Hang em!” cried the cook, indignantly. “Did ever any one hear of such a thing! I’m going to my misses and ax *her*.”

“Miss an’t here, she’s out walkin’ with Miss Isabel, and she’s done give up the housekeepin’ to Maus Edwin. Cos why? Cos he pokes his nose every where, and hit an’t his bizness.”

“Here’s Martin from market! My stars! Set down the basket, boy, and let me see. Kidneys! Now how is I to know how to cook these without being informed? I’m gwine to Maus Edwin myself!”

And off she marched without any kind of ceremony into Edwin’s room. An old servant, she was not *quite* so particular about noise as the younger ones, so she screamed out at the door.

“Maus Edwin! oh, Maus Edwin! How you want the kidneys done? Broiled, or stewed in wine? It’s late, and I want to know.”

“Go to the d——l with your kidneys!” cried Mr. Bettyman, now fairly awake. “If you come to me with any more questions, I’ll throw the boot-jack at your head!”

Maria scampered down stairs, and reached the kitchen in a second. The breakfast that day was cooked and served without direction from master or mistress; and when we sat down to table every thing looked so creditable to cook and house-boy, that Mr. Bettyman, now refreshed by his last nap, quite forgot his late instalment, and did the honors with his usual hospitality. But no sooner had he risen from his chair, after finishing his meal, than Maria appeared with a perfect pyramid of pans, and stood grinning before him.

“Maus Edwin! gwine give out dinner, and all that? Miss Josy always do it just after breakfast—and I guess you want to be off to town soon.”

“By Jupiter! what is all this jargon for? What have I to do with you and your pans, unless I throw them at your head? Have my buggy around instantly!” cried Mr. Bettyman, now fairly out of patience; and as he remembered his wife’s resignation of keys, etc. the evening previous, came back into the Hall and stood before her. Josy was busy with her little mop and cup-pan about to wash her own china and silver.

“Josy,” said he, somewhat humbly, for he *could* not blame her, “you surely do not intend to carry out this farce any longer, do you? This is making me too ridiculous!”

“And what have you been doing, then, my dearest husband?” replied she, cheerfully. “I cannot content you—you will take my place and find fault with

either ‘too much’ or ‘not enough,’ and I begin to feel housekeeping *two* ways a little fatiguing. Not only must I arrange matters to please myself, but on your return I must begin anew to satisfy your *exigéance*.”

“Well, well, Josy,” said Edwin, “say that you are not serious, in giving me so absurd an office, and I will promise not to interfere again. Will that do?”

“I will try you for one week then; if within that time, beginning from this hour, you trespass again by interfering once only in my housekeeping, I give back the management of all into your hands.”

“Done! done!” cried he, delighted, and sealing the bond with a kiss, “you shall not hear a word of complaint from my lips, Isabel and Ellen to witness. Given under my hand, etc.;” and he ran off, with one bound was in his buggy, and drove rapidly away.

“He is certainly very amiable and good-natured,” said Isabel, looking after him affectionately, for he deserved the eulogium. Feeling the justice of his wife’s complaint, he did not, as many, oh, how many! would have done in his place, fly into a rage, and exert that tyranny of marital power which every day some lord of the creation delights to show. Refuse, in virtue of that very power, to acknowledge my wrong, and turn a “heaven into a hell” of domestic discord. “He is certainly very amiable,” continued Isabel, “and divested of this unpleasant mania, will make the best husband in the world.”

“He will, indeed,” said his wife, looking much gratified. “I have never seen any one with a more lovely disposition than Edwin. He is never cross, even in the midst of his housekeeping,” and she laughed. So did I, and I could not but wish that Edwin’s week of probation were well over. Meddling with pantries, cellars and kitchens, was his second nature, and we took our seats around the well-supplied dinner-table, awaiting with some curiosity the results of the morning compact. Soup being served, Martin proceeded to remove the plates and bring in the second course. Alas! alas!

“How is this Martin? What a waste of vegetables! Josy, my dear—” He stopped, and we all burst into a laugh, in which he had to join.

“The bond is broken,” said Josephine at length. “I did hope and pray for your triumph, my dear Edwin. Take back the keys.”

“Will no one intercede for me?” said he, with a woful look. “May I not have one more trial, ladies—only one more?” He was really mortified and distressed.

“Give him one more, Josy,” cried I, pitying him, for he had really a victory to win. “Let this one little mistake be thrown from the balance.”

“Be it so,” said she, “but let this be the last. I grant no more grace, Mr. Edwin Bettyman; remember the warning in time.”

Once I saved him, while Isabel and his wife were busy in the parlor covering picture frames. The pantry door stood open, he glanced in and could not resist the temptation and entered. I heard him rummaging about in there, among dishes, plates, and finally the tins began to rattle. Suddenly he appeared, with a cake pan in one hand and a cheese mould in the other. Taking me at the moment for Josy, he commenced, "I have rubbed my finger around the inside of these pans, my dear, and—"

I turned and shook my head at him, pointing to the parlor. He started, and thrusting his burdens into my hand ran down the steps, saying "don't betray me, Ellen, the week is almost out." I replaced the things silently, and returned to my companions. They were just congratulating themselves upon Edwin's forbearance until then.

"We shall see, what we shall see," thought I, taking up some muslin, and busying myself with a beautiful painting on copper, destined to ornament Josephine's pretty little sewing-room. Her husband took such pains to beautify this chosen "sanctum" of hers that I could almost have prayed for his triumph over this one fault—yet no sin. It seemed hard that for a failing of this peculiar nature, Mr. Bettyman should be looked upon generally as an unkind husband, when in all other respects he was so considerate for the comfort and happiness of his wife. Yet, so it was, and knowing this "general" opinion, his kind cousin determined to cure him of its cause.

Saturday came, and we all breathed freely—if this one day were but over. Edwin jested with his wife upon her being obliged to retain her basket of keys "nolens volens," for he contended that it was but a ruse to get rid of the trouble of looking and unlocking after all. He felt sure of his triumph now, for "of course I shall not forget myself within these few hours."

"*Tant mieux*," said Josephine, and rattling a bunch of keys at his ears she bade him begone, "lest," added she, "the spell be broken at sight of some old duster lying loose, or a cracked pitcher with no handle."

"Ay, do begone," continued Isabel declaimingly, "for as

> 'Heat and cold, and wind, and *steam*,
> Moisture and *mildew*, mice, worms and swarming flies,
> Minute as dust and numberless, oft work
> Dire *meddling habits* that admit no cure
> And which no care can obviate'—

we fear to trust you in our presence longer."

"Abominable parody," cried Mr. Bettyman, laughing. "I doubt if Cowper were ever before so applied. But good-bye, signorinas, *que beso las manos*."

He returned home in rare good-humor, even for him; as, though cheerful, he was never in very high spirits. But the foreign and *domestic* state of affairs was encouraging—cotton was up, and "the day" nearly over. He challenged us to a walk, and through fields and flowers we wandered joyously until the bright lady moon was looking down in all her beauty, and shedding silver light over land and sea. We reached home as pleased as wanderers could be, each remembering some distant dream in days gone by, that came back to us with the scene and hour. All love to see,

> The moonbeam sliding softly in between
> The sleeping leaves,

and we paused a while before entering, to linger over the loveliness of the fair fragrant buds that were just bursting into perfume. The night jasmine, with her tiny star-bells hanging fragilely along its bending stem, and her pale, sweet sister blooming amid its "deep dark green," and sending forth its incense upon the summer air. Here, too, was the constant heliotrope, which, at decline of sun, exhales in deepest sighs her balmy breath. How much more pure is the odor of flowers at evening, as though a voiceless prayer were ascending in praise of the Hand that fashioned them!

Such were some of the thoughts busy in our hearts as we turned away to mount the steps, and seating ourselves in the light arm-chairs upon the piazza, we recollected that there was such a feeling as the one of fatigue. Mr. Bettyman had preceded us some time into the house, and now came through the hall with his blouse and slippers on. How these lords do love their slippers and their ease! When women express a wish to change their shoes forsooth, they forever get the credit of wearing tight ones. (N. B. Is it not time when so many revolutions are taking place, that we should revolutionize *some* things in this world? Sisters! to the rescue!)

"Do turn the lamp down, Martin," said Isabel, as the bright glare of the solar globe burst upon us, "I love a mellow light in summer. Do not you, Ellen?"

"Yes," replied I, "one can think so pleasantly in the twilight, or the moonlight. If you sit in silence where your face is visible, your nice air-castles are all at once tumbled down by some one exclaiming 'Why what is the matter? Yon look so grave.' And then you start and look foolish, answering stupidly, or begin an account of your thoughts, which cannot possibly interest any one but your own self."

"*Tene*; but I love to trace a chain of thought—threading a mental way through all its intricacies, to find how very, very small the 'baseless fabric' from whence we started. It is like watching the circle upon circle that sweeps

out from around the troubled water of a small stream. A commotion that a single drop may occasion. No very new comparison, to be sure, but one may be excused a plagiarism when one has no genius. Josy, give us an idea or two to start on, you who think so prettily."

"A silver penny for Edwin's thoughts!" said Josy, laying her little hand on his and looking up into his face. "Now tell us where you have been wandering all this while, grave man? Do you too weave romances at this witching hour, and for whom? *Your* day is gone, Sir Benedict, and I am here to remind you of it."

"Who can say that I am free?" exclaimed he. "Forced to answer this syren's questions, I must plead guilty to wondering if the man in the moon had a family, and, if so, what can be the nature of the little moonses."

"O lame and impotent conclusion," cried Josy, laughing merrily. "Oh, Edwin! I did expect something poetical at least, after your silent meditation."

"*Que voulez-vous?*" said he, with a shrug. "I was commanded to open my heart to the present company, and dared not disobey. If my astronomical observations are not acceptable to the learned triumvirate, I throw myself upon their mercy. What is it, Martin?"

"There is a boy here, sir, who wishes to know if you will let Colonel Robinson have your rockaway to-morrow. He has broken down on his way out, and says he knows you have your buggy for your own use. The rockaway will be returned in the evening."

"The deuce it will!" said Mr. Bettyman, impatiently rising from his chair and following the servant out into the yard. "I do not like to lend my vehicles, I must confess, for they are never returned in order."

And neither does any one else, I believe, gentlemen particularly. I have known *ladies*, however, whose carriage, driver and horses could wait attendance a whole day on a fashionable acquaintance, when the convenience would be denied "poor relations." But this means nothing, dear reader; of course you are not one of *my* acquaintances, I have very few I assure you; I care most for old friends, and hope you will pardon my wandering from the subject.

Mr. Bettyman remained some time absent, and we still sat on the piazza, discussing Col. Robinson and the bad habit of borrowing rockaways. But when he returned, oh, angels and ministers of grace! he had mounted his hobby. Holding in his hand a spoon and tumbler he approached his wife.

"Now, Josy, my dear, where do you think I discovered these? Such unheard of carelessness! You see, my love, how I am forced to take care of every thing."

Josy arose and laid the keys at his feet. “You have earned the honor at last, Edwin, and now you are *my* housekeeper, I am no longer responsible for any carelessness of the servants, and you are free from further anxiety, as you will direct and take the government of the whole concern.”

“And as the spoon is mine, and he has obliged me by throwing out the gum arabic which had all day been dissolving, that I might make Josy some mixture for her cough, I must beg him to replace every thing upon my window seat as he found it. I can have you taken up for purloining silver, Cousin Edwin; look at the mark now.”

Poor Mr. Bettyman! I could not but pity him, amusing as his mania was. In the morning early, the servants were again calling upon him for orders, and getting blessed at each new disturbance. In pity, then, I took the keys myself. But, called away shortly after, had to resign them into his unwilling hands. He took them with a woful countenance. “Ah, Ellen! you were my only friend, and now you desert me.”

When I next visited the house, it was to congratulate Joey upon the birth of a dear little girl; and Edwin was busy amid stew-pans and pap-cups, enraging the nurse until she vowed to leave the house unless allowed her own way with mother and child.

“Make slops for yourself and go to bed and swallow them, Mr. Bettyman, but indeed I will not poison the baby with your mixtures. Nor can I allow your lady, sir, to drink that mess you’ve been cooking half the day.”

Nurses are privileged people, and poor Edwin had to surrender. Josy’s grateful smiles, however, were some consolation, and the lovely babe another. I inquired of Isabel how long he kept the keys.

“Until Josephine’s confinement,” was her reply. “I was determined to give him a hard lesson; and never was man more ruffled than he. However, my dear, don’t think he is cured! By no means; he comes to me constantly as he did formerly to Josy; but I pay no attention to him, except by offering him again the housekeeping. He shall never annoy Josy again, depend upon it. The baby is enough occupation for her now, and Cousin Edwin stands enough in awe of me to let me have my way about every thing. He will meddle, and he may, but to no purpose.”

“And when you leave them, Isabel?”

“I shall not leave them though.”

“And should you marry, dear Bella?”

“*Pas si beta!* I love Josy too well to leave her, now that I find myself necessary to her happiness. I love Edwin, too; he has behaved nobly to me, and generously. The only man I ever could have married is lost to me. So, Ellen, I

can lead a single life, and be a nice old maid.”

And she kept her word, reader; never was there so kind, so pleasant a companion as my friend Isabel.

THE SONG OF THE AXE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

I WAS born deep down—deep down in the sable depths of the mine,
(Thus commenced the iron,)
Where I lay in dull and sullen sleep,
Till the miner, gaunt, naked and strong,
With his sharp pickaxe,
And by the light of his flaring torch,
Torch of flary and smoky crimson!
That lit up the gloom like a star,
Forced me from my dull and sullen sleep.
And whistling like the keen northwest over a peak of the Ural mountains,
(oh mountains, stern mountains of snow.)
Lifted me, dull and sullen as I was, to the dazzling eye of the sun-god,
I hated the miner, that miner, gaunt, naked and strong,
With his flaring and crimson torch,
And his sharp pickaxe,
I hated him, and I wished I was a weapon to bite into his heart —
Ho! ho! ho! how I would have laughed, as I bit into his heart,
That miner, gaunt, naked and strong,
For lifting me from my dull and sullen sleep
Into the presence of so radiant a being as the golden-tressed, beautiful sun-god.
For I was black, from my dull and sullen sleep,
And the dross of long years, of long years that I spent in the mine, clung about me like barnacles to a ship.
So I was glad when I was hurried to the forge;
But, oh, how I writhed and bent in my anguish as the red hot furnace!
Yea, the furnace “heated to a white heat,”
Made my heart melt within me, and my whole body change to a mass of living flame —
That fierce and merciless forge.
Oh how my heart melted within me, and how my whole body changed to

a mass of living flame,
That softened each agonized pore, and made me turn liquid with sorrow.
I was taken then from the forge,
And beaten into a long, slender wand, like a spear,
And I thought I was changing to a spear,
And laughed, for then I could bite into heart
Of that miner,
That miner, gaunt, naked and strong,
That took me from my dull and sullen sleep,
And hurried me, all black, and covered with dross like the barnacles on a ship,
Into the golden presence of him the bright, beautiful sun-god.
But I was not destined to bite into the heart of that miner:
And I was hurried then to the smithy,
Where stood the stalwort blacksmith leaning on his sledge:
That blacksmith, with his leathern apron and arm that would fell a buffalo.
And he smiled, that blacksmith,
When he placed me in *his* forge, and wakened his monstrous bellows.
And I—I knew that my foe the red fire would leap again into my entrails,
And melt my heart;
And I tried to yell out my wrath, but could not —
And so I lay dark and sullen, yea, dark and sullen as when
I slept deep down in the sable mine,
Until I felt my foe the red fire again melting my heart,
And again softening my strong, well-knit muscles
Into a mass of living flame —
Ah then that sharp anvil!
"Swank! swank! swank!" rang the blows of that stalwort blacksmith, and a smutty faced lad that he called "son!"
"Son!" oh how I wished I had his throat in my strong and well-knit muscles —
I would have torn it as the wild wolf tears the throat of the deer —
But as for the stalwort blacksmith, I was afraid of him —
So I lay and let him smite me.
Then I felt myself beaten into a shape—the welcome shape of the axe —
And I laughed,
For the axe was made for slaughter —
Then I was taken from the burly blacksmith's,
And keen, clear, flashing teeth of steel
Were given me,

And I laughed again,
For I thought that if I had a chance how I would bite in the heart of that miner,
That miner, gaunt, naked and strong!
And the smutty-faced boy whom the burly blacksmith
Called “son.”
But the burly blacksmith himself, I would not bite him,
No, not even were his veins beneath the gripe of my clear, keen, flashing teeth,
For I loved the burly blacksmith,
The burly, stalwort blacksmith,
With his apron of leather and arm that could fell a buffalo.
And then I was hung up in a village store;
A paltry village store, amidst onions, and turnips and tape,
To wait my destined doom.

I was born in the pleasant wood;
(Thus commenced the helve,
Not rough and fierce and hateful
Like the iron, but modest and mild)
I was born in the pleasant wood;
I was an arm of the sturdy oak;
And I bore a wealth of green leaves
In the long bright summer days,
Where the sunlight loved to sparkle and the rain-drops loved to hum —
And I bent a green roof o’er the nest of the merry bird.
Oh, I was happy!
I danced in the liquid wind,
And murmured my joy at all times;
In the golden dawn, and sunny noontide;
In the crimson evening and beneath the seraphic moon;
Yea, I was happy!
The oak loved me; for I was his sturdiest arm,
And I bore my leaves like an emerald shield.
Oh, I was happy!
But my time came.
The woodman saw me, and he looked at the handle of his axe —
The woodman saw me, and grasped the handle of his axe —
The woodman saw me, and before I could shrink behind my emerald shield,
Ay, even before I could call upon my father oak

To bend his green plume and protect his son,
I was crashing on the earth —
Oh! I fell headlong to the moss, and I lay without motion,
As the woodman,
As the whistling woodman,
As the free and careless woodman,
Rent from me my emerald shield, and made me bare
As a bird just emerged from its shell.
And then he shaped me into a thick stick,
A thick white stick, with his wood-knife,
And carried me to the village store,
And bargained me off, me, the strong arm of the oak,
That wore an emerald shield, and made arrows of all the beams,
And flashed and murmured at dawn, in the red eve,
And beneath the seraphic moon;
Yes, me, did that careless woodman
Bargain for a keg of apple-sauce,
The mean, sneaking villain!
That pitiful woodman!
And here the helve sang out keen and shrill like the sap
When it shrieks in its prison for help,
As the red flame enters its chamber.
(But again murmured the helve.)
There in that paltry village store,
Amidst onions, and turnips, and tape,
There did I rest in my dusky nook,
Whilst the smooth-faced shopman smirked and smiled,
With “yes marm!” and “no marm!” “did you say calico!
Calico or tape!
Joe, measure a yard of tape!”
Good heavens! even the blood of my father the oak
Began to boil in me.
But as for the axe,
Oh, how he showed his keen, clear, flashing teeth,
As if he would bite into the heart of that shopman,
That shopman, so smooth-faced and smirk,
So smiling, so smooth-faced and smirk,
With his “yes marm” and “no marm!” “did you say
Calico
or
Tape? Joe, measure a yard of tape!”

At length an honest settler
Came in from his hill-meadows
And spoke for an axe.
I was dragged from my corner,
And the iron was released from his thraldom,
And the sharp knife of the honest settler,
As the sundown turned his hill-meadows into golden velvet,
Shaved me down and shaped me,
Smooth and white, and then married me to my husband the iron,
The iron, with his purple head,
And his keen, clear, flashing teeth.
Since then have we dwelt together,
Me and my husband the iron,
In the hut of the honest settler.
The helve ceased.
And then a blended song
In which rang the clear treble of the helve
And the gruff notes of the iron
Swelled on my ear.
But at length the settler harnessed his oxen,
And bent a canvas tent over his wagon,
His wagon, broad-wheeled and wide,
And filling it with his household wealth,
And casting us, married as we were,
On his brawny shoulder,
Started on his journey.
Oh! long was our way through the forest;
The broad-wheeled wagon crushed the violets in its path,
The purple, fragrant violets looking with their blue eyes
From the knotted feet of the pine-tree —
Oh, how the pine-tree shook!
Oh, how the pine-tree roared!
As the violets, that looked with their blue eyes
From his knotted feet,
Screamed in their purple blood underneath the broad-wheeled wagon,
And the red strawberries, with their pouting lips,
Oh! how they splashed with their sweet blood
The broad wheels
Of the ruthless wagon.
In vain did the laurel hang
Its magnificent bouquet of pink and pearl

Over that broad-wheeled wagon!
In vain did the loftier dog-wood
Arch his blossoms of creamy silver,
Both forming a triumphal arch,
Worthy a Roman general in his most glorious days,
Over that broad-wheeled wagon.
On did the wagon plough,
Staying for nothing, and crushing still,
Oh, that broad-wheeled wagon!
The huddling violets with their blue eyes,
And the red strawberries with their ripe pouting lips,
Letting their sweet blood flow
Till the green velvet of the grass blushed like a sunset cloud.
And so we journeyed on,
Resting upon the brawny shoulder
Of the honest settler.
At sunset he made us work,
And we bit into the trees,
And formed his night-bower in the forest.
And so we journeyed on
Till we came in sight of the home
That the settler had chose in the forest,
The forest that blackened the tide
Of the Delaware, mountain-born;
Here he made his home—here he looked at his sylvan empire,
And led his band to hew and slaughter the forest,
The forest that blackened the tide
Of the Delaware, mountain-born.
Bright was the August morn
That laughed on the vales and the tree-tops,
When he led his stalwort band
To slaughter the virgin forest
That blackened the Delaware's brow,
And gayly and freely they slaughtered
The trees of the creek-fed river,
The river that leaped from its mountain-goblet
Glittering, clear as dew, and pure as a thought of the Deity,
Far up in its deep scoop of rock.
How they laughed as they swung their blows
On the hemlock and spruce and green maple
That arbored the glen of the eagle,

And bent o’er the cave of the wolf.
How they laughed as they heard the deep groans
Of the hemlock and spruce and green maple
And their proud plumes were bowed to the ground.
The forests thus vanished away
Like the fog that is breathed from the water,
And the eagle screamed keen from the top
Of his dwelling, laid bare from her brood,
Whilst they shivered and shook with the cold,
Icy cold of the gauntlet that Jack Frost
Laid upon the soft down of their breasts.
Thus vanished the forests away,
And the green smiling farm-fields succeeded,
Some like the tawny lion-skin,
Some spotted like the robe of the ounce,
And some striped like the splendid glory of the tiger.
The cabin arose in its clearing,
The kine-bells sent tinklings like sounds of silver amidst the thickets and bushes,
That grouped in rounded clusters the grassy and quiet glades.
Then the log hut was swept away
With its chimney of sticks,
And its little window, like the eye of the deer
Peering out from its leafy ambush.
The village spread out with its roofs
And its delicate finger-like steeple
That pointed forever toward heaven,
Like the prayer of the pastor ascending.
On an emerald knoll, with the shape
Of the delicate finger-like steeple
Cutting black in the sunshine beside it,
The pioneer’s white modest dwelling
Sparkled out of its bosom of verdure.
There lived the brave old patriarch,
The father of many children —
There lived the gray old patriarch,
Awaiting his summons to go
To the land, the bright land of his hopes —
To the land, the sweet land of the happy.
On the spot where he saw the brindled form of the stealthy panther
Prowling like guilt through the tangles of the wood,

He sees the quiet steed, born in the spacious Merrimac meadows,
The old, faithful, honest steed,
Whose feet seemed shod with wind,
And whose snort was like the deep bass note of the ophicleide
In the fiery days of his youth;
Stamping the flies and whisking his stump of a tail
As he sluggishly moves toward the sparkling spring
Welling up to the rim of the mossy hogshead.
Ah, the old father in Zion was blest!
Blest in his household, his home and his goods!
Ah, he was perfectly happy!
As the full golden moon of his purified soul
Wheeled down to the rim of the west,
Where the angel of God stood with waiting pinions
To waft him high upward to glory.
My song is done.
(And the blended tones of the axe sunk away
Like the last water-like notes of the lute of the winds,
Sunk away—away—swooned deliciously away,
And I treasured it in the inner chamber of my ear,
And sung it to myself in the deepest nook of my heart,
And then gave it to the world.)

THE DARKENED CASEMENT.

BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo-flower?
TENNYSON.

FREDERIC PRESTON was the eldest son of a respectable merchant, in one of the most important seaport towns of New England. He was a young man of fine personal appearance, a warm and honorable heart, and a spirit singularly brave and adventurous. From his boyhood his inclinations had led him to a seafaring life, and at the age of twenty-six, when he is presented to the reader, he had already made several voyages to the East Indies, as supercargo in the employ of the house in which his father was a partner. He was now at home for a year, awaiting the completion of a vessel, which was to trade with Canton, and which he was to command.

Preston had, for all his love of change and adventure, a taste for literature —always taking a well-selected library with him on his long voyages—was even, for one of his pursuits, remarkable for scholarly attainments; yet he sometimes wearied of books and study, and, as he had little taste for general society, often found the time drag heavily in his shore-life. Thus it was that he one day cheerfully accepted the invitation of his mother to accompany her to a school examination, in which his sister was to take a part.

Our young gentleman was shown a seat in front, near the platform on which were ranged the “patient pupils”—“beauties, every shade of brown and fair.”

He gazed about rather listlessly for a while, but at length his attention became fixed on a young lady who stood at the black-board, proving with great elegance and precision a difficult proposition in Euclid. He was

observing the admirable taste of her dress, the delicacy and willowy grace of her figure, when suddenly, while raising her arm in drawing her diagram, a small comb of shell dropped from her head, and a rich mass of hair fell over her shoulders.

And such hair!—it was wondrously luxuriant, not precisely curly, but rippling all through with small glossy waves, just ready to roll themselves into ringlets, and of that peculiar, indescribable color between a brown and a bright auburn.

Preston, who felt that the possessor of such magnificent hair must be beautiful, waited impatiently for a sight at the face of the fair geometrician; but, without turning her head, she stepped quietly back, took up the comb, quickly re-arranged her hair, and went on with her problem. It was not until this was finished, and she took her seat among the other pupils, that Preston had a full view of her face. He was more keenly disappointed than he would have acknowledged, when he saw only plainness, in place of the beauty he so confidently expected. Yet Dora Allen was by no means disagreeably plain; her features were regular, and her complexion extremely fair. She was only thin, wan and somewhat spiritless in appearance. Her face was "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought"—with thought her young eye seemed shadowed, her young brow burdened. But there was a sweet and lovable spirit looking out from the depths of those dreamy eyes, and hovering about those quiet and almost colorless lips, which told the observer that her rare intellectual attainments had not stood in the way of her simple affections, to hinder their generous development.

Frederic Preston liked Dora Allen's face somewhat better as he regarded it more closely, and when, at the close of the exercises, this young lady was called forward to receive the highest honors of the institution—when she advanced timidly, and bowed modestly, to be crowned with a wreath of rose-buds and lilies of the valley, while a sudden flush kindled in her cheek, flowed into her quivering lips, and illuminated her whole countenance, she grew absolutely beautiful in his eyes.

Our hero was not sorry to learn that Miss Allen was the most intimate friend of his sister Anna, from whom he soon ascertained that she was an orphan, within a few years past, adopted by an uncle, a clergyman of the place—that she was about eighteen—of an amiable, frank and noble disposition, yet chiefly distinguished for her fine intellectual endowments and studious habits.

I will not dwell on what my shrewd reader already anticipates—the love and marriage of Frederic Preston and Dora Allen. I will not dwell on the sad parting scene, when, within six months from "the happiest day of his life," Captain Preston set sail for Canton, his brave spirit strangely cast down, the

once gay light of his eyes quenched in tears, and with a long tress of rich auburn hair lying close against his heart.

On account of some business arrangements which he was to make at Canton, he must be absent somewhat more than two years. He desired greatly to take his young wife with him, but feared, from knowing her delicate organization, that she could not endure the voyage. He left her in a pretty cottage-home, which he himself had fitted up for her, in sight of the harbor.

Dora had living with her a widowed elder sister, whose society and assistance were much comfort to her, in her otherwise most lonely lot.

Among the many letters which Captain Preston received from his loving and constant wife during his absence, there was one which he read with peculiar joy—with tears of grateful emotion. For this was not alone from the bride of his bosom, but from the mother of his child. Thus wrote Dora:

"Our boy is four weeks old to-day, and my heart is already gladdened by his striking resemblance to you, dearest. He has your fine olive complexion, your large black eyes and dark, curling hair. I call him *Frederic*, and have great joy in often repeating the beloved name."

It was early on an April morning that the merchantman "Bay State" came into —— harbor. Scarcely waiting for daylight, Captain Preston took his way homeward. He found only Mrs. Mason, his sister-in-law, up; but received from her happy greeting, the assurance that all was well. With his heart on his lips, he softly stole up to Dora's favorite room, a pleasant chamber which looked out on the sea. He entered and reached her bed-side unheard. She was yet sleeping, and Frederic observed that her hair had escaped from her pretty muslin cap, and was floating over her neck and bosom—then looking closer, he saw peering through it, two mischievous black eyes—a pair of bright, parted lips—a rosy, chubby, dimpled little face—yes, caught his first view of his infant boy through a veil of the mother's beautiful hair. Then, with a light laugh, he bent down, and clasped them both, calling their names, and in a moment, seemed to hold all heaven in his arms.

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CHAPTER II.

"I seek her now—I kneel—I shriek—
I clasp her vesture—but she fades, still fades;
And she is gone; sweet human love is gone!
'Tis only when they spring to heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you."

BROWNING.

From that time the voyages of Captain Preston were not so long as formerly, and he often spent many months, sometimes a year or two with his family. He frequently spoke of resigning his sea-faring life altogether, but was ever concluding that he was not yet in a situation to render the step a prudent one for his business interests. Finally, when he had been about fifteen years married, he set out on what he intended and promised his family should be his last voyage. He was at this time the father of three children; the son, of whom we have spoken, a healthful, high-spirited boy, and two daughters, Pauline and Louise—the first greatly resembling her father, the second very like the mother.

Captain Preston was pained to leave his gentle wife looking paler and more thin than usual, and to observe, for she said nothing of it, that she was troubled with a slight cough. Yet he was of a most hopeful spirit, and even as he heard her low voice, and saw her faint smile, so much sadder than tears, he trusted that the coming summer would bring her health, and more cheerful spirits.

Mrs. Preston had usually a remarkable control over her painful emotions, and was peculiarly calm in all seasons of trial; but at this parting, she clung long and closely about her husband's neck—it seemed that she could not let him go. She buried her face in his bosom and wept and sobbed in irrepressible anguish.

At last, unwinding her fond arms, he resigned her, half-fainting, to the care of her sister, hastily embraced his children, and rushed from the house. He heard his name called in a wild, pleading voice, yet he dared not look back, but ran down the long garden-walk, and paused not till he reached the road. Here he turned for one look at his home, ere a thick clump of pines should hide it from his sight. He lifted his eyes to that pleasant window looking out on the sea, and there stood Dora, weeping and waving her slender white hand. He drew his cap over his eyes, turned again, and hastened down to the harbor.

During this last absence, Captain Preston received but one letter from his wife—but this was very long—a sort of journal, kept through the spring and summer succeeding his departure. In all this, though Dora wrote most pleasantly of home affairs, and very particularly of the children, she made no mention of the state of her own health, and this he knew not whether to regard as matter for assurance or apprehension.

At length he was on his homeward voyage—was fast approaching his native shores. Never had he looked forward to reaching port with such eager, boyish impatience—never had his weary heart so longed for the rest and joy of home.

But a severe storm came up, drove them off their course, and kept them

beating about, so that for some days they made no headway. One night—it was a Sabbath night—Capt. Preston, completely exhausted, flung his cloak around him, and threw himself down on the cabin-floor for a little rest, for he could not lie in his berth. It was full midnight—his eyes closed heavily at once—he was fast falling into sleep, when he thought he heard his name called very softly, but in a tone which pierced to the deeps of his heart. He looked up, half raising himself, and *Dora was before him*! Yes, his own Dora, it seemed, with her own familiar face, still sweet and loving in its looks, though it seemed strangely glorified by the shining forth of a soft, inward light. Again she spoke his name, drew nearer, and bent down, as though to kiss his forehead. He did not feel the pressure of her lips, but he looked into the eyes above him—her own dear eyes, and read there a mournful, unspeakable tenderness—a divine intensity, an eternity of love. He reached out his arms and called her name aloud; but she glided, faint smiling, from his fond embrace—the blessed vision faded, and he was alone—alone in the dim cabin of a storm-rocked vessel, with the tempest shrieking through the cordage, with the black heights of a midnight heaven above, and the blacker depths of a boiling sea below.

Frederic Preston did not sleep that night. In spite of all the efforts of his reason, his heart was racked with anxiety, or oppressed with a mortal heaviness.

In the course of the following day the storm abated, and they afterward crowded all sail for land; yet it was a week ere they cast anchor in —— harbor. It was ten o'clock at night, and Captain Preston was immediately rowed to shore. Without waiting to speak to any one, he hurried up the road toward his cottage. As he drew near the bend in the road, by the clump of pines, he said to himself that if all were well at home, there would surely be a light shining from that window of Dora's chamber looking out on the sea. But as he came in full view, he paused, and dared not look up, while the thick, high beating of his heart seemed almost to suffocate him. At last, chiding himself for this womanish weakness, he raised his eyes—*and all was dark*!

He hardly knew how after this he made his way up the garden walk, to the cottage, nor how, when finding it all closed, he still had strength to go on to his father's house, where he was received with many tears, by his parents, his sisters, and his children. The deep mourning dress of the whole sad group told of itself the story of his desolation. For some time, he neither spoke nor wept, but supported by his father, and leaning his head on his mother's breast, he swayed back and forth, while his deep, constant groans shook his strong frame, and burdened all the air about him. Finally, in a scarce audible voice, he asked:

"When did she go, mother?"

"Last Sunday, near midnight, my son."

“Thank God, it was she, then! I saw her last! She came to me—her blessed angel came to bid me farewell. Oh, that divine love which could not die with thee, Dora, Dora!”

Then with a light over his face which was almost a smile, he turned to his poor children, gathered them to his embrace, and wept with them.

Mrs. Preston, who, as we have said, had ever been fragile and delicate, had at last died of a rapid decline. She had been confined to her room but a few weeks, and to her bed scarcely a day. She passed away with great tranquillity of spirit, though suffering much physical pain. Her children were with her at the last, and her patience, serenity, and holy resignation seemed to repress the passionate outbursts of their childish grief till all was over.

It was not until some time had passed that Captain Preston felt himself able to open a large package placed in his hands by his mother, and which Dora had left for him—sealed up and directed with her own hand, the very day before she died.

At length, seeking his own now desolate home, and shutting himself up in that dear familiar chamber, with the pleasant window looking out on the sea—there where he had seen her last—where she had breathed out her pure spirit—where her form had lain in death—there he lifted his heart to God for strength, kissed the seal and broke it. Before him lay a rich mass of dark auburn hair—Dora’s beautiful hair! With a low cry, half joy, half pain, he caught it, pressed it to his lips and heart, and bedewed it with his abundant tears. Suddenly he observed that those long, bright tresses were wound about a letter—a letter addressed to him in Dora’s own familiar hand. He sank into a seat, unfolded the precious missive, and read—what we will give in the chapter following.

———

CHAPTER III.

“Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

“A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still eternity!”

HEMANS.

"Frederic, my dearest—pride of my heart—love of my youth—my husband! A sweet, yet most mournful task is mine, to write to you words which you may not read until my voice is hushed in the grave—till the heart that prompts is cold and pulseless—till the hand that traces is mouldering into dust. Yes, I am called from you—from our children—and you are not near to comfort me with your love in this dark season. But I must not add to your sorrow by thus weakly indulging my own. Though it may not be mine to feel your tender hand wiping the death-dew from my brow—though I may not pant out my soul on your dear breast, nor feel your strong, unfailing love sustaining me as I go—yet I shall not be all forsaken, nor grope my way in utter darkness; but leaning on the arm of our Redeemer, descend into 'the valley of the shadow of death.'

"And now, dearest, I would speak to you of our children—our children, of whose real characters it has happened that you know comparatively little. I would tell you of my hopes and wishes concerning them—would speak with all the mournful earnestness of a dying mother, knowing that *you* can well understand the mighty care at my heart.

"There is Frederic, my 'summer child,' our bright-eyed, open-browed boy, almost all we could desire in a son. I resign him into your hands with much joy, pride and hope. Even were my life to be spared, my work in his education were now nearly done. I have had much happiness in remarking his talent, his enthusiasm, his fine physical organization, his vigorous health, his gay, elastic spirits,—and far more in being able to believe him perfectly honest and truthful in character. Oh, my husband, can we not see in him the germ of a noble life, the possible of a glorious destiny?

"Yet, Frederic has some faults, clear even to my sight. I think him too ambitious of mere greatness, of distinction as an *end*, rather than as the means of attaining some higher good. Teach him, dear husband, that such ambition is but a cold intellectual selfishness, or a fever thirst of the soul; a blind and headlong passion that miserably defeats itself in the end. Teach him that the immortal spirit should here seek honor and wealth only as means and aids in fulfilling the purest and holiest, and, therefore, the highest purposes of our being;—to do good—simple *good*—to leave beneficent 'foot-prints on the sands of time'—to plant the heaven-flower, happiness, in some of life's desolate places—to speak true words, which shall be hallowed in human hearts—strong words, which shall be translated into action, in human lives. And oh! teach him what I have ever earnestly sought to inspire—a hearty devotion to the right—a fervent love of liberty—a humble reverence for humanity. Teach him to yield his ready worship to God's truth, wherever he may meet it—

followed by the multitude strewing palm-branches, or forsaken, denied and crucified. Teach him to honor his own nature, by a brave and upright life, and to stand for justice and freedom against the world.

"I have seen with joy that Frederic has an utter aversion to the society of fops, spendthrifts and skeptics. I believe that his moral principles are assured, his religious faith clear. Yet I fear that he is sometimes too impressible, too passive and yielding. His will needs strengthening, not subduing. Teach him to be watchful of his independence, to guard jealously his manliness. I know that I need not charge you to infuse into his mind a true patriotic spirit, free from cant and bravado—to counsel him against poor party feuds and narrow political prejudices. God grant that you may live to see our son if not one of the world's great men, one whose pure life shall radiate good and happiness—whose strong and symmetrical character shall be a lesson of moral greatness, a type of true manhood.

"Our daughter Pauline is a happy and healthful girl, with a good, though by no means a great intellect. She has a dangerous dower in her rare beauty, and I pray you, dear Frederic, teach her not to glory in that perishing gift. She is not, I fear, utterly free from vanity, and she is sometimes arrogant and willful. I have even seen her show a consciousness of her personal advantages toward her less favored sister. You will seek to check this imperiousness, to subdue this will—but not with severity, for with all, Pauline is warm-hearted and generous. You know that she is tall for her age, and is fast putting away childish things. It will not be long now before as a young lady she will enter society. I surely need not charge you to be ever near her—to watch well lest a poor passion for dress and a love of admiration invade and take possession of her mind, lowering her to the heartless level of fashionable life; to teach her to despise flatterers and fops—to shrink from the ostentatious, the sensual, the profane, the scoffing and unbelieving. I feel assured that you will imbue her spirit with your own reverence for honest worth, and your own noble enthusiasm for truth and the right—an enthusiasm never lovelier than when it lights the eye and glows on the lips of a lovely woman.

"For my daughter Louise, our youngest, I have most anxiety, for she seems to have inherited my own physical delicacy, and has moreover an intense affectionateness and a morbid sensibility, which together are a misfortune. Dear husband, deal gently with this poor little girl of mine, for to you I will confess that at this hour she lies nearest my heart. Her whole nature seems to overflow with love for all about her, but the sweet waters are ever being embittered by the feeling that she is not herself an object of pride, scarcely of affection to us. She is very plain, you know—yet, look at her, she is not ugly—her plainness is that of languor and ill health. Poor Louise is seldom well,

though she never complains, except mutely, through her pallor and weakness. She also inherits from me an absorbing passion for reading and study, and perhaps you will think it strange in me when I call upon you—earnestly entreat you to thwart and overcome this, if possible—not forcibly, nor suddenly, but by substituting other pleasures and pursuits, thus turning the current of her thoughts.

"Though I do not remember to have ever been very strong, yet I do not think that I had at the first any disease in my constitution. Yet what was the course pursued in my training? It was unfortunately discovered that I was *a genius*, and so I was early put to study—my young brain stimulated into unhealthy action, the warm blood driven from my cheek and lip, the childish light quenched in my eye, by a thoughtful and sedentary life. I wasted long bright mornings over books, when I should have been riding over the hills, or frolicking with the waves—rambling through the healthful pine-woods, or fishing from the rocks, inhaling the invigorating ocean breezes. And sweet evenings, instead of strolling abroad in the summer moonlight, I sat within doors, alone, wrapt in deep, vague reveries; and on winter nights, I read and wrote, or pored over Euclid, or Virgil, in my close, dull chamber, instead of joining the laughing, chatting circle below, mingling in the dance and merry game.

"Yet, it was not alone my passion for study which prevented me from taking that vigorous exercise, and indulging in those out-door amusements so absolutely necessary for both physical and mental health, but ideas of propriety and feminine delicacy carefully inculcated and wrought into my character. I have since seen their folly, but too late. Habit and old associations were too strong for the new principles.

"Ah, had my early training been different—had I been suffered to remain a child, a simple, natural child, through the appointed season of childhood—had my girlhood been more free and careless—less proper, and studious, and poetic, I might now have been in my happiest season, the prime of a rich and useful life. But as it is, now, when my husband is at last returning home for his life-rest—when my son is soon to take his first step into the world—when my daughters need me most, at *thirty-five*, my course is already run! Oh, Frederic, see that our little pale-faced Louise does not pursue her mother's mistaken course—does not re-live her mother's imperfect existence. Take her out into the fields, on to the beach—teach her to ride, to row, to clamber—to fear neither sunshine nor rain—let fresh air in upon her life, get her young heart in love with nature, and all will be well with the child, I doubt not.

"Your own dear mother has promised to take home our children when I am gone, and have charge of them, with your consent, for some years to come.

The education of our daughters you should direct, for you alone know my plans and wishes. As to their marriage, that seems so far in the future that you will scarcely expect me to speak on the subject. I can only say, dearest, teach our children in the coming years, never to be content with a union which promises less of love, harmony and trust, than have made the blessedness of ours."

"I wrote the foregoing, dear Frederic, more than two weeks ago, and now, I must say farewell to you, for my hours are indeed few. I think I may not see another morning on earth. I have of late suffered much about midnight, from extreme difficulty of breathing, and something tells me that I shall not survive another such season. But I am not dismayed—God is yet with me in his sustaining Spirit, and I fear no evil.

"And now, my husband, before I go, let me thank and bless you for all your tenderness and patience toward me, in the years gone by. And oh, let me implore you not to sorrow too bitterly when I am dead. We have been very happy in one another's love, and in our children—our children still left to you. Can you not say 'blessed be the name of the Lord?'

"I enclose with this my hair, just severed from my head. I remember to have often heard you say that you might never have loved me but for this happy attraction—my one beauty. I desired my sister to cut it for you, and she tried to do so, but the scissors fell from her hand, and she went out, sobbing bitterly. Then I looked around with a troubled expression, I suppose, on our Frederic—he understood it, came at once to my side, and calmly, though with some tears, cut from the head of his dying mother this sad legacy for his poor absent father. Is he not a noble boy?

"I will not say to you farewell *for ever*, for I know your living faith in God, who will bring us home, where there shall be 'no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying.' And, Frederic, if it be permitted, I will see you once more, even here. To me it seems that my love would find you, wherever you might be in the wide universe of God, and that my freed spirit would seek you first—over the deep, through night and tempest, cleaving its way to your side. But as heaven willeth, it shall be.

"And now, farewell! best and dearest, farewell! My beloved, my beloved! Oh, that I could compress into human words the divine measure of the love which glows and yearns in my heart, at this hour. That love the frost of death cannot chill, the night of the grave cannot quench. It is bound up with the immortal life of my soul—it shall live for thee in the heavens, and be thy eternal possession there.

“May God comfort thee in thy loneliness, my love, my husband. Again, again farewell!

“Again, again farewell!
Now indeed the bitterness of death is past.
And yet, once more, *farewell*!

THY DORA.”

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS

Anne Boleyn: A Tragedy. By George H. Boker, Author of "Calaynos." Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Boker was favorably known as a dramatic poet previous to the publication of his present work, but "Anne Boleyn" indicates a firm movement forward when compared with "Calaynos." It is more impassioned in style, action and thought, more intense in conception, more artistic in execution, with sentiments more richly poetic, with characters more vigorously discriminated.

The subject of the drama is taken from one of the actual tragedies of history, with which every schoolboy is familiar, and it is therefore admirably adapted for dramatic treatment. The names of the characters are familiar to all, but here we have substantial persons attached to the names, living out a portion of their lives before our eyes, with almost every act and word symbolical of character. Such a representation increases our knowledge of history, by conducting us near to its heart and life, giving us the concrete meaning of such terms as irresponsible power, court intrigues, political unscrupulousness, and unbitted passion.

The plan of the drama is the exhibition of the various intrigues of the courtier statesmen of Henry VIII. to murder, under a legal form, his imperious but large-hearted wife, and the final triumph of their villany over justice, and of his lust over common humanity. In the most exacting law of dramatic composition, that which demands the mutual connection of the parts, and a relation of each with the main idea of the piece, the author has, we think, been very successful. There are no characters and scenes, hardly any thoughts and sentiments, which could be omitted without injury to the design, which do not contribute to the general effect of tragedy. The style, also, though it occasionally evinces some immaturity, is commonly close to the matter, and takes its tone and coloring from the characters. The diameters themselves are strongly conceived and sustained. King Henry, Norfolk, Richmond, Wyatt, Smeaton, Queen Anne, Jane Seymour and Lady Boleyn, are especially felicitous. We could give many specimens of the author's dramatic powers had we space for extracts, but we prefer to commend the drama to the reader's attention in its wholeness. There are, however, scattered over the piece, morsels of beauty and wisdom which spring naturally out of the events, and

yet have a universal application. Queen Anne, in repenting of the harsh imperiousness of her judgments of others, drops a remark which every modern reformer should adopt as a preventive check on the fertility of his tongue:

> I have been arrogant to judge my kind
> By God's own law, not seeing in myself
> A guilty judge condemning the less vile.

The scene in which the queen attempts to regain the king's affections, by sending his mind back to the period of their early love, is very touching and beautiful; and until that sly witch, Jane Seymour, appears, the reader almost believes that the crowned disciple of lust is capable of fidelity to a sentiment. We give a few passages:

> O, Henry, you have changed
> From that true Henry who, in bygone days,
> Rode, with the hurry of a northern gale,
> Towards Hever's heights, and ere the park was gained,
> Made the glad air a messenger of love,
> By many a blast upon your hunting-horn.
> Have you forgotten that old oaken room,
> Fearful with portraits of my buried race,
> Where I received you panting from your horse;
> As breathless, from my dumb excess of joy,
> As you with hasty travel? Do you think
> Of our sweet meetings 'neath the gloomy yews
> Of Sopewell nunnery, when the happy day
> That made me yours seemed lingering as it came,
> More slowly moving as it nearer drew?
> How you chid time, and vowed the hoary knave
> Might mark each second of his horologe
> With dying groans, from those you cherished most,
> So he would hasten?—
>
> KING HENRY.
>
> Anne, that was you.
> Have you forgotten my ear-stunning laugh
> At your quaint figure of time's human clock,
> Whose every beat a soul's flight registered?
>
> QUEEN ANNE.

God bless you, Henry! (*Embraces him.*)

KING HENRY.

Pshaw! why touch so deep?
These softening memories of our early love
Come o’er me like my childhood.

QUEEN ANNE.

Love be praised,
That with such reflections couples me!
Be steadfast, Henry.

KING HENRY.

Fear not: love is poor
That seals not compacts with the stamp of faith.

QUEEN ANNE.

My stay is trespass. We will meet anon.
Love needs no counsel in his little realm.

“Anne Boleyn” is not only a fine dramatic poem, considered in respect to character and situations, but it is as interesting as a novel, and continually excites those emotions which exact attention, even in the least cultivated reader. Taken in connection with the author’s previous work, it evinces not only genius, but a genius which grows. The perusal of it has strongly impressed us with the feeling that the country, in him, has a new poet, and one whose present productions are even richer in promise than performance. We cordially wish him an appreciating public, and trust that he will not lack stimulants to renewed exertion.

Saint Leger, or the Threads of Life. Second Edition. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

“Saint Leger” has been considered by some critics to be of German origin; it has been thought to bear a striking family likeness to a class of books of which “Wilhelm Meister” is the type and paragon. This erroneous opinion must have arisen either from an imperfect acquaintance with German literature, or from not giving to “Saint Leger” that careful analysis which it certainly deserves. The class of German novels, to which “Saint Leger” has

been compared, cannot, strictly speaking, be said to possess any plot. There is no regular sequence of events—no relation of parts to a whole—no dramatic bearing of character upon character, to produce an ultimate result—no apparent effort to close the story at the very start, which an influx of conflicting circumstances alone prevents, and toward which it ever struggles, overcoming obstacles and softening down discordances, until the end is gained by an unforced blending into one harmonious mass of all the opposing elements of the plot. But these very qualities, for which we look in vain through "Wilhelm Meister" and its fellows, "Saint Leger" possesses to a degree beyond any work of a semblable character with which we are acquainted; and from the crowning result of its plot arises what has been called, from the days of Æsop to those of Walter Scott, the moral of the story. Without such a moral, expressed or implied, any fable, however well told in detail, is a crude, lifeless mass, wanting altogether that vital principle which alone can give fiction endurance. It is to this fact that posterity will owe its safety from the pernicious influences of the thousand well written immoralities that crowd their betters from our modern book-shelves, while the downfall of these literary falsehoods must as surely make way for the continued popularity of such books as "Saint Leger."

That "Wilhelm Meister" and kindred works are entirely without moral, we will not attempt to say; but that they want the directness of purpose which everywhere characterizes "Saint Leger," and the consequent dependence of action upon action, in order to work out a clear and significant result, we may say, without fear of controvertion. A lie, written or spoken, is always a bungling thing. The straggling, touch-and-go manner of hinting out a story—admitting the author not to be thoroughly depraved, and willing, like the George Sand School, to blazon his vices, and glory in his iniquities—seldom fails to betray the false and shallow principles upon which it is founded. Truth seeks the light; the author of "Saint Leger" does not shun it. There is a zealousness of purpose, and a lucidness of style and exposition upon every page of his book, which at least proves our author's conscience to be in his work, and must forever free him from the imputation of endeavoring to hide falsehood, either under the covering of silence or of sophistry.

The object of the author of "Saint Leger," if we understand him aright, is to trace the career of an individual soul in search of a faith. The innumerable external trials, temptations and dangers through which the hero passes, forms one of the most interesting stories we have read for many a day. To this moving narrative another, and entirely original interest is superadded, by exhibiting to us, not only the immediate effects of surrounding events on the hero's feelings and actions, but in tracing up their consequences, first, to the

changes in his character and moral nature, and last, to the ultimate results produced on his religious faith. Our author appears to be a sturdy opponent of all forms of intellectual faith. The hero is accordingly taken through the whole round of modern metaphysics; and issues from them weary and dispirited, having learned only to doubt, not to believe. In the latter pages of the book, the instructive lesson of the whole is taught, viz., that faith is founded, not on the intellectual, but on the moral nature; that all strivings after faith, through the intellect, can but end in doubt and pain; that the elements for the formation of a perfect faith lie around us on every hand, as much within the reach of the illiterate as of the learned, which

> "——justifies the ways of God to man;"

that faith is not to be encompassed in creeds, or laid down in philosophies, but is the simple language of the heart appealing to the will for support.

These are bold thoughts, boldly spoken. The sectarian may base his faith upon other and far different grounds, or may think the opinions of other men sufficient foundation for his own belief; he cannot, however, arrive at a higher or a purer state of hopefulness than that reached by "Saint Leger" through his fiery martyrdom of thought and feeling.

We will not forestall the reader's interest, by attempting a sketch of our author's plot. Let it be sufficient to state that the story appears to be evolved of necessity from the agency of the actors in it, the natural result of their characters and the actions to which such characters must lead; not a tissue of ingeniously contrived plots and counterplots, into which a certain amount of sham humanity has been thrust, to give the whole a life-like air. This is a dramatic excellence, rare since the Elizabethan era, which even the glorious creations of Scott do not possess. Whoever has read "Guy Mannering," and afterward seen its miserable dramatized counterfeit, will be able to appreciate our meaning, and to understand how sadly the works of the greatest modern novelist stand the dramatic test. After witnessing such an experiment, there will be no difficulty in recognizing the immeasurable distance between Shakspeare and Scott.

Saint Leger's adventures are not completed at the close of the volume, and from the concluding words, we should judge the author intended a continuation of his story. We shall anxiously await the appearance of another volume; meanwhile we heartily commend this to the studious attention of our readers.

Lectures and Essays. By Henry Giles. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 2 vols. 12mo.

Mr. Giles, as a lecturer, is celebrated all over the country, and few public speakers equal him in the power of thrilling a popular audience. The present volumes prove that his influence as an orator has not been purchased at the expense of purity of style or accuracy of thought, and that as a writer he presents equally strong claims to consideration and regard. The subjects of the work run into various departments of thought and information, and they all evince meditation and study. The lecture on Falstaff, one of the best papers in the volume, exhibits the author's philosophical discrimination, as well as his forgetive fancy and overflowing humor. The essays on Crabbe and Ebenezer Elliott are two grand expositions of individual genius, and at the same time indicate a knowledge of the condition of England's poorer classes, and an intense sympathy with their character and sufferings, which prompt many a passage of searching and pathetic eloquence. The two lectures on Byron are hardly equaled by any other criticisms of his genius, in respect to the balance preserved between sympathy with his misfortunes and indignation at his satanic levities and caprices. Goldsmith, in another paper, is represented with a sunny warmth, and sweetness of style, which carries his image directly to the reader's heart. Carlyle, Savage, Chatterton, and Dermody, are the subjects of the remaining articles on persons, and each is analyzed with much sympathetic acuteness.

The subjects of the other essays are The Spirit of Irish History, Ireland and the Irish, True Manhood, Patriotism, The Worth of Liberty, The Pulpit, Music, and Economies. In these Mr. Giles's genius is admirably displayed in its peculiar sphere of action, that of great ideas and universal sentiments. He is, in many important respects, an excellent critic and expositor of men, but he is most eloquent when he commits himself daringly to a sentiment, ignores its practical limitations, and glows and gladdens in the vision of its ideal possibilities and real essence. Here he stirs the deeper fountains of the heart, makes our minds kindle and our aspirations leap to his words, and bears us willingly along on his own rushing stream of feeling. Here all his powers of fancy, humor, imagination, pathos and language, are thoroughly impassioned, and act with a vital energy directly upon the will. The communion with a mind so thoroughly alive cannot be otherwise than inspiring; and to the younger portion of readers, especially, who are finely sensitive to the heroic in conduct, and the grand in sentiment, we would commend these beautiful and quickening orations, glowing, as they are, with the loftiest moral principles, and leading, as they do, to Christian manliness of thought and conduct.

In reading the present volumes, the image of the orator instinctively starts up before the imagination, as he appears in the desk, flooding the lecture-room with his tones, and evoking tears or laughter from an audience whose sympathies he has mastered. Every note in his glorious voice, from its sweet, low, distinct undertone, to the high, shrill, piercing scream of its impassioned utterance, rings through the brain the moment the listener becomes a reader. The volumes have a sure, appreciating and extensive public, even if their circulation be confined to lecture audiences; but they are certain of a wider influence.

Montaigne's Essays.

It is natural to inquire how often a book which has pleased us much has been the object of admiration to those who preceded us in our journey through life—a road on which a book is a "friend which never changes." We could not help having this feeling, as we looked at a very recent edition of Montaigne's Essays, (Philad'a. J. W. Moore, 1849,) and began to rummage up our recollections and invoke the aid of our Lowndes and Quérard—supposing that we might do a small service to the inquirer into such matters, by showing him how often the public taste of other countries had called for editions of our favorite classic—for such he is, in French as well as English.

We give the editions in the order of dates, beginning with the French—

Montaigne (*Mich.* de) Ses Essais, Livres, 1 & 2. *Bordeaux, Millanges.* 1580, in 8vo. The *original* edition, which is, however, incomplete.

The same work, with the addition of a *third* book, and many additions (600) to the two first. *Paris, Langelier*, 1588, in 4to.

An edition at *Brussels, Foppens*, 1659, 3 vols. 12mo. and one at *Paris*, the same year, in 3 vols. 12mo.

The French admit, that of the earlier editions, that of Touson, which appeared in London in 1724, with the remarks of P. Coste, in three volumes 4to., is the finest. A supplement to it was published in 1740.

Editions appeared at Paris in 1725, (3 vols. 4to.) at the Hague in 1727, (12mo.) in London in 1739, and 1745, reprints of Coste's edition. There were editions in Paris in 1754, and in Lyons in 1781, and subsequent editions in Paris in 1783, 1793, and 1801 and 1802—since which, editions have followed, in that city, in rapid succession, and more than twenty, with the "Notes of all the Commentators," are to be had for the asking.

The English translations are, first:

"The Essays of Michael, Lord of Montaigne, translated by John Florio, London, 1603, folio." Florio was the Holofernes of Shakspeare. This edition, with a portrait of Florio, by Hole, again appeared in 1613, and 1632.

"Essays of Michael, Seigneur of Montaigne, made English by Charles Cotton. London, 1680." There are editions in 1711, 1738, and 1743.

A new edition of this translation appeared in 1776, with many corrections, which was reprinted in 1811, but by whom the corrections were made does not appear. The last edition, to which is added his "Letters and Journey through Germany," and which is an edition of his works prepared by Mr. Hazlitt, from which the Philadelphia edition has been printed.

Poems. By Frances Sargent Osgood. With Illustrations by Huntington, Darley, Cushman, Osgood, etc. Philadelphia: A. Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This beautiful volume, the finest in point of pictorial illustrations of a beautiful series, deserves a much more extended notice than we are capable of giving it at present. Mrs. Osgood occupies, among American poets, a place peculiarly her own, where she is without a peer, and almost without a rival. She is the most lyrical of our poets, her nature being of that fluid character which readily pours itself out in song, and quick and sensitive to impressions almost to a fault. A hint from an object is taken, and instantly her soul surrenders itself to the impression, and sings it as if her whole life was concentrated in the emotion of the moment. Her mind, being thus so readily impassioned, glides easily into various forms of character and peculiarities of situation, which she has never actually experienced. Most of the songs in the volume, though they burn and beat as if the writer's life-blood was circling through them, are essentially dramatic lyrics—the position of the author being an imaginative not a personal one.

A long article might be written on the purity, delicacy, tenderness and strength of feeling which this book evinces, and the exquisite melody and richness of the verse. The signs of a sweet and passionate poetic nature, seeking the ideal by a fine instinct, and finding in song the appropriate expression of its inward harmony, are over the whole volume; and we trust its bird-like music will win for it a place in American homes by the side of the more meditative works of Bryant and Longfellow.

Greenwood Leaves. A Collection of Stories and Letters. By Grace Greenwood. Second Edition. Boston: Ticknor, Reid & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume, eloquent in style and entertaining in matter, beyond almost any similar work which has been issued for years, was published but a month or two ago, and has already reached a second edition. The materials of which it is composed are essays and stories originally contributed to different periodicals, and apparently dashed off, without a thought of their being eventually collected and made into a book. The impression which the whole leaves upon the mind, notwithstanding the separate parts were thus composed, is eminently an individual one, and indicates that the authoress has sufficient force of being and character to write in all varieties of mood without parting with her personality, without assuming to be what she is not. In short, she is a contradiction in fact to the Mahometan doctrine, assented to by many Christians, that women have no souls. The present volume indicates a soul, and a broad and powerful one—a soul to feel and to represent with equal intensity the heroic in conduct and the tender in sentiment; a soul which penetrates every faculty of her mind, whether it be understanding or humor, with a vitality, and flashes out, in some passages, in the very eloquence of disinterestedness and heroism. The defect of her mind, at present, seems to be its tendency to exaggeration—to transfer to objects the emotions they excite in herself, and to make them stand for qualities which they only rouse in enthusiastic natures like her own. The volume is splendid in promise, and with all its merit rather suggests than limits her capacity. A mind so fresh, active, powerful and impassioned as hers, cannot fail to reach the high excellence on which her eye is evidently fixed.

The Annals of the Queens of Spain, By Anita George. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

This work is introduced with the high endorsement of Prescott, the historian, and is worthy even of his commendation. The authoress is an accomplished Spanish lady, who has long resided in the United States, and who writes English with ease and dignity. The subject is entirely new, and the materials gathered from sources of which the general reader is profoundly ignorant. As a work of industry and research, therefore, it is of considerable importance to the student of history; but the authoress has contrived to make it equally interesting to the common reader, by the variety of novel

circumstances she has introduced, and her anecdotes of court life. The present volume contains the Gothic queens, those of Oviedo and Leon, of Arragon and of Castile, comprehending a thousand years, from 415 to 1475. The early period to which the volume is confined, though it makes each biography short, makes each full of surprising matter. In the hundred queens presented to us, there are all varieties of feminine nature exhibited in connection with enough remarkable and romantic events to form the plots of numerous novels and dramas.

The work is elegantly printed, and will, we hope, find a large class of readers. It should be continued in the manner with which it has been commenced, and we can hardly believe that annals, relating to a country so essentially romantic as Spain, and written by one whose whole soul is penetrated by her nation's spirit, should not be received with marked popular approbation.

The Miscellaneous Works of Oliver Goldsmith. Including a variety of Pieces now first collected. By James Prior. In Four Volumes. New York: Geo. P. Putnam, Vols. 1 and 2, 12mo.

Among the many good things which the accomplished and enterprising publisher of this work has done for the cause of classical English literature in the United States, the present cheap and elegant edition of Goldsmith ranks with the first. It is the only American edition which contains the new matter which Prior has collected. The first volume alone has a sufficiently large number of new essays to make every lover of Goldsmith procure the edition.

Goldsmith is so universal a favorite, and the leading characteristics of his genius are so impressed on the public mind, that it would be useless here to speak of his sly, searching and genial humor, his shrewd and accurate observation, the generosity of his sympathies, the wealth of his fancy, and the lucid simplicity and sweet fascination of his style. Let the reader peruse the present edition in connection with Irving's charming biography of Goldsmith, and we will guarantee that the works and life of the subject will be a possession to his imagination forever.

The Poets and Poetry of America to the Middle of the Nineteenth Century. By Rufus Wilmot Griswold. Tenth Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

The popular estimate of this work is indicated by its passing through nine large editions in seven years. The present, which is the tenth edition, is almost a new book. The editor has corrected faults of judgment and selection, which necessarily occurred in the first edition, and had availed himself of the benefit of the criticisms, friendly and unfriendly, which it called forth.

The poetical literature of the country has also grown considerably during the last seven years, and Mr. Griswold has therefore added many exquisite pieces of Emerson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell and Poe—excluded some poems, and put better ones by the same authors in their place—and introduced into the body of the book liberal selections from the new poets, Palmer, Lunt, Hoyt, Clarke, Parsons, Cooke, Fields, Wallace, Hirst, Mathews, Taylor, Boker, Read, Legare and Butler, are among the additions. The book, in its present form, gives a fair idea of American verse in all its varieties of individuality and style. It is still open to objections, and is doubtless capable of further improvement; but we think that the editor has more to fear from the anger of poets who suffer from the austerity of his taste, than from that of readers who sometimes suffer from its exceeding tolerance. As a whole, the book is very attractive, and we wish it another seven years of success, and a passage into edition twentieth.

Poems. By John G. Saxe. Boston: Ticknor, Reed & Fields. 1 vol. 12mo.

This collection of metrical pieces, inspired by the muse of frolic and fun, is sure of popularity. The writer's favorites among the poets, seem to be Pope and Hood, the bard of satire and the bard of puns; and his own poems are full of good specimens both of keen hits and felicitous word-twisting. The two satires, "Progress," and "The Times," show a vivid perception of the ludicrous in conduct and life, and "The Proud Miss Bride" puts words on the rack to good purpose. The author's love of wit and humor amounts to poetical inspiration, and the volume contains much of the poetry as well as the versification of mirth. Mr. Saxe has not a bit of gall in his disposition, and his severity is as genial as it is gingery. Buoyant spirits dance through his satire, and there is nothing waspish even in its sting. Nobody can read the book without envying the writer's happy disposition, or without having some of it communicated to himself.

Philo: an Evangeliad. By the Author of "Margaret." Boston: Phillips, Sampson & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The author of this curious dramatic poem is Mr. Judd, a clergyman of Augusta, in Maine. Like Lord Timothy Dexter's book, it is "a pickle for the knowing ones." In the strangeness of its individuality rather than the originality of its thoughts is its hold upon the attention. The writer has poetry in him, but it is most capriciously brought out in connection with all sorts of moral and semi-moral commonplaces and freaks of religious whim. All the proprieties of poetry are violated, not from an inward law of dissent, but from an opinionated dislike of established methods. The author has genius, but not sufficient genius to produce a harmonious poem out of his materials. Still there are few poems, lately published, which can be read with less fatigue, for the audacities and oddities on every page are perpetual stimulants to the mind. In passages, too, the volume is finely and powerfully poetical; and in a certain juxtaposition of refined spirituality with the solidest practical vision, the book is a prophecy of the author's future excellence.

The Neighbors. A Story of Every-Day Life. By Frederika Bremer. Translated from the Swedish. By Mary Howitt. New York: Geo. P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This elegant volume is the first of a new issue of the author's works, edited by herself, with prefaces and notes. The portrait and autograph of the author are given in this volume, and the remarks with which she prefaces it have the kindliness and good sense which are so characteristic of her nature. "The Neighbors" is one of the most charming idealizations of actual life we have ever read, and nowhere is domesticity so winningly represented. An author, like Miss Bremer, who is now personally abstracting so many hearts in this country cannot fail to have purchasers for this edition of her writings.

Miscellanies. By J. T. Headley. Authorized edition. New York: Baker and Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume contains seven interesting papers, originally contributed by the author to periodicals. They are all striking specimens of Mr. Headley's peculiar powers of narration and description—a little less flushed in style,

perhaps, than his Napoleon, but indicating the same vigorous abandonment to the subject. The best article is that on Alison's History of Europe. The Biographies of Alfieri, Cromwell and Luther, are executed in a style which will stamp their leading traits indelibly on the popular imagination. The article on Griswold's Prose Writers, which closes the volume, is unworthy of Mr. Headley, and should have been omitted from the collection.

From the preface we learn that the present volume has been issued to operate against an unauthorized edition of the author's magazine articles, published by some bookseller in New York, on his own account. Every respectable bookseller and every respectable book-buyer should avoid the pirated edition, on the principle of common decency and justice.

Historical Studies, By George Washington Greene, late United States Consul at Rome. New York: George P. Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

Professor Greene is one of our ablest historical scholars, especially in the department of Italian literature and history, and the present work, embodying the thoughts and observations of many years, is a valuable contribution to thoughtful and elegant literature. The author combines the narrator and the thinker in just proportions, and connects with admirable tact, thoughts that quicken with biographical details which interest the mind. The subjects of the papers relating to Italy are Petrarch, Machiavelli, Manzoni, Verrazzano, The Hopes of Italy, Historical Romance in Italy, Reformation in Italy, Italian Literature in the First Half of the Nineteenth Century, and Contributions for the Pope. The article on Libraries is one of the best ever written on that subject. Perhaps the most generally agreeable paper in the volume is that on Charles Edward. In this we have a flowing and animated biography, replete with novel facts, and as interesting as a romance. The author's style, in all the papers, is sweet, flexible, graceful and condensed, indicating high culture, but a culture which has developed instead of deadening all that is peculiar in his mind and heart.

The Early Conflicts of Christianity. By the Rev. Wm. Ingraham Kip, D. D. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This elegantly printed volume is published for the benefit of those

Christians who have no clear idea of the difficulties to which the faith "was subjected in the earliest stages of its existence, or the severity of the conflict through which it was obliged to pass." If it reaches all of those to whom it is addressed, it will have more readers than Macaulay's history or Dickens's novels, for the subject is one on which the strangest ignorance prevails even among pious and intelligent Christians. Dr. Kip divides the obstacles to the eventual victory of Christianity into five classes—Judaism, Grecian Philosophy, the Licentious Spirit of the Age, Barbarism and the Pagan Mythology, each of which is represented with much vigor and beauty of style, distinctness of thought, and wealth of information. It is a book which deserves to be in every family which professes a regard for the Christian faith, as it meets a universal want; and it will save the general reader a great deal of labor and time, embodying as it does, in a lucid and animated style, the results of a student's researches in the whole field of early ecclesiastical history.

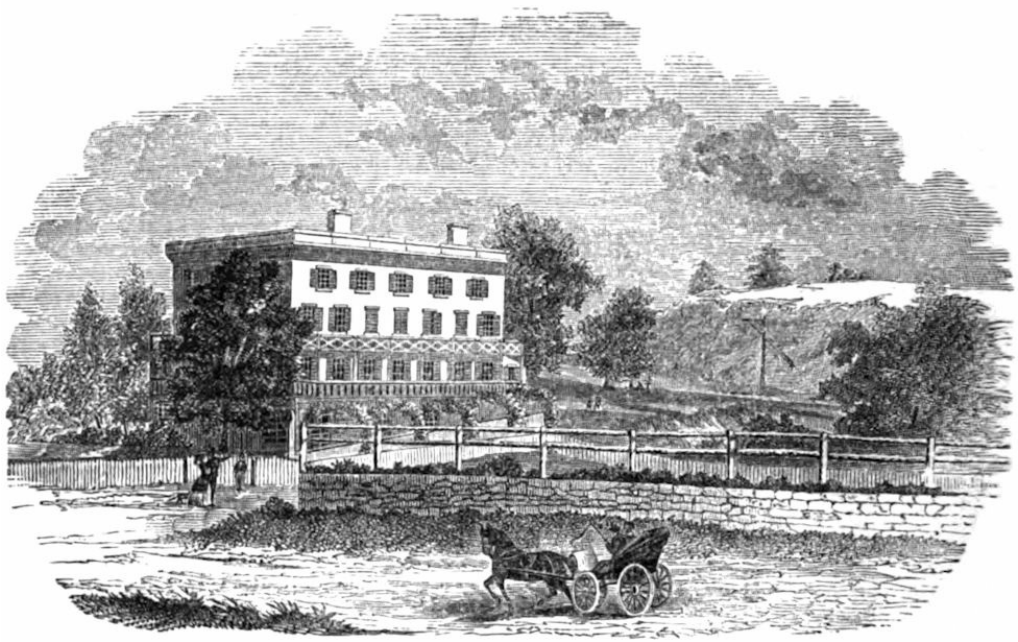
James Montjoy; or I've been Thinking. By A. S. Roe. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an interesting and well written story of American life, the production of a shrewd intellect, and admirable in its practicable application.

Anaïs Toudouze

LE FOLLET

PARIS Boulevart S^{t}. Martin 61
Robes de Camille, *Coiffures de* Normandin, *pass. Choiseul, 19.*
Mouchoir de L. Chapron & Dubois, *r. de la Paix, 7.*
Fleurs de Chagot ainé, *r. Richelieu, 81.*
Graham's Magazine.



MOUNT PROSPECT INSTITUTE, WEST BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

THIS SCHOOL is located fifteen miles distant from New York City, and six from Newark, upon a commanding eminence of 800 feet above the level of the ocean, from which a clear view is obtained of Yew York, Brooklyn, the Bay, and the surrounding country. This location, for retirement, health, salubrity of atmosphere, and beauty of mountain scenery, is not surpassed by any in the country. It is easy of access, having direct communication with New York four times each day. The object of this Institution is to prepare Young Gentlemen for entering college, or a business life, by a thorough and systematic course of instruction. The Principal does not desire a large school, but a select number of Pupils, well disciplined, and willing to be guided in the path of virtue and usefulness. In order to secure and retain desirable members of this school, no vicious or unprincipled boy is received, and no one retained in the school whose influence is immoral, or in any way injurious to his associates. The Pupils enjoy the comforts of a home in the family of the Principal, being invited to the parlor, where they associate with other members of the family and those who frequently visit the Institution.

The Government of the School is conducted on strictly religious principles, and the pupils are controlled by appeals to their moral feelings, rather than by fear of punishment. The Bible is the standard of morals, and each Pupil is required to study it daily; also, to attend Church with the Principal on the

Sabbath. Being desirous to secure a proper degree of correspondence in dress, and to prevent some of the evils arising from different styles of clothing in the same family, a uniform dress has been adopted for the School. The year is divided into sessions of five months each, commencing on the first of May and November. It is desired that the Pupils should not be absent during the session, and that parents should visit them at the Institution.

TERMS.

No Scholar will be received for less time than one quarter, and no deduction will be made for voluntary absence.

Each article of Clothing must be marked with the owner's name, and an inventory placed in each trunk of the articles he brings to the School.

The charges for Board and Tuition in the English branches and Mathematics are from $40 to $45 per quarter; in the Latin and Greek languages, $50. Extra for the French, German, or Spanish language, $5; Drawing and Painting, each, $5; Music, with use of the Piano, $10.

Payments will be required quarterly in advance.

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☞ A box will be found at 73 Courtlandt Street, New York, marked with the name of the Institution; any packages deposited in this box before one o'clock, P. M., will be safely carried to the School on the same day.

THE UNIFORM OF THE SCHOOL.

The coat and pantaloons of very dark blue cloth; the coat single-breasted, to button to the throat, with ten gilt buttons, two upon the collar, placed three inches back—the collar to turn over, with the corners round.

For Summer, the dress suit is the dark blue coat and white pantaloons. That for common use should be gray, made of the material known as "youth's mixt." For very warm weather, brown linen or drilling.

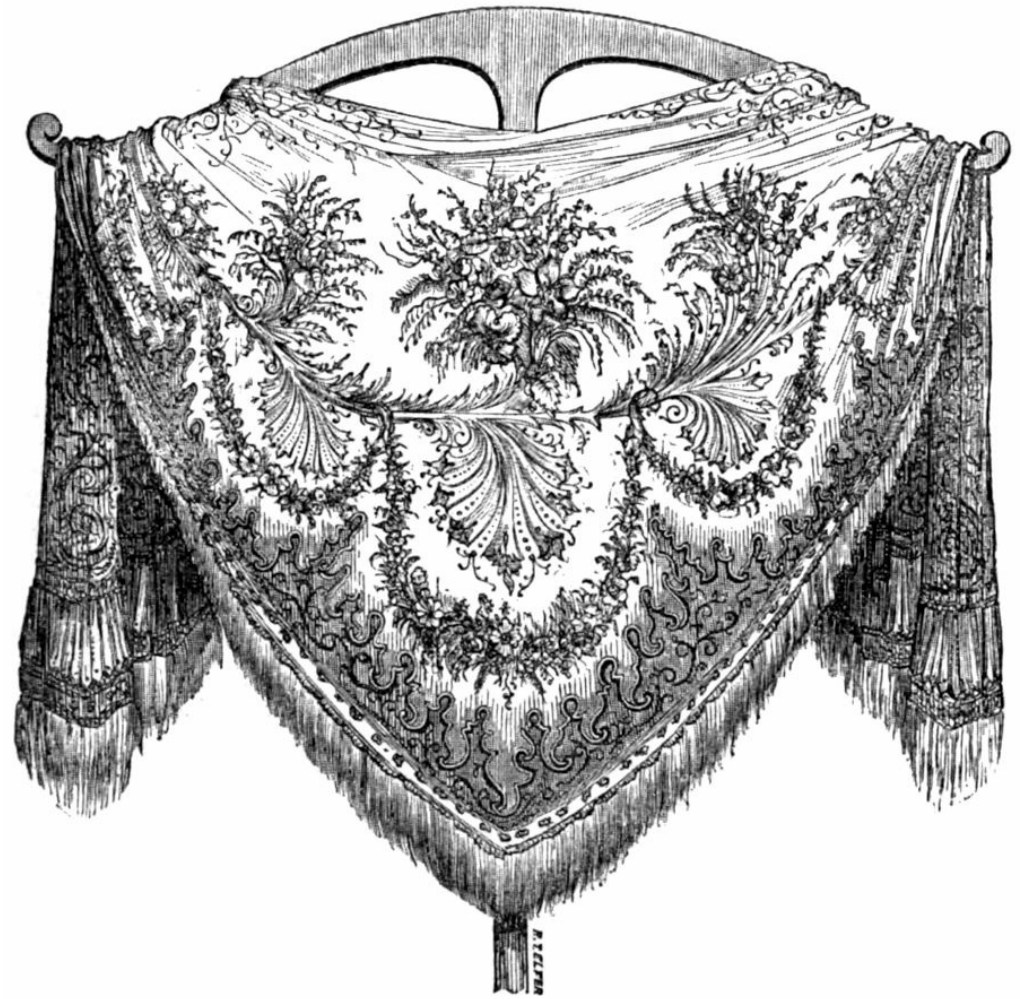
Suits are made by Messrs. THORNE & JARVIS, 414 Broadway, New York, where the buttons, made expressly for the School, may be obtained.

Caps, of a particular pattern, designed for the School, are made by MR. MEALIO, 416 Broadway, New York.

N. B.—Those entering the School are not expected to discard their every-day clothing, but when worn out, to renew it with the uniform of the School.

THE SHAWL DESIGNER SALAVILLE.

(FROM THE FRENCH.)



EVERY woman who visits the French exposition of domestic manufactures, whether she be young or old, brunette or blonde, stops involuntarily before the beautiful shawls exhibited, the exquisite designs of which draw from her a half suppressed sigh of loving desire; but in passing away from them she only laments that her limited means do not equal her longings for possession,

without giving a thought to the artist who has labored by day and meditated by night to produce an article of dress worthy of her charms. The designer of a beautiful fabric, however, merits not only a thought, but deep sympathy, particular interest. Banished between Apollo and Mercury to a domain where the laurel does not flourish, he at once cultivates the fine arts and commerce, the ideal and the real. Up to a certain point he possesses the inspiration of the improvisatore, the conception of the painter, and the sentiment of the colorist. But if this industrial centaur does not join to these qualities a little of the management of the merchant, then comes a sad result, for probably he will at last be brought to the door of a hospital, broken down with useless labor, without one ray of glory having touched his brow or warmed his heart. I could cite a remarkable but sad instance of one possessing fine talents, united to an excellent and lovely character, to illustrate this mournful fancy, but I should only cause melancholy thoughts, from which I should preserve my reader. I will, on the contrary, recall a more fresh and joyous reminiscence apropos to this pleasant season.

Among the designers who have distinguished themselves this year, there is one whose name has been omitted; which is to be regretted, for Louis Salaville has contributed greatly to the creation of that new style of designs of which the shawl manufacturers are now so proud. In 1829 we were apprenticed to a shawl-weaving establishment, where, like machines, or a species of spider, we were expected to weave from five in the morning until nine at night. Showing but little aptitude for this part of the business, we were placed with a designer to learn that branch. At the school of design was a youth of fifteen or sixteen; he was pale as a daisy, simple as a child, and light as a butterfly; but with the grace of this flying insect he possessed unfortunately also its wandering propensities. He absented himself so frequently that the principals of the establishments grew impatient. Sometimes, after an absence of eight or ten days, he would enter just as the clock was sounding the hour of dismissal. He was vague and dreamy in his talk, would ask if it was April when it was December, and commenced a thousand things without ever finishing one. Notwithstanding he designed figures and flowers with wonderful rapidity and cleverness, we never dreamed of his being one day a rival.

“He’s a fool!” we would exclaim, “he will never be any thing.” Laugh not, dear reader, at our blindness; even great men have been known to undervalue youthful genius.

The crisis which followed the accession of Louis Philippe, did not overthrow the establishment, but it affected the school, and Salaville was dismissed with those who were not actually needed. Once in a while he would come in to inquire after the prospect of work; and when we would ironically

congratulate him on his love for study, without reply he would throw off, with two or three strokes of the crayon, ludicrous sketchy caricatures. We accused him to ourselves of idleness, and thought him good for nothing, because he did not spend his days as we did daubing crooked palms, which we modestly called compositions, simpletons that we were. Without any apparent labor, as it were from the instinct that draws the bee to the rose, or the plant to the sun, he would sketch with boyish glee bits of exquisite designs—in one place a smoky hut, over whose broken, ruined roof the ivy gracefully twined; in another a noisy mill, surrounded with the sweeping foliage of the willow's weaving branches; here and there clusters of drooping, bell-shaped flowers and wild jonquils twining together in luxuriant confusion; then in another corner of the paper a group of laughing, half-naked children, playing with one of those huge, long-eared dogs that the amiable Winterhalter calls the "First Friend!"

To facilitate universal harmony, to inspire us with a desire to aid and love each other, the Creator divides his gifts: upon one is bestowed strength, upon another intelligence; to Salaville has been given the imagination of a poet and the susceptibility of a woman. Several years passed in an idle, wandering way, feeling acutely, and sketching instinctively the beauties of nature, would, as one can readily imagine, produce a remarkable effect on such an organization as Salaville possesses. He did not seek to acquire knowledge, as Montaigne would have said, it came and incorporated itself with his soul. He led this errant life until, when about twenty, wishing to marry, he felt the necessity of applying himself more seriously to his business, and under this influence his compositions shot out fresh and brilliant from his brain, like the drooping grass and blossoms bent with the spray of the falling cascade raise themselves under the genial beams of the warm sun.

The talents of an artist like Salaville are stifled in a town whose manufacturers are distinguished rather for the economy of their combinations than for the fineness of their webs. In 1839, Salaville came to Paris. He did not make this move for the purpose of bettering his condition, for at Nîmes he had an honorable and advantageous position. But he hoped by removing to the capital to be enabled to execute the rich compositions his imagination conceived.

Science does not make happiness, says the *Opera-Comique*, nor talent secure always success; to obtain the latter skill is often better than learning. Once at Paris, Salaville obtained an undisputed reputation, it is true; but he had not the requisite qualities, nor means to direct and maintain an *atélier*; nor did he find sufficient zeal and intelligence in his associates. Then the luxurious imagination he possessed, and which made him so remarkable, caused him to be restless and impatient under the lingering details which hang around the

commencement of every undertaking. At last, in 1846, Salaville, stretched on a sick bed, tortured with pain, found himself poorer and more destitute than he was on the day of his arrival. Happily at this moment a situation was offered, which once more revived hope and trust in the breast of the almost discouraged artist.

It may be that our readers think but little of square shawls and long shawls; however, they may not be ignorant of the fact that at the time of which I speak the manufacturers coped with each other in copying the Indian Cachemires for the designs of their shawls, which made a ruinous competition, for to obtain any success required great waste. Messrs. Boas, Brothers & Co., so distinguished for their rapid success in business, saw the inutility and folly of this, which is now admitted by every one; but they had the tact to see that in order to create a new style, it was necessary above all to procure an artist of the first order; their lucky stars placed in their hands Salaville, the one most capable of carrying out their plans.

For four years these intelligent men have progressed, improving each other. The manufacturer, with tastes corrected and refined by the artist, has in turn softened the eccentricities and exaggerations of genius. That which makes the shawls of this house so remarkable now, is that their designs have an originality of conception, a freshness and gracefulness never seen before. The cause is easily explained. Salaville has abandoned the old styles, which are exhausted. He does not imitate the Arabic, nor the Indian, nor the style of the Restoration, nor the ornamental, but he throws upon paper a profusion of poetic reminiscences, fruits of his joyous wandering youth.

One could scarcely believe the beauty of outline and design at which the house of Messrs. Boas have arrived. In order to give some idea of it, we have annexed to this article a sketch of one of their shawls. We wish we could at the same time give a description of the new and ingenious process employed in this establishment, to enable the designer to use the richest tints of the palette, that he may have harmony of tone and beauty of color, as well as gracefulness of design. But we have no right to divulge the mysterious secrets of the manufactory; and, moreover, we have said enough. However, in closing, we will ask of our readers, if in these days, when Democracy counts for something, does not Louis Salaville merit a place in the Journal?

BLANCHE AND LISETTE.

WRITTEN BY

CHARLES JEFFERYS,

COMPOSED BY

CHARLES W. GLOVER.

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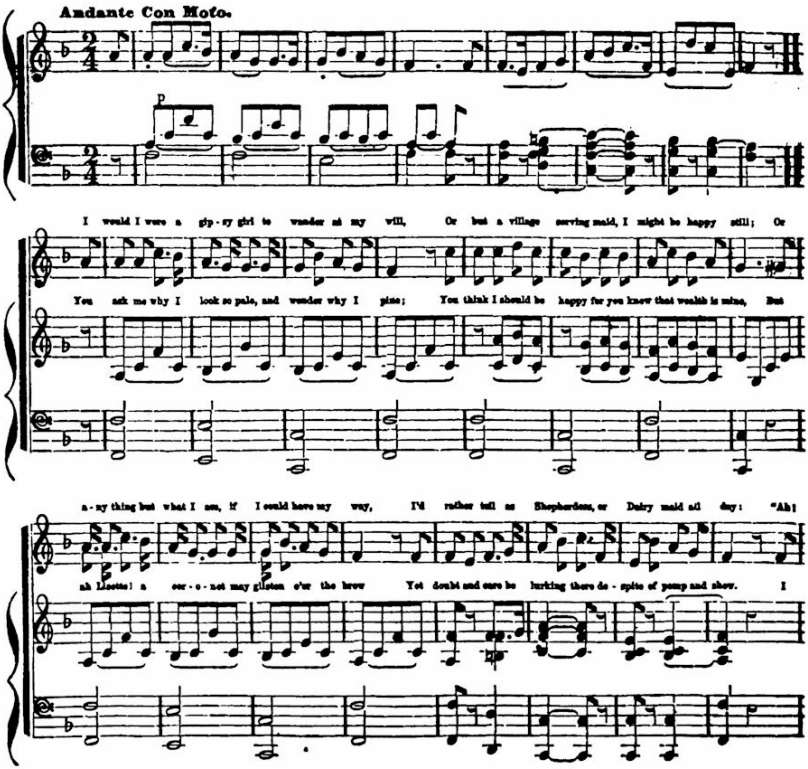
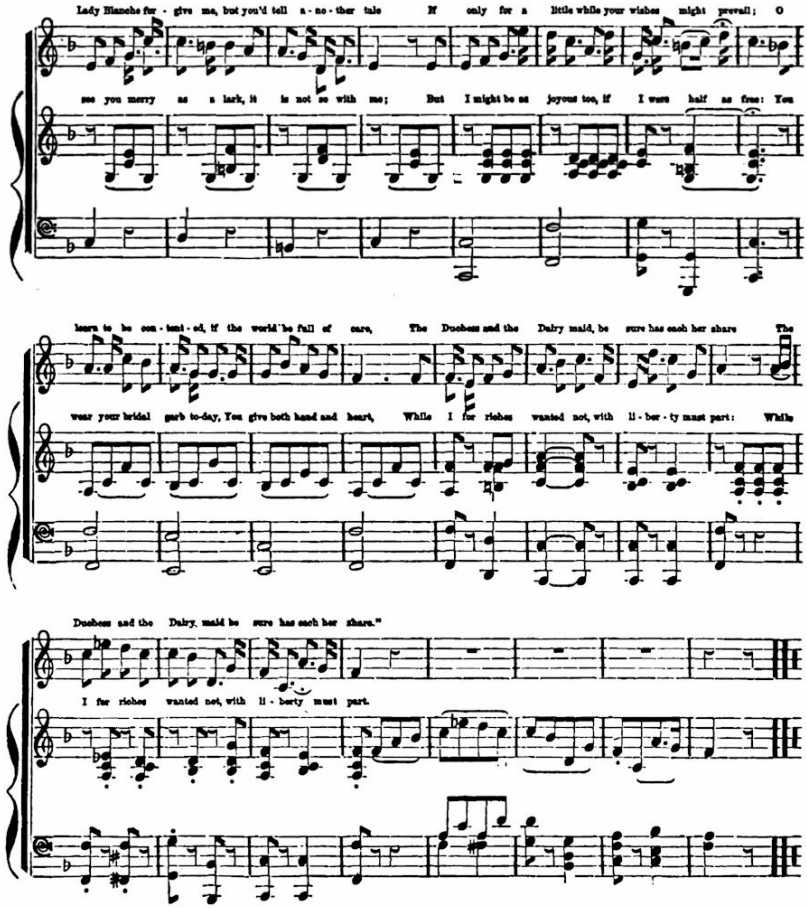


First verse:

I would I were a gipsy girl to wander at my will,
Or but a village serving maid, I might be happy still;

Or any thing but what I am, if I could have my way,
I'd rather toil as Shepherdess, or Dairy maid all day;
Ah!

Second verse:
You ask me why I look so pale, and wonder why I pine;
You think I should be happy for you know that wealth is mine,
But ah Lisette! a coronet may glisten o'er the brow
Yet doubt and care be lurking there despite of pomp and show.
I



First verse continued:
Lady Blanche forgive me, but you'd tell another tale
If only for a little while your wishes might prevail;
O learn to be contented, if the world be full of care,

The Duchess and the Dairy maid, be sure has each her share
The Duchess and the Dairy maid, be sure has each her share.

Second verse continued:
see you merry as a lark, it is not so with me;
But I might be as joyous too, if I were half as free:
You wear your bridal garb to-day, you give both hand and heart,
While I for riches wanted not, with liberty must part:
While I for riches wanted not, with liberty must part.

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. For the music, the First verse and Second verse labels have been added for clarity. 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 231, uses the same similie: ==> uses the same simile:
page 235, Louisa sprung up stairs ==> Louisa sprang up stairs
page 249, rung under the tread ==> rang under the tread
page 250, Over the mantle-piece ==> Over the mantel-piece
page 257, bride sunk on the ==> bride sank on the
page 257, she sunk, as through ==> she sank, as through
page 262, sprung from the bed, ==> sprang from the bed,
page 265, birds sung sweetly the ==> birds sang sweetly the
page 270, an accomplished *ménagere*, ==> an accomplished *ménagère*,
page 271, and eat lunch enough ==> and ate lunch enough
page 281, to God's truth, where-ever ==> to God's truth, wherever
page 284, grows. The perusual of it ==> grows. The perusal of it
page 287, genial as it is gingerly. ==> genial as it is gingery.

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. XXXVI No. 4 (Apr. 1850)* edited by George Rex Graham]