

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1847

Volume XXXI
No. 1 July



*** A Distributed Proofreaders Canada eBook ***

This eBook is made available at no cost and with very few restrictions. These restrictions apply only if (1) you make a change in the eBook (other than alteration for different display devices), or (2) you are making commercial use of the eBook. If either of these conditions applies, please contact a <https://www.fadedpage.com> administrator before proceeding. Thousands more FREE eBooks are available at <https://www.fadedpage.com>.

This work is in the Canadian public domain, but may be under copyright in some countries. If you live outside Canada, check your country's copyright laws. **IF THE BOOK IS UNDER COPYRIGHT IN YOUR COUNTRY, DO NOT DOWNLOAD OR REDISTRIBUTE THIS FILE.**

Title: Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXI, No. 1 (July 1847)

Date of first publication: 1847

Author: George R. Graham (editor)

Date first posted: Feb. 2, 2019

Date last updated: Feb. 2, 2019

Faded Page eBook #20190204

This eBook was produced by: Mardi Desjardins & the online Distributed Proofreaders Canada team at <https://www.pgdpCanada.net>

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. July, 1847. No. 1.

Contents

Fiction, Literature and Articles

[The Slaver](#)

[A Pic-Nic at White Lake](#)

[Arthur Harrington](#)

[General Zachary Taylor](#)

[Sally Lyon's First and Last Visit to the Ale-House](#)

[The Islets of the Gulf](#) (continued)

[The Love-Chase](#)

[Review of New Books](#)

Poetry and Music

[To Evelyn](#)

[A Bacchic Ode](#)

[A Valentine](#)

[To ——, at Parting](#)

[Sonnet from Petrarch, On the Death of Laura](#)

[Sonnet. To a Young Invalid Abroad](#)

[Miriam](#)

[The Winged Watcher](#)

[Carolan's Prophecy](#)

[Scenes That Are Brightest](#)

[Rosabelle](#)

[Transcriber's Notes](#) can be found at the end of this eBook.

GRAHAM'S
AMERICAN MONTHLY
MAGAZINE

Of Literature and Art,

EMBELLISHED WITH

MEZZOTINT AND STEEL ENGRAVINGS, MUSIC, ETC.

WILLIAM C. BRYANT, J. FENIMORE COOPER, RICHARD H. DANA, JAMES
K. PAULDING,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW, N. P. WILLIS, CHARLES F. HOFFMAN, J. R.
LOWELL.

MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY, MISS C. M. SEDGWICK, MRS. FRANCES S.
OSGOOD,
MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY, MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS, MRS. AMELIA B.
WELBY,
MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN, ETC.
PRINCIPAL CONTRIBUTORS.

GEORGE R. GRAHAM, EDITOR.

VOLUME XXXI.

PHILADELPHIA:
GEORGE R. GRAHAM & CO. 98 CHESTNUT STREET.

.....
1847.

CONTENTS

OF THE

THIRTY-FIRST VOLUME.

JUNE, 1847, TO JANUARY, 1848.

A Pic-Nic at White Lake. By ALFRED B. STREET,	13
Arthur Harrington. By F. E. F.	19
A New Way to Collect an Old Debt. By T. S. ARTHUR,	80
An Indian Legend. By M.	177
An Assiniboin Lodge, (Illustrated.)	328
Cora Neill. Or Love's Obstacles. By ENNA DUVAL,	72
Evelyn Grahame. A Tale of Truth. By ELLEN MARSHALL,	97
Fort Mackenzie. (Illustrated.)	271
General Zachary Taylor, (Illustrated.)	26
Game-Birds of America,	269
Ida Bernstorff's Journal. By ENNA DUVAL,	233
Kitty Coleman. By FANNY FORESTER,	262
Lolah Lalande. A Package from My Old Writing-Desk. By ENNA DUVAL,	150
Love's Last Supper. Or the True Story of a Troubadour. A Provençal Biography. By WM. GILMORE SIMMS, (Illustrated.)	277
Reality Versus Romance. Or the Young Wife. By CAROLINE H. BUTLER,	101
Reminiscences of Watering-Places. By F. J. GRUND,	217
Sally Lyon's First and Last Visit to the Ale-House. By T. S. ARTHUR,	33
Stock-Jobbing in New York. By PETER PENCIL,	145

Sophy's Flirtation. A Country Sketch. By Mrs. M. N. M'DONALD,	303
The Love-Chase. A True Story. By Mrs. CAROLINE H. BUTLER,	49
The Slaver. A Tale of Our Own Times. By A SON OF THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN,	1, 61, 109
The Islets of the Gulf. Or Rose Budd. By J. FENIMORE COOPER,	37, 85, 133, 181, 241, 288
The Ring. Or Fibbers and Fibbing. By F. E. F.	121
The Village Doctor. Translated from the French by LEONARD MYERS,	157, 223
The General Court and Jane Andrews' Firkin of Butter. By SEBA SMITH,	168
The Stratagem. By Mrs. ALFRED H. REIP,	193
The Man with the Big Box. By G. G. FOSTER,	204
The Sportsman. By FRANK FORESTER,	208
The Last Adventure of a Coquette. By T. MAYNE REID,	253
The Three Calls. By H. L. JONES,	257
The Silver Spoons. By the Author of "KEY WEST AND ABACO",	264
The Darkened Hearth. By HENRY G. LEE,	296
The Widow and the Deformed. By Mrs. CAROLINE H. BUTLER,	309
The Rash Oath. Translated from the French. By Mrs. JANE TAYLOE WORTHINGTON,	324
Was She a Coquette? By Mrs. LYDIA JANE PIERSON,	174

POETRY.

A Bacchic Ode. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	18
A Valentine. By R. H. BACON,	18
A Winter's Night in the Wilderness. By T. BUCHANAN READ,	203
Brain Work and Hand Work. By CHARLES STREET,	167
Burial of a German Emigrant's Child at Sea. By J. T. F.	214
Blind! By Mrs. JOSEPH C. NEAL,	294
Carolan's Prophecy. By WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER,	48
Death of the Gifted. By J. WILFORD OVERALL,	256
Elva. By EDWARD POLLOCK,	128
Echo. By JOHN S. MOORE,	180

Fair Wind. By J. T. FIELDS,	261
Flowers. By S. E. T.	268
Hermione. (With an Engraving.)	214
Jacob's Dream. (With an Engraving.)	149
Jenny Low. By C. M. JOHNSON,	176
Linolee. By J. WILFORD OVERALL,	71
Lines for Music. By G. G. F.	179
Lucretia. By HENRY B. HIRST,	239
Lines at Parting. By T. TREVOR,	256
Miriam. By E. M. SIDNEY, (Illustrated.)	36
Midnight, and Daybreak. By Mrs. J. C. NEAL,	207
My Loved—My Own. By W. H. C. HOSMER,	295
Ode to Time. By W. GILMORE SIMMS,	202
On a Sleeping Child. By S. E. T.	323
Pioneers of Western New York. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	207
Rosabelle. By "CARO,"	58
Rural Life. (Illustrated.)	268
Sonnet from Petrarch, on the Death of Laura. By ALICE GREY,	32
Sonnet. To a Young Invalid Abroad,	36
Sonnet to ——. By R. H. BACON,	180
Sunset in Autumn. By HARRIET M. WARD,	240
Sonnet. By T. E. V. B.	286
Sonnet. By Miss MARY E. LEE,	302
Stanzas for Music,	329
To Evelyn. By KATE DASHWOOD,	12
To ——, at Parting. By CAROLINE A. BRIGGS,	32
The Winged Watcher. By FANNY FORESTER,	55
The Stricken. By ROBT. T. CONRAD,	58
The Dreamer. By ALICE G. LEE,	77
The Demon of the Mirror. By JAMES BAYARD TAYLOR,	78
The Lifted Veil. By Miss H. E. GRANNIS,	83
Thou Art Cold. By S.	106
The Spanish Lovers, (Illustrated.)	106
To a Century Plant. By Mrs. JANE C. CAMPBELL,	120
The First Loss, (Illustrated.)	154

The Invalid Stranger. By MARY E. LEE,	173
The Lay of the Wind. By LILIAS,	180
The Mariner Returned. By Rev. E. C. JONES,	214
The Deserted Road. By THOMAS BUCHANAN READ,	232
The Old Man's Comfort. By Lieut. A. T. LEE, U. S. A.	232
The Early Taken. By WM. H. C. HOSMER,	240
The Rustic Dance. By ELSCHEN,	267
The Last Tilt. By HENRY B. HIRST,	287
The Wayside Dream. By J. BAYARD TAYLOR,	302
Thou'rt Not Alone. By E. CURTISS STINE,	308
The Autumn Wind. By JANE C. CAMPBELL,	329

REVIEWS.

Lives of the Early British Dramatists. By T. Campbell, Hunt, Darley and Gifford,	59
Washington and his Generals. By J. T. Headley,	59
Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets. By William Howitt,	107
The Orators of France. By Viscount de Cormenin,	108
History of the Conquest of Peru. By Wm. H. Prescott,	155
Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford,	155
Conversations in Rome. By William Ellery Channing,	155
Life and Religious Opinions and Experiences of Madame de la Mothe Guyon. By T. C. Upham,	156
The Autobiography of Goethe. Edited by Parke Godwin,	156
Morceaux Choisis des Auteurs Modernes. By F. M. Rowan,	156
1776, or the War of Independence. By Benson J. Lossing,	156
Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest. From the Sixth London Edition,	156
Men, Women and Books. By Leigh Hunt,	215
Louis the Fourteenth, and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century. By Miss Pardoe,	215
The Good Genius that Turned Every Thing into Gold, or the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress. By the Brothers Mayhew,	215

The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Izack Walton,	215
Fresh Gleanings: or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel,	216
The Months. By Wm. H. C. Hosmer,	216
O'Sullivan's Love. By Wm. Carleton,	216
Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey. By Joseph Cottle,	274
The Public Men of the Revolution. By Hon. Wm. Sullivan, LL. D.,	275
Budget of Letters, or Things which I Saw Abroad,	275
Evangeline, a Tale of Acadie. By Henry Wordsworth Longfellow,	330
Washington and the Generals of the American Revolution,	332

MUSIC.

Scenes that are Brightest. Popular Song from Maritana. Composed by W. V. Wallace.	56
When Eyes are Beaming. Written by Heber. Music by Keller.	212
The Fisher Boy Jollily Lives. A Glee for Four Voices. Words by Eliza Cook. Composed and Arranged by W. R. Wright.	272

ENGRAVINGS.

Portrait of Gen. Taylor, engraved by J. Sartain, Esq.	
Tallulah Falls, engraved by Smillie.	
Miriam, engraved by A. L. Dick.	
The Spanish Lovers, engraved by A. B. Walter.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
Victoria, Princess Royal, engraved by A. L. Dick.	
Jacob's Dream, engraved by A. L. Dick, Esq.	
The First Loss, engraved by H. S. Wagner.	
Hermione, engraved by Jackman.	
The Sportsman, engraved by A. L. Dick.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
Rural Life, engraved by J. Banister.	
Fort Mackenzie, engraved by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	
The Troubadour, engraved by Ellis.	
An Assiniboin Lodge, engraved by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch.	
Paris Fashions, from Le Follet.	



Drawn by T. Addison Richards.

Graham's Magazine, 1845.

Engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie.

Drawn by T. Addison Richards. Graham's Magazine, 1845. Engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie

TALLULAH FALLS,
LODORE CASCADE.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, JULY, 1847. No. 1.

THE SLAVER.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY A SON OF THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

CHAPTER I.

Come sit thee down, my bonnie, bonnie lass,
Come sit thee down by me, love,
And I will tell thee many a tale
Of the dangers of the sea, love.

SONG.

MANY modern authors, of eminent ability, have employed their time and talents in writing tales of the vast deep; and of those "who go down to the great sea in ships;" but they nearly always take for the hero of their story some horrible and bloody pirate, or daring and desperate smuggler, of the sixteenth or seventeenth century; characters that the increased number, strength and vigilance of armed cruisers, and the energy of the excise officers, have long since driven from the face of the ocean, in these capacities: and who now can only be found in that lawless traffic, the Slave Trade.

Yet that in itself comprises all the wickedness and blood-thirstiness of the pirate; the recklessness and determination of the smuggler; with the coolness, skill, and knowledge of the merchant captain.

It is true, that by taking a distant era for the date of their themes, they have a more widely extended field for the play of their imaginations, and are less liable to severe criticisms on the score of consistency; but, at the same time, they lose that hold on the feelings of their readers, that a tale of the present will ever possess; for

instead of thinking of the characters, the incidents, and the scenes, as things that were, or might have been, a century ago, our imaginations are vividly impressed with the fact that they even now exist. And whilst we are quietly perusing some thrilling tale, events equally startling, deeds as dark and desperate, scenes as horrible, may be transpiring at that instant, on the bosom, or the borders, of the same ocean, that laves with its salt waters the shores of our own happy land.

But the present will be too far in the past, if we lengthen our introduction: so e'en let us to our story.

It was a moonlight night, early in the year 1835, when two young girls were reclining on a lounge, in the piazza of a beautiful and luxurious-looking house, situated near the margin of one of the most magnificent bays that indent the eastern extremity of the Island of Cuba.

The prospect was enchanting; such a one as can only be found within the tropics; the limpid waters of the bay, extending for fifteen miles, appeared in the soft and mellow radiance of the full moon a field of crisped silver; and the lovely islands with which it was dotted looked like emeralds upon its bosom; the range of hills, blue in the distance, charmingly relieved the brightness of the water, and the tall cocoa-nut trees, with their bare trunks and single tuft of leaves at top, reminded us of the genii of the night, overlooking these fair domains: a cool and gentle breeze from the ocean made music as it murmured through the foliage, and gathering sweet perfume from the flowers it kissed in its passage, reinvigorated, as it fanned, the languid frames of those overcome by the intense heat of the just spent day.

And in perfect accordance with the softness, the mildness, and the beauty of the scene, were the two lovely beings on the piazza. In the cold climate of the north, they would have been but children, so few summers had they seen; but under the influence of their own burning sun, they were just expanding into early, but most delicious womanhood.

La Señorita Clara, the eldest, had entered her sixteenth year; her sister, La Señorita Francisca, was one year younger.

They were the only children of Don Manuel Velasquez, a Spaniard of immense wealth, and of noble family, who in his youth had been sent from Spain, in a government capacity of some importance, to Cuba. He became deeply attached to, and married a beautiful Creole girl, and settled upon the island, after the expiration of his official engagement, rather than remove his loved Cuban bride from the scenes of her childhood.

She, the idol of his youth and the treasure of his riper years, had died, a short twelvemonth prior to the commencement of our tale; and Don Manuel, who was a Spaniard of the old school, proud, stern, bigoted, and of strong prejudices, a great stickler for etiquette and form, though naturally kind-hearted and hospitable, gave sufficient evidence of his sorrow, by his increased devotion to, and fondness for, the two sweet pledges of his heart's only affection, the legacy of his departed wife; he seemed to live but to minister to their wants; their slightest wish was his law; and

every thing that wealth could command, or kind solicitude imagine, was brought to increase their happiness.

Clara, the eldest, was rather above the medium height; with a graceful figure, jet-black hair, dark eyes, perfectly formed features, and a complexion such as is only found in the daughters of Spain, (and rarely there,) as purely white as alabaster; and was surpassingly beautiful, notwithstanding the haughty expression of her mouth and eye, and the air of command that pervaded her motions.

Francisca was the opposite of her sister; rather too short than otherwise; her features were not so regular as Clara's; but the love and kindness that shone forth in her brilliant eye, and the sweet smile that played around her mouth, more than compensated for any want of symmetry.

Their dispositions were as different as their outward contour. Clara was cold, proud and haughty; inheriting all the sterner traits of her father's character: she was calculated to figure in the gay world, or to shine in a ball-room.

Francisca was all heart, with a gentle and affectionate disposition, yet capable, when her feelings were interested, of the greatest exertions and sacrifices; she was one born to love and be loved; and was made for either unequalled happiness or misery.

But let us return to where we first discovered them, in the piazza of their father's house. They had been for some time quietly contemplating the fairy scene, when the silence was broken by the soft musical voice of Francisca.

"Hermanita cara, mi alma,^[1] what troubles you? How, this lovely evening, can you look so sad?"

"Have I not enough to distress me, Niña?^[2] Who on earth, but you, could be cheerful and contented cooped up in this dull out-of-the-way place?"

"Oh, Clara! how can you call this lovely spot dull? I wish so much that father would let me stay here all the year, instead of spending half of it in that nasty Havana, where one is bothered all the day with foppish cavalleros, dressed to death, and thinking of nothing but their own sweet selves; and all the evenings with parties or the theatre."

"Well, Miss Rusticity, you can stay here, and flirt with boors, and look at the water and flowers, as long as you please; but I intend to have father take me to that "nasty Havana," as you call it, next week."

Her words Francisca found were true, for in a few days after this conversation, an unusual bustle about the quiet mansion, the harnessing of horses and mules, and the noise of servants, gave evidence of a removal. The family were about starting for the capital of the island. We will not, however, accompany them over their long and rough road, but will join them in Havana, the day after their arrival at Don Manuel's splendid town-house.

Clara was all joy, gayety and animation at the thought of again being in the city, where she shone the observed of all observers; but Francisca was moved to tears

whenever she contrasted the city with their beautiful country-seat; and knowing that she was obliged to attend a large ball that evening, given at the palazza, by the governor-general, she felt more than usually dull. The evening came, and in a sea of light, a flood of music, amidst the waving of plumes, the rustling of silks, and the flashing of jewels, the sisters appeared, the most lovely of all the galaxy of beauty that ever surrounds the vice-royal court in Cuba.

Clara was in her natural element in the light and graceful dance, or attended by a circle of admirers, returning their compliments with flashes of wit, or sallies of gay repartee, she wished for no greater happiness.

Francisca was soon fatigued and ennuied with the excitement, and retired to the shelter of a large window, shaded by orange trees in blossom, where she was comparatively alone; and sinking into one of those dreamy reveries young ladies so much delight in, had nearly forgotten the ball, when she was aroused by a rich and manly voice at her side, asking for the honor of her hand in the next dance. There was something so fascinating, so deep and tender in the tones of the speaker, that though not inclined to grant his request, she paused ere she denied him; and turning around, discovered in the person who addressed her a young American gentleman, to whom she had been introduced in the early part of the evening, and whose tall, graceful and well knit figure, sparkling and intelligent eye, beautiful mouth, and commanding air, had unconsciously made a deep impression upon her fancy, and whose image had usurped a large share of her late meditations: her reluctance to join the dance instantly vanished, and, for nearly the first time in her life, she was willingly led on the floor.

Cotillion after Cotillion they were partners, and envy was excited in the breast of many a fair Havanarean, at seeing one so young engrossing the attention of the handsomest cavalier in the room.

But Francisca knew it not; the dulcet tones of her partner's voice, his entertaining conversation, as with a keen satirical tongue, and deep knowledge of the world, he criticised the beaux and belles of the ball-room; or with feeling and sentiment discoursed of music, poetry, or love, his delicate flattery, and assiduous attentions, rendered her insensible to aught beside, and riveted her every thought; and when her sister sought her, at a late hour, to accompany her home, it was with surprise that she discovered the rapid flight of time, and with feelings unaccountable, new and strange, such as woman only experiences once, she bid her attendant of the evening good-night, and stepped into the carriage.

Many a jest had Francisca to bear, after this evening, from her sister, in consequence of a new taste that seized her, for constant rides on the Paseo, and nightly visits to parties or the theatre, in her unsuccessful endeavors to again meet with the gallant of the governor's ball, who never since had been absent from her mind.

But she was not soon destined to enjoy this pleasure, which was now the great hope of her life. For with all the impetuosity and ardor of her nature and climate, she

had yielded to this acquaintance of a night, the rich and inappreciable treasure of her fond heart's first love.

My fair readers may charge Francisca with want of modesty, or proper maiden delicacy, in thus yielding her young affections to the first assault; but they will unfairly judge her, and do wrong to the devoted, passionate, and enthusiastic daughters of the torrid zone, whose blood, scorning the well-regulated, curbed, and restrained pulsations of their more northern sisterhood, flows, flashes, bounds through their veins, with the impetuosity of an Alpine torrent, but with the depth and strength of a mighty river.

Their heart is in reality the seat of their life; all else, prudence, judgment, selfishness, every thing, bows to its dictates; but in this love they are constant, devoted, self-sacrificing, changing their feelings but with life.

[1] Hermanita cara, mi alma—Dear sister, my soul.

[2] Niña—Child.

CHAPTER II.

I heed not the monarch,
I fear not the law;
I've a compass to steer by,
A dagger to draw.

SONG.

In a secluded cove, formed by a bend in a small river, that empties its waters into the sea a few miles from Havana, whose mouth, bare thirty yards in width, would scarce be discovered by a stranger, or casual observer, so rankly and luxuriously do the mangrove-bushes grow upon its banks, and even in the water, that sailing within a hundred feet of the shore, no break or indentation is visible in the line of vegetation, lay at anchor one of the most beautiful and symmetrical top-sail schooners that ever left the port of Baltimore.

The great tautness and beautiful proportion of her masts, the length of her black fore-yards, the care displayed in the furl of her sails, and the tautness and accuracy with which her rigging was set up, would have convinced one at a distance that she was a man-of-war; this impression would have been strengthened, upon a nearer approach, by the fresh coat of jet-black paint upon her splendidly modeled hull, and the appearance of seven pieces of bright brass ordnance; one a long eighteen, on a pivot amidships, the others short carronades, three a side, ranged along her spotless deck, holy-stoned until it was as white as chalk; the ornamental awning stretched fore and aft, the neatness and care with which the running gear was stopped and

flemished down, and the bright polish of all the metal work inboard, also indicated the authority and discipline of the pennant.

But the absence of that customary appendage to a cruiser, the lack of an ensign, and the total want of uniform, or uniformity, in the large crew who were scattered over her deck, enjoying or amusing themselves, in the shade, with a greater degree of license than is allowed in any regular service; in groups between the guns, and on the fore-castle, some were gambling, some spinning yarns, others sleeping, and nearly all smoking, combined with their motley appearances, for almost every maritime nation had contributed to form her compliment: Spaniards, Portuguese, Germans, Swedes, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Americans, mulattoes and swarthy negroes, were to be distinguished at a glance, and precluded the idea of her being a regularly commissioned craft: whilst the suppressed tones of the men's voices, the air of subordination that pervaded their deportment, and the apparent sanctity of the quarter-deck, evinced a greater degree of rule and order than is to be found in a pirate.

She was neither man-of-war, bucaneer, nor honest merchantman, but the celebrated slaver "La Maraposa;"^[3] who, for three years, had been setting at defiance the whole naval force on the African station; and many were the tales, current in the squadron, of her unrivaled speed, and the courage and address of her notorious captain.

Two persons were to be seen slowly pacing the schooner's quarter-deck; one, who seemed to be the captain, was tall, with a breadth of shoulders, smallness of waist, and elasticity of motion, that promised an uncommon degree of muscular strength, united with great agility. His dress was simple; an embroidered shirt of fine linen the only upper garment, sailor pants, of white drilling, kept in their place by a sash of crimson silk around the waist; a black silk handkerchief, loosely knotted around his finely formed neck, which, with white stockings and pumps on his feet, and a broad Panama sombrero on his head, comprised the whole of his attire, and, though scant, it accorded well with the heat of the day, and showed to advantage the perfection of his form.

His face, when under the influence of pleasant emotions, or lit up by a smile, was eminently handsome, and would at once have been recognized as that of the American who had led captive the heart of Francisca at the governor's ball. But when excited, as he now seemed to be, by evil passions, there was a fierceness and recklessness in his eye, and an expression of coolness and determination about his mouth, that rendered his countenance fascinatingly fearful.

The other was a Spaniard, who held the situation of first officer on board the Maraposa, a stout, seaman-like personage, with nothing remarkable in his appearance, except a look of daring and dogged resolution in his deep-brown eye and square lower jaw.

They had been for some time quietly continuing their circumscribed walk, when the silence was broken by the captain in a voice of suppressed anger, addressing his

mate with —

“It is both foolish and boyish, I know, Mateo, to let the remembrance of that whippersnapping lubber’s words chafe me so; but to have heard him, *he*, who never knew disappointment, unkindness, thwarted exertions, or suspicion; and who, fresh from his lady mother’s drawing-room in London, is as proud of his new ten-gun brig, and first command, as a child of his plaything; to have heard *him* criticising the character of ‘Charles Willis,’ and branding him with the name of ‘outlaw!’ ‘heathen!’ ‘villain!’ ‘brute!’ and boasting to the ladies at the ball that his course would soon be run; for he, the silk-worm, intended, ere a month was past, to capture his vessel, or blow her out of the water. Caraho! he had better never cross my path—it was as much as I could do to keep my knife out of his heart even then.”

“Caramba!” exclaimed Mateo, “he will be likely to meet with disappointments enough, before he has the pleasure of capturing the little Butterfly; and he will probably find our long Tom a match for his ten barkers, even if he perfumes his balls. But, pesté, think no more of the fool, señor capitan; and wishing him ‘buen vega a los infiernos,’^[4] is it not time for us to be getting under way?”

“Yes; pass the word for all hands up anchor and make sail.”

The shrill tone of the boatswain’s pipe, was soon heard, and the celerity with which the anchor was got, catted and fished, and sail made upon the schooner, proved her crew to be both active and efficient, if they were of many colors; for in five minutes after the call was first sounded she was under sail, moving down the river, and in twenty more was standing away from the shore of Cuba, with a fresh breeze, at the rate of eleven knots an hour, bound to the coast of Africa.

The Maraposa was seven days out, and it had just struck four bells in the mid-watch; the night was clear and star-light; a fresh wind was blowing from the southward and eastward, making it about three points free for the schooner—her best trim for sailing; naught was to be heard on her decks but the ripple of the water, as it curled up and divided before her wedge-like bow; so deathly silent was every thing, that had it not been for the figure of the man at the wheel, the mate leaning against the weather bulwark, and the outline of the look-out on the cat-head, giving evidence of human agency, she would have seemed some ocean-spirit, cleaving its way through its native element; the rest of the watch stowed away between the guns, sleeping, or, in sailor phrase, “caulking,” were invisible, when the look-out on the fore-topsail yard sang out, “Sail ho!”

This sound, so agreeable to the ears of a merchantman, has a very different effect upon the tympanum of a slaver—for, expecting in every sail to find an enemy, they desire no greetings on the ocean.

The mate, instantly aroused, called out in quick, short tones, “Where away?”

“Dead astern, sir,” answered the look-out.

“Can you make her out?”

“No, sir, not yet; she’s square-rigged, but so far I can’t tell whether brig or

ship.”

“Very well; a stern chase is always a long one. Keep your eye on her, and let me know when you can make her out.”

“Ay, ay, sir.”

But it was not until after daybreak that they were able to make out the character of the sail—for the vessel had never yet been met with that could overhaul the *Maraposa*, going free in smooth water, and the stranger had not gained a foot on her. She was now discovered to be a large man-of-war brig, under a press of canvas, apparently in pursuit of the slaver. The officer of the watch went below to report to the captain, and was surprised by the eager voice with which he asked if he had ever seen the brig before, and if he knew her build—for the schooner had been chased so often, that her crew knew all the men-of-war on the station; and having always escaped with impunity, they had the most perfect reliance in the superior qualities of their own craft, so much so, that a vessel astern was regarded with scarce more interest than a floating log. With his curiosity, therefore, a good deal excited to understand the unusual anxiety of his captain, the officer replied that he thought the strange sail was an Englishman, and was sure she was an entirely new vessel; and, returning on deck, took a long and close survey of the brig, to see if he could find any thing about her more alarming than in the hundred other vessels of the same class that had pursued them; but all he could discover was, that she was a large ten-gun brig, of English build, and seemingly new; and laying down the glass, would have given himself no further trouble about the matter, had not the captain, just coming on deck, picked up the telescope, and after one steady look at the Englishman, called out, “Man the top-sail and top-gallant clew-lines and buntlines; settle away the halyards; let go the sheets; clew up; lower away the flying-jib;” and looking over the bulwarks a moment, to note the decreasing speed of the schooner, ordered the fore-sail to be lowered.

Thus leaving the vessel under only her main-sail, jib, and fore-topmast stay-sail—orders so unusual in the face of an enemy, created some surprise in the crew; but accustomed to obey, without stopping to argue, his commands were quickly executed.

The loss of so much canvas was soon perceptible in the schooner’s progress, for instead of going at the rate of eleven knots, as she had been with her former sail, she now hardly made four—and the brig astern was rapidly gaining upon them; this gave Willis no uneasiness, and he walked the deck without even looking at her for some time. He then called away the crew of the long gun, and ordered them to put a fresh load in her.

The piece was soon loaded; and the crew were now eager to know what would be the next move. One of the younger sailors stepped up to the captain of the eighteen, who was also captain of the fore-castle—a grim, weather-beaten old tar, whose face bronzed with the sun, and seamed with several scars, gave evidence of many combats, both with man and the elements—and asked if he thought the

skipper was really going to have a set-to with the brig—"for, blast me, she's big enough to blow us all to Davy Jones."

The old salt, after emptying his mouth of a quantity of tobacco-juice, to enable him to make a reply, hitched up his trowsers with his left hand, slapped his right down on the breech of the gun, and turning his eyes toward the interrogator with huge disdain, said, "Look ye, youngster, if so be as how you's so mighty uneasy about the captain's motions, you had better walk aft and ask him; and as you look so uncommon old of your age, perhaps he might give you the trumpet;^[5] but as for me, shipmate, it's now two years and nine months since I joined this craft—and blast my eyes if the chap ever put his foot on a deck that can handle her better, or knows better what he is about, than the one on her quarter-deck; and, curse me, if he was to pass the word to let go the anchor in the middle of the ocean, I would be sure the mud-hook would bring up with twenty fathom, and good sandy bottom; and if it is so we engages that are brig, we will give her h—l, big as she looms."

The brig by this time was within three-quarters of a mile of the Maraposa, astern, and a little to leeward; and with the intention, as it appeared, of ascertaining the distance, fired one of her bow-chasers—but the ball struck and ricocheted over the water far in the schooner's wake. Captain Willis, with a scornful smile on his lip, told the man at the wheel to put his helm up, and let the schooner's head pay off. "Watch her as she falls off, Davis," he said to the old captain of the long gun, "and fire when you get a sight."

"Steady, so!" was Davis's reply—and the loud boom of the cannon resounded over the water. The watchful eye of Willis discerned splinters flying from the fore-mast of the brig, and shortly after the top-mast, top-gallant and royal-masts, with all their sails and gear, were seen to totter for an instant, and then pitch over the lee side.

A loud shout from the crew of the slaver attested their gratification at the success of their first shot; and a weather-broadside from the crippled brig, whose head had fallen off from the wind, in consequence of the drift of her wrecked masts, manifested their anger.

The schooner was now put about, and sailing round and round the brig, out of the reach of her short guns, opened upon her a murderous fire from the long eighteen, and had shot away all her spars but the stump of the fore-mast, and was about boarding her; for the brig, with the stubborn determination of a bull-dog, returned gun for gun, in defiance, though her shot all fell short, and refused to surrender, notwithstanding she was likely to be riddled and sunk—for every ball from the schooner crashed through her bulwarks, or lodged in her hull.

So interested had the crew of the slaver been in watching the effect of their fire, that the schooner's head had been directed toward the brig, and the boarders had been called away, before they discovered, not a mile distant, a large ship dead to windward, bearing down upon them, hand over hand, with studding-sails set alow and aloft on both sides. Her character was not to be mistaken—she was a large first-

class sloop-of-war; and the Maraposa, thus compelled to leave her prey, just as it was about to fall in her grasp, fired one more gun, by way of salute, and running up to her main-truck a large white burgee, with “Willis” on it, in conspicuous blue letters, to let her antagonist know to whom she was indebted, crowded all sail and stood away on her former course.

Willis’s sole motive for having thus attacked a much larger vessel than his own, and the capture of which would have been no profit to him, was to be revenged on her captain, whom he knew to be the same officer that had spoken of him in such disparaging terms at the ball, where, in the character of a young American gentleman, visiting the island for pleasure, he had been compelled inactively to listen to himself most mercilessly berated.

This, to a mind like Willis’s, was a wrong never to be forgotten. Born of a good family, though in straitened circumstances, well educated, and of naturally fine feelings, he had in his youth become dissipated, and the ardor of his temperament had for awhile forced him to great lengths in vice; but soon seeing the folly of his course, he determined entirely to reform his life and become a steady, industrious man; but when he informed his relations and friends of his resolution, and asked their countenance and assistance to reinstate him in his former position, he was met with sneers of incredulity, and unkindly told that as he had “sown to the wind, he might now reap the whirlwind.” Knowing himself to be possessed of talents, energy, and perseverance, his pride and self-love were keenly stung, and feeling perfectly disgusted with the want of charity, thus displayed by those who professed to be the “salt of the earth,” and believing them to be as wicked as himself, only gifted with more hypocrisy, and chagrined with all the world, he gave himself up entirely to the guidance of his passions.

But even now, associated as he was with the most desperate and abandoned, he could not always suppress a desire to return to that society he was born to adorn.

[3] La Maraposa—The Butterfly.

[4] Buen vega a los infiernos—a good voyage to the lower regions.

[5] On board of armed vessels the trumpet is always carried by the officer in command of the deck.

CHAPTER III.

Gon. Beseech you, sir, be merry: You have cause
(So have we all) of joy; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss.—TEMPEST.

The deck of the Scorpion, the brig that had suffered so much in the late encounter, presented a scene of awful confusion; the masts and spars dragging over her sides; the cut shrouds and rigging; the loose blocks and splinters lumbering her deck, covered with blood, which, pouring through the scupper-holes, was dyeing the water with its crimson tide; the groans of the wounded; the bodies of the dead—fifty of her crew having been killed and crippled—bore testimony to the dreadful effects of the slaver's fire.

Captain De Vere, the commander of the brig, whose inability to return effectually the schooner's fire had rendered him nearly frantic, was excited to frenzy by the insulting bravado of Willis, when he hoisted his burgee, and covered with blood from a splinter-wound in his forehead, in a voice nearly inarticulate with passion, he was giving orders to cut away the shrouds attached to his floating spars, and urging his men to clear up the deck, as the sloop, crossing his bow, hailed —

“Brig, ahoy! What brig is that?”

“Her Britannic Majesty's brig Scorpion. What ship is that?”

“Her Britannic Majesty's sloop-of-war Vixen. How the deuce did you get in such a pickle?”

Captain De Vere was, with all his conceit, foppishness, and effeminate appearance, as brave as steel; and having publicly boasted of his intentions in regard to Willis's vessel, it was with the greatest mortification, and breathing deep though inarticulate vows of vengeance against him if they ever met again, he informed his superior officer that he had been so cut up by the gun of the little schooner.

The Maraposa was still in sight; and De Vere desired the sloop to go in pursuit of her, and leave him to look out for himself; but the commander of the Vixen saw the brig stood so much in need of his assistance that he rounded-to, and backing his maintop-sail, sent his boats, with men, spars, and rigging, to assist in refitting the Scorpion.

By the strenuous exertions of both crews, the brig was all a-taunto by night; and having removed her wounded on board the sloop, both vessels made sail, under a press of canvas, in the direction the slaver had last been seen.

The look-outs were stimulated to increased vigilance, by the offer of a reward of five pounds to the one who should first discover the schooner; but they made land a little to the northward of the Ambriz River, without being able to see her. Determined to intercept the slaver as she returned, the two vessels separated, the sloop sailing to the northward, and the brig to the southward, intending to cruise up and down the coast until the schooner sailed.

Willis, in the meantime, had safely completed his passage, and when his pursuers made the land, was at anchor twenty miles up a river that makes into the ocean, a degree to the south'ard of St. Felipe de Benguela, busily engaged in taking aboard his cargo of four hundred negroes, that had been waiting at the Factory for him.

It would have afforded much food for a reflective mind, that African scene. At the first glance, all was beautiful; the bright and placid river gently rippling through the mangrove-bushes and tree-limbs, that overhung until they touched its surface; the tall and luxurious forest-trees that lined its banks, with an under-growth of flowering shrubs, and gay creeping vines, hanging from bough to bough in fantastical festoons, the branches alive with chattering monkeys, and lively, noisy parrots, and birds whose brilliant plumage, as they flew from perch to perch in the strong light, resembled gold and jewels; the graceful and fairy-like schooner, with the small boats going and returning; and the long, low factory, with its palm roof, just seen through the leaves on the summit of a hill, a little back from the stream, was beautiful—very beautiful.

But on a closer examination, in that bright river were to be seen myriads of hideous, greedy alligators. The luxurious trees afforded refuge for legions of troublesome insects, and noxious reptiles; in the flowering under-growth lurked deadly and venomous serpents; and most of the gay creeping plants were poisonous; the fairy-looking schooner was discovered to be a sink of moral infamy: the small boats were laden with miserable captives; and even the partly seen Factory was a den of sin and suffering.

The natural and the artificial harmonized well—both charming, lovely, enticing, but equally corrupt, dangerous, and unwholesome.

In eight days the slaver's living freight was all received on board. The day before, Willis had dispatched Mateo in a small boat to the mouth of the river, for the purpose of seeing if the coast was clear, and that no men-of-war were in sight; for nearly all the slavers that are captured, are caught just as they make out from the rivers, and before they have sea-room enough to enable them to use to advantage their superior sailing qualities.

The mate, on his return, reporting all safe, the schooner got under weigh, and after working down the river, put to sea with a fair wind, and every inch of canvas set that would draw, and steered for the Isle of Cuba—her cargo all being engaged to a negro trader at the eastern end of the island.

The external appearance of the Maraposa was unaltered, still as beautiful and attractive as when we saw her lying at anchor near Havana. But inboard, a great change had taken place; then, the tidy look of every thing, the quiet and careless expression visible on the countenances of her unarmed crew, gave rise to thoughts of peace and tranquillity; even the bright brass cannon seemed more for ornament than for dealing deathly execution. But now, every sailor had thrust in a belt encircling his waist, a brace of heavy pistols; keen cutlasses were ranged in racks around the masts, ready to be grasped in an instant; the long gun was pointed toward the tafferel, her gaping muzzle ready to be trained on either gangway; in the hold, seen through the main-hatchway, was a black, compact mass of human beings, crowded as close together as it was possible to get them, the light striking upon their constantly rolling eyes, made them appear spots of moving fire; groans, awful and

horrible, the sounds of retching, and the incessant clanking of fetters, smote upon the ear. An odor the most nauseating and disgusting, (caused by the confinement of so many in a space so small,) filled the air, and would have overpowered the nerves of any but those accustomed to it; but upon the hardened crew, it had no more effect than upon the schooner, who, rushing through the water with the rapidity of a dolphin, sped on toward her port.

The Maraposa had succeeded in making an offing of about two hundred miles without seeing any thing, when the wind that had been steadily freshening for some time, increased so much that she was obliged to take in her lighter canvas; still increasing, she was compelled to furl all but her fore and aft sails, and had just made every thing snug as they discovered the Scorpion, with her yards braced up, and under close-reefed topsails, about five miles distant, and standing across their bows.

To keep the schooner on in the course she was running would bring her still nearer the brig; and Willis, thinking he might pass without being seen from the Englishman, put his helm a starboard, and brought his vessel by the wind, heading to the south'ard. The sail he carried, going free, was too much for the schooner close-hauled, and he was obliged to close-reef his fore-sail, balance-reef his main-sail, and take the bonnet off his jib, to keep the Maraposa from burying herself.

The look-outs on board the Scorpion were too alert, sharpened as their sights had been by the promised reward, to let the schooner pass unobserved, and in a few moments the brig was seen to ware ship, and shake a reef out of her topsails, and setting whole courses, the brig ploughing through the waves, now burying her bows in the huge billows, as if she were going to dive to the bottom of the ocean, and then rising on their summits until the bright copper was visible the whole length of her keel, seemed to spurn their support altogether, laboring and rolling heavily through the water, she breasted her way, and in consequence of the greater amount of canvas she was enabled to carry, gained on the Maraposa. Willis watched her for some time, hoping to see her courses, that were distended to their utmost, carried away; but the duck, strong, heavy, and new, did its part manfully, and finding his hope was groundless, he endeavored to make more sail upon the schooner.

“Shake the reefs out of the fore-sail.”

“Hoist away the halyards.”

Commands that were executed as soon as uttered. But hardly had the halyards been belayed ere, with a report like a cannon, the sail split, and flying from the bolt-ropes, sailed to leeward like a wreath of smoke. A new fore-sail was soon bent. The trifling delay gave the Scorpion another advantage, but the sea was so rough that neither vessel could make rapid headway, and it was not until an hour before sunset that the brig was within gun-shot of the schooner.

She at once opened upon her with the weather-bow gun, and the ball striking the slaver just forward the main-mast, crashed through her deck, and caused heart-rending and appalling shrieks and yells to ascend from the poor devils it wounded in her hold. Shot followed shot with rapidity from the Scorpion's bow-guns; and

occasionally yawing, she would let fly with her weather-broadside, losing distance, however, every time she put her wheel up.

Willis refrained from firing, fearful of diminishing the distance by broaching-too, and kept silently on his course until night, when he could no longer distinguish the brig, and could only make out her position by the flashes of her guns, he suddenly put up his helm, eased off his sheets, and standing off directly before the wind for a few moments, lowered away every thing, leaving nothing to be seen but the schooner's two tall masts, which were not visible one hundred yards in the dusky light.

The schooner's spars had luckily escaped all injury, though her deck and bulwarks were a good deal shattered, and several of her men, and a number of the negroes, who suffered from their compact position, had been killed. Willis was so rejoiced to find his masts safe that he did not mind the other damage, and waiting until the flash of a gun told him the brig had passed by, and was still pursuing the course he had been steering, without observing his dodge, he bore away before the wind with all the sail he could carry, and arrived at his destination without again seeing the Scorpion.

Captain De Vere stood on the same course all night, and was surprised in the morning to see nothing of the slaver: cursing the carelessness of his men, he catted all the look-outs, and stopped the grog of the whole crew. And savage at having been thus baffled, he shaped his course toward Havana; determined to capture Willis on his next voyage, if he had to carry all the masts out of his brig.

CHAPTER IV.

Did fortune guide,
Or rather destiny, our bark, to which
We could appoint no port, to this best place?

FLETCHER.

Nearly the first visit Captain De Vere made, after his arrival at Havana, was to the family of Don Velasquez. The old Don found in the Englishman's hauteur, fastidious notions of etiquette, and pride of family, a disposition so nearly similar to his own, that he soon became prepossessed in his favor.

Donna Clara, seeing nothing objectionable in the visiter, and knowing him to be wealthy, and of good birth, with that coquetry and love of conquest, so natural in the hearts of most of the fair sex, but all powerful in the breasts of beauties, exerted her uncommon powers of fascination with great success. In answer to an inquiry after Señorita Francisca, he found that her health had been declining for a month past, and her father had, at her earnest solicitation, permitted her to return to his country-seat, accompanied by an old and faithful duenna that had been with her since her infancy.

When Captain De Vere rose to depart, after spending a most agreeable hour, he was pressed, with more warmth than Don Manuel usually used in inviting guests to his house, to call often; this invitation he took advantage of, and was soon a daily visiter. Being thus frequently in the society of Clara, his thoughts were so usurped by her, that he nearly forgot his animosity to the captain of the schooner that had used his vessel so roughly, and then baulked him of his revenge.

Willis, after landing his negroes on the coast, where the agent of the planter who had purchased the cargo was ready to receive them, made for the nearest harbor, for the purpose of overhauling his vessel, and repairing more effectually than he had been able to do at sea, the damage occasioned by the Scorpion's cannonade. It accidentally happened that he was only a few miles to the eastward of the bay, upon the margin of which Don Velasquez's country-house was situated; and, standing-in, he came to anchor nearly abreast of the dwelling: it being the only residence visible, Willis determined to go on shore, and endeavor to obtain from the owner, or overseer, some fresh provisions, of which he stood in need.

Ordering the launch to follow, and bring off the things he expected to get, he pulled ashore in his gig, and landing on the beach, a few hundred yards from the house, he proceeded to the garden, which, extending nearly to the water's edge, was beautifully laid out, and full of choice and exquisite flowers; he entered it, and walked up to the piazza without seeing any person. He thought it something unusual not to find any servants lounging about so fine a looking place; but just then observing a large gang of slaves, in a neighboring field, running, jumping, and moving about, as if they were amusing themselves, he expected it was a holiday, and was just going to make a noise that would attract the attention of the inmates, when a succession of sharp, shrill, ear-piercing shrieks rang through the air, evidently uttered by a female in deep distress.

Willis, gifted by nature with a heart keenly alive to the sufferings of woman, and judging from the peculiar agony of the tones he had heard, that some foul tragedy was in progress, rushed into the house, and hurrying to the room from which the noise proceeded, discovered lying on the floor, motionless, dead, or in a syncope, an elderly lady, dressed in black; and struggling violently in the grasp of two huge, swarthy, and half naked negroes, armed with machetas, or sugar-knives, a young girl, in robes of white, whom he instantly recognized as Francisca, and whose shrieks he had heard on the piazza.

The negroes were so engaged in trying to secure Francisca (for their aim did not seem to be murder) that they had not observed the entrance of Willis.

He at one glance understood the scene; drew a pistol from his breast and shot the nearest slave dead; catching his macheta from his hand as he fell, he clove with it the head of the other negro to the chin, and received Francisca fainting into his arms, but was compelled to lay her on the floor, and spring to the door, to repel the entrance of a dozen negroes, with large machetas, who, crowding the passage, were about to occupy the room.

Willis succeeded in getting to the door first, and as it was narrow, he for a short time was able to maintain his ground; the first four that presented themselves he sent to their long home, but their fellows, exasperated at the death of their comrades, and seeing it was but one man that opposed them, rallied for a rush, that must necessarily have proved fatal to Willis, with all his strength and courage, had not a diversion been made in his favor by the opportune arrival of his boat's crew, who had heard the pistol shot, and hurried up to the house; seeing the game going on, with a loud shout, they attacked the blacks in the rear. For a moment the slaves gave back, but the gig's crew, consisted of only four men, and they were armed with nothing but stretchers, boat-hooks, and their common short knives, and the negroes gaining a fresh accession to their numbers, were again on the point of being victorious, as the crew of the launch, which had been in sight when the giggers left their boat, came driving into the passage; they were sixteen of the most powerful men in the schooner's complement, all armed with cutlasses, (twenty being constantly kept in a locker in the stern of the launch,) and falling on the negroes with the impetuosity of a whirlwind, they bore them down like chaff; and in two moments more the house was in possession of the whites.

As soon as Willis was free from the fray, he hastened back to the apartment in which he left Francisca and the old lady. The duenna had recovered her senses, and was anxiously employed in trying to reanimate Francisca, whose pale face, as it lay upon the dark dress of her attendant, was so corpse-like, that for a short time Willis was fearful that her ethereal spirit had fled.

Stooping down he impressed a gentle kiss on her cold forehead, and the vile slaver! the man who had been branded with the name of "brute!" breathed a fervent prayer to Heaven for the happy repose of her pure soul; to his great joy, however, he soon found that his fears were premature. A low sigh escaped Francisca; her bosom heaved, and after nervously twitching her eyelids a short time, she opened them, and gazed vacantly around the room, until her sight resting upon Willis, she recovered her faculties, and, with a blush suffusing her cheek, she tried to thank him; but the effort was too great, and she again swooned away. By the use of stimulants, she was perfectly restored in the course of half an hour, and, had Willis permitted it, would have overwhelmed him with expressions of gratitude.

But he did not think the danger was over yet; and, informing them of it, invited them to accompany him on board the Maraposa, until he had been able to land a party, and see that all was quiet. The duenna was clamorous to go, and soon overpowered the weak objections of Francisca, who was in reality desirous of going, but was uneasy lest Willis might think it unmaidenly.

With all courtesy, and every soothing, gentlemanly attention, Willis accompanied them on board the schooner; and leaving them in possession of his cabin, and under the protection of Mateo, he armed a large part of his crew, and went with them on shore, to inquire into the cause of the insurrection, and make an effort to suppress it.

In the sugar-house he found the overseer of the plantation, bound hand and foot, and gagged with his own whip. Freeing him from his painful situation, Willis found that the insurrection had not been general, but was confined, as yet, to the plantation of Don Manuel; whose negroes, being all under the influence of an old Obeah man on the place, had by him been excited to rise, to take revenge on the whites for a severe whipping the overseer had been forced to give him a few days before; and the overseer said the only reason they spared his life was because the Obi man wanted to have a grand Feteesh that evening, and offer him up as a sacrifice.

The active measures taken by Willis, who was accustomed to deal with refractory negroes, soon restored order on the plantation; and leaving every thing quiet, he returned to his vessel.

Reporting the state of affairs on shore, he told the ladies he was going directly to Havana, and would be most happy to give them a passage, if they felt any timidity in reoccupying their mansion. Francisca professed to feel no uneasiness, as she now understood the cause of the outbreak; and said that the negroes had been so severely punished for this attempt, that they would be afraid to make another, particularly as the ringleaders had been killed, and was for at once going back to the house.

But this arrangement met with violent opposition from the duenna, who would not even listen to any such proposition. Ductile, and ready to be guided by her slightest wish, Francisca had always found the old lady to be heretofore, and in exact proportion was she now obstinate. Talking was thrown away upon her. She said it would be actually tempting Providence for them to return! That Don Manuel would never forgive her if she let Francisca neglect this opportunity of returning to him, while she was safe; and, finally, sullenly refused to leave the schooner until Francisca would promise to go in it to Havana.

Francisca, truly, did not feel perfectly secure in remaining at the house, and would have preferred going back to her father, had the vessel been commanded by any one but Willis; but knowing well her ardent love for him, now increased by gratitude for her recent delivery, she was fearful that in the constant and close communion that would be necessarily created by their being together, in a small vessel, for several days, she would be unable entirely to suppress all evidences of it; and as he had never yet given her any assurance that her affection was reciprocated, her pride and delicacy revolted at the thought of his discovering the state of her heart.

But she found that she had no choice; for the old lady's fears had been so vividly excited, by the events of the day, that persuasion had no effect upon her; and Francisca, not wishing to remain at the plantation alone, reluctantly consented to take passage in the Maraposa.

As soon as the promise had been extorted, the duenna was as anxious to get ashore, for the purpose of preparing for their departure, as if she had been getting ready for her wedding; and Willis sent them home, accompanied by a number of his men, armed, and under the charge of his mate, whom he ordered to remain at the

house and keep a vigilant watch until the ladies were ready to depart.

Francisca, wishing to defer the hour of departure as long as possible, made no effort to hurry the operations of her attendant, whose fears being relieved by the presence of the guard, found so many things she wanted to arrange and take with them, that the third day arrived ere she reported everything ready to start.

So inconsistent are the feelings of woman, that Francisca, who for several months had thought of naught but Willis, and looked forward to the time when she again might meet him as the dearest boon of her life, now that an opportunity offered of being constantly with him for several days, without over-stepping the bounds of propriety, hung back with dread; yet in the bottom of her heart she was glad that no excuse offered for her longer postponing the step.

Willis, who had called personally upon them but once since the day of the insurrection, pleading his duties as the cause of his absence, when he learned they were ready to start, came in his gig to take them off to the schooner.

The Maraposa's appearance had been much altered since she came into the bay; advantage had been taken of the three days to repair all the damage that had been caused by the Scorpion, and, in honor of the fair passenger she was about to receive, instead of the coat of black with which she had been covered, she was now painted pure white, with a narrow ribbon of gold around her, and the Portuguese flag was flying from her main-gaff.

So charmed was Francisca with the beautiful appearance of the vessel, that it nearly overcame her repugnance to going on board; and the behavior of Willis, who, though perfectly courteous and kind in his manner, was reserved, dissipated the remainder of her scruples; and it was with feelings of pleasure at being near him, and able to hear his voice and see him, and with a presentiment that her love would not always be unrequited, that she stepped upon the deck.

The distance from Havana was only about three hundred and fifty miles, but a succession of light airs and calms prevailing, it was five days before the schooner accomplished the passage.

During these five days, many and various were the emotions that agitated the breast of Francisca; now she was all joy, from the pleasure afforded her by Willis's presence, then a sickening anxiety would overcome her joy, for fear her love would never be returned, when some word, look, or tone of Willis would make her imagine that he *did* love her; and for a little while she would be perfectly contented, until the thought of their speedy separation, and the fear that Willis might not confess his feelings, with the uncertainty of their again meeting, would cast a heavy cloud over her spirits; and when they passed the Moro Castle, on entering the harbor, she could not determine whether she had been very happy or very miserable for the last few days.

Francisca had addressed Willis by the name of "Brewster," the name by which he had been introduced to her at the ball; and as he did not inform her to the

contrary, she had no reason to believe that it was not his proper appellation. She had some curiosity to know why he was in command of an armed vessel, but he did not mention the subject, and delicacy prevented her asking him.

The duenna was restrained by no such scruples; and having become intimate with Mateo, endeavored by all manner of inquiries to get at the history of his captain, for she had some suspicion of the state of her young charge's feelings; the mate, however, was afflicted with a spell of taciturnity whenever she commenced about the captain, though upon all other subjects he was very communicative; and all the good dame was able to learn from him was, that the schooner was a Portuguese man-of-war, and that the captain was a young American, high in the confidence of the government, who had been sent out to the West Indies on a special mission of some kind, he did not know what!

This account would have been likely to excite the doubts of one conversant with maritime affairs, but with Francisca and the duenna, it passed current, without a suspicion of its falsity.

Willis's mind, during this short passage, had been likewise subject to many struggles; when he first saw Francisca, his knowledge of the sex had enabled him to form a correct opinion of her character, though he had sought her out at the governor's, with no other intention than that of passing an agreeable evening. The respect with which she had inspired him, involuntarily compelled a softer tone in his voice, and more point and feeling to his conversation than he had intended.

His course of life had, for several years, excluded him from any very intimate intercourse with the refined and virtuous of the other sex; and to be thus brought in close conjunction with one eminently lovely, and whom he knew to be intelligent, gentle, and pure, gave a direction to his thoughts, and cast a shade of happiness over his feelings, that had been foreign to them for a long time; and knowing from the expression of Francisca's eye, and an indescribable something in her manner, that she entertained partial feelings toward him, he could not help loving her, and pictured to himself the happiness with which he could spend the balance of his life with such a companion; with eagerness would he have sought her affection, had he occupied that station in life he knew he was entitled to.

But the dark thought of his present position obtruded itself. He was a slaver—an outlaw! and in the estimation of many in the world, worse than a pirate. His sense of honor revolted at the idea of taking advantage of the ignorance and confidence of an inexperienced girl, and inducing her to share his lot, even if he could have succeeded.

He therefore treated Francisca with scrupulous politeness during the passage; and desirous of removing the temptation from him, while yet he had strength to resist, landed the ladies as soon as permits were received from the authorities, and accompanying them to Don Manuel's door, bid them farewell, without going in. Both Francisca and the duenna were very urgent for him to enter, if only for a moment, that Don Velasquez might have an opportunity of expressing his gratitude.

The sudden return of Francisca greatly surprised her father and sister, who, after the first embrace, overwhelmed her with questions. She related all the particulars of the insurrection—her danger, and the great obligations she was under to the captain of the schooner in which she had come home; and her father was nearly angry at her for not compelling her preserver to come in with her, that he might have given him some evidence of his appreciation of the deep obligation he had laid him under; and he hurried off to find Willis, and tell him his feelings of gratitude, and endeavor to find some means of requiting him.

He readily found the Maraposa, but Willis had not yet returned on board; and Don Velasquez waited until dinner time without his making his appearance. Disappointed, he returned home, leaving with the mate a note, earnestly requesting “Captain Brewster” to call upon him.

After Willis had parted with Francisca, he found the loss of her society a greater denial, and more difficult to bear than he had imagined; and with his mind much troubled, he proceeded to a monte-room, to allay the distress of his feelings by the excitement of play. He staked high, but the luck was against him; and in a few hours all the drafts he had received from the purchasers of his last cargo passed from his pocket to the hands of the monte bank-keeper. This loss at any other time would not have disturbed him, for he made money too easy to place much value upon it; but now it caused him to feel as if every thing was against him, and in a state of mind ready to quarrel with the world, and all that was in it, he walked into the saloon attached to the monte-room, which was the fashionable lounging place of the city.

Seating himself at one of the tables, he ordered some refreshments, and was discussing them, when Captain De Vere, accompanied by two other gentlemen, entered, and placing themselves at an adjoining table, continued the conversation they had been engaged in before their entry.

Willis’s back being toward them, he would not have seen De Vere, had not his attention been attracted by hearing the name of the Maraposa mentioned; when turning around, he discovered the English Captain. His first impulse was to get up, and by insulting De Vere, compel him to give satisfaction for the contumely he had heaped upon his name the night of the ball; but remembering his person was unknown to the Englishman, he thought he would first learn the subject of their conversation.

“You only feel sore, De Vere, because the slaver dismasted you, and then played you such a slippery trick when you thought you were sure of her. By the Virgin! I would like to have seen you getting cut to pieces by a little schooner, and you unable to return a shot. Faith, I don’t blame you for hating the fellow so,” said one of De Vere’s friends.

“Hate him! yes, I would give a thousand pounds to have him on the beach alone for half an hour. Every midshipman in port laughs at the Scorpion, and says her sting was extracted by a musqueto; but, by heavens! if I can’t get a fight out of the captain, I will have the schooner as soon as she gets past the Moro.”^[6]

Willis, who desired a personal encounter as much as De Vere, waited until he had finished, and stepping up to the group, bowed to the captain, and told him he had the honor of being Charles Willis, master of the schooner Maraposa; and that he would be happy to accommodate him with his company as soon as it would suit his convenience.

This sudden and unexpected movement startled De Vere and his friends; but the Englishman soon recovered his composure, and struck by the appearance of Willis, in whom, to his surprise, he discovered a gentleman of refined manners, when he expected to meet a rough, rude sailor, returned his salute, and said “That the next morning at sunrise he would meet him on the sea-shore, six miles above the city, accompanied by a friend; and if Mr. Willis had no objection, the weapons should be pistols.”

Willis replied “that it was a matter of indifference to him, and if he preferred pistols, he was perfectly satisfied;” and with a bow he wished them good afternoon, and left the saloon.

After Willis’s departure, De Vere’s friends commenced joking him upon his success, in having so soon been able to get an opportunity of revenging himself upon the dismantler of his brig.

But on the eve of a deadly encounter with a determined antagonist, a man, no matter how brave, does not feel like jesting; and after engaging the services of one of the gentlemen for the morrow, looking at his watch, De Vere suddenly remembered a pressing engagement, and bidding his companions adieu, he went to Don Manuel’s to spend another evening, perhaps his last, with Señorita Clara, to whom he was now engaged to be married.

Willis, after leaving the café, proceeded to the office of his agent, where business matters detained him until nearly dark. Attracted by the appearance of a splendid equipage that came driving from the other end of the street as he was about starting for his vessel, he looked to see if he knew the inmates, and discovered Francisca and her father sitting on the back seat. He would have gone on without speaking, but the recognition had been mutual; and the vehicle instantly stopping, Don Manuel got out, and approaching Willis with dignity and great kindness mingled in his manner, and deep feeling in his words, thanked him for his assistance and gallantry to his daughter; and begged Willis to point out some substantial method by which he could prove his gratitude, and told him he had waited all the morning on board the schooner to see him.

The captain of the Maraposa replied, that the pleasure of being able to do any thing to increase the safety or happiness of a lady, amply repaid the trouble; and that he considered all the obligation on his side, for he had by that means enjoyed for several days the society of his daughter.

“Your actions don’t tally with your words, señor capitan, or you would have come in this morning, and not have kept me so long from thanking you. But you must go with us now; no excuse will avail, for we will not take any—will we

Francisca?”

“No, no! but el señor will certainly not refuse.” The look that accompanied her words had more influence on Willis than all the old gentleman had said; and getting into the carriage, they drove to Don Velasquez’s house.

Entering the drawing-room, they found Clara and Captain De Vere, to whom Don Manuel introduced Willis as “Captain Brewster,” of the Portuguese navy; the gentleman who had rendered such distinguished service to Francisca.

Clara received him with much kindness; but De Vere’s inclination was as cold and haughty as if he had been made of ice.

During the evening the family treated him with the greatest attention and consideration, and seemed hurt at De Vere’s reserve. But Willis, certain that his true character would soon be known, and feeling that he was deceiving them, though he had been forced into his present situation against his inclination, retired as soon after supper as politeness would allow, and promised Don Manuel to make his house his home, with the intention of never coming near it again.

[6] It is necessary for the condemnation of a slaver, to capture her when she has either negroes on board, or slave-irons and extra water-casks. These they always disembark before they come into port, and do not take on board until they are ready to sail.

[To be continued.]

TO EVELYN.

BY KATE DASHWOOD.

“I had a dream, and ’twas not all a dream.”

DEAR cousin mine, last eve I had a vision —
 Nay, do not start!
There softly stole into the bright Elysian
 Of my young heart —
A glowing dream, like white-winged spirit stealing
Amid the shadows of my soul’s revealing.

The sunset clouds were fading, and the light,
 Rosy and dim,
Fell on the glorious page where wildly bright
 “The Switzer’s Hymn”
Of exile, and of home, breathed forth its soul of song —
Waking my heart’s hushed chords, erst slumbering long.

Then that sad farewell-hymn seemed floating on,
 Like wild, sweet strain
Of spirit-music o’er the waters borne —
 Bringing again
Fond memories, and dreams of many a kindred heart,
Dim cloistered in my bosom’s shrine apart.

And then came visions of my own bright home —
 The happy band
Far distant—who at eventide oft come,
 Linked hand in hand —
When to my quickened fancy love hath lent
Each thrilling tone, and each fond lineament.

They come again—the young, the beautiful —
 The maiden mild,
The matron meek—whose soft low prayer doth lull
 Her sleeping child;

The proud and fearless youth, with soul of fire!
Who guides his trembling steps—yon gray-haired sire.

And then came thronging all earth's gentle spirits —
That minister
Like angels to our hearts—thus they inherit
From Heaven afar —
Their blessed faith of Truth, and love for aye,
Which scatters sunbeams on our darksome way.

My vision changed—those messengers of light,
To fays had turned,
Then trooped they o'er our fairy-land, when night
Her star-lamps burned;
They peeped in buds and flowers, with much suspicion,
For all deep-hidden sweets—for 'twas their mission.

And then they scattered far and wide, and sought
The thorny ways,
And toilsome paths, to strew with garlands wrought —
The cunning fays! —
From all the brightest and the fairest flowers
They culled by stealth from Flora's glowing bowers.

And some were thoughtful, and removed the thorns —
Because, perchance,
Some traveler, wandering ere the morning dawns,
Might rashly dance
Thereon with his worn sandals; others planted
Bright flowers instead, at which they were enchanted.

And some were roguish fays—right merry elves,
Who loved a jest,
And oftimes stole away “all by themselves,”
Within some rose's breast,
And there employed their most unwearied powers
In throwing “incense on the winged hours.”

What ho! the morning dawns! the orient beams
With glory bright,
Lo! flee the fairies with the first young gleams
Of rosy light;
But fadeth not that vision from my soul,

Where its soft teachings e'er shall hold control.

*And blest, like thine, is every gentle spirit
That ministers*

Like angels to our hearts! such shall inherit,
From Heaven afar,
That pure and radiant light, whose holy rays
E'er bathe in sunlight earth's dark, toilsome ways.

A PIC-NIC AT WHITE LAKE.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

“CONTINGENT or executory remainders, whereby no present interest passes, are, where the estate in remainder is limited to—(how warm it is)—to take effect either to a dubious and—uncertain—person—or—upon—either to a dubious and uncertain person, or (conscience, how sleepy I am) upon a—a—dubious—and—uncertain—event—to take effect—either—estate in remainder—is—contingent or executory remainders whereby—no—” woods—birds—sunshine—moss—green leaves—crash—bless me, Sir William Blackstone, Knt., one of his majesty’s Justices of Common Pleas, flat upon his reverend face, (wig and all) shocking! Well, all I can do by way of apology, will be to raise the learned knight from his unbecoming posture, and—how tedious this law is! I really thought a moment ago I was in the woods; but, alas! I was only dozing. My office to-day appears very dull. That book-case, with its rows of Johnson’s, Cowen’s, and Wendell’s Reports, Chitty on Bills, Comyn on Contracts, Barbour’s Chancery Practice, et cetera—this desk piled with papers tied with red tape—these three or four yellow chairs—that spectral broom in its dark corner—and this spotted spider on my one window, industriously engaged in weaving a large wheel-like web over two of its upper panes—really I begin to be sick of them. I’ll see what is “going on” out of doors. What a golden day. The sky is of a rich, tender blue, with here and there a soft pearly cloud sleeping in its depths, like snow-flakes on a bed of violets. And the sunshine, what a rich, deep blue it has. I think I’ll take a walk. Those woods, out there beyond Fairchild’s pond, seem beckoning to me; and the village offers as little variety as my office. There are two or three idlers on Wiggins’ tavern stoop—a cow and three geese are feeding quietly in the green lane that runs to “our barn,” past my office—beside the barn stands my gig, clean and glittering, from the just suspended efforts of “Black Jake”—a couple of stage-drivers are tarring the wheels of one of the huge red coaches that run regularly between Bloomingburgh and Monticello—the captain is on his way to the “corner well,” for a pail of water—an old horse is grazing on the “green” near the court-house—and a “team” or two are standing by St. John’s store. Let me see—which way shall I go! up the turnpike, or down to the “Big Rock.” But, hey-day! here comes Mayfield in great haste.

“Well, Mayfield, what’s in the wind now?”

“I say, squire, how would you like a pic-nic at White Lake this afternoon?”

“A pic-nic! hurrah! just the thing. Will the girls go?”

“They are all crazy at the idea—that is, all that I’ve seen.”

“Then let us speak to Lavigne, and Hull, and Murray, and Williams, and so on, and all bustle round and invite our ladies, and be off in an hour.”

Away we both go, and in a short time the boys are all notified, the girls all invited, and the arrangements all made.

At three P. M. we start from “Hamilton’s stoop,” as usual. Williams, with his wife, in his neat little wagon; myself and lady in the gig, and the rest in a huge, lumbering two-horse conveyance, with a range of seats, and clattering, when in motion, like a hail-storm. Up the broad village street (to wit, turnpike) we merrily go—by the Episcopal Church, surrounded with its mountain-ash trees (amidst which even now stands our respected “Dominie,” gazing at them with the affection of a parent—for he planted them there with his own hands)—through the outskirts of the village—past the fence of pine-roots, wreathed in every imaginable shape, like twining serpents—and in a short time we are toiling up the steep winding pitch, called “Jones’ Hill.” The sunshine is sweet, although somewhat warm, and there is now and then the downy touch of a breeze upon our foreheads. We glance at the stretch of wood and meadow, backed by a low, blue line of hills, which meets us at the summit, and then bowl down the slope into the hollow. “Kinne’s Hill” next taxes the endurance of our steeds; but we reach the top, and look around us. How beautiful is the scene! What streaming black shadows are cast by every object; what a soft gloss is on yon emerald meadow, and how far the pointed shade of that solitary hay-barrack is cast upon its rich surface. How the light gleams upon the fences—catches upon the acclivities—bathes the tips of the scattered chimneys, and stripes half the bosoms of the distant hills. How it touches in here, and streaks out there, and settles in a broad space of deep yellow in another place; for, be it known, that at four o’clock of a summer afternoon (just the hour that we are upon “Kinne’s,”) commences the time for witnessing the effects of the now slanting sunshine. But I must not stay here forever admiring views and effects, particularly as my horse, “Old George,” is dancing up and down as if his hoofs were encased in hot iron. So I ease the reins, and down we dash toward the Mongaup, which we soon see flowing, sweet and cool, in the shadow cast by the opposite hill. Beautiful stream, I hail thee! How often have I “churned” thy pure, soft current in pursuit of the golden-spotted trout; and in the mellow autumn sunshine, when the rich haze of the “Indian Summer” shimmered in thy forests, how long and patiently have I beat thy thickets, and stood upon thy run-ways to “draw lead” upon the deer. However, this is no time for the pathetic; so I keep a cautious rein upon “George,” as I pass through the covered bridge spanning the stream, and then let him out past the white-porticoed tavern upon the right. Up and down hill we then all move and rattle, until gaining the summit of a long ascent, we see “Jordan’s Inn,” and a little beyond, the broad, bright waters of our destined goal, White Lake. Severally alighting at the door of the tavern, our steeds are commended to the tender mercies of the landlord; and we all, with our baskets of eatables and drinkables, pursue our way to the

borders of the lovely sheet. How beautifully it is slumbering beneath this rich light and soft heaven. The pictures of the white clouds sail across it like pure thoughts over a happy heart. Deliciously stream the shadows from the projecting banks; and see, there comes a little breeze, dotting the waters with its light footsteps, and then leaping up into yonder maple, making it turn suddenly pale with its flutter. The opposite shore looks green and cool; and there, in a beautiful recess or hollow, is to be our pic-nic. I discovered that recess myself. I was out fishing one day with Ike Davis, and waxing rather weary toward sundown, we pulled along the western shore to enjoy the shadow. Pushing along through the water-lilies, whose blossoms were strewn like golden balls all around us, I chanced to spy this little hollow. So we drove our skiff half its length on the silver strip of sand, and threw ourselves upon the soft grass, enjoying the coolness and fragrance till the stars came. I dreamed a great day-dream during those two hours; a dream fleeting and unsubstantial as the gold and crimson cloud whose reflection lay upon the smooth water before me. But to return.

There is the scow (not a very romantic craft, reader, I own) fastened by its stone to the bank; and near it is the very skiff Davis and I used. The skiff is light and fleet, but as for the scow, it goes every way but the straight one. It will glide corner-wise, and make tolerable good way even broadside; but as for going straight forward, it appears to be the last thing in the world it intends doing. However, not more than four can sit comfortably in the skiff, so the majority of us must trust ourselves to the cork-screw propensities of the scow. Lavigne and Murray, with their ladies, take possession of the former, and the rest of us the latter. We all, then, embark upon the pure, glossy sheet for the recess. Ha! ha! ha! this is too amusing. Whilst the skiff shoots from us straight as a dart toward the goal, we go shuffling and wriggling along, first one side and then the other, like a bumpkin in a ball-room; and as the four who assumed the paddles relax their efforts in despair, the old scow turns broadside, and as if in contempt, is actually, I believe, making way backward.

“Paddle away, boys!” I exclaim, “or we’ll be at the bank again in a minute.”

“Paddle yourself,” growls Hull, who always entertained a decided objection to much exertion, although in the enthusiasm of the moment he had grasped one of the propellers. I seize the paddle he relinquishes, and whilst he seats himself sluggishly on the side of the scow, I bend myself to my task. The skiff is by this time half way over; and the good-natured laugh of its party at our troubles, comes ringing over the water. However, after a while we “get the hang” of the odd thing, and the pleasant tap, tap, tap of the ripples at its front, tell that we are moving merrily forward. Oh, isn’t the kiss of that wandering air-breath delicious! Whew! what a fluttering and whizzing! A flock of wild ducks, scared up from that long, grassy shallow to the right. How the sunshine gleams upon their purple backs, and flashes from their rapid wings. There they go toward the outlet at “the mills.” And the water, how beautifully mottled are its depths; how clear and transparent! It seems almost like another atmosphere. See the fishes swarming below. There goes a shiner like a flash

of silver; is that an ingot of gold shooting past there, or a yellow perch? And, upon my word, if there wasn't a salmon-trout showing its long, dark wavy back beside that log at the bottom, large enough for a six-pounder. I do wish we had our lines here. However, we came for a pic-nic, not a "fish."

Well, here we are at the recess, and the skiff has been here certainly these fifteen minutes. It is a beautiful place, really. The bank recedes in a half circle from the water, leaving a space of short, thick turf, with an edge of pure white sand, on which the ripples cream up and melt in the most delicate lace-work. The place is in cool shadow, cast by the tall trees of the forest crowning the bank—and such fine trees, too. There is the white birch, with its stem of silver-satin; the picturesque grim hemlock, soaring into the heavens, with a naked top dripping with gray moss; the beech, showing a bark spotted like a woodpecker; and the maple, lifting upon a trunk fluted like a cathedral-column, a green dome of foliage, as regular as if fashioned by an architect. Of all the forest-trees the maple is my favorite, although it is somewhat difficult to select where all are so beautiful. Besides the birch, hemlock, and beech, above mentioned, there is the poplar or aspen, which, although horribly nervous, is a very pretty tree. The stem is smooth and polished, with white streaks over its green; the limbs stretch out broadly, and the leaves are finely cut with a "white lining" underneath. When the breezes are stirring, the changes of the tree are marvellous; and its whispers in a still, sunny, noon, when the rest of the woodland is motionless, are delightful, like the continuous and rapid drip, drip, drip, of a little rill in the grass. Then there is the elm, bending over its flexile summit in a perpetual bow to the trees around it, with clusters of fringe over its branches in April, and flaunting its October banner of rich yellow. There is the chestnut also, in June showing you tassels of pale gold amidst long, deep-green leaves, and in the autumn hanging its brown fruit over head, as if tempting you to climb. And lastly, there is the bass-wood, displaying in the latter days of May its creamy blossoms, so sweet, that you know you are approaching it, whilst wandering in the forest, by the rich odor alone. Still the maple, the beautiful maple, is "my passion." It hails the blue-bird in spring, with its crimson fringes, dropping them in a short time to lie like live embers amidst the green velvet of the rising grass; in summer it clothes itself in broad scalloped leaves that flicker to the most delicate wind in the softest music, changing from green to white very gracefully, and in the autumn—reader, you have witnessed a crimson cloud burning in the mid-west, at sunset, after a shower! well, the color is not richer than that of the maple in that magic season. It shows like a beacon in the forest. I have stood in a deep dell, so deep, that I could discern a white star or two in the sky above me, and seeing the autumnal maple, have supposed it for the instant a spot of flame. How splendid! how gorgeous it is in its "fall" garb! It blushes, as Percival says,

"Like a banner bathed in slaughter."

There are various flowers peeping out of the crevices of the bank—the pink

briar-rose, and the yellow wild sunflower. The mellow hum of the bee swings now and then past us; and the cricket grates upon its tiny bars (a fairy lute) from the dusky nooks about. It is just the place for the occasion. There is a natural mound, too, in the middle of the place, that will serve excellently well for a table. So let us open our baskets and produce their contents. Ham, chicken, tongue, sandwiches, et cetera, with pies, cake, and preserved fruit. Some half-dozen long-necked bottles then make their appearance, with their brand upon them. What can be within them! What is that which makes the cork pirouette with such a “pop” in the air, and then swells to the rim of the glass in a rich, glittering foam, and with a delicious hum, like the monotone of a sea-shell? Don’t you know, reader? If you don’t, I shan’t tell you. It isn’t water, however.

The cloth, in snowy whiteness, is spread over the mound, and garnished with cup, saucer, plate, and dish. In an angle of the bank, faced with rock, a fire in the meanwhile has been lighted, of pine-knots and dry branches, for the manufacture of our tea and coffee. One of the party, having gone a little into the woods in search of blackberries, now returns, bearing a basket heaped up with the rich, glossy fruit, as black as Kather—somebody’s eyes—(the somebody is now making our tea and coffee at the fire yonder)—and they are as bright specimens of ebony as any I know of. The golden butter, and the silver sugar—(I like epithets—don’t you, Mr. Critic?)—are ranged in their places with the other viands, and the whole so crowd the tablecloth as fairly to hide its whiteness. We draw to, and fall to. What a clatter of knives and forks, and what a sound of cheerful voices. Care is at a discount—mirth is in the ascendant, and nature is in accordance with our mood. We are in the height of fashion, too, out here in the woods, so far as respects music, to grace our repast; not the clanging sounds of brass instruments, and the head-ache poundings of the bass-drum, but the sweet melodies of the forest. A cat-bird is spitting out a succession of short notes like a bassoon; the brown thrasher is sounding her clear piccolo flute; one of the large black woodpeckers of our forests, with a top-knot like a ruby, is beating his drum on the hollow beech yonder; a blue-jay every now and then makes an *entrée* with his trumpet, and the little wren flourishes her clarionet in such a frenzy of music as fairly to put her out of breath. The scene itself is very bright and beautiful. Sunset has now fallen upon us. A broad beam of mellow light slants through the trees above us, making the leaves transparent, each one looking as if of carved gold, and shooting through the midst of our party so as to bathe sweetly the faces of some three or four of our girls, and then making a bridge over the long nose of Hull, it stretches across the lake to the opposite shore, where the windows of Jordan’s Inn are in a blaze with it. At the edge of the lake, and a few feet from our party, a great swarm of gnats is dancing in its light, now up, now down, speckling the air in the shape of a wheel in motion. And the lake before us—so pure, so breathless, so holy—it seems entranced in a mute sunset prayer to its Maker. It has a tongue of praise sometimes—a tongue of liquid and dashing music—but it is now holding “Quaker meeting,” and is communing with God in sacred silence. And yet, after all, not wholly silence, for these little ripples, clothed in silver, run up the sand,

and then fall prostrate, with a sound like the faint patterings of a shower upon leaves.

With the exception of this pencil of light, our hollow is filled with a cool, clare-obscure tint, like sunshine robbed of its glare—or like sunshine and moonlight mingled together—or, on the whole, like the rich harvest moonlight, with a dash of green in it. It is exquisitely soft, soothing, and beautiful. It seems like a light reproduced by the forests after they have all day been drinking the day-beams.

The jest—the story—the lively sally—the quick repartee, pass gayly around the circle. The destruction amongst the good things of the table becomes momentarily less, and finally ceases altogether. The solitary sunbeam melts away, but the clouds overhead are becoming richer and rosier; and the lake—it is a perfect Eden of beauty. Pure as innocence, and smooth as the brow of childhood, it stretches away, decked in the most glorious colors that eye ever beheld. Long lines of imperial purple—the tenderest azure—broad spaces of gleaming gold, and bars of richest crimson—all, all are blended upon the beautiful sheet, like the tints that tremble upon “shot” silk, or those that chase each other along the neck of the sheldrake. The sight fills the heart brim full of loveliness, so as even to surcharge the eye with tears. The most delicious emotions struggle for utterance, but the majesty of the beauty represses all sound—it awes the soul to silence. Old memories throng upon the heart—memories of early, happy days, and of the loved and lost. The lost—ah, too soon did some die in their young beauty, whilst others dropped, like ripe fruit, into the tomb. But they all went home, receiving “the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.” Happy in their lot, ay, truly happy. And the youthful hopes and aspirations, they have all, too, vanished. The indefinite brightness resting upon the future—the soaring ambition—the romantic day-dream—the generous feeling—the warm trustfulness and confidence in the goodness of our race—all, all vanished.

Now right across that streak of crimson the loon pursues her way. Her track seems made of diamonds and rubies, and the plumage of her wings is touched with the magic brilliance that fills the breathless air. And now she glides within yon purple shadow, and is seen no more. The tints grow richlier, and then begin to fade; sweet rural sounds come softly over the water; the low of cattle; the tinkling sheep-bell; the echoing bark of the dog; and the ploughman’s shout to his homeward oxen.

And the twilight deepens. One by one the stars break out from the sky, and on the earth the outlines of objects begin to intermingle. The trees on the banks around us are blending, and the spaces beneath their branches are becoming black. The farther waters glimmer dim and dusky; and the tavern on the opposite shore is half shaded into the misty back-ground.

But the wild, red globe of the harvest-moon slow heaves to view until it rests upon the hill-top like the old Scotch beal-fire. How glorious will the scene shortly be rejoicing in her pearly beauty; yet the indistinct gray of the landscape, now showing like an India-ink drawing, is sweet and tender, social, and full of kindness. It is emphatically the hour for song; and so, recovering from the short silence that

had fallen upon us, a call is made upon our two singers for the exercise of their abilities. Now both of them are of the masculine gender; for, strange to say, not a girl of our party has any voice for the public, but one, and she is painfully bashful; so our two thrushes are always in requisition. They differ, however, in their accomplishment. Lavigne has a sweet, flexible, tenor voice, whilst Murray's is a rich sonorous bass. Our first call is upon the latter, who, being a lieutenant in the "Monticello Greys," has a taste inclining to the warlike; and so, clearing his voice with a loud effort, he sings —

Banners all around us flying,
Trumpets all around us ringing,
Weapons gleaming, chargers springing
Comrades, who's afraid of dying!
Forward march! on, on we go,
Gladly, freely, breast to foe;
Forward, comrades! on we go—
Such the joys we soldiers know;
Honor bright to fleeting breath,
Give us victory or death!
With our bosoms to the foe—
Such the joys we soldiers know.

When is past the conflict gory;
When the veins have ceased their leaping,
Then the watch-fire redly heaping,
Round fly merry song and story.
Care and grief behind we throw,
As the gleaming glasses flow.
Forward march! we bid them go—
Such the joys we soldiers know.
Ever ready for the field,
Never fearing life to yield,
Firm we stand before the foe,
Such the joys we soldiers know.

As the deep tones die upon the ear, we all, after expressing the usual thanks, turn to Lavigne to follow up the good example thus set him. Descended from an old Huguenot family, his first thought is to the land of his fathers, and with much animation in his looks, he breaks out into the following strain: —

Lovely France—la belle France!
At thy name my bosom bounds,
To my eye sweet visions dance,
In my ear soft music sounds.
Hail, thy purple vineyards glowing!
Hail, thy flowery streamlets flowing!
Of my life thou seem'st a part,
Lovely France—la belle France!
Glorious France, how dear thou art!

Lovely France—la belle France!
Famous are thy battle-fields;
Where e'er points thy glittering lance,
Victory there her trophies yields.
Hail, thy high historic story!
Hail, thy legends rife with glory!
Shrine where bends my willing heart,
Lovely France—la belle France!
Glorious France, how dear thou art!

We are now all fairly embarked on the tide of song, and Murray is again called upon. There is no affectation or false modesty in our circle, and he instantly complies.

Merrily row boys! merrily row boys!
Merrily, cheerily, row along!
And whilst our prow makes merry music,
We'll too raise the song;
We'll too raise the song, my boys,
Swift as we row along,
Each to his oar, boys—bend to the oar, boys,
Merrily, cheerily, row along;
And whilst the waters ripple round us,
We'll too raise the song.

Spreads the wave, boys, broad and clear, boys!
Spreads the wave, boys, bright along;
And whilst our oars make merry dashings,
We'll too raise the song;
We'll too raise the song, my boys,
Swift as we row along,
Each to his oar, boys—bend to the oar, boys,
Merrily, cheerily, row along;
And whilst our prow makes merry music,
We'll too raise the song.

“Now, Lavigne, your turn has come again,” say we all; and fixing his eye upon pretty, modest little Mary Maitland, with whom he is, or fancies himself to be, in love, he launches into the following tender ditty: —

What thought makes my heart with most tenderness swell?
'Tis the thought of thy beauty, my sweet Gabrielle;
To the light wind of summer the pine-top swings free,
But lighter and freer thy footstep to me.

Oh! the sunshine around thee casts brighter its glow;
And the breeze sighs more blandly when kissing thy brow;
The robin chaunts sweet its melodious glee,
But the sound of thy voice is far sweeter to me.

Thou hast linked thy bright chain, thou hast woven thy spell,
For aye round my bosom, my sweet Gabrielle;
The star of the evening is lovely to see;
But the glance of thy eye is far brighter to me.

In life my bright angel, when struggling in death,
Thy loved name will dwell on my last ebbing breath.
Heaven's bliss would be clouded and dark without thee,
The step, voice, and eye, that a heaven are to me.

By the way, Lavigne, to his natural gallantry adds somewhat of poetical ability; and it is shrewdly suspected that he is the author of the above song. However that is, whilst he was in the midst of his pathetic strain, with his hand on his heart, and his eye fixed expressively upon Mary, a small manuscript fell from his pocket, which I took possession of, for the purpose of restoring to him after he had finished his song; but the superscription catching my eye, by the clear light of the now risen moon, I concluded to keep it awhile for the purpose of teasing him. I subsequently took a copy; and after hinting most provokingly concerning it at several of our gatherings, in his presence and that of Mary, restored it to him. Here it is —

TO MARY,

ON HER PRESENTING ME WITH A VIOLET.

This gem of vernal breezes bland,
How bright its azure beauty shone,
When first thy soft and fairy hand,
Placed the slight stem within my own.

So rich the fragrance round bequeathed
By this fair flower—this modest shrine —
I thought thou must have on it breathed,
With those sweet crimson lips of thine.

I placed the blossom next my heart,
And fondly hoped its life to stay;
But each hour saw its hue depart,
Until it withered quite away.

Oh! how unlike my love for thee,
The blighting of this tiny flower!
Time gives it but intensity,
And years will but increase its power.

For I have shrined thee in my heart,
Thou all of Earth's sweet flowers most sweet;
And never thence canst thou depart,
Until that heart shall cease to beat.

By day thou art my constant thought,
Thy sweet, dark eyes I ever see;
My dreams are of thy image wrought,
And when I wake I think of thee.

Loveliest of God's created things!
My soul to thee through life is given;
And when that soul takes upward wings,
I'll search for thy bright form in heaven.

Richly doth the moon now kindle up the scene with her pure silver glory. How deliciously her delicate dreamy light rests upon the quiet fields, the motionless forests, and the slumbering lake. How sweet the harmony between heaven and earth. The sky is flooded with the rich radiance, quenching the stars, save one or two that sparkle near the orbed source of all this brightness. And on the lake is a broad path of splendor, gorgeous as the angel-trodden ladder witnessed by the patriarch in his dreams. Our little hollow is lit up with matchless brilliancy. It is absolutely filled with the moon's smile. Let us examine some of the small effects of the light. There is a shifting, dazzling streak upon each ripple as it dances up—the side of yon pine, this way, is covered all over with bright tassels, whilst the other portion, except its dim outline, is lost in gloom. There is an edging of pearl woven along the outer fringes of this hemlock, gleaming from the jet-blackness enveloping the stem. This great crouching laurel, which Ike Davis and I saw looking like one giant bouquet of snowy blossoms, seems now, in each individual leaf, to be sculptured from ivory, or as if the blossoms had all been melted into a liquid mantle of light. The moss underneath that bank seems covered with rich net-work; whilst beside it, on that little glade, is a broad space of pure lustre, like a silver carpet spread there by Titania for the dance of her sprites.

And there is another radiance, too, besides that of the moon—the fire-flies. Every dark covert is alive with the gold-green sparklers, winking and blinking very industriously, as if they had only a short time to work in, and were determined to make the most of it.

There are multitudinous voices also all around us—on the ground, and in the branches—crickets—tree-toads—now and then a wakeful grasshopper—and the whet-saw, or cross-bill, tolling out its clear metallic notes from the depth of the forest.

Ah! it is a witching hour—most sweet, most touching and beautiful. However, we cannot stay here all night, even in the midst of moonlight fragrance, and music. So we all quit our seats, unwillingly, however, and move to the edge of the water. The scow receives us, with the exception of our two singers, who, with their ladies, embark in the skiff. We leave the whispering ripples—break through the net of lilies, making the yellow globes all round palpitate up and down like living objects trying to escape—and launch, straight as the sideways spasms of our swinish craft will allow, into the moon-lit middle of the lake. The skiff is performing numerous

antics, as if in derision of our slow progress, crossing and re-crossing the spangled pathway of light, with an effect picturesque and spectre-like. The boat—each figure in its most minute outline, hat, profile, limbs, and all—the oars—even the row-locks—are drawn with a spider-web accuracy upon the rich, bright back-ground in the passages across, seen, however, only for a moment—quick—startling—as if lightning had flashed over, and then all relapsing into the usual moonlight indistinctness. It is something, also, like the opening and shutting of the fire-fly's lamp, this exhibition of the party, as it were, by flashes.

But, hark! subsiding into quiet, and keeping but a little distance now from our slow, laboring bark, the skiff sends forth upon the night a strain of richest harmony. Lavigne and Murray blend their voices primo and secundo; and as we all glide slowly and sweetly toward the shore whence leads the way to home, to the air of "Come rest in this bosom;" this is the song they sing: —

Oh! what are Earth's pleasures and glories to me,
Compared with the bliss that I know when with thee;
I grieve when thou grievest—feel mirthful when gay,
And happy when near thee, and sad when away.

The sunshine is darkened when missing thy smile,
There's naught then my sorrow and care can beguile;
My path seems deserted, Hope's pinions are furled,
For thou art my sunshine, my hope, and my world.

I've gazed with delight on thy beautiful eyes,
Till words were denied me—I breathed naught but sighs;
I've watched thy sweet motions so graceful and light,
Till my heart overflowed with pure joy at the sight.

I would turn from the song of an angel to hear
Thy voice of soft silver fall sweet on my ear;
And, oh! in despair's bitter anguish and gloom,
I would turn e'en from life, for thy rest in the tomb.

A BACCHIC ODE.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

WINE! bring wine!
Let the crystal beaker flame and shine,
Brimming o'er with the draught divine!

The crimson glow
Of the lifted cup on my forehead throw,
Like the sunset's flush on a field of snow!

I burn to lave
My eager lip in the purple wave!
Freedom bringeth the wine so brave!

The world is cold!
Sorrow and Pain have gloomy hold,
Chilling the bosom warm and bold!

Doubts and fears
Veil the shine of my morning years!
My life's lone rainbow springs from tears!

But Eden-gleams
Visit my soul in immortal dreams,
When the wave of the goblet burns and beams!

Not from the Rhine—
Not from fields of Burgundian vine,
Bring me the bright Olympian wine!

Not with a ray,
Born where the winds of Shiraz play —
Or the fiery blood of the ripe Tokay!

Not where the glee
Of Falernian vintage echoes free—
Or the gardens of Scio gem the sea!

But wine! Bring wine!
Flushing high with its growth divine,
In the crystal depth of my soul to shine!

Whose glow was caught
From the warmth which Fancy's summer brought
To the vintage-fields in the Land of Thought!

Rich and free
To my thirsting soul will the goblet be,
Poured by the Hebe, Poesy!

A VALENTINE.

BY R. H. BACON.

ALAS! sweet —, how hard a task is mine
Thy behest to fulfill. The poet's heart
Freezes with winter; and his lyric art,
Torpida and dull, no coronals can twine,
Even in honor of Saint Valentine!
Yet must the saint be honored; so I lay
A frozen dove upon his frozen shrine,
And ice-twigs pile for sacrificial pyre,
While driving snows obscure the short-lived day,
Praying thine eyes for soft consuming fire!
The thawing ice fit emblem then will be
Of tears, that sickness laid its hand on thee:
The flashing light, that shows the altar burning,
Shall be my gladness at thy health's returning;
Health, Joy and Spring in one sweet band returning!

Cambridge, St. Valentine's Day, 1847.

ARTHUR HARRINGTON.

OR A YOUTH OF PROMISE.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF "AARON'S ROD," "PRIZE STORIES," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

I yearn for the future, vague and vast;
And lo! what treasure of glorious things
Giant Futurity sheds from his wings.

M. TUPPER.

"MOTHER, which shall I be—which would you rather have me be—an author or statesman?" said Arthur Harrington, a handsome boy of some twelve years of age, looking up from his Latin exercise to his mother, who sat reading at the same table where her son was studying.

The mother laid down her book, and smiling as she looked in the glowing face of her boy, answered,

"I hardly know, Arthur. The statesman who presides in his country's councils, and guides at the helm of state, has a proud, a noble position. But the author, again, who influences a nation's mind, and stirs up the heart of a people, is one of the benefactors of his race. I should wish, however, that you consult your own taste and genius in the choice of your future career, my son."

"There was Sir Walter Scott, mother—he surely stirred up the heart of a people. To be read all over the world must be glorious! And yet to be William Pitt—prime minister at one-and-twenty!—I think, mother, I'd rather be William Pitt—"

"You had better study your lesson, Arthur," said Frank Ashhurst, a youth of about the same age, in a low tone, without raising his eyes from the Greek page which lay open before him.

But Arthur, too intent upon the comparative merits of statesmen and authors, Sir Walter Scott and William Pitt, took little heed of his friend's suggestion, but eagerly pursued the conversation with his scarce less interested mother, who gazed in his sparkling eyes and animated face, and thought every question the indication of aspiring genius and the prompting of proud ambition.

Mrs. Harrington was a woman of some reading, and lively imagination, and, full of theories, thought herself a genius; and so she delighted in what she called "cultivating Arthur's mind;" and thus they talked on of heroes and authors and great

men, while Arthur's spirit soaring beyond his Latin exercise, and expanding in the region of castle building, (which his mother, not less than himself mistook for the land of inspiration,) quite forgot the studies of the morrow.

Francis Ashhurst, meanwhile, never raised his eyes from the book he so intently studied, while the silent but rapid movement of his lips, and earnest expression of his dark eyes, showed he had no ears for the discussion going on at his side. Presently drawing a long breath, he closed his book and put it one side.

"Have you finished your Greek already, Frank?" asked Arthur.

"Yes," he replied, opening his mathematics. "You had better be studying. It is late."

"We had better talk no more now, Arthur," said Mrs. Harrington gently. "You do not know all your lessons yet."

Arthur sighed, and studied a little while, and then yawned, and presently began again with,

"But, mother, do you think that literary fame is as great—as glorious—as political or—military even—Wellington and Napoleon were greater—"

"Arthur," said Frank, in a low, quiet tone, "you have your Greek yet, and your problems—"

"Oh, I hate mathematics!" said the boy, impatient of his cousin's sober interruption. "A mathematician is never a man of genius. And I have no genius for mathematics," he added contemptuously, "though you have, I believe, Francis."

Francis made no reply. He was deep in a problem, and did not look up to answer, or perhaps did not even hear his cousin's taunt.

Mrs. Harrington had, however, the sense to follow Francis's suggestion, and remind her son of the lateness of the hour; and taking up her own book, advised him to pursue his studies.

Silence reigned for half an hour perhaps in the little party, which was at last broken by Arthur's throwing his book on one side, saying, "There—I've done with you. Frank, give me the Greek Lexicon."

Francis complied with his request, saying with surprise, "Do you know it?"

"Yes—well enough—I'll look it over in the morning." And in the same way he skimmed through his remaining studies.

"Come, Frank," said he, at last, "have you not almost done? How you do stick at those problems!" he continued impatiently.

"Presently," replied the other. "Don't speak to me now." And after some minutes intense application, he raised his head with a bright, calm look and said, "I've finished. What now, Arthur?"

"You are studying for the mathematical prize, I suppose, Frank?" said Arthur.

"For the prize! No," replied Francis, with surprise. "I never thought of such a

thing. Harry Forrester will carry that off, of course. You know he is far ahead of me.”

“No—is he?” said Arthur. “I did not know it. What then makes you study so, if you have no chance of the prize?”

“Why, Arthur,” said Frank, laughing, “if we only study to gain prizes, most of us may as well close our books at once, for there are but half a dozen prizes, and over a hundred boys. What is your number?”

“Oh, I don’t know. Pretty low. If I can’t be head, I don’t care where I am. Mathematics is not the bent of my genius,” replied Arthur.

“Nor mine, that I know of,” said Frank—“but, hang it, my genius has *got* to bend to it for all that.”

And there was a resolute tone, and a look of determination that showed that Frank Ashhurst was one who did not look for “aid and comfort” to his “genius” always, in difficulties.

Mrs. Harrington smiled as she listened to the conversation. She said afterward to her husband—

“Frank is a boy of no ambition. But he is a steady, plodding lad, and a very safe companion for Arthur. He’s a heavy boy—no genius—very different from Arthur.”

And Arthur was a boy, in truth, that would have gratified the pride, and flattered the vanity, of most mothers, for he was what most parents like, a precocious, *showy* boy. He was quick in abilities, handsome in person, tall of his age, with bright hazel eyes, and a round, glowing cheek; graceful, too, in his manners, and very fluent in speech—altogether a striking boy—somewhat forward, perhaps—but his good looks and cleverness made his peace with those who might have found fault with his want of diffidence.

Now Frank was a lad no one ever noticed. Perhaps now and then some one of unusual discernment might have said, “that youth has a fine countenance;” but it was a remark that always elicited surprise when it was made, for most persons would have said, with Mrs. Harrington, that he was a “heavy boy.” He was shorter by a head nearly than Arthur, and heavily moulded, and people generally are apt to take the body for the soul, and judge the spirit by the flesh. And, then, though Frank had a fine brow, and clear, well set, deep eye, there was nothing of what Mrs. Harrington called the “flash of genius in his look up.” It was a calm, earnest face, and when in study, there was an intensity of expression, a concentration of attention, that is rare—otherwise he was not a striking, and certainly not a handsome boy. He was rather shy, too, and awkward when brought forward, and one of those who never made a figure on “exhibition days.” In short, he was not one of the *show boys*, which Arthur was. Heads of schools, and teachers generally, are very quick to know the effect produced by such pupils as Arthur. They like to put them forward. All they know *tells*, and what they don’t know is not seen. Manner and appearance never go further than on such occasions. The human heart naturally warms to

beauty, and to youthful beauty it is particularly indulgent; and when united to any thing like precocity of talent, it is sure to take the greater part of parents.

Consequently Arthur carried off more than one prize at the examinations, that, had he not been so highly endowed with external gifts, might not have been so readily awarded him.

But this exhibition, to Mrs. Harrington's surprise and mortification, Arthur carried off none of the highest premiums. The boy himself was loud in his complaints of injustice and ill-treatment, and Mrs. Harrington lent a willing and indignant ear to all he said.

It never occurred to the loving mother that Arthur might not deserve the prizes. She did not remember that his application had rather relaxed than increased with the increasing difficulties of his studies, and that much of the time that should have been devoted to work had been passed in light reading, or quite as often, perhaps, in talking with herself. She only felt that Arthur had been most unjustly treated, and tried to soothe and console his wounded feelings, and talked of the "too frequent fate of unrewarded merit." But the more she talked, the keener grew his sense of slighted talents. He grumbled and talked—and finally called his teacher names, and then his mother yielded; for as she afterward said to her husband—"When a boy loses his *respect* for his teachers, the moral influence that should work is destroyed." And the good man assented, without very clearly understanding what she meant. He only comprehended that his wife was dissatisfied with Arthur's school, and he himself was indignant at the idea of his boy's being treated with injustice. He never inquired into Arthur's studies, nor examined into his progress. "He had not time." He was a hard-working, money-making man, and while he slaved body and soul to amass a fortune, he left the education, mental, moral and physical, of his only son to his wife. A not uncommon case, we are sorry to say; for the most intelligent and cultivated of mothers have rarely the firmness, and never the knowledge of men and the world, required in the education of boys. Not that we would disparage woman or her acquirements, nor lessen the influence due to mothers, but only suggest that she is not to be *both* father and mother, and hint that men have other duties beside the all-absorbing one of making money. Mr. Harrington was steeped to the very lips in commercial affairs. Business was his occupation—his pleasure—his life—the breath of his nostrils—everything in short.

He went early to the counting-house and came home late, and generally tired, and often perplexed, and did not want then to be worried with domestic matters.

He loved his boy, and was proud of him; and his wife told him he was a very uncommon boy, and he believed her. She talked a great deal of the peculiarities of his mind, and the traits of his character, and told many anecdotes indicative of his superiority, mental and spiritual, and much that the husband would have thought "great nonsense," if it had been anybody but *his* wife talking, and *his* boy she was talking of. But as it was, it was amusing to see the complacency with which he listened. He paid the bills regularly, and left the rest to his wife; satisfied that he had

put his money out to good interest, and never doubting that he had done his whole duty. So when at the present time she told him she thought they had better withdraw Arthur, and place him at a “select school, where only twenty boys were taken,” he assented, and told her to do as she thought best.

“The Rector of the Grammar School,” she said, “is not a man of enlarged mind. He does not enter sufficiently into the original capacities of boys, but makes them all go through the same mill, no matter how different their natural talents. Indeed, the school is so large, that it would be out of the question for him to do justice to them all, even if he were a man of more comprehensive and discriminating mind than he is. There are upward of a hundred boys there, I believe.”

“Ah! there it is,” said Mr. Harrington, indignantly; “they will take in such a crowd.” Quite forgetting that other men beside merchants may like to make money in their professions, too. So it was pretty well settled that Arthur was to go to this “select school,” of which Mrs. Harrington had heard a great puff from Mrs. Osborn, for many mothers beside Mrs. Harrington manage their sons’ education in this “work-day world” of ours. There are a good many moral “half orphans” in our community. And so Mrs. Harrington consulted some half-dozen of her friends, quite as deep as herself in the work of education, before she decided, and spoke at last to Mrs. Ashhurst, who replied—

“We have no idea of withdrawing Francis. His father is quite satisfied with his progress.”

Mrs. Harrington was surprised at hearing a father cited as authority, but she turned and applied herself to Mr. Ashhurst, for she was one of those who rather liked to have others do as she did, and patronize a school, or withdraw their children, according as she inclined, but Mr. Ashhurst said—

“I am perfectly satisfied, my dear madam, where Frank is. He studies hard, which is the great point, and I think the general system of the establishment good. I am always unwilling to make a change in a child’s school, without I see strong reasons for doing so, for much time I think is lost in changing studies and teachers. New systems, new books, are always introduced, and not often for the better, and as long as Frank studies well, and has time for exercise, I am satisfied where he is.”

“The scholarship may be equal,” replied Mrs. Harrington, “in these great schools, although even that I doubt, but what I chiefly object to for my son, Mr. Ashhurst, is the contaminating influence of such a crowd of all sorts of boys.” (Now Mrs. Harrington had a holy horror of “all sorts” of people, at any time of life.) “Now the moral influence must be so much purer, so much healthier, of a select number of boys, whose families you know.”

“There, my dear madam, I differ from you,” said Mr. Ashhurst, smiling. “I look upon the moral influence of a public school as decidedly—not perhaps what you would call purer—but healthier than that of a ‘select few.’ Indeed, if it were not for the languages, I had rather Frank went to a district school than any other.”

“Oh, Mr. Ashhurst! A district school! You surely are not in earnest. Pray, what advantage can they or any public school have over a private one?”

“Just the one,” said Mr. Ashhurst, smiling, “that you seem so much to dread—‘all sorts of boys.’ Manliness of character, that first point in education, is only to be acquired by throwing a boy early on himself. Of course it is a parent’s duty to watch over his child; and to cultivate the higher moral feelings is the home part of the business. But to make him *hardy* and vigorous in mind as well as body is the great object of out-door education.”

“But, my dear sir, you would not wish your son to acquire unrefined habits and boorish manners, which he must, if you condemn him to mix with his inferiors, by way of making him hardy, as you call it.”

“By no means,” replied Mr. Ashhurst. “But I am very far from thinking that I condemn him to mix with his inferiors, when I let him find his own footing among his equals, and perhaps superiors. And I look to the influence of home for the refinement of his habits and manners.”

Mrs. Harrington had been a little annoyed at the turn the conversation had taken—not that it altered her views and opinions in the least, what conversation ever does—but that her husband happened to be present; and as he occasionally indulged in some slap against the “white-kid gentry,” she feared Mr. Ashhurst’s arguments might meet a more ready acquiescence than she desired, so saying,

“Well, we must talk this over another time,” hastily turned the subject, and there the matter dropped.

“Ashhurst is a sensible man,” observed Mr. Harrington to his wife as they walked home.

“Yes,” she replied, well knowing the track her husband’s mind was on, and shaping her answer to meet it. “Yes, he’s a sensible, though a coarse man.”

Mr. Harrington’s countenance changed.

“I am sorry,” she continued, “that he is unwilling to give Francis the best advantages; but I presume he cannot afford it very well. He has a large family. And though he did not like to acknowledge it, the terms are an object to him.”

“Of course,” said Mr. Harrington, in a tone of approbation that alarmed her.

“I am satisfied,” she continued, “that the ‘Institute’ is the best place for Arthur. The Howards, and the Harpers, and the Astleys and Langdons all speak of it in the highest manner, and their boys have been there several years.”

Mr. Harrington could not withstand this. The names his wife had mentioned, and purposely mentioned, were those of some of the wealthiest men in the community. They were men after whose names he took pride in placing his on a subscription list—or seeing them lovingly associated in the papers as bank directors, or as trustees for life, fire, trust, or any other monied institutions, and so, on the same principle, he relaxed at once, and saw with complacency his Arthur placed among the select few, the dimes fresh from the mint of “good society.”

Mrs. Harrington, satisfied of having gained her point, never stopped to question herself as to the means. She never paused to inquire as to whether she had done her part, as woman and wife, when she roused her husband's weakness to take advantage of the failing. She never asked whether it was womanly or wise—if she could only “put her finger on fortune's pipe, and sound what stop she pleased,” she did not look much higher.

And yet Mrs. Harrington was a woman of fine theories, exalted views, rather a transcendentalist—till it came to action, and then what she wanted she must have—if she could get it.

With some imagination, considerable enthusiasm, and a something mixed of the two, that she called romance, she had yet married Mr. Harrington, who was the opposite of every thing to her taste. And why? Because, though she would have been glad to have united the ideal with the real in her choice, she had yet no idea of sacrificing luxury to feeling. And with all her poetry she had an intense appreciation of *well being*. She found she could not gratify romance, ambition, and ease, too, and so between the body and soul she preferred the body. But the love and ambition she had sacrificed in her marriage she now centered in her son. The wife was nothing, the mother all in all.

CHAPTER II.

Ah! poor youth! in pitiful truth,
Thy pride must feel a fall, poor youth!
What thou shalt be well have I seen—
Thou shalt be only what others have been.

.

The commonest drudge of men and things,
Instead of your—conquering heroes and kings!

MARTIN TUPPER.

Arthur Harrington continued very much at the “Institute” what he had been at the grammar school, a show boy, with now an incipient dash of the dandy. From thence he was transferred to college, which he did not enter as high as he and his mother expected. She took it for granted that he must enter the Junior year, as Frank Ashhurst had done, though most boys of his age commence with the Freshman. And here again, but for the crying injustice that always followed Arthur, when he found himself not rated higher than others, he would have taken the first honors. But, somehow, though Arthur was universally reckoned a “promising youth,” he never achieved any decided distinction when put to the test. At the debating societies he was ready and fluent, though often incorrect as to his facts, (but that made little impression on his auditors, who did not expect exact information from so young an orator,) and there he was quite conspicuous. He was a scribbler, too; wrote for

magazines and papers, and now and then had the triumph of having an article inserted in one of the graver reviews. Altogether he had quite a reputation with parents, though the boys did not rate him as much.

“He’s a conceited chap,” they would say, and their elders and betters thought they were jealous. But give me a boy’s reputation with boys, and I’ll give you the future man’s among men. However, let that pass. Arthur graduated, and this time with an honor. It was not the highest, but he did not care much for that. It gave him an opportunity of delivering an oration; and fluent and easy, sparkling with well-turned phrases and showy antithetical sentences, though containing little thought, and no originality, it drew down frequent applause, and, in short, made quite a hit. The graceful manner and handsome person of the youthful orator went a great way—three-fourths certainly—for Francis Ashhurst, who took the valedictory, really delivered an oration that showed the germ (and that is all that can be looked for on such occasions) of real power. But then the manner was so bad that few listened to the matter, and he hurried through as fast as he could, and retired, much to his own relief and that of the audience.

On quitting college, Mr. Harrington would have been glad to have had his son enter the counting-house. But “Harrington & Son” did not shine as proudly in the mother’s eyes as in her husband’s. And Arthur thought it was the “old man’s” business to make money, not his, and negatived the proposition decidedly, not to say haughtily. He was destined to be a great man—the head of the bar—the leader of the Senate, possibly an author, certainly an orator, perhaps an ambassador—the path was not clearly defined—in fact, it was crossed with too many bright lights to be very distinct—but it was to be something distinguished—that point had been settled by his mother when he was in his cradle—and he himself had entertained the same views ever since he had been out of petticoats.

The bar, of course, was the only stepping-stone to these future honors, and it chanced that he and Francis Ashhurst entered the same office.

Francis had gone on quietly but steadily, the same boy and lad that he now entered life as man, and set himself in earnest to his profession.

Arthur talked earnestly, nay enthusiastically of his profession, and delighted in attending court when any great cause was being argued. But for the reading Blackstone, Coke and Littleton he found heavy work, and the dull routine of office business quite disgusting. He was fond of general reading, and skimmed the surface of things with great rapidity. He was quite a brilliant talker, too, for one so young, though more remarkable for his fluency than facts, and always made an impression, particularly on a first acquaintance. He had a decided reputation for talents in general circles, though in the office Mr. Osgood never turned to him when he wanted any thing of consequence done. He had soon found that Ashhurst was the man for real work, and being a man of keen perceptions, and but few words, he said nothing, but placed every thing that required attention in his hands.

Arthur was unpopular with the young men of the office. They called him

“shallow and conceited.” The fact was, he assumed a superiority they were unwilling to accord to him. He prided himself not only on his talents, but his position, and thought they entitled him to a consideration that he never dreamt of according to others.

He did not mean to give offence, nor was even aware of his haughty tone of superiority, for it never occurred to him that his fellow-students could put themselves on a footing of equality with himself. They did not mix in the same circles—had neither fashion, nor wealth, nor consequence of any kind. What claims had they to his civility? He looked upon them merely as Mr. Osgood’s “clerks,” who did the underwork of the office; and from a boy Arthur had only associated with lads as delicately brought up as himself, and he now shrunk from the association of others as an annoyance. He would rather they had not come between the “wind and his nobility;” but since it was a “necessary evil,” he endured it. Ashhurst was the only one of them with whom he was on any terms of fellowship, and that was rather from early habit than from real feeling. Besides Ashhurst’s family belonged to the same clique as his own, and therefore was entitled to some respect, though Ashhurst himself seldom frequented the gay circles of which Arthur formed quite a prominent member. Mrs. Harrington delighted to see him conspicuous in society, and looked anxiously around to select from the youthful belles of the day the most distinguished for his wife. But Arthur showed no disposition to lay his heart as yet on the shrine of any fair one. In fact he was too much wrapped up in himself to find interest in others, and thereupon grew fastidious, and gave himself airs. Perhaps this somewhat enhanced his fashion, as he had the reputation of talent, and was decidedly good looking; beside which, as the only son of a rich man, he was called a “good match.” Ah! that *bon parti*—how much does it help and cover in “good society.”

Much, therefore, was excused him that might not have been so kindly received had circumstances been different. And so, what with reading a little law, and a good deal of light literature, mixing much in society, and doing none of the drudgery of the office, the three years of Arthur’s preparatory studies glided by pleasantly enough, at the end of which time he passed his examination, and supposed himself fairly started for his future career. But there’s nothing brilliant in the life of a *young* lawyer, let his talents and application be what they may. It’s hard work for the present with compensation in the future. Now Arthur had never done work—real work—in his life. His quick abilities had enabled him to skim the surface of subjects, and make a show with whatever knowledge he had. But the law is not to be skated over so rapidly; and Arthur had neither the taste, and, indeed, scarcely the power now of the close application the dry study required; and not being urged by necessity, he scorned the small business that might have fallen in his way, and taught him something. He longed for a great cause—which he could not have tried if he had got it; and being tired now of society, panted for distinction, and became impatient and dissatisfied with a profession which required labor, and brought in no immediate returns of reputation. There was such a crowd, too, of young lawyers that

it was quite disgusting; and so he neglected his office rather more, perhaps, than he had ever done Mr. Osgood's, and began to turn his weary, impatient spirit to politics, as the "only arena, after all, worthy of a man of talent;" and "the lawyer rarely makes a great statesman—the study contracts the mind; the most distinguished of them seldom rises above a special pleader, when called upon in the more elevated sphere of public business."

Mr. Harrington died suddenly about this time—fell in the traces, exhausted with the labors and anxieties of his arduous life; and it was found to the surprise of most people, that his fortune was not the half of what it had been estimated. No doubt it had been greater at different times, but the variations of commercial affairs are known to all, and Mr. Harrington had had his ups and downs as well as others. It happened to be at one of these times of depression that he died, and the estate he left was scarcely more than a comfortable provision for his wife and son. Arthur was no longer looked upon as a young man of fortune; but then he had what he had at command, and that satisfied him for the present quite as well, and perhaps better, than fortune in perspective. It enabled him to do as he chose just then, and gave him the immediate consideration he wanted with a certain class of politicians. He attended public meetings, and spoke frequently, and took sides hotly and denounced men and measures that did not meet his views fiercely; and as he threw himself with ardor in the opposition party, and spent liberally, he was received with open arms and cheered heartily.

This was the excitement he had longed for. He now felt that he had gained the open space he wanted, and his mother, flattered and delighted, spoke of him as one of the leaders of the party. There's no telling the visions with which his brain now teemed; but as most dreamers, whether waking or sleeping, are the principal figures in their visions, so he himself always occupied the foreground in all his mental pictures. Meantime his nights were passed chiefly in clubs, and halls, and committee-rooms, where he condescended, in the hot conflict of political feeling, to companionship he would once have stood aloof from as from something quite contaminating. He made himself conspicuous at the next election, expecting to be taken up after that as one of the prominent men himself. But when the second term came round, Arthur saw his means well nigh exhausted, and he no nearer the goal than when he first started. His mortification and disappointment were extreme, when he found he had no chance for any nomination whatever, either for general, state, or even City Councils; for he would have been glad to run for any thing rather than not run at all. But they would not even take him up. In fact they found he was neither a useful nor a popular man. Talents and information of a commanding order may dispense with the minor morals of good manners; but Harrington's conceit was not atoned for by any such qualifications; and arrogance that is not backed by decided talent and sound information meets with small favor from the community at large.

And so he had had a few years of excitement, and spent his little patrimony, and

was now just where he had started—if that can be said of any man, when years have passed over his head bringing neither added reputation nor knowledge. He had lost time and gained nothing; and, moreover, as we have said, had spent the little independence left him by his father.

It was now necessary for him to do something, for though his mother could give him a home, her fortune was not sufficient for them both. There was his profession, which he hated. He could not go back and drudge for dollars and cents. Beside it was too late—others that had started with him had got before him. Those who had kept to the beaten well-worn path, while he had been hunting for a short-cut, had reached the goal before him. As for Ashhurst, he was not only doing a good business, but beginning to be known. His name was mentioned with respect, and he was often associated as junior counsel with the leaders of the bar.

There, too, was his pen. But sketchy articles and slight productions, which are kindly received as the efforts of a boy, elicit no applause when coming from a man of mature years. And Harrington had not risen with the public; he had been called a “youth of promise” when a lad, but his manhood had not kept pace with the promise. He had made no friends and some enemies in his state of political effervescence, when he had dealt round accusations and epithets that scarcely even electioneering excitement will excuse. So now what to do he knew not. He paused and looked around, discomfited and mortified. He complained loudly, of course, of the treatment that he had met with—for injustice, as we have seen, had pursued Arthur from a boy, and now he was growing bitter—a keen sense of ill-usage is sometimes a great comfort—and his mother listened to his out-pourings with the deepest sympathy; for Arthur’s ambition and conceit had been of her cultivation. She had planted the seed, and now the tree over-shadowed her. She was deeply chagrined by his failure in all he had undertaken, or rather, we should say, commenced; for, like him, she did not comprehend that there is no rail-road to fame. But still she did not give up. Matrimony, woman’s great resource, was left him. She had always wanted him to marry; and now an heiress seemed the readiest means of mending his broken fortunes. Harrington himself saw no other; and so he entered society again with other views beside amusement.

A new set of beaux and belles were occupying the places of those who had been prominent when he first came forward; those who had been the gayest of the dancers then, were now wives and mothers, and most of them withdrawn from such assemblies. The men looked to him like boys, and the “boys” returned the compliment, and called him an “old fellow.” The beauties were most of them penniless; and it so happened that the few girls of fortune in society just at that time, were any thing but beauties; and Harrington wanted to suit his taste as well as his necessities, and he hated to do any thing he did not like; and he detested an ugly woman. He had always been very dainty of his feelings, and he could now neither work nor marry, if it was not in exact accordance with his taste. And, altogether, society did not seem to him the same as it once had been. Somehow it had lost its

zest and freshness. He did not know where the change was, but he felt there was a change that robbed it of all its charm.

The secret was, that he was no longer a person of consequence, and excited no sensation among the young belles he saw around him. His first glow of youth and beauty was gone; and he had acquired no reputation to stand him in its stead in youthful eyes. He had no fortune either, and mammas and daughters don't court and flatter a *ci-devant jeune homme*, who is no match. Nor was he called agreeable. He was bitter, and cynical, and egotistical; and girls don't want to talk to men who talk always of themselves, particularly when there is nothing in their attentions to flatter their vanity. Women expect either to be amused, or to have their feelings interested, or their pride gratified. Now Arthur Harrington did none of these things, and consequently he thought society a "bore," and society was beginning to return the compliment.

There was but one person who at all interested him, not that he thought of her—for she had no fortune, and would not do—but still he admired her. Sybil Effingham he could not look at nor listen to, without partly forgetting himself. She was in truth a bright, spirited, beautiful creature, high-toned, with a look of sensibility and disinterestedness—a something to touch the imagination—altogether a being that made him sigh as he thought of his altered fortunes; and though he meant nothing, he could not help visiting at her father's more frequently than he thought quite prudent. To his surprise he occasionally met Ashhurst there; and what surprised him more was the consideration with which he was received when he did come. But Ashhurst was now a marked man, distinguished for his age, and women always yield a ready homage to talent, and delight in honoring those whom the world honors. And, moreover, Ashhurst was a man to please, though Harrington could not comprehend it; and, indeed, few men understand the female taste in that respect. What is called a "lady's man," is not, as men suppose, the most agreeable to women. Those are not the men who excite enthusiastic and romantic attachments. A woman's imagination must be roused before her heart is deeply touched; and it is only a man of superior mind and character that does that.

And Ashhurst's was an earnest, vigorous spirit, and the beautiful Sybil felt her soul awaken in his presence, and she listened to his words of power and truth as she listened to no other man. But if Harrington was surprised and vexed to see the reputation and ascendancy Ashhurst was gaining, his feelings were as nothing to his mother's on the subject. It was really amusing to see the tenacity with which she clung to early impressions, (and Mrs. Harrington was a woman who had great faith in her own "impressions.") She had pronounced him then a "heavy boy," and altogether thought him a very coarse piece of clay, compared to her son of delicate porcelain; and how he had stood the fire and heat, and come out so much truer tempered through the rough usage of the world, was a matter she did not comprehend or patiently acquiesce in.

But to return to Arthur. He found it would not do to spend his time dangling

after Sybil Effingham; and, perhaps, the coolness with which she received his attentions helped to awaken him to their folly; and about this time, too, a really pretty, high-bred heiress made her appearance on the horizon of fashion, and set all the gay world in a commotion, and among the first and most assiduous of her admirers was Arthur Harrington. But the young lady, like most heiresses and beauties, knew her own claims quite as well as anybody, and expected as much for her money as Arthur could for his name and talents; and so, to his great wrath and amazement, he was coolly rejected.

Her fashion and beauty were now his misfortunes, as in making her prominent in society, they also made her suitors conspicuous, and consequently, Arthur's rejection was immediately as well known to the public as if it had been published in the papers; and he who one heiress wont have, another is very apt to refuse, because he has already been rejected—and one or two offers settles him as a fortune-hunter, and then his business is done.

And so it was with our hero. And this mortification he and his mother felt more keenly, perhaps, than all the rest—for there could be no injustice or foul play in these cases; and angry though he might be, he could not complain. He anathematized the whole sex in his heart, and said to his mother,

“I've supported politics—let politics now support me.” The meaning of which grand sentiment was, that he would turn office-seeker—a party politician for private purposes—the meanest of all professions.

Meanwhile Ashhurst had won the beautiful Sybil; and not only that, but was deemed a great match for her, for he had made an independence and a name, and might justly look forward to the highest honors that are open to genius and industry.

“That Harrington is a disagreeable man,” was one day remarked by some one, “he abuses every body—only no one cares for his abuse.”

“He's a disappointed man,” was the reply.

“Disappointed!” rejoined the first speaker, “I like that! And what right has *he* to be disappointed? What are his claims to any thing more than he has?”

“Well, I hardly know,” replied the other, smiling, “now that you bring me to the point. But, somehow, we all expected Harrington to make a figure in the world; and why he has not done so I don't know.”

“Then I'll tell you,” said the first speaker; “because he's a poor creature—there's no stamina in him. He has neither vigor of mind or character. He's been cursed with ambition without industry. He has not the energy to act out his own dreams. He was just one of those promising youths who never come to any thing.”

“Pity 'tis true; but there's no reputation without labor; and he who expects it, will turn out like Arthur Harrington, bitter and cynical. He may give himself the airs of a disappointed man, but that does not alter the fact of his being only a 'poor

creature.' ”

And so Arthur Harrington sunk to a place-hunter; and, poor devil! “To dig he was unable, and beg he was ashamed.”



ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN FOR GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

*Your obt servt
Z. Taylor*

Your ob^t Serv^t
Z. Taylor

FROM A SKETCH BY CAPT. EATON, AID DE CAMP CAMARGO, MEXICO, AUGUST 15TH 1845

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1847 by Geo. R. Graham in the
Clerks' office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*

GENERAL ZACHARY TAYLOR.

A MEMOIR of Gen. Taylor's life is, to one who writes it with no purpose but to do justice to a bright particular star in the constellation of our country's patriots, a pleasant and easy task; for his career and character present no inconsistencies to be reconciled, no acts that crave vindication. His actions form his eulogy; and the severest narrative of what he is, and what he has done, is the most appropriate tribute to his modesty and merit, and to the gratitude and admiration of his country.

Zachary Taylor is descended from one of the oldest and most distinguished families of those who, two centuries since, settled in Virginia; and is kindred to James Madison, John Taylor of Caroline, Judge Pendleton, and others, the most ardent and spotless patriots of their time. His father was one of the pioneers of Kentucky, one of those who worshiped with their rifles beside them, and listened, in the pauses of their labor, for the yell of the Indian. Of the heroes of the dark and bloody ground he is said to have been the most daring. To that wilderness of wo, for such it then was, he bore his family, including Zachary, who was born in Orange county, Virginia, in the year 1790. It was under these auspices that the young hero was educated. His way to school was beset by savage foes, and in one instance, one of his mates snatched from him by the Indians. There could be no better school to form the mind and fix the character of the warrior, to teach caution and thoughtfulness, and to inspire enterprise and a contempt of danger. This education—the education of early Kentucky—has been admirably described by Byron, in his verses on Boone —

And tall and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing cities' pale abortions,
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care or gain; the green woods were their portions;
No sinking spirits told them they grew gray,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Derived from such a stock, and invigorated by such an education, he grew, as might be expected, a man ardent but thoughtful, bold but guarded—one likely to be successful in any sphere, and if after life afforded the means of maturing his powers, certain to be eminent. His early life abounds in anecdotes characteristic of generous and noble qualities, which, though derived from the best authority, our limits compel us to omit. From the first to the last, he has been regarded by those who knew him as above the common stature of his fellow men. In his retirement he was characterized as one whose genius and power were adequate to any exigency, civil or military, and who lacked only an opportunity to leave his name

He has ever possessed those rare faculties which induce the trust of others; to him has always been consigned the task which involved most of peril and demanded most of the power which overcomes it; and it is singular that every prominent action of his life has been a conflict with an adverse superiority, in which he has always triumphed. The greatest generals of the past have been applauded as fortunate; but Taylor has triumphed, at every step, with fortune against him. He has trusted nothing to luck; his achievements have been the result of a genius fertile in resources, prompt in their application, resolute to the exclusion of a doubt, and energetic to compel the result which had been determined upon.

The outrages of England upon our commerce fired every generous spirit in the west, and as early as 1808, about the time when the outrage upon the Chesapeake thrilled through every nerve of the republic, young Taylor determined to wed his fortunes with those of his country. The character and the influence of his family readily secured him a commission as lieutenant in the seventh infantry. He addressed himself with characteristic ardor to his profession, and before the war broke out, had arisen to the rank of captain. His first commission was granted by Jefferson, his second and third by Madison, his fourth by Jackson, and his subsequent commissions by Polk. He received the first reward of valor, granted in the last war—a brevet majority; and his rise to his present lofty position has been gained, not from the patient indolence of rank, but from brevets for victories.

The most vulnerable point of our country, in the commencement of the last war, was the sparsely settled West, encompassed as it was by ferocious Indians in the pay of the British Government. This was naturally the sphere of exertion for the young hero. In a war abounding with almost daily and ever deadly skirmishes with the Indians, he was, of course, exposed to a series of perilous adventures which escape the attention of the historian. He was early appointed to the command of one of the most important defences of the west, Fort Harrison. In this post he won the first laurels, and the first brevet, of the late war—the oldest brevet in the army.

Fort Harrison, a rude structure, was garrisoned by fifty men, though but ten or fifteen were in health and effective; and it was crowded with the sick, with women and children. Every precaution had been taken, though it was impossible to raise a guard of more than six men and two commissioned officers. It was known that the Indians, in great strength, were in the vicinity; and at 11 o'clock on the night of September 3d, 1812, the attack was made. The odds were fearful; and the fort, though it contained many souls, could boast few prepared to meet the exigency. The night was dark, and the forests rang with the yells of hundreds of Indians. The little band, forewarned of their danger, were at their posts. But scarcely had the attack been made, before a broad glare of light, rising in the gloom of midnight, informed the feeble garrison that the block-house connected with the fort had been fired by the Indians. Every being, save Taylor, within the fort, was panic-stricken at this terrible intelligence. The alternative seemed a death in the flames, or by the

tomahawks of the Indians. The yells of the Indians, the shrieks of the devoted women and children, heard above the reports of the Indian rifles, which poured a death-shower upon the fort, appalled the garrison, who, enveloped in smoke, and exposed by the glare of the conflagration to the rifles of the foe, shrank and cowered. It was the trial-hour that determined the character of the young hero. He rose above the exigency; he rallied his few assistants, disconnected the block-house from the fort, by throwing off the roof, subdued the fire, fortified the gap made by the destruction of the block-house, and, after a desperate encounter of seven hours, drove off the overwhelming force that beleaguered him. The triumph was his alone; for all, save he, had fettered under what seemed an inevitable doom. In his after career he has encountered no darker danger; and this achievement, though small the numbers under his command, forms a worthy opening to the daring and lustrous actions which followed.

He held the fort until the population of the West gathering around him, rendered the post secure. For this achievement he was brevetted by Madison, and admired by the nation; but, although glowing with a desire to distinguish himself in the fields that followed, his orders compelled him to remain in the seat of dangers which he had proved himself so well qualified to encounter. In active and perilous service in this section of the country, he remained until the close of the war, and long after. A soldier of the republic, he has never repined at any duty imposed upon him, and never desired to gratify his ambition by abandoning an humble post to win laurels in other and more favorable fields. He was, however, distinguished in all the operations in the west; and in the expedition of Major Gen. Hopkins, received, in the dispatches of that officer, thanks "for a prompt and effectual support in every instance."

In the war of 1832, against Black Hawk and his tribe, Col. Taylor was actively engaged. He commanded the regulars, under Gen. Atkinson, in the trying march through the wilderness, in pursuit of Black Hawk; and was at their head in the destructive and decisive battle of the Wisconsin. The result of that battle was the capture of Black Hawk and the Prophet, who were surrendered to Col. Taylor. This sanguinary conflict closed the war.

Col. Taylor remained in the West, in command of different posts, until the period of the Florida War. In this long interval of peace, his attention was directed to study, and to the improvement of his private fortune. He married a lady of Maryland, who blessed his fire-side with one son and two daughters, one of whom married Col. Davis, of the Mississippi regiment, severely wounded at Buena Vista. During this period Col. Taylor, (for in 1832 he was advanced to that rank,) established, throughout the entire west, a reputation for enlarged intelligence, bold sagacity, and high moral character, which marked him out as the hero of an exigency. Such an one arrived, and secured for him the confidence and admiration of the government and the nation.

It is unnecessary to characterize the failures of the Florida War, or the war itself.

It is sufficient to say that our boldest and best sank under its hardships, and were left to the wolf of the wilderness, while no encounter won laurels, and no advantage promised success. Col. Taylor was, in 1836, ordered to Florida, and soon became distinguished for his energy, perseverance, and indomitable hardihood and resolution. His determination was to bring the Seminoles to battle, and this was effected by efforts of the most extraordinary character.

On the 19th of December, 1837, he received intelligence that all efforts for conciliation had failed, and being then in command of the first brigade, at Fort Gardiner, he struck into the wilderness. He bore but twelve days' rations, and had with him about one thousand men. He had learned that the Seminoles and Mickasaukies, under their chiefs, Alligator and Sam Jones, had selected a post deemed impregnable, and that they challenged him to the encounter. Advancing with caution but celerity, and overcoming every obstacle, he arrived on the 25th of December at the point selected by the enemy, upon the lake of Okeechobee. They were concealed in a thick hammock, which could only be approached by a swamp three quarters of a mile in breadth, covered with grass five feet high, and knee deep in mud and water. Our forces advanced; the volunteers were received with a fire from the hammock, and after a brief resistance, retired across the swamp. The regulars, however, persisted in advancing, and drove the enemy back. The struggle was terribly severe. The advantages were all against us. Our officers signalized themselves by their valor, and many of them fell. The battle lasted from half past twelve until three P. M. The immediate command of Col. Taylor suffered most severely; and his own preservation, conspicuous as he was, for he refused to dismount, was almost miraculous. Our victory was complete. The enemy received a blow which, more than any thing that occurred during the war, broke their spirits and prepared them for submission. The loss of Col. Taylor was severe. To use his own words, "besides the killed, there lay one hundred and twelve wounded, officers and soldiers, who had accompanied me one hundred and forty-five miles, most of the way through an unexplored wilderness, without guides, who had so gallantly beaten the enemy, under my orders, in his strongest position." His humanity was, however, as conspicuous as his valor; and though the wounded were conveyed back to their post with incredible difficulty and labor, every thing was done which the most delicate sensibility could have suggested in their behalf. The detachment commanded by Col. Taylor in this desperate encounter numbered about five hundred. The enemy were seven hundred strong, and from their concealment, and the extraordinary advantages of their position, confidently calculated upon a victory. The battle was the most successful of the war; and the victory was only won by an extraordinary effort of heroism—more than one-fourth of the whole number engaged being killed or wounded.

The government appreciated, applauded, and rewarded the conduct and heroism of Taylor in this bloody conflict, and immediately promoted him to the brevet rank of brigadier general, and gave him the chief command of the war. On taking this command he fixed his head-quarters at Tampa Bay, and continued to prosecute what

was termed “a war of movements,” with a vigor and enterprise which no ordinary energy of mind and body could have endured. The foe, after the lesson taught at Okeechobee, afforded him no subsequent opportunity of meeting them in a general battle; but in the prosecution of a contest peculiarly exhausting and dangerous, he manifested the rarer qualities of patience, vigilance, and unwearied promptitude and vigor which form so large a part in the character of a great military leader.

In 1840 he was relieved from duty in Florida, and in the following year was assigned to the command of the second department on the Arkansas, in which station he continued, performing his duties with characteristic diligence and success, until the difficulties with Mexico opened a new and more glorious career for the development of those powers matured by so long a career of arduous and devoted service.

In prospect of the annexation of Texas, Gen. Taylor received from the Department an order, dated 17th September, ordering him to hold the troops under his command in readiness to march into Texas, and repel any hostile incursion of Indians. An “Army of Observation” upon the south-western frontier having been determined upon, the Administration selected Gen. Taylor for that command. The relations of our country rendered it a post of great difficulty, requiring the highest qualities of civil and military intellect; and the choice of Gen. T. in preference to those of superior rank, was a distinguished evidence of the confidence of the Government. He was commanded to take a position between the Neuces and Rio Grande; and in August, 1845, established his camp at Corpus Christi. The army remained in this position until March 11th, 1846.

Having received positive orders to take a position upon the eastern bank of the Rio Grande, Gen. Taylor commenced his march. At the Rio Colorado he was met with a stern resistance, and assured that an attempt to cross would be followed by actual hostilities. It is scarcely necessary to add that he crossed, notwithstanding. On the 24th, Gen. Taylor left the advancing army, and, with a body of dragoons, repaired to Point Isabel, which place he occupied, and received, from steamboats opportunely arriving, supplies for the army. Gen. Taylor soon rejoined the army; a position was occupied opposite Matamoras, and the army proceeded to fortify their camp. On the 11th of April, Gen. Ampudia, in command at Matamoras, summoned Gen. Taylor to break up his camp, and retire beyond the Neuces within twenty-fours, adding that if he did not, arms alone must decide the question. In reply, Gen. Taylor informed him that his instructions would not permit him to retrograde from the position he occupied.

Col. Cross, of our army, having been murdered when absent, and alone, some distance from the camp, a party was, on the 17th, sent to discover and seize the murderers. They were set upon by a large party of Mexicans, and some of them killed. On the 19th, Gen. Taylor blockaded the Rio Grande, a measure which elicited an immediate protest from Ampudia; and it was vindicated by Taylor as the necessary result of the Mexican declaration of a determination to commence, and

actually commencing, hostilities. The character of the two letters is in singular contrast, that of Gen. Taylor being high-toned and masterly, but moderate and courteous. A collision had, from the first movement to occupy the western bank of the Rio Grande, been inevitable; and every day precipitated that result. Addresses, over the signature of the Mexican general, were scattered throughout our camp, inviting desertion. The communications between Fort Brown and Point Isabel were forcibly interrupted by large bodies of the enemy. The war had begun. On the first of May Gen. Taylor took up his line of march for Point Isabel, leaving a small but sufficient force at Fort Brown. His departure was the signal for a furious but ineffectual attack, which resulted in the death of the gallant commander, Major Brown, and continued until the glorious return of Gen. Taylor.

The course of Gen. Taylor in this trying emergency has elicited the praise of the greatest surviving captain of the age—Wellington. The exigency was a fearful one. Surrounded by an enemy greatly superior in force, his supplies limited, and all communication cut off, he resolved, not on retreat—for he left his flag flying in face of the enemy—but on resuming his position. He reached Point Isabel, May the 3d, without interruption; and the Mexicans exulted in the division of his army—one portion at Fort Brown, and another at Point Isabel, and a superior force between them. Intelligence was received at this latter place of the successful resistance of Fort Brown, and the embodiment of vast masses of Mexican troops to oppose the return of Gen. Taylor. He waited for no reinforcements, although they were daily expected; he did not even take with him the untrained soldiers at Point Isabel—for the conflict was to be one in which the blenching of a single company might be ruin. On the 7th of May he moved forward, and the next day, about noon, at Palo Alto, he found the enemy. His force consisted of less than 2300 men—the enemy had in the field 6000 regular troops, the irregular force not known. He encountered the flower of the Mexican army, fully equipped, provided with ten pieces of artillery, and confident of victory.

Gen. Taylor paused a time, that his panting host might slake their thirst in the water of Palo Alto, and then moved on to the conflict. The enemy were drawn in line of battle, stretching a mile and a half across the plain—their resplendent lancers in advance on the left, and their overpowering masses of infantry, and batteries of artillery forming the rest of the line. On our side, Col. Twiggs commanded, with the 3d, 4th, and 5th infantry, and Ringgold's artillery, on the right; Col. Belknap on the left, with the 8th, and Duncan's artillery; and Lieutenant Churchill commanded the two eighteen pounders in the centre. The battle was almost wholly one of artillery—and never did artillery such service as ours that day. Ringgold opened with terrible effect; the gallant cavalry of the enemy fell as if smitten by lightning; yet they recovered, and making a sweep, threatened our rear, where they were met and repelled by the infantry in square. While Ringgold mowed his fatal harvest on the right, Duncan on the left poured volley upon volley into the reeling columns of the foe; and in the centre, the two eighteen pounders kept up a steady and staggering fire. Still the enemy, notwithstanding the obvious superiority of our artillery,

maintained their fire with vigor, and urged the battle with determination. At length, as if to swell the horror of the scene, the prairie took fire, and for a time veiled the combatants from each other, and stayed the contest. When suddenly dashing, like incarnate spirits, through the flames, which rose ten feet high, Duncan and his men took position on the flank of the enemy, and opened with terrific effect, rolling back the ranks of the enemy, who recoiled in confusion. Assailed in front and flank, they retired into the chapparal; and thus night found the combatants—the victors encamping where they fought, amid the dying and the dead, with the promise of a bitterer and bloodier conflict for the morrow. That night the Mexicans retired to Resaca de la Palma. Their loss was two hundred killed and four hundred wounded; and ours was four men killed, three officers, and thirty-seven men wounded, several mortally, and among the latter, Major Ringgold and Capt. Page.

Gen. Taylor's bearing in this battle was marked by every trait that ennobles a hero. But his victory had not relieved him from the danger that over-shadowed his little host. He had won glory, but not safety. Should he advance, it must be against an enemy overpowering in his superiority of numbers, and with an advantage of position. A council was held on the early morn of the next day. Its advice was against an advance; Gen. Taylor closed its deliberations by declaring that, if living, he would sleep that night in Fort Brown. The army advanced against the foe.

The next morning disclosed the retreat of the Mexicans. Reinforced by 2000 men, they had selected a position of great strength, with a ravine in front, guarded by a pond on one flank, and the chapparal on the other, defending their position with eight pieces of artillery, and with a vast superiority of force, they awaited the approach of the American army. Their expectations were not baffled. The field is known, and will be remembered as Resaca de la Palma.

The advance of our army was accompanied by every precaution, and at length the presence of the enemy was ascertained. The artillery of Lieut. Ridgely moved rapidly to the front and encountered that of the enemy. The infantry, meanwhile, pressed upon those on the right, and though met with resolution, succeeded in penetrating through the chapparal, and gaining his flank; while on the left a murderous fire was kept up by our advancing troops. But, in the centre, the enemy maintained a steady and destructive fire, from which Gen. Taylor, when entreated to do so, refused to retire. Lieut. Ridgely, unlimbering, advanced, from time to time, toward the enemy, discharging his canister at a distance of one hundred yards upon the foe. The Mexicans, however, with a well-directed fire, continued to sweep our lines. At this crisis Gen. Taylor ordered Capt. May to charge the battery with his dragoons. His words were, "*Capt. May, you must take it.*" That gallant officer, saying to his company, "Men, we must take it," leapt to the charge. It was successful. With those who survived the discharge with which they were met, he swept through the enemy's line, and was immediately followed and sustained by a fierce onslaught from the infantry at the point of the bayonet. The enemy's centre was broken, and the fortune of the day decided. The flight of the Mexicans became

general, and was soon hurried into panic by the ardor of the victors. Every thing was left to the conqueror; and rushing on in one confused mass, the Mexicans trampled down each other in the eagerness of fear. The victory was complete as it was wonderful. Never, in any field, was the omnipotence of heroism more signally displayed; and of those most calm, yet most ardent—in every chasm made by the swoop of the artillery—in every scene that demanded the cool, clear intellect, and the daring heart—the foremost was Taylor.

This conflict was one to be remembered. Taylor brought into the action but 1700 wearied men, against a force of at least 6000, well disciplined, officered and conditioned. The enemy had every advantage of position, and that position was not only strong, but was valiantly maintained. The victory was the result of no sudden panic on the part of the enemy; it was wrested from them by fair, open, hard fighting. Our loss in this contest was about 110 killed and wounded. That of the enemy was probably tenfold, though not ascertained, as many perished in the river. The triumph was affluent in standards, artillery, prisoners and other evidences of victory. To use the language of Gen. Taylor's dispatch—"Our victory has been decisive. A small force has overcome immense odds of the best troops Mexico can furnish—veteran regiments, perfectly equipped and appointed."

Gen. Taylor's promise was fulfilled, and Fort Brown was rescued. But it was found impossible immediately to follow up the victory. Every obstacle was, however, by untiring energy and perseverance overcome; when, on the 17th of May, Arista offered an armistice. It was now too late: the offer was declined. The next day Taylor, without resistance, took possession of Matamoras.

His instructions required his advance into the interior, but for a long period, a period filled up by the hero with impatient protests to the War Department, and entreaties for further means of transportation, and anxious efforts, on his own part, to supply them, he was compelled to remain inactive. At length, however, the army was set in motion. Its object was Monterey, a place strong by nature, amply fortified, and maintained by an army of 7000 troops of the line, and 3000 irregulars. Against this stronghold he marched with an army comprising 425 officers, and 6220 men. Against the forty-two pieces of cannon of the Mexicans, he arrayed but one 10 inch mortar, two 24 pounder howitzers, and four light field batteries of four guns each—the mortar being the only piece suitable to the operations of a siege. With these fearful odds against him he advanced upon Monterey.

Gen. Taylor arrived before the city on the 19th, and established his camp three miles from its defences. Reconnaissances were made, and it was found possible to turn the position of the enemy, and gain the heights in his rear. The gallant Worth was detached upon this duty, and to carry the enemy's works. From this moment the operations became two-fold—the assailing party of Worth being independent of the command of Taylor, and the object of the latter principally to divert the enemy from Worth.

This order was given on the 19th; and the next day at 2 o'clock Worth moved

forward, and succeeded in reaching a position above the Bishop's Palace. The succeeding morning, that of the 21st, commenced the conflict which determined the fate of Monterey. Worth pressing forward, encountered the enemy in force, and overcame him; he gained the Saltillo road, and cut off his communications; and he succeeded in carrying two heights west of the Saltillo road, and turned a gun on one of them upon the Bishop's Palace. These triumphs were confident auguries of victory. Meanwhile, a vigorous assault was made upon the city from below, by the force under Gen. Taylor. It would be vain to attempt a description in limits so brief as those allotted us, of this terrific and bloody contest. Our loss was heavy, from the character of the enemy's defences, and the daring ardor of our troops; and where it was heaviest, Gen. Taylor, seeming to bear a charmed life, was exposed unhurt. His object was, however, attained; he diverted attention from the operations of Gen. Worth, carried one of the enemy's advanced works, and secured a strong foothold in the town. Thus passed the third day of this desperate conflict. The fourth saw Worth victorious at every point. The Bishop's Palace was taken at dawn, the palace itself at mid-day; while the force under Taylor pressed upon the city, the lower part of which was evacuated that night. On the fifth day, the 23d, the troops under Taylor advanced from square to square, every inch of ground being desperately disputed, until they reached within a square of the principal Plaza; while Worth, with equal vigor, pressed onward, encountering and overcoming difficulties insuperable, except to such energies as he commanded. At length the period had arrived for a concerted storm of the enemy's position, which was determined upon for the ensuing day. The morning, however, brought an offer of capitulation. The negotiation resulted in the surrender of the city. This victory, though won at the expense of about 500 hundred killed and wounded, secured the possession of an immense territory, and a vast amount of military spoil.

Monterey now became Gen. Taylor's head-quarters. Saltillo and Parras were occupied; and the Mexicans fell back to San Luis Potosi. This movement was, however, the precursor of a fresh and most formidable effort against our army under Gen. Taylor. Santa Anna was recalled to Mexico, and placed at the head of the government and army. He proceeded immediately to raise and organize an army, and before December, had 20,000 men under his command. With this force he determined to encounter and crush Taylor, and redeem the extensive provinces conquered by the Americans. While he was thus engaged, our government, for the purposes of an attack upon Vera Cruz, withdrew from Gen. Taylor the most effective portion of his force, leaving him with an extended line of territory to defend, a formidable foe in front, and a small force, principally untried volunteers, with which to encounter the enemy. He was advised by the Department to retire to Monterey, and there defend himself; but such a policy would have opened the entire country, as far as the Rio Grande, and probably the Neuces, to the enemy, and have given a severe, if not fatal, blow to our arms. He therefore determined to encounter the foe at an advanced position, and selected Buena Vista for that purpose. This field was admirably chosen, and the hero and his little band there awaited the shock

of his powerful adversary. Santa Anna brought 20,000 men into the field, and was encountered by a force of 334 officers and 4425 men.

On the 22d of February, Santa Anna summoned Gen. Taylor to surrender, vaunting his immense superiority, and the impossibility of successful resistance. The hero's reply was a brief and polite refusal. It was followed by the attack of the Mexicans upon our extreme right, in an effort to gain our flank, and the skirmishing was continued until night. During the night the enemy threw a body of light troops on the mountain side, with the purpose of out-flanking the left of our army; and at an early hour the next morning the engagement here commenced. Our limits will not permit us to give its details. On the part of the Mexicans it was conducted with consummate skill, and maintained with courage and obstinacy. Overpowering masses of troops were poured upon our weakest points, and at several periods of the battle their success seemed almost inevitable. But Gen. Taylor was found equal to every crisis of the conflict. Calm, collected, and resolved, he rose superior to the danger of his situation, and compelled a victory. It is admitted by all who were present, that no man but Gen. Taylor could have won the victory of Buena Vista. The battle raged with variable success for ten hours; and the carnage on both sides was terrible. At length night put an end to the conflict. The Americans slept upon the field of their heroic achievements; and the foe, shattered and disheartened, retired, and the next day were in full retreat to San Luis Potosi. Our loss in this extraordinary conflict was 267 killed, and 456 wounded; that of the enemy was from 1500 to 2000. A distinguished officer present, thus describes the demeanor of Gen. Taylor during the battle:

“During the day an officer approached our lines with a flag of truce, and requested to be shown to General Taylor. The brave old man was sitting quietly on his white charger, with his leg over the pommel of the saddle, watching the movements of the enemy, when the Mexican officer was presented. In a very courteous and graceful manner the officer stated that ‘he had been sent by his excellency General Santa Anna to his excellency General Taylor, to inquire, in the most respectful manner, what he (General Taylor) was waiting for?’ From the silence of General Taylor’s batteries, and the quiet manner in which he received Santa Anna’s terrific cannonading, the Mexican supposed he was asking a very proper question; to which, however, old Rough and Ready gave the very pertinent reply that ‘he was only waiting for General Santa Anna to surrender.’ The Mexican returned hastily to his lines. This message proved to be a *ruse* to ascertain where General Taylor’s position was, for after the return of the Mexican officer to his own ranks, the whole Mexican battery seemed to open upon Gen. Taylor’s position, and the balls flew over and about him like hail. Utterly indifferent to the perils of his situation, there sat the old chief on his conspicuous white horse, peering through his spy-glass at the long lines of Mexican troops that could be seen at a great distance on the march. The persuasion of his aids could not induce him to abandon his favorite point of observation, nor to give up his old white horse. To the suggestions of his staff that ‘old whitey’ was rather too conspicuous a charger for the

commander, he replied, that ‘the old fellow had missed the fun at Monterey, on account of a sore foot, and he was determined he should have his share this time.’”

The victory of Buena Vista closed the war in that quarter of Mexico. Since that period Gen. Taylor has found no enemy willing or able to encounter him.

The character of Gen. Taylor has been throughout his life, from the commencement of his career of victory at Fort Harrison down to the present moment, consistent and self-sustained. Its leading trait has been a disinterested devotion to his country, and the dedication of his life and energies to its service. In public and in private, he has always been distinguished for the lofty and iron integrity of an Aristides or Cincinnatus. Always independent and self-reliant, he owes nothing to the patronage of the great, or the partiality of the powerful, but has fought his way up to the lofty eminence which he now occupies in the minds and hearts of his countrymen. His triumphs have been won by his own genius and virtues—his own counsels have directed, his own energies sustained him. His vigor of character, his power of will, and fertility of resources, have swept every obstacle from his path; laborious and intense in his exertions, patient and perseverant in the pursuit of his object, he has risen superior to the most perilous exigencies, and made every trial a triumph. To these high qualities he has added a sagacity which nothing could baffle or elude, and which, in the course of his long career, has in no emergency been found in error. Unerring and profound, it has been prompt to discover every advantage and powerful to improve it. His dispatches, in answer to questions propounded by the Department, in relation to the general policy, disclose a grasp and comprehension of intellect, an extent of information, and a depth of judgment that would distinguish any living statesman; while the style of his correspondence, simple, but polished, eloquent, but unostentatious, may be and has frequently been cited as a model of that species of composition. Gen. Taylor’s disposition is kindly and affectionate; his heart glows with benevolence, and his manners are gentle and pleasing. To those under his command his demeanor has ever been paternal and affectionate; and he has been rewarded in a devotion on their part as zealous and ardent as any which soldiers ever cherished for the hero that led them to victory. To his officers his deportment has always been generous, affording them, as in the case of Worth, every opportunity to win distinction, and eager to secure for them the admiration and reward which they merited. Even the foe not only learned to fear him as an enemy, but to revere him as a protector. His refusal to sack Monterey and expose the helpless and innocent women and children to the mercy of the flushed soldier, rough, and hard of heart, will be remembered as one of the noblest incidents of the war. His tenderness to the wounded of the foe, and his anxiety to secure sepulture for their dead, approve him to be as humane as he is heroic. Gen. Taylor is now fifty-seven years of age; he is about five feet ten inches in height, well built, muscular and hardy in his appearance. Our portrait may be relied upon as a correct and characteristic delineation of the features of one who will hereafter live in the most cherished affections of our people, and on the brightest page of our country’s history.

TO —, AT PARTING.

BY CAROLINE A. BRIGGS.

THOU sayest thou wilt ne'er forget;
That I shall ever be
A green spot on Life's desert waste,
A star of love to thee—
A ray to cheer and warm—and yet,
Believe it not; thou *wilt* forget!

A few short years perchance thou'lt keep
My mem'ry fresh and green,
Recalling e'en each look of mine,
Without a mist between—
And think 'twill *aye* be so—and yet,
Believe it not; *thou wilt forget!*

I've met with friends who've vowed to me,
To love through good and ill;
To cherish me till life's great pulse
Within their hearts grew still—
Forgetting me, oh, ne'er!—and yet,
Alas! Alas! they *did* forget.

My name to them is now like some
Dim mem'ry of a song
They used to love to listen to—
But that was long since—*long*—
'Tis charmless now—and yet, and yet,
They *said* they never would forget.

A little time, and thou wilt write
My name all names above,
And then, perchance, thou too wilt find
Some dearer one to love—
Some fairer one whom thou hast met,
And I, alas! thou *WILT* forget!

Believe it not that I shall live
 Within thy heart for aye;
Recall this weary parting hour,
 Some future, distant day—
And thou wilt start to find that yet.
With *all* thy care, *thou* DID'ST *forget!*

SONNET FROM PETRARCH, ON THE DEATH OF LAURA.

TRANSLATED BY ALICE GREY.

FALLEN is the lofty column, the laurel green;
The refuge sweet of my o'er wearied thought.
I have lost that, which may in vain be sought
The stormy North and the sweet South between.
My dearest treasure death's cold arms enfold,
The joy and glory of my every hour;
And Earth cannot restore it; nor can power,
Nor oriental gems, nor hoards of gold.
Since fate such sorrow doth for me prepare,
How can I choose but bear a bleeding heart,
Eyes ever moist, and looks by grief inspired?
Oh life! which seen afar appears so fair,
How often in one morning doth depart,
That which long years of suffering had acquired.

SALLY LYON'S

FIRST AND LAST VISIT TO THE ALE-HOUSE.¹⁷¹

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

WHEN Sally Lester gave her hand in marriage to Ralph Lyon, she was a delicate, timid girl of eighteen, who had passed the spring-time of life happily beneath her father's roof. To her, care, anxiety, and trouble were yet strangers. The first few years of her married life passed happily—for Ralph was one of the kindest of husbands, and suffered his wife to lean upon him so steadily, that the native strength of her own character remained undeveloped.

Ralph Lyon was an industrious mechanic, who always had steady work and good wages. Still, he did not seem to get ahead as some others did, notwithstanding Sally was a frugal wife, and did all her own work, instead of putting him to the expense of help in the family. Of course, this being the case, it was evident that there was a leak somewhere, but where it was neither Ralph nor his wife could tell.

"Thomas Jones has bought the piece of ground next to his cottage," said Ralph one day to Sally, "and says that next year he hopes to be able to put up a small frame-house, big enough for them to live in. He paid sixty dollars for the lot, and it is at least a quarter of an acre. He is going to put it all in garden this spring, and says he will raise enough to give him potatoes, and other vegetables for a year to come. It puzzles me to know how he saves money. He doesn't get any better wages than I do, and his family is quite as large."

"I am sure," returned Sally, who felt that there was something like a reflection upon her in what her husband said, "that Nancy Jones doesn't spend her husband's earnings more frugally than I do mine. Every week she has a woman to help her wash, and I do it all myself."

"I am sure it isn't your fault—at least I don't think it is," replied Ralph; "but something is wrong somewhere. I don't spend any thing at all, except for a glass or two every day, and a little tobacco; and this, of course, couldn't make the difference."

Sally said nothing. A few glasses a-day and tobacco, she knew, must cost something, though, like her husband, she did not believe it would make the difference of buying a quarter of an acre of ground, and building a snug cottage in the course of a few years.

Let us see how this is. Perhaps we can find out the leak that wasted the

substance of Ralph Lyon. He never drank less than three glasses a-day, and sometimes four; and his tobacco cost, for smoking and chewing, just twelve and a half cents a week. Now, how much would all this amount to? Why, to just sixty-five dollars a year, provided but three glasses a-day were taken, and nothing was spent in treating a friend. But the limit was not always observed, and the consequence was, that, take the year through, at least eighty dollars were spent in drinking, smoking, and chewing. Understanding this, the thing is very plain. In four years, eighty dollars saved in each year would give the handsome sum of three hundred and twenty dollars. Thomas Jones neither drank, smoked, nor chewed, and, consequently, not only saved money enough in a few years to build himself a snug little house, but could afford, during the time, to let his wife have a washer-woman to help her every week, and to dress much more comfortably than Sally Lyon had been able to do.

The difference in the condition of the two families sets Mrs. Lyon to thinking very seriously about the matter, and thinking and calculating soon made the cause quite plain to her. It was the drinking and the smoking. But with a discovery of the evil did not come a cheering consciousness of its easy removal. How could she ask Ralph to give up his glass and his tobacco, to both of which he seemed so strongly wedded? He worked hard for his money, and if he chose to enjoy it in that way, she had no heart to interfere with him. But from the time that Ralph discovered how well his neighbor Jones was getting along, while he, like a horse in a mill, had been toiling and sweating for years, and yet stood in the same place, he became dissatisfied, and often expressed this dissatisfaction to Sally, at the same time declaring his inability to tell where all the money he earned went to.

At length Sally ventured to hint at the truth. But Ralph met it with —

“Pooh! nonsense! Don’t tell me that a glass of liquor, now and then, and a bit of tobacco, are going to make all that difference. It isn’t reasonable. Besides, I work very hard, and I ought to have a little comfort with it when I’m tired, a glass warms me up, and makes me bright again; and I am sure I couldn’t do without my pipe.”

“I don’t ask you to do so, Ralph,” replied Sally. “I only said what I did, that you might see why we couldn’t save money like our neighbor Jones. I am sure I am very careful in our expenses, and I haven’t bought myself a new gown for a long time, although I am very bare of clothes.”

The way in which Ralph replied to his wife’s suggestion of the cause of the evil complained of, determined her to say no more; and as he felt some convictions on the subject, which he was not willing to admit, he was ever afterward silent about the unaccountable way in which his money went.

In about the same ratio that the external condition of Thomas Jones improved, did that of Ralph Lyon grow worse and worse. From not being able to save any thing, he gradually began to fall in debt. When quarter-day came round, there was generally several dollars wanting to make up the rent; and their landlord, with much grumbling on his part, was compelled to wait for the balance some two or three

weeks beyond the due-day. At length the quarter-day found Ralph with nothing laid by for his rent. Somehow or other, he was not able to earn as much, from sickness, and days lost from other causes; and what he did earn appeared to melt away like snow in the sunshine.

Poor Mrs. Lyon felt very miserable at the aspect of things; more especially, as in addition to the money squandered at the ale-house by her husband, he often came home intoxicated. The grief to her was more severe, from the fact that she loved Ralph tenderly, notwithstanding his errors. When he came home in liquor, she did not chide him, nor did she say any thing to him about it when he was sober; for then he appeared so ashamed and cut down, that she could not find it in her heart to utter a single word.

One day she was alarmed by a message from Ralph that he had been arrested, while at his work, for debt, by his landlord, who was going to throw him in jail. They now owed him over twenty dollars. The idea of her husband being thrown into a jail was terrible to poor Mrs. Lyon. She asked a kind neighbor to take care of her children for her, and then putting on her bonnet, she almost flew to the magistrate's office. There was Ralph, with an officer by his side ready to remove him to prison.

"You shan't take my husband to jail," she said, wildly, when she saw the real aspect of things, clinging fast hold of Ralph. "Nobody shall take him to jail."

"I am sorry, my good woman," said the magistrate, "to do so, but it can't be helped. The debt must be paid, or your husband will have to go to jail. I have no discretion in the matter. Can you find means to pay the debt? If not, perhaps you had better go and see your landlord; you may prevail on him to wait a little longer for his money, and not send your husband to jail."

"Yes, Sally, do go and see him," said Ralph; "I am sure he will relent when he sees you."

Mrs. Lyon let go the arm of her husband, and, darting from the office, ran at full speed to the house of their landlord.

"Oh, sir!" she exclaimed, "you cannot, you will not send my husband to jail."

"I both can and will," was the gruff reply. "A man who drinks up his earnings as he does, and then, when quarter-day comes, can't pay his rent, deserves to go to jail."

"But, sir, consider—"

"Don't talk to me, woman! If you have the money for the rent, I will take it, and let your husband go free; if not, the quicker you leave here the better."

It was vain, she saw, to strive with the hard-hearted man, whose face was like iron. Hurriedly leaving his house, she hastened back to the office, but her husband was not there. In her absence he had been removed to prison. When Mrs. Lyon fully understood this, she made no remark, but turned from the magistrate and walked home with a firm step. The weakness of the woman was giving way to the quickening energies of the wife, whose husband was in prison, and could not be

released except by her efforts. On entering her house, she went to her drawers, and took therefrom a silk dress, but little worn, a mother's present when she was married; a good shawl, that she had bought from her own earnings when a happy maiden; a few articles of jewelry, that had not been worn for years, most of them presents from Ralph before they had stood at the bridal altar, and sundry other things, that could best be dispensed with. These she took to a pawn-broker's, and obtained an advance of fifteen dollars. She had two dollars in the house, which made seventeen; the balance of the required sum she borrowed from two or three of her neighbors, and then hurried off to obtain her husband's release.

For a time, the rigid proceedings of the landlord proved a useful lesson to Ralph Lyon. He worked more steadily, and was rather more careful of his earnings. But this did not last a great while. Appetite, long indulged, was strong; and he soon returned to his old habits.

The shock the imprisonment of her husband produced, awoke Mrs. Lyon to the necessity of doing something to increase their income. All that he brought home each week was scarcely sufficient to buy food; and it was clear that there would be nothing with which to pay rent when next quarter-day came round, unless it should be the product of her own exertions. Plain sewing was obtained by Mrs. Lyon, and an additional labor of three or four hours in the twenty-four added to her already over-tasked body. Instead of feeling rebuked at this, the besotted husband only perceived in it a license for him to use his own earnings more freely, thus making his poor wife's condition really worse than it was before.

Things, instead of getting better, grew worse, year after year. The rent Mrs. Lyon managed always to pay; for the fear of seeing her husband carried off to jail was ever before her eyes, stimulating her to constant exertion; but down, down, down they went steadily and surely, and the light of hope faded daily, and grew dimmer and dimmer before the eyes of the much-enduring wife and mother. Amid all, her patience was wonderful. She never spoke angrily to Ralph, but strove, rather, always to appear cheerful before him. If he was disposed to talk, she would talk with him, and humor his mood of mind; if he was gloomy and silent, she would intrude nothing upon him calculated to fret his temper; if he complained, she tried to soothe him. But it availed nothing. The man was in a charmed circle, and every impulse tended to throw him into the centre where ruin awaited him.

At last even the few dollars she had received every week from her husband's earnings, ceased to come into her hands. The wretched man worked little over half his time, and drank up all that he made. Even the amount of food that the entire product of Mrs. Lyon's labor would procure, was barely sufficient to satisfy the hunger of her family. The clothes of her children soon began to hang in tatters about them; her own garments were faded, worn, and patched; and every thing about the house that had not been sold to pay rent, was in a dilapidated condition. Still, there had been no unkind word, not even a remonstrance from the much-enduring wife.

Matters at last reached a climax. Poor Mrs. Lyon had not been able to get any

thing to do for a week, and all supplies of food, except a little meal, were exhausted. An anxious day had closed, and at night-fall the mother made some hasty-pudding for the children, which was eaten with a little milk. This consumed her entire store. She had four children, the two oldest she put to bed, but kept the two youngest, one five years old, and the other three, up with her. She moved about with a firmer step than usual, and her lips were tightly closed, as if she had made up her mind to do something from which, under ordinary circumstances, she would have shrunk.

After the older children had been put to bed, she made the two younger ones draw near to the hearth, upon which a few brands were burning, and warm themselves as well as the feeble heat emitted by the almost exhausted fire would permit. Then she wrapped each around with a piece of an old shawl, and after putting on her bonnet, took them by the hands and left the house. It was a chilly night in winter. The wind swept coldly along the streets, piercing through the thin garments of the desperate mother, who was leading forth her tender little ones on some strange, unnatural errand. But she shrunk not in the blast, but walked rapidly along, almost dragging the children after her. At length she stopped before the window of an ale-house, and standing on tip-toe, looked over the red curtain that shaded half the window, and concealed the inmates from the view of passers by. Within she saw her husband sitting comfortably by a table, a glass by his side, and a pipe in his mouth. Half a dozen pot-companions were sitting around, and all seemed enjoying themselves well.

Mrs. Lyon remained without only a few moments; then taking hold of the door she walked firmly in, and without appearing to notice her husband, went up to the bar and called for three glasses of brandy. After doing this, she seated herself at a table near by her husband. Great, of course, was the surprise of Lyon at this apparition. He jumped from his chair and stood before his wife, just as she had taken her seat at the table, saying, in an undertone, as he did so —

“For Heaven’s sake, Sally! what brings you here?”

“It is very lonesome at home, Ralph,” she replied, in a calm but sad voice. “Our wood is all gone, and it is cold there. I am your wife, and there is no company for me like yours. I will go anywhere to be with you. I am willing to come even here.”

“But, Sally, to think of your coming to such a place as this.”

“If it is pleasant to you, it shall be so to me. Any where that my husband goes, surely I can go. God hath joined us together as one, and nothing should divide us.”

By this time the three glasses of brandy that Mrs. Lyon had called for were placed before her on the table.

“Bring another glass,” said Mrs. Lyon calmly, “my husband will drink with us.”

“Sally, are you mad?” ejaculated Ralph.

“Mad, to go with my husband? Why should you say that, Ralph? Drink, children,” she added, turning to her two little ones, and placing a glass of unadulterated brandy before them. “It will do you good.” As Sally said this, she

lifted her own glass to her lips.

“Surely, you are not going to drink that?” said Ralph.

“Why not? You drink to forget sorrow; and if brandy have that effect, I am sure no living creature needs it more than I do. Besides, I have eaten nothing to-day, and need something to strengthen me.”

Saying this, she sipped the burning liquid, and smacking her lips, looked up into her husband’s face and smiled.

“It warms to the very heart, Ralph!” she said. “I feel better already.” Then turning to the children, whose glasses remained untouched before them, she said to the astonished little ones,

“Drink, my children! It is very good.”

“Woman! are you mad? My children shall not touch it;” and he lifted the glasses from the table and handed them to one of the company that had crowded around to witness this strange scene.

“Why not?” said his wife, in the calm tone with which she had at first spoken. “If it is good for you, it is good for your wife and children. It will put these dear ones to sleep, and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. To you it is fire and food and bed and clothing—all these we need, and you will surely not withhold them from us.”

By this time Ralph was less under the influence of liquor than he had been for weeks, although he had drunk as freely as ever through the day. Taking hold of his wife’s arm, he said, in a kind voice, for he began to think that her mind was really wandering —

“Come, Sally, let us go home.”

“Why should we go, Ralph?” she replied, keeping her seat. “There is no fire at home, but it is warm and comfortable here. There is no food there, but here is plenty to eat and to drink. I don’t wonder that you liked this place better than home, and I am sure I would rather stay here.”

The drunken husband was confounded. He knew not what to do or to say. The words of his wife smote him to the heart; for she uttered a stunning rebuke that could not be gainsaid. He felt a choking sensation, and his trembling knees bore heavily against each other.

“Sally,” he said, after a pause, in an altered and very earnest tone—“I know it is more comfortable here than it is at home, but I am going home, and I intend staying there. Wont you go with me, and try to make it as comfortable as it used to be? The change is all my fault, I know; but it shall be my fault no longer. Here, once and forever, I solemnly pledge myself before God never again to drink the poison that has made me more than half a brute, and beggared my poor family. Come, Sally! Let us hurry away from here; the very air oppresses me. Come, in Heaven’s name! come!”

Quickly, as if an electric shock had startled her, did Mrs. Lyon spring from her seat, as her husband uttered the last word, and lay hold of his arm with an eager grasp.

“The Lord in heaven be praised!” she said, solemnly, “for it is his work. Yes, come! Let us go quickly. There will again be light, and fire and food in our dwelling. Our last days may yet be our best days.”

Lifting each a child from the floor, the husband and wife left that den of misery with as hasty steps as Christian’s when he fled from the City of Destruction.

The hopeful declaration of Mrs. Lyon proved indeed true. There was soon light, and fire, and food again in that cheerless dwelling; and the last days of Ralph and his family have proved to be their best days. He has never since tasted the tempting cup, and finds that it is a very easy matter to save one or two dollars a week, and yet live very comfortably.

The scene in the ale-house is never alluded to by either the husband or wife. They take no pleasure in looking back—preferring, rather, to look forward with hope. When it is thought of by either, it is something as a man who has endured a painful operation to save his life, thinks of the intense sufferings he then endured.

[7] This story is founded upon a brief narrative which met the author’s eye in an English newspaper.

SONNET.

TO A YOUNG INVALID ABROAD.

HEALTH unto thee! 'Twill come, though coy and slow:
Thou canst not die, before I cease to live.
Are we not one? Ay, brother, boughs that give
Their verdure from one trunk, and cannot know
A life-drop but from thence? The topmost bough
Still withers first: whilst mine is green on high,
I feel—and fear not—that thou canst not die!
Would that my life's blood, warm and healthful now,
Were welling in thy veins—and I like thee!
'Twere joy to suffer for thee, could I hear
Thy light laugh, as of old, ring in my ear:
So thou wert happy what aught else to me?
An angel-ward our mother's prayers have set
Around thee. Courage then! Thou'lt kiss her pale cheek yet!

C.

Philadelphia, April 1847.



Painted by Fanny Corbourn

Painted by Fanny Corbourn

Engraved by A. L. Dick

MIRIAM.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

MIRIAM.

BY E. M. SIDNEY.

SHE opens her lattice,
And looks on the lake;
O'er its slumbering surface,
No murmurs awake.
Afar, o'er the mountain,
The moon has long set:
The morning breeze freshens,—
Why tarries he yet?

A sound in the distance,
A low plashing oar:
See! yonder a shadow;
It touches the shore.
'Tis he—safe returning—
Joy leaps to her eyes:
And clasped to his bosom,
“My husband!” she sighs.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

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

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

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(Continued from page 360.)

PART IX.

The night has been unruly: where we lay,
Our chimneys were blown down: and, as they say,
Lamentings heard i' the air; strange screams of death;
And prophecying, with accents terrible,
Of dire combustion, and confused events,
New hatched to the woful time.

MACBETH.

It is seldom that man is required to make an exertion as desperate and appalling, in all its circumstances, as that on which Harry Mulford was now bent. The night was starlight, it was true, and it was possible to see objects near by with tolerable distinctness; still, it was midnight, and the gloom of that hour rested on the face of the sea, lending its solemn mystery and obscurity to the other trying features of the undertaking. Then there was the uncertainty whether it was the boat at all, of which he was in pursuit; and, if the boat, it might drift away from him as fast as he could follow it. Nevertheless, the perfect conviction that, without some early succor, the party on the wreck, including Rose Budd, must inevitably perish, stimulated him to proceed, and a passing feeling of doubt, touching the prudence of his course, that came over the young mate, when he was a few yards from the wreck, vanished under a vivid renewal of this last conviction. On he swam, therefore, riveting his eye on the "thoughtful star" that guided his course, and keeping his mind as tranquil as possible, in order that the exertions of his body might be the easier.

Mulford was an excellent swimmer. The want of food was a serious obstacle to his making one of his best efforts, but, as yet, he was not very sensible of any great loss of strength. Understanding fully the necessity of swimming easily, if he would swim long, he did not throw out all his energy at first, but made the movements of his limbs as regular, continued, and skillful as possible. No strength was thrown away, and his progress was in proportion to the prudence of this manner of proceeding. For some twenty minutes he held on his course, in this way, when he began to experience a little of that weariness which is apt to accompany an unremitted use of the same set of muscles, in a monotonous and undeviating mode. Accustomed to all the resources of his art, he turned on his back, for the double purpose of relieving his arms for a minute, and of getting a glimpse of the wreck, if possible, in order to ascertain the distance he had overcome. Swim long in this new manner, however, he could not with prudence, as the star was necessary in order to keep the direct line of his course. It may be necessary to explain to some of our readers, that, though the surface of the ocean may be like glass, as sometimes really happens, it is never absolutely free from the long, undulating motion that is known by the name of a "ground swell." This swell, on the present occasion, was not very heavy, but it was sufficient to place our young mate, at moments, between two dark mounds of water, that limited his view in either direction to some eighty or a hundred yards; then it raised him on the summit of a rounded wave, that enabled him to see, far as his eye could reach under that obscure light. Profiting by this advantage, Mulford now looked behind him, in quest of the wreck, but uselessly. It might have been in the trough, while he was thus on the summit of the waves, or it might be that it floated so low as to be totally lost to the view of one whose head was scarcely above the surface of the water. For a single instant, the young man felt a chill at his heart, as he fancied that the wreck had already sunk; but it passed away when he recalled the slow progress by which the air escaped, and he saw the certainty that the catastrophe, however inevitable, could not yet have really arrived. He waited for another swell to lift him on its summit, when, by "treading water," he raised his head and shoulders fairly above the surface of the sea, and strained his eyes in another vain effort to catch a glimpse of the wreck. He could not see it. In point of fact, the mate had swum much further than he had supposed, and was already so distant as to render any such attempt hopeless. He was fully a third of a mile distant from the point of his departure.

Disappointed, and in a slight degree disheartened, Mulford turned, and swam in the direction of the sinking star. He now looked anxiously for the boat. It was time that it came more plainly into view, and a new source of anxiety beset him, as he could discover no signs of its vicinity. Certain that he was on the course, after making a due allowance for the direction of the wind, the stout-hearted young man swam on. He next determined not to annoy himself by fruitless searches, or vain regrets, but to swim steadily for a certain time, a period long enough to carry him a material distance, ere he again looked for the object of his search.

For twenty minutes longer did that courageous and active youth struggle with

the waste of waters, amid the obscurity and solitude of midnight. He now believed himself near a mile from the wreck, and the star which had so long served him for a beacon was getting near to the horizon. He took a new observation of another of the heavenly bodies nigh it, to serve him in its stead when it should disappear altogether, and then he raised himself in the water, and looked about again for the boat. The search was in vain. No boat was very near him, of a certainty, and the dreadful apprehension began to possess his mind, of perishing uselessly in that waste of gloomy waters. While thus gazing about him, turning his eyes in every quarter, hoping intently to catch some glimpse of the much-desired object in the gloom, he saw two dark, pointed objects, that resembled small stakes, in the water within twenty feet of him. Mulford knew them at a glance, and a cold shudder passed through his frame, as he recognized them. They were, out of all question, the fins of an enormous shark; an animal that could not measure less than eighteen or twenty feet in length.

It is scarcely necessary to say, that when our young mate discovered the proximity of this dangerous animal, situated as he was, he gave himself up for lost. He possessed his knife, however, and had heard of the manner in which even sharks were overcome, and that too in their own element, by the skillful and resolute. At first, he was resolved to make one desperate effort for life, before he submitted to a fate as horrible as that which now menaced him; but the movements of his dangerous neighbour induced him to wait. It did not approach any nearer, but continued swimming back and fro, on the surface of the water, according to the known habits of the fish, as if watching his own movements. There being no time to be wasted, our young mate turned on his face, and began again to swim in the direction of the setting star, though nearly chilled by despair. For ten minutes longer did he struggle on, beginning to feel exhaustion, however, and always accompanied by those two dark, sharp and gliding fins. There was no difficulty in knowing the position of the animal, and Mulford's eyes were oftener on those fins than on the beacon before him. Strange as it may appear, he actually became accustomed to the vicinity of this formidable creature, and soon felt his presence a sort of relief against the dreadful solitude of his situation. He had been told by seamen of instances, and had once witnessed a case himself, in which a shark had attended a swimming man for a long distance, either forbearing to do him harm, from repletion, or influenced by that awe which nature has instilled into all of the inferior, for the highest animal of the creation. He began to think that he was thus favored, and really regarded the shark as a friendly neighbor, rather than as a voracious foe. In this manner did the two proceed, nearly another third of a mile, the fins sometimes in sight ahead, gliding hither and thither, and sometimes out of view behind the swimmer, leaving him in dreadful doubts as to the movements of the fish, when Mulford suddenly felt something hard hit his foot. Believing it to be the shark, dipping for his prey, a slight exclamation escaped him. At the next instant both feet hit the unknown substance again, and he stood erect, the water no higher than his waist! Quick, and comprehending every thing connected with the sea, the young man at once

understood that he was on a part of the reef where the water was so shallow as to admit of his wading.

Mulford felt that he had been providentially rescued from death. His strength had been about to fail him, when he was thus led, unknown to himself, to a spot where his life might yet be possibly prolonged for a few more hours, or days. He had leisure to look about him, and to reflect on what was next to be done. Almost unwittingly, he turned in quest of his terrible companion, in whose voracious mouth he had actually believed himself about to be immolated, a few seconds before. There the two horn-like fins still were, gliding about above the water, and indicating the smallest movement of their formidable owner. The mate observed that they went a short distance ahead of him, describing nearly a semi-circle, and then returned, doing the same thing in his rear, repeating the movements incessantly, keeping always on his right. This convinced him that shoaler water existed on his left hand, and he waded in that direction, until he reached a small spot of naked rock.

For a time, at least, he was safe! The fragment of coral on which the mate now stood, was irregular in shape, but might have contained a hundred feet square in superficial measurement, and was so little raised above the level of the water as not to be visible, even by daylight, at the distance of a hundred yards. Mulford found it was perfectly dry, however, an important discovery to him, as by a close calculation he had made of the tides, since quitting the Dry Tortugas, he knew it must be near high water. Could he have even this small portion of bare rock secure, it made him, for the moment, rich as the most extensive landholder living. A considerable quantity of sea-weed had lodged on the rock, and, as most of this was also quite dry, it convinced the young sailor that the place was usually bare. But, though most of this sea-weed was dry, there were portions of the more recent accessions there that still lay in, or quite near to the water, which formed exceptions. In handling these weeds, in order to ascertain the facts, Mulford caught a small shell-fish, and finding it fresh and easy to open, he swallowed it with the eagerness of a famishing man. Never had food proved half so grateful to him as that single swallow of a very palatable testaceous animal. By feeling further, he found several others of the same family, and made quite as large a meal, as, under the circumstances, was probably good for him. Then, grateful for his escape, but overcome by fatigue, he hastily arranged a bed of sea-weed, drew a portion of the plant over his body, to keep him warm, and fell into a deep sleep that lasted for hours.

Mulford did not regain his consciousness until the rays of the rising sun fell upon his eye-lids, and the genial warmth of the great luminary shed its benign influence over his frame. At first his mind was confused, and it required a few seconds to bring a perfect recollection of the past, and a true understanding of his real situation. They came, however, and the young man moved to the highest part of his little domain, and cast an anxious, hurried look around in quest of the wreck. A knowledge of the course in which he had swum, aided by the position of the sun, told him on what part of the naked waste to look for the object he sought. God had

not yet forsaken them! There was the wreck; or, it might be more exact to say, there were those whom the remaining buoyancy of the wreck still upheld from sinking into the depths of the gulf. In point of fact, but a very little of the bottom of the vessel actually remained above water, some two or three yards square at most, and that little was what seamen term nearly awash. Two or three hours must bury that small portion of the still naked wood beneath the surface of the sea, though sufficient buoyancy might possibly remain for the entire day still to keep the living from death.

There the wreck was, however, yet floating; and, though not visible to Mulford, with a small portion of it above water. He saw the four persons only; and what was more, they saw him. This was evident by Jack Tier's waving his hat like a man cheering. When Mulford returned this signal, the shawl of Rose was tossed into the air, in a way to leave no doubt that he was seen and known. The explanation of this early recognition and discovery of the young mate was very simple. Tier was not asleep when Harry left the wreck, though, seeing the importance of the step the other was taking, he had feigned to be so. When Rose awoke, missed her lover, and was told what had happened, her heart was kept from sinking by his encouraging tale and hopes. An hour of agony had succeeded, nevertheless, when light returned and no Mulford was to be seen. The despair that burst upon the heart of our heroine was followed by the joy of discovering him on the rock.

It is scarcely necessary to say how much the parties were relieved on ascertaining their respective positions. Faint as were the hopes of each of eventual delivery, the two or three minutes that succeeded seemed to be minutes of perfect happiness. After this rush of unlooked for joy, Mulford continued his intelligent examination of surrounding objects.

The wreck was fully half a mile from the rock of the mate, but much nearer to the reef than it had been the previous night. "Could it but ground on the rocks," thought the young man, "it would be a most blessed event." The thing was possible, though the first half hour of his observations told him that its drift was in the direction of the open passage so often named, rather than toward the nearest rocks. Still, that drift brought Rose each minute nearer and nearer to himself again. In looking round, however, the young man saw the boat. It was a quarter of a mile distant, with open water between them, apparently grounded on a rock, for it was more within the reef than he was himself. He must have passed it in the dark, and the boat had been left to obey the wind and currents, and to drift to the spot where it then lay.

Mulford shouted aloud when he saw the boat, and at once determined to swim in quest of it, as soon as he had collected a little refreshment from among the seaweed. On taking a look at his rock by daylight, he saw that its size was quadrupled to the eye by the falling of the tide, and that water was lying in several of the cavities of its uneven surface. At first he supposed this to be sea-water, left by the flood; but, reflecting a moment, he remembered the rain, and hoped it might be

possible that one little cavity, containing two or three gallons of the fluid, would turn out to be fresh. Kneeling beside it, he applied his lips in feverish haste, and drank the sweetest draught that had ever passed his lips. Slaking his thirst, which had begun again to be painfully severe, he arose with a heart overflowing with gratitude—could he only get Rose to that narrow and barren rock, it would seem to be an earthly paradise. Mulford next made his scanty, but, all things considered, sufficient meal, drank moderately afterward, and then turned his attention and energies toward the boat, which, though now aground and fast, might soon float on the rising tide, and drift once more beyond his reach. It was his first intention to swim directly for his object; but, just as about to enter the water, he saw with horror the fins of at least a dozen sharks, who were prowling about in the deeper water of the reef, and almost encircling his hold. To throw himself in the midst of such enemies would be madness, and he stopped to reflect, and again to look about him. For the first time that morning, he took a survey of the entire horizon, to see if any thing were in sight; for, hitherto, his thoughts had been too much occupied with Rose and her companions, to remember any thing else. To the northward and westward he distinctly saw the upper sails of a large ship, that was standing on a wind to the northward and eastward. As there was no port to which a vessel of that character would be likely to be bound in the quarter of the Gulf to which such a course would lead, Mulford at once inferred it was the sloop-of-war, which, after having examined the islets, at the Dry Tortugas, and finding them deserted, was beating up, either to go into Key West, or to pass to the southward of the reef again, by the passage through which she had come as lately as the previous day. This was highly encouraging; and could he only get to the boat, and remove the party from the wreck before it sank, there was now every prospect of a final escape.

To the southward, also, the mate fancied he saw a sail. It was probably a much smaller vessel than the ship in the north-west, and at a greater distance. It might, however, be the lofty sails of some large craft, standing along the reef, going westward, bound to New Orleans, or to that new and important port, Point Isabel; or it might be some wrecker, or other craft, edging away into the passage. As it was, it appeared only as a speck in the horizon, and was too far off to offer much prospect of succor.

Thus acquainted with the state of things around him, Mulford gave his attention seriously to his duties. He was chiefly afraid that the returning tide might lift the boat from the rock on which it had grounded, and that it would float beyond his reach. Then there was the frightful and ever increasing peril of the wreck, and the dreadful fate that so inevitably menaced those it held, were not relief prompt. This thought goaded him nearly to desperation, and he felt at moments almost ready to plunge into the midst of the sharks, and fight his way to his object.

But reflection showed him a less hazardous way of making an effort to reach the boat. The sharks' fins described a semi-circle only, as had been the case of his single attendant during the night, and he thought that the shoalness of the water

prevented their going further than they did, in a south-easterly direction, which was that of the boat. He well knew that a shark required sufficient water to sink beneath its prey, ere it made its swoop, and that it uniformly turned on its back, and struck upward whenever it gave one of its voracious bites. This was owing to the greater length of its upper than of its lower jaw, and Mulford had heard it was a physical necessity of its formation. Right or wrong, he determined to act on this theory, and began at once to wade along the part of the reef that his enemies seemed unwilling to approach.

Had our young mate a weapon of any sort larger than his knife, he would have felt greater confidence in his success. As it was, however, he drew that knife, and was prepared to sell his life dearly should a foe assail him. No sooner was his step heard in the water, than the whole group of sharks were set in violent motion, glancing past, and frequently quite near him, as if aware their intended prey was about to escape. Had the water deepened much, Harry would have returned at once, for a conflict with such numbers would have been hopeless; but it did not; on the contrary, it shoaled again, after a very short distance at which it had been waist deep; and Mulford found himself wading over a long, broad surface of rock, and that directly toward the boat, through water that seldom rose above his knees, and which, occasionally, scarce covered his feet. There was no absolutely naked rock near him, but there seemed to be acres of that which might be almost said to be awash. Amid the greedy throng that endeavored to accompany him, the mate even fancied he recognised the enormous fins of his old companion, who sailed to and fro in the crowd in a stately manner, as if merely a curious looker on of his own movements. It was the smaller, and probably the younger sharks, that betrayed the greatest hardihood and voracity. One or two of these made fierce swoops toward Harry, as if bent on having him at every hazard; but they invariably glided off when they found their customary mode of attack resisted by the shoalness of the water.

Our young mate got ahead but slowly, being obliged to pay a cautious attention to the movements of his escort. Sometimes he was compelled to wade up to his arms in order to cross narrow places, that he might get on portions of the rock that were nearly bare; and once he was actually compelled to swim eight or ten yards. Nevertheless, he did get on, and after an hour of this sort of work, he found himself within a hundred yards of the boat, which lay grounded near a low piece of naked rock, but separated from it by a channel of deep water, into which all the sharks rushed in a body, as if expressly to cut off his escape. Mulford now paused to take breath, and to consider what ought to be done. On the spot where he stood he was quite safe, though ankle deep in the sea, the shallow water extending to a considerable distance on all sides of him, with the single exception of the channel in his front. He stood on the very verge of that channel, and could see in the pellucid element before him, that it was deep enough to float a vessel of some size.

To venture into the midst of twenty sharks required desperation, and Harry was not yet reduced to that. He had been so busy in making his way to the point where

he stood as to have no leisure to look for the wreck; but he now turned his eyes in quest of that all interesting object. He saw the shawl fluttering in the breeze, and that was all he could see. Tier had contrived to keep it flying as a signal where he was to be found, but the hull of the schooner had sunk so low in the water that they who were seated on its keel were not visible even at the short distance which now separated them from Mulford. Encouraged by this signal, and animated by the revived hope of still saving his companions, Harry turned toward the channel, half inclined to face every danger rather than to wait any longer. At that moment the fins were all gliding along the channel from him, and in the same direction. Some object drew the sharks away in a body, and the young mate let himself easily into the water, and swam as noiselessly as he could toward the boat.

It was a fearful trial, but Mulford felt that every thing depended on his success. Stimulated by his motive, and strengthened by the food and water taken an hour before, never had he shown so much skill and power in the water. In an incredibly short period he was half way across the channel, still swimming strong and unharmed. A few strokes more sent him so near the boat that hope took full possession of his soul, and he shouted in exultation. That indiscreet but natural cry, uttered so near the surface of the sea, turned every shark upon him, as the pack springs at the fox in view. Mulford was conscious of the folly of his cry the instant it escaped him, and involuntarily he turned his head to note the effect on his enemies. Every fin was gliding toward him—a dark array of swift and furious foes. Ten thousand bayonets, leveled in their line, could not have been one-half as terrible, and the efforts of the young man became nearly frantic. But strong as he was, and ready in the element, what is the movement of a man in the water compared to that of a vigorous and voracious fish? Mulford could see those fins coming on like a tempest, and he had just given up all hope, and was feeling his flesh creep with terror, when his foot hit the rock. Giving himself an onward plunge, he threw his body upward toward the boat, and into so much shoaler water, at least a dozen feet by that single effort. Recovering his legs as soon as possible, he turned to look behind him. The water seemed alive with fins, each pair gliding back and forth, as the bull-dog bounds in front of the ox's muzzle. Just then a light-colored object glanced past the young man, so near as almost to touch him. It was a shark that had actually turned on its back to seize its prey, and was only prevented from succeeding by being driven from the line of its course by hitting the slimy rock, over which it was compelled to make its plunge. The momentum with which it came on, added to the inclination of the rock, forced the head and half of the body of this terrible assailant into the air, giving the intended victim an opportunity of seeing from what a fate he had escaped. Mulford avoided this fish without much trouble, however, and the next instant he threw himself into the boat, on the bottom of which he lay panting with the violence of his exertions, and unable to move under the reaction which now came over his system.

The mate lay in the bottom of the boat, exhausted and unable to rise, for several minutes; during that space he devoutly returned thanks to God for his escape, and

bethought him of the course he was next to pursue, in order to effect the rescue of his companions. The boat was larger than common. It was also well equipped—a mast and sail lying along with the oars, on its thwarts. The rock placed Harry to windward of the wreck, and by the time he felt sufficiently revived to rise and look about him, his plan of proceeding was fully arranged in his own mind. Among other things that he saw, as he still lay in the bottom of the boat, was a breaker which he knew contained fresh water, and a bread-bag. These were provisions that it was customary for the men to make, when employed on boat duty; and the articles had been left where he now saw them, in the hurry of the movements, as the brig quitted the islets.

Harry rose the instant he felt his strength returning. Striking the breaker with his foot, and feeling the basket with a hand, he ascertained that the one held its water, and the other its bread. This was immense relief for by this time the sufferings of the party on the wreck must be returning with redoubled force. The mate then stepped the mast, and fitted the sprit to the sail, knowing that the latter would be seen fluttering in the wind by those on the wreck, and carry joy to their hearts. After this considerate act, he began to examine into the position of the boat. It was still aground, having been left by the tide; but the water had already risen several inches, and by placing himself on a gunwale, so as to bring the boat on its bilge, and pushing with an oar, he soon got it into deep water. It only remained to haul aft the sheet, and right the helm, to be standing through the channel, at a rate that promised a speedy deliverance to his friends, and most of all, to Rose.

Mulford glanced past the rocks and shoals, attended by the whole company of the sharks. They moved before, behind, and on each side of him, as if unwilling to abandon their prey, even after he had got beyond the limits of their power to do him harm. It was not an easy thing to manage the boat in that narrow and crooked channel, with no other guide for the courses than the eye, and it required so much of the mate's vigilance to keep clear of the sharp angles of the rocks, that he could not once cast his eyes aside, to look for the fluttering shawl, which now composed the standing signal of the wreck. At length the boat shot through the last passage of the reef, and issued into open water. Mulford knew that he must come out half a mile at least to leeward of his object, and, without even raising his head, he flattened in the sheet, put his helm down, and luffed close to the wind. Then, and then only, did he venture to look around him.

Our mate felt his heart leap toward his mouth, as he observed the present state of the wreck. It was dead to windward of him, in the first place, and it seemed to be entirely submerged. He saw the shawl fluttering as before; for Tier had fastened one corner to a button-hole of his own jacket, and another to the dress of Bidy, leaving the part which might be called the fly, to rise at moments almost perpendicularly in the air, in a way to render it visible at some distance. He saw also the heads and the bodies of those on the schooner's bottom, but to him they appeared to be standing in, or on, the water. The distance may have contributed a little to this appearance,

but no doubt remained that so much air had escaped from the hold of the vessel, as to permit it to sink altogether beneath the surface of the sea. It was time, indeed, to proceed to the relief of the sufferers.

Notwithstanding the boat sailed particularly fast, and worked beautifully, it could not equal the impatience of Mulford to get on. Passing away to the north-east a sufficient distance, as he thought, to weather on the wreck, the young man tacked at last, and had the happiness to see that every foot he proceeded was now in a direct line toward Rose. It was only while tacking he perceived that all the fins had disappeared. He felt no doubt that they had deserted him, in order to push for the wreck, which offered a so much larger, and a so much more attainable prey. This increased his feverish desire to get on, the boat seeming to drag, in his eyes, at the very moment it was leaving a wake full of eddies and little whirlpools. The wind was steady, but it seemed to Mulford that the boat was set to leeward of her course by a current, though this could hardly have been the case, as the wreck, the sole mark of his progress, would have had at least as great a drift as the boat. At length Mulford—to him it appeared to be an age; in truth it was after a run of about twenty minutes—came near the goal he so earnestly sought, and got an accurate view of the state of the wreck, and of those on it. The hull of the schooner had, in truth, sunk entirely beneath the surface of the sea; and the party it sustained stood already knee deep in the water. This was sufficiently appalling; but the presence of the sharks, who were crowding around the spot, rendered the whole scene frightful. To the young mate it seemed as if he must still be too late to save Rose from a fate more terrible than drowning, for his boat fell so far to leeward as to compel him to tack once more. As he swept past the wreck, he called out to encourage his friends, begging them to be of good heart for five minutes longer, when he should be able to reach them. Rose held out her arms entreatingly, and the screams of Mrs. Budd and Bidy, which were extorted by the closer and closer approach of the sharks, proclaimed the imminency of the danger they ran, and the importance of not losing a moment of time.

Mulford took his distance with a seaman's eye, and the boat went about like a top. The latter fell off, and the sail filled on the other tack. Then the young mariner saw, with a joy no description can portray, that he looked to windward of the fluttering shawl, toward which his little craft was already flying. He afterward believed that shawl alone prevented the voracious party of fish from assailing those on the wreck, for, though there might not yet be sufficient depth of water to allow of their customary mode of attack, creatures of their voracity did not always wait for such conveniences. But the boat was soon in the midst of the fins, scattering them in all directions; and Mulford let go his sheet, put his helm down, and sprang forward to catch the extended arms of Rose.

It might have been accident, or it might have been the result of skill and interest in our heroine, but certain it is, that the bows of the boat came on the wreck precisely at the place where Rose stood, and her hand was the first object that the

young man touched.

“Take my aunt first,” cried Rose, resisting Mulford’s efforts to lift her into the boat; “she is dreadfully alarmed, and can stand with difficulty.”

Although two of Rose’s activity and lightness might have been drawn into the boat, while the process was going on in behalf of the widow, Mulford lost no time in discussion, but did as he was desired. First directing Tier to hold on to the painter, he applied his strength to the arms of Mrs. Budd, and, assisted by Rose and Bidy, got her safely into the boat, over its bows. Rose now wailed not for assistance, but followed her aunt with a haste that proved fear lent her strength in despite her long fast. Bidy came next; though clumsily, and not without trouble, and Jack Tier followed the instant he was permitted so to do. Of course, the boat, no longer held by its painter, drifted away from the spot, and the hull of the schooner, relieved from the weight of four human beings, rose so near the surface again as to bring a small line of its keel out of water. No better evidence could have been given of the trifling power which sustained it, and of the timely nature of the succor brought by Mulford. Had the boat remained near the schooner, it would have been found half an hour later that the hull had sunk slowly out of sight, finding its way, doubtless, inch by inch, toward the bottom of the gulf.

By this time the sun was well up, and the warmth of the hour, season, and latitude, was shed on the sufferers. There was an old sail in the boat, and in this the party dried their limbs and feet, which were getting to be numb by their long immersion. Then the mate produced the bag and opened it, in quest of bread. A small portion was given to each, and, on looking farther, the mate discovered a piece of boiled ship’s beef had been secreted in this receptacle. Of this also he gave each a moderate slice, taking a larger portion for himself, as requiring less precaution. The suffering of the party from hunger was far less than that they endured from thirst. Neither had been endured long enough seriously to enfeeble them, or to render a full meal very dangerous, but the thirst had been much the hardest to be borne. Of this fact Bidy soon gave audible evidence.

“The mate is good,” she said, “and the bread tastes swate and refreshing, but wather is a blessed thing. Can you no give us one dhrap of the wather that falls from heaven, Mr. Mulford; for this wather of the saa is of no use but to drown Christians in?”

In an instant the mate had opened a breaker, and filled the tin pot which is almost always to be found in a boat. Bidy said no more, but her eyes pleaded so eloquently, that Rose begged the faithful creature might have the first drink. One eager swallow went down, and then a cry of disappointment succeeded. The water was salt, and had been put in the breaker for ballast. The other breaker was tried with the same success.

“It is terrible to be without one drop of water,” murmured Rose, “and this food makes it more necessary than ever.”

“Patience, patience, dearest Rose—patience for ten minutes, and you shall all

drink," answered the mate, filling the sail and keeping the boat away while speaking. "There is water, God be praised, on the rock to which I first swam, and we will secure it before another day's sun help to make it evaporate."

This announcement quieted the longings of those who endured a thirst which disappointment rendered doubly hard to bear; and away the boat glided toward the rock. As he now flew over the distance, lessened more than one-half by the drift of the wreck, Mulford recalled the scene through which he had so painfully passed the previous night. As often happens, he shuddered at the recollection of things which, at the moment, a desperate resolution had enabled him to encounter with firmness. Still, he thought nothing less than the ardent desire to save Rose could have carried him through the trial with the success which attended his struggles. The dear being at his side asked a few explanations of what had passed; and she bowed her head and wept, equally with pain and delight, as imagination pictured to her the situation of her betrothed, amid that waste of water, with his fearful companions, and all in the hours of deep night.

But that was over now. There was the rock—the blessed rock on which Mulford had so accidentally struck, close before them—and presently they were all on it. The mate took the pot and ran to the little reservoir, returning with a sweet draught for each of the party.

"A blessed, blessed thing, is wather!" exclaimed Bidy, this time finding the relief she sought, "and a thousand blessings on *you*, Mr. Mulford, who have niver done us any thing but good."

Rose looked a still higher eulogy on the young man, and even Mrs. Budd had something commendatory and grateful to say. Jack Tier was silent, but he had all his eyes about him, as he now proved.

"We've all on us been so much taken up with our own affairs," remarked the steward's assistant, "that we've taken but little notice of the neighborhood. If that isn't the brig. Mr. Mulford, running through this very passage, with stun'sails set, alow and aloft, I don't know the Molly Swash when I see her!"

"The brig!" exclaimed the mate, recollecting the vessels he had seen at the break-of-day, for the first time in hours. "Can it be possible that the craft I made out to the southward, is the brig?"

"Look, and judge for yourself, sir. There she comes, like a race-horse, and if she holds her present course, she must pass somewhere within a mile or so of us, if we stay where we are."

Mulford did look, as did all with him. There was the Swash, sure enough, coming down before the wind, and under a cloud of canvas. She might be still a league, or a league and a half distant, but, at the rate at which she was traveling, that distance would soon be past. She was running through the passage, no doubt with a view to proceed to the Dry Tortugas, to look after the schooner, Spike having the hope that he had dodged his pursuers on the coast of Cuba. The mate now looked

for the ship, in the north-western board, believing, as he did, that she was the sloop-of-war. That vessel had gone about, and was standing to the southward, on a taut bowline. She was still a long way off, three or four leagues at least, but the change she had made in her position, since last seen, proved that she was a great sailer. Then she was more than hull down, whereas, now, she was near enough to let the outline of a long, straight fabric be discovered beneath her canvas.

“It is hardly possible that Spike should not see the vessel here in the northern board,” Mulford observed to Tier, who had been examining the ship with him. “The look-out is usually good on board the Swash, and, just now, should certainly be as good as common. Spike is no dawdler with serious business before him.”

“He’s a willian!” muttered Jack Tier.

The mate regarded his companion with some surprise. Jack was a very insignificant-looking personage in common, and one would scarcely pause to give him a second look, unless it might be to laugh at his rotundity and little waddling legs. But, now, the mate fancied he was swelling with feelings that actually imparted somewhat more than usual stature and dignity to his appearance. His face was full of indignation, and there was something about the eye, that to Mulford was inexplicable. As Rose, however, had related to him the scene that took place on the islet, at the moment when Spike was departing, the mate supposed that Jack still felt a portion of the resentment that such a collision would be apt to create. From the expression of Jack’s countenance at that instant, it struck him Spike might not be exactly safe, should accident put it in the power of the former to do him an injury.

It was now necessary to decide on the course that ought to be pursued. The bag contained sufficient food to last the party several days, and a gallon of water still remained in the cavity of the rock. This last was collected and put in one of the breakers, which was emptied of the salt water in order to receive it. As water, however, was the great necessity in that latitude, Mulford did not deem it prudent to set sail with so small a supply, and he accordingly commenced a search, on some of the adjacent rocks, Jack Tier accompanying him. They succeeded in doubling their stock of water, and found several shell-fish, that the females found exceedingly grateful and refreshing. On the score of hunger and thirst, indeed, no one was now suffering. By judiciously sipping a little water at a time, and retaining it in the mouth before swallowing, the latter painful feeling had been gotten rid of; and as for food, there was even more than was actually needed, and that of a very good quality. It is probable that standing in the water for hours, as Rose, and her aunt, and Bidy had been obliged to do, had contributed to lessen the pain endured from thirst, though they had all suffered a good deal from that cause, especially while the sun shone.

Mulford and Tier were half an hour in obtaining the water. By the end of that period, the brigantine was so near as to render her hull distinctly visible. It was high time to decide on their future course. The sail had been brailled when the boat reached the rock, and the boat itself lay on the side of the latter opposite to the brig,

and where no part of it could be seen to those on board the Swash, with the exception of the mast. Under the circumstances, therefore, Mulford thought it wisest to remain where they were, and let the vessel pass, before they attempted to proceed toward Key West, their intended place of refuge. In order to do this, however, it was necessary to cause the whole party to lie down, in such a way as to be hid by the inequalities in the rock, as it was now very evident the brig would pass within half a mile of them. Hitherto, it was not probable that they had been seen, and by using due caution, the chances of Spike's overlooking them altogether amounted nearly to certainty.

The necessary arrangements were soon made, the boat's masts unstepped, the party placed behind their covers, and the females comfortably bestowed in the spare sail, where they might get a little undisturbed sleep, after the dreadful night, or morning, they had passed. Even Jack Tier lay down to catch his nap, as the most useful manner of bestowing himself for a couple of hours; the time Mulford had mentioned as the period of their stay where they were.

As for the mate, vigilance was his portion, and he took his position, hid like all the rest, where he could watch the movements of his old craft. In about twenty minutes, the brig was quite near; so near that Mulford not only saw the people on board her, who showed themselves in the rigging, but fancied he could recognize their persons. As yet, nothing had occurred in the way of change, but, just as the Swash got abreast of the rock, she began to take in her studding-sails, and that hurriedly, as is apt to occur on board a vessel in sudden emergencies. Our young man was a little alarmed at first, believing that they might have been discovered, but he was soon induced to think that the crew of the brigantine had just then begun to suspect the character of the ship to the northward. That vessel had been drawing near all this time, and was now only some three leagues distant. Owing to the manner in which she headed, or bows on, it was not a very easy matter to tell the character of this stranger, though the symmetry and squareness of his yards rendered it nearly certain he was a cruiser. Though Spike could not expect to meet his old acquaintance here, after the chase he had so lately led her, down on the opposite coast, he might and would have his misgivings, and Mulford thought it was his intention to haul up close round the northern angle of the reef, and maintain his advantage of the wind, over the stranger. If this were actually done, it might expose the boat to view, for the brig would pass within a quarter of a mile of it, and on the side of the rock on which it lay. It was too late, however, to attempt a change, since the appearance of human beings in such a place, would be certain to draw the brig's glasses on them, and the glasses must at once let Spike know who they were. It remained, therefore, only to await the result as patiently as possible.

A very few minutes removed all doubt. The brig hauled as close round the reef as she dared to venture, and in a very short time the boat lay exposed to view to all on board her. The vessel was now so near that Mulford plainly saw the boatswain get upon the coach-house, or little hurricane-house deck, where Spike stood

examining the ship with his glass, and point out the boat, where it lay at the side of the rock. In an instant, the glass was leveled at the spot, and the movements on board the brig immediately betrayed to Mulford that the boat was recognized. Sail was shortened on board the Swash, and men were seen preparing to lower her stern boat, while every thing indicated that the vessel was about to be hove-to. There was no time now to be lost, but the young man immediately gave the alarm.

No sooner did the party arise and show themselves, than the crew of the Swash gave three cheers. By the aid of the glass, Spike doubtless recognized their persons, and the fact was announced to the men, by way of stimulating their exertions. This gave an additional spur to the movements of those on the rock, who hastened into their own boat, and made sail as soon as possible.

It was far easier to do all that has been described, than to determine on the future course. Capture was certain if the fugitives ventured into the open water, and their only hope was to remain on the reef. If channels for the passage of the boat could be found, escape was highly probable, as the schooner's boat could sail much faster than the brig's boat could row, fast as Mulford knew the last to be. But the experience of the morning had told the mate that the rock rose too near the surface, in many places, for the boat, small as it was, to pass over it; and he must trust a great deal to chance. Away he went, however, standing along a narrow channel, through which the wind just permitted him to lay, with the sail occasionally shaking.

By this time the Swash had her boat in the water, manned with four powerful oars, Spike steering it in his own person. Our young mate placed Tier in the bows, to point out the deepest water, and kept his sail a rap full, in order to get ahead as fast as possible. Ahead he did get, but it was on a course that soon brought him out in the open water of the main passage through the reef, leaving Spike materially astern. The latter now rose in his boat, and made a signal with his hat, which the boatswain perfectly understood. The latter caused the brig to ware short round on her heel, and boarded his fore-tack in chase, hauling up into the passage as soon as he could again round the reef. Mulford soon saw that it would never do for him to venture far from the rocks, the brig going two feet to his one, though not looking quite as high as he did in the boat. But the Swash had her guns, and it was probable they would be used, rather than he should escape. When distant two hundred yards from the reef, therefore, he tacked. The new course brought the fugitives nearly at right angles to that steered by Spike, who stood directly on, as if conscious that, sooner or later, such a rencounter must occur. It would seem that the tide was setting through the passage, for when the boat of Mulford again reached the reef, it was considerably to windward of the channel out of which she had issued, and opposite to another which offered very opportunely for her entrance. Into this new channel, then, the mate somewhat blindly ran, feeling the necessity of getting out of gun-shot of the brig at every hazard. She at least could not follow him among the rocks, let Spike, in his boat, proceed as he might.

According to appearances, Spike was not likely to be very successful. He was

obliged to diverge from his course, in order to go into the main passage at the very point where Mulford had just before done the same thing, and pull along the reef to windward, in order to get into the new channel, into which the boat he was pursuing had just entered. This brought him not only astern again, but a long bit astern, inasmuch as he was compelled to make the circuit described. On he went, however, as eager in the chase as the hound with his game in view.

Mulford's boat seemed to fly, and glided ahead at least three feet to that of Spike's two. The direction of the channel it was in, brought it pretty close to the wind, but the water was quite smooth, and our mate managed to keep the sail full, and his little craft at the same time quite near the weatherly side of the rocks. In the course of ten minutes the fugitives were fully a mile from the brig, which was unable to follow them, but kept standing off and on, in the main passage, waiting the result. At one time Mulford thought the channel would bring him out into open water again, on the northern side of the reef, and more than a mile to the eastward of the point where the ship-channel in which the Swash was plying commenced; but an accidental circumstance prevented his standing in far enough to ascertain the fact. That circumstance was as follows.

In running a mile and a half over the reef, in the manner described, Mulford had left the boat of Spike quite half a mile astern. He was now out of gun-shot from the brig, or at least beyond the range of her grape, the only missile he feared, and so far to windward that he kept his eye on every opening to the southward, which he fancied might allow of his making a stretch deeper into the mazes of the reef, among which he believed it easiest for him to escape, and to weary the oarsmen of his pursuers. Two or three of these openings offered as he glided along, but it struck him that they all looked so high that the boat would not lay through them—an opinion in which he was right. At length he came abreast of one that seemed straight and clear of obstacles as far as he could see, and through which he might run with a flowing sheet. Down went his helm, and about went his boat, running away to the southward as fast as ever.

Had Spike followed, doubled the same shoal, and kept away again in the same channel as had been done by the boat he chased, all his hopes of success must have vanished at once. This he did not attempt, therefore; but, sheering into one of the openings which the mate had rejected, he cut off quite half a mile in his distance. This was easy enough for him to accomplish, as a row-boat would pull even easier, near to the wind, than with the wind broad on its bow. In consequence of this short cut, therefore, Spike was actually crossing out into Mulford's new channel, just as the latter had handsomely cleared the mouth of the opening through which he effected his purpose.

It is scarcely necessary to say that the two boats must have been for a few minutes quite near to each other; so near, indeed, did the fugitives now pass to their pursuers, that it would have been easy for them to have conversed, had they been so disposed. Not a word was spoken, however, but Mulford went by, leaving Spike

about a hundred yards astern. This was a trying moment to the latter, and the devil tempted him to seek his revenge. He had not come unarmed on his enterprise, but three or four loaded muskets lay in the stern-sheets of his yawl. He looked at his men, and saw that they could not hold out much longer to pull as they had been pulling. Then he looked at Mulford's boat, and saw it gliding away from him at a rate that would shortly place it another half mile in advance. He seized a musket, and raised it to his shoulder, nay, was in the act of taking aim at his mate, when Rose, who watched his movements, threw herself before Harry, and if she did not actually save his life, at least prevented Spike's attempt on it for that occasion. In the course of the next ten minutes the fugitives had again so far gained on their pursuers, that the latter began to see that their efforts were useless. Spike muttered a few bitter curses, and told his men to lay on their oars.

"It's well for the runaway," he added, "that the gal put herself between us, else would his grog have been stopped forever. I've long suspected this; but had I been sure of it, the Gulf Stream would have had the keeping of his body, the first dark night we were in it together. Lay on your oars, men, lay on your oars; I'm afeard the villain will get through our fingers, a'ter all."

The men obeyed, and then, for the first time, did they turn their heads, to look at those they had been so vehemently pursuing. The other boat was quite half a mile from them, and it had again tacked. This last occurrence induced Spike to pull slowly ahead, in quest of another short passage to cut the fugitives off; but no such opening offered.

"There he goes about again, by George!" exclaimed Spike. "Give way, lads—give way; an easy stroke, for if he is embayed, he can't escape us!"

Sure enough, poor Mulford was embayed, and could see no outlet by which to pass ahead. He tacked his boat two or three times, and he wore round as often; but on every side shoals or rocks, that actually rose above the surface of the water, impeded his course. The fact was not to be concealed; after all his efforts, and so many promises of success, not only was his further progress ahead cut off, but equally so was retreat. The passage was not wide enough to admit the hope of getting by his pursuers, and the young man came to the conclusion that his better course was to submit with dignity to his fate. For himself he had no hope—he knew Spike's character too well for that; but he did not apprehend any great immediate danger to his companions. Spike had a coarse, brutal admiration for Rose; but her expected fortune, which was believed to be of more amount than was actually the case, was a sort of pledge that he would not willingly put himself in a situation that would prevent the possibility of enjoying it. Strange, hurried, and somewhat confused thoughts passed through Harry Mulford's mind, as he brailed his sail, and waited for his captors to approach and take possession of his boat and himself. This was done quietly, and with very few words on the part of Spike.

Mulford would have liked the appearance of things better had his old commander cursed him, and betrayed other signs of the fury that was boiling in his

very soul. On the contrary, never had Stephen Spike seemed more calm, or under better self-command. He smiled, and saluted Mrs. Budd, just as if nothing unpleasant had occurred, and alluded to the sharpness of the chase with facetiousness and seeming good humor. The females were deceived by this manner, and hoped, after all, that the worst that would happen would be a return to their old position on board the Swash. This was being so much better off than their horrible situation on the wreck, that the change was not frightful to them.

“What has become of the schooner, Mr. Mulford?” asked Spike, as the boats began to pass down the channel to return to the brig—two of the Swash’s men taking their seats in that which had been captured, along with their commander, while the other two got a tow from the use of the sail. “I see you have the boat here that we used alongside of her, and suppose you know something of the craft itself.”

“She capsized with us in a squall,” answered the mate, “and we only left the wreck this morning.”

“Capsized!—hum—that was a hard fate, to be sure, and denotes bad seamanship. Now I’ve sailed all sorts of craft these forty years, or five-and-thirty at least, and never capsized any thing in my life. Stand by there for’ard to hold on by that rock.”

A solitary cap of the coral rose above the water two or three feet, close to the channel, and was the rock to which Spike alluded. It was only some fifty feet in diameter, and of an oval form, rising quite above the ordinary tides, as was apparent by its appearance. It is scarcely necessary to say it had no other fresh water than that which occasionally fell on its surface, which surface being quite smooth, retained very little of the rain it received. The boat was soon alongside of this rock, where it was held broadside-to by the two seamen.

“Mr. Mulford, do me the favor to step up here,” said Spike, leading the way on to the rock himself. “I have a word to say to you before we get on board the old Molly once more.”

Mulford silently complied, fully expecting that Spike intended to blow his brains out, and willing the bloody deed should be done in a way to be as little shocking to Rose as circumstances would allow. But Spike manifested no such intention. A more refined cruelty was uppermost in his mind; and his revenge was calculated, and took care to fortify itself with some of the quibbles and artifices of the law. He might not be exactly right in his legal reservations, but he did not the less rely on their virtue.

“Hark’e, Mr. Mulford,” said Spike, sharply, as soon as both were on the rock, “you have run from my brig, thereby showing your distaste for her; and I’ve no disposition to keep a man who wishes to quit me. Here you are, sir, on *terrum firm*, as the scholars call it; and here you have my full permission to remain. I wish you a good morning, sir; and will not fail to report, when we get in, that you left the brig of your own pleasure.”

“You will not have the cruelty to abandon me on this naked rock, Captain Spike, and that without a morsel of food, or a drop of water.”

“Wather is a blessed thing!” exclaimed Bidley. “Do not think of lavin’ the gentleman widout wather.”

“You left *me*, sir, without food or water, and you can fit out your own rock—yes, d—e, sir, you left me *under fire*, and that is a thing no true-hearted man would have thought of. Stand by to make sail, boys, and if he offer to enter the boat, pitch him out with the boat-hooks.”

Spike was getting angry, and he entered the boat again, without perceiving that Rose had left it. Light of foot, and resolute of spirit, the beautiful girl, handsomer than ever perhaps, by her excited feelings and disheveled hair, had sprung on the rock, as Spike stepped into the boat forward, and when the latter turned round, after loosening the sail, he found he was drifting away from the very being who was the object of all his efforts. Mulford, believing that Rose was to be abandoned as well as himself, received the noble girl in his arms, though ready to implore Spike, on his knees, to return and at least take her off. But Spike wanted no solicitation on that point. He returned of his own accord, and had just reached the rock again when the report of a gun drew all eyes toward the brig.

The Swash had again run out of the passage, and was beating up, close to the reef as she dared to go, with a signal flying. All the seamen at once understood the cause of this hint. The strange sail was getting too near, and everybody could see that it was the sloop-of-war. Spike looked at Rose, a moment, in doubt. But Mulford raised his beloved in his arms, and carried her to the side of the rock, stepping on board the boat.

Spike watched the movements of the young man with jealous vigilance, and no sooner was Rose placed on her seat, than he motioned significantly to the mate to quit the boat.

“I cannot and will not voluntarily, Capt. Spike,” answered Harry, calmly. “It would be committing a sort of suicide.”

A sign brought two of the men to the captain’s assistance. While the latter held Rose in her place, the sailors shoved Harry on the rock again. Had Mulford been disposed to resist, these two men could not very easily have ejected him from the boat, if they could have done it at all, but he knew there were others in reserve, and feared that blood might be shed, in the irritated state of Spike, in the presence of Rose. While, therefore, he would not be accessory to his own destruction, he would not engage in what he knew would prove not only a most harassing, but a bootless resistance. The consequence was that the boats proceeded, leaving him alone on the rock.

It was perhaps fortunate for Rose that she fainted. Her condition occupied her aunt and Bidley, and Spike was enabled to reach his brig without any further interruption. Rose was taken on board still nearly insensible, while her two female

companions were so much confused and distressed, that neither could have given a reasonably clear account of what had just occurred. Not so with Jack Tier, however. That singular being noted all that passed, seated in the eyes of the boat, away from the confusion that prevailed in its stern-sheets, and apparently undisturbed by it.

As the party was sailing back toward the brig, the light-house boat towing the Swash's yawl, Jack took as good an observation of the channels of that part of the reef as his low position would allow. He tried to form in his mind a sort of chart of the spot, for, from the instant Mulford was thus deserted, the little fellow had formed a stern resolution to attempt his rescue. How that was to be done, however, was more than he yet knew; and when they reached the brig's side, Tier may be said to have been filled with good intentions, rather than with any very available knowledge to enable him to put them in execution.

As respects the two vessels, the arrival of Spike on board his own was not a moment too soon. The Poughkeepsie, for the stranger to the northward was now ascertained to be that sloop-of-war, was within long gun-shot by this time, and near enough to make certain, by means of her glasses, of the character of the craft with which she was closing. Luckily for the brig she lay in the channel so often mentioned, and through which both she and her present pursuer had so lately come, on their way to the northward. This brought her to windward, as the wind then stood, with a clear passage before her. Not a moment was lost. No sooner were the females sent below, than sail was made on the brig, and she began to beat through the passage, making long legs and short ones. She was chased, as a matter of course, and that hard, the difference in sailing between the two crafts not being sufficiently great to render the brigantine's escape by any means certain, while absolutely within the range of those terrible missiles that were used by the man-of-war's men.

But Spike soon determined not to leave a point so delicate as that of his own and his vessel's security to be decided by a mere superiority in the way of heels. The Florida Reef, with all its dangers, windings, and rocks, was as well known to him as the entrances to the port of New York. In addition to its larger channels, of which there are three or four, through which ships of size can pass, it had many others that would admit only vessels of a lighter draught of water. The brig was not flying light, it is true, but she was merely in good ballast trim, and passages would be available to her, into which the Poughkeepsie would not dare to venture. One of these lesser channels was favorably placed to further the escape of Spike, and he shoved the brig into it after the struggle had lasted less than an hour. This passage offered a shorter cut to the south side of the reef than the main channel, and the sloop-of-war, doubtless perceiving the uselessness of pursuit, under such circumstances, wore round on her heel, and came down through the main channel again, just entering the open water, near the spot where the schooner had sunk, as the sun was setting.

[To be continued.]

CAROLAN'S PROPHECY.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

(INSCRIBED TO SAMUEL LOVER, ESQ.)

THE castle hall is lighted—
Its roof with music rings,
For Carolan is sweeping
The clairsheck's quivering strings;
And, catching inspiration
From faces fair around,
His voice is richer far than gush
Of instrumental sound.

Of Erin's banner, green and bright,
Of Tara's mighty kings,
Who never to invader knelt,
Exultingly he sings;
And on the glittering sands that edge
The blue and bellowing main,
Beneath the blade of Bryan falls
The yellow-bearded Dane.

The master touches other chords—
His brow is overcast—
And tears, from his old, withered orbs,
Are falling warm and fast:
In soul he looks on Athunrée,
Disastrous field of gore!
The glory of O'Conner's house
Expires to wake no more.

As died, in mournful echoings,
The wond'rous strain away,
Approving smile and word requite
The minstrel for his lay;
And by the hand of high-born maid

The golden cup was filled,
Commotion in a heart to hush
By grief too wildly thrilled.

When tuned to lighter airs of love
His harp of magic tone,
Quoth Carolan—"What bard will not
The sway of Beauty own?
Kind hostess! I will now compose
A planxty, promised long,
In honor of thy daughter fair,
Oh! matchless theme for song!"

A few preluding notes he woke,
So clear and passing sweet,
That, timing to the melody,
The heart of listener beat;
But when the white-haired bard began
His tributary lay,
The Soul of Music from the strings
Wild Discord drove away.

Thrice, with the same result, his hand
Upon the chords he laid—
He turned the keys, but harsher sound
The trembling clairsheck made:
In honor of the mother, then,
A planxty he composed,
And perfect was the harmony
Until the strain was closed.

Then other ladies urged the bard
To celebrate their charms,
But he replied—"No rapture now
My fainting spirit warms;
By shadows from another world
My soul is clouded o'er—
Oh! would that I might never see
The light of morning more!"

"What gives a paleness to thy cheek,
Meet only for the dead—
What sorrow weighs upon thy heart?"

His noble hostess said:
The minstrel whispered in reply—
 *“The daughter of thy heart,
Before the flowers of summer-time
Are faded, will depart.”*

Ere morning dawned, old Carolan
Went sadly on his way;
To bid green Erin’s Flower farewell
He could not, would not stay;
But sought, ere vanished many days,
That lordly hall again,
And through its gateway, moving slow,
Defiled a funeral train.

NOTE.

It is related of Carolan, Twalogh, the Irish Handel, that in his gayest mood he could not compose a planxty on a Miss Brett, the daughter of a noble house in the county of Sligo.

One day, after a vain attempt to compose something in honor of the young lady, in a mixture of rage and grief he threw his clairsheck aside, and, addressing her mother in Irish, whispered—“Madam, I have often, from my great respect to your family, attempted a planxty to celebrate your daughter’s perfections, but to no purpose. Some evil genius hovers over me, there is not a string in my discordant harp that does not vibrate a melancholy sound—I fear she is not long for this world.” Tradition says that the event verified the prediction. See *Sketch of Carolan in the Edinburgh Encyclopedia*.

THE LOVE-CHASE.

A TRUE STORY.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

“Each ambushed Cupid I’ll defy—
In cheek, or chin, or brow!”

EXCLAIMED Auburn, at the same time casting an admiring glance upon his easel, where a young and lovely face peeped forth from the canvas with such a roguish, bewitching look, as seemed to laugh to scorn the bold defiance of the young painter.

“No! painting shall be my mistress,” he continued, “my pallet and brush my defence against the witcheries of the fair; for me there is no peril in a lady’s eyes; my heart is an impregnable castle—no admittance there, fair lady.”

“Most wisely and heroically said!” exclaimed a young girl, who had stood for some moments at the elbow of the artist unobserved, now suddenly bursting into a merry laugh, and placing herself before him. “Bravo, Harry, you are, indeed, a hero!”

“Pshaw! Kate, who would have thought you so near!” cried Auburn, reddening with vexation.

“Alas! coz, my heart already aches for those unhappy damsels who will be suing for admittance at that impregnable castle of yours,” continued the young girl, with mock gravity.

“Have mercy, do—you have overheard my nonsense, now pray spare me; for, after all, Kate, if I *should* ever fall off from my allegiance, here is the face would tempt me,” pointing as he spoke to the easel.

“Indeed! what a vain fellow you are, Harry. I suppose you think I should make a humble courtesy for this concession in my favor. It is well you leave the city to-morrow, or I should be tempted to set my cap at you, and boldly revenge the sex. I don’t think,” she added, archly, “I should find the castle invincible.”

“You are a dear girl, Kate, I know that,” answered Auburn; “but come, take your seat at once—you have just the expression now I have so often tried to catch, to make your picture perfect. There—don’t move—no more raillery for at least five minutes—so shut your mouth.”

For five minutes, then, the work went rapidly on, when, springing triumphantly from his chair, Auburn exclaimed,

“There, coz, it is done! not a feature but is perfect. Come, judge for yourself, if it is not to the life.”

Kate admitted the correctness of her cousin’s pencil, and then added,

“You had best unsay that rash oath of yours, however; for I have come to summon you to tea this evening, where you will meet one whose slightest glance will subdue at once your boasted intrepidity.”

“I have no fears, Kate, yet must decline; as I have already several engagements on hand for the evening.”

“Better own that, coward-like, you shun the encounter—and well you may; for, ah, Harry, such a charming girl!”

“Who is she?—have I ever seen her?”

“Seen her! and yet ask that question. Why you cool, self-satisfied fellow! Think you, you could have asserted such heresy as just now fell from your lips had you ever met my lovely friend?”

“But you have not yet told me the name of your paragon.”

“No—nor shall I, in revenge for your obstinacy. But here I sit chatting with you when ma’ma is waiting for me at home. I suppose, my dainty cousin, you will condescend to be my escort.”

“And esteem myself most fortunate, I assure you, to enjoy that privilege.”

Arm in arm, therefore, they then proceeded to the street, and were soon immersed with the gay, moving throng up Broadway.

Leaving Kate at the door of her father’s residence, in the upper part of the city, Auburn turned and strolled leisurely down this great thoroughfare of fashion. And no small ordeal is it for a bachelor, let him be even as inexorable to all the fascinations of beauty as Auburn has declared himself to be—no small thing is it to pass unscathed along this *rendezvous* of fair foes. It was really provoking, however, to see with what an air of nonchalance he suffered many a graceful, lovely form to flit by him; and sweet young faces, which ought to have set his heart beating, and eyes which should have dazzled by their brilliancy; to see their claims to admiration so stubbornly unrecognized would have tried the patience of any reasonable man.

Absorbed in his own reflections, Auburn proceeded slowly *en route* down Broadway, until attracted by some gem of art displayed at the window of Colman, he stopped for some moments to admire it, with several other loungers like himself. Turning suddenly to pursue his walk, he found himself very awkwardly *vis-à-vis* two young ladies. He stepped quickly on one side to allow of their passing—most provokingly, they did the same, and in the same direction; with a half-uttered apology, and in much confusion, Auburn again attempted to give them the *pave*; but now, hemmed in by the crowd, egress either way seemed impossible; and thus the

three, so awkwardly drawn together, remained very foolishly, (I speak only for the artist,) looking at each other. There was a spice of mischief, too, mingling with the half-repressed smiles of the young girls, which only added to his embarrassment. In a moment, however, the multitude passed on, and with another glance at our plainly perplexed hero, they did the same.

But not from the mind of Auburn did they thus easily glide away. Why throbs his heart thus tumultuously? What sends the sudden thrill through his frame? Those persons less charitable than ourselves, considerate reader, might deem the impregnable fortress of the valiant artist already undermined by Cupid's random shot.

"Heavens, what divine eyes!" suddenly occurred to Auburn, as very slowly he passed on his way.

"What a lovely mouth—how much expression!" and his step became still slower and slower.

"Fancy never formed aught half so lovely!" Here he paused, undeterminate; then exclaiming almost audibly, "I must see her again, I must know who it is whose breathing charms so far excel even the painter's art." He suddenly turned, and swiftly retraced his steps, hoping to overtake the *one* fair enslaver; for so decisive had been the attraction of the taller of the two girls, that the other, had she been fair as Venus, or even ugly as Hecate, the result would have been the same.

On, on rushes the busy throng—a ceaseless tide of human hopes and worldly ambition, cares and disappointments; and on, on presses Auburn. At length he catches a glimpse of that charming figure; not for an instant does he doubt its identity—so on, on he presses, while nearer, still nearer to his eager vision floats the white robe of the pursued. Small respect has he for persons, as he elbows his way through the crowd. Bravo! his aim is now accomplished, and close behind the unconscious maidens he follows in their dainty footsteps. Trinity was open, and into its holy aisles the young girls passed, nor did our hero hesitate to follow. Choosing a seat which commanded a view of the pew into which they had entered, he remained unobserved, gazing upon the object of his sudden passion.

She was beautiful, at least in his eyes, and evidently young. Her dress, more marked for its uniform simplicity than fashionable display, while her manner, at once so earnest and sincere during the sacred rites, might well rebuke the inappropriate thoughts of Auburn within that holy pile, who, in short, during those few brief moments, quaffed deeply of love's soul-entrancing draught.

The services over, the two girls left the church, still followed by Auburn. A thousand rash resolves floated through his dizzy brain. He would address them; he would even boldly declare the interest awakened; he would demand in return the name of the fair one. O, that some lucky chance, or mischance, might call forth the offer of his services. Why might they not be terrified by the cry of "mad dog," or nearly run over by some careless cab-man; any thing, in fact, short of absolute death, so that *he* might attract their notice. But, to his great chagrin, nothing of this

kind seemed likely to happen. Like two beautiful swans, side by side, gracefully glided the fair ones along, until reaching the corner of a fashionable street, they turned down. Auburn was about to do the same, his heart leaping at the thought of discovering at least the residence of his fair enslaver, when his arm was suddenly seized, and a good-humored voice exclaimed,

“Ha! my dear fellow, I am glad to meet you! I have been looking all over town for you; but whither so fast? Stop, I want to say a word to you.”

“Not just now, Evans—I—I—the fact is I am engaged—I—”

“Engaged!—how?—where?” continued his friend, holding on perseveringly to his arm. “Come, I want you to go with me; but what are you looking at—who do you see?” following the direction of Auburn’s eyes eagerly straining down C——street.

“No one,” answered Auburn, in a tone of vexation; for, alas! in that very moment, when his attention had been unavoidably given to his friend, the fair vision had disappeared, and, like a vision, “left not a rack behind.”

CHAPTER II.

From the *pave* we will now step into a spacious drawing-room.

A lively Italian air, exquisitely sung by a fair young girl, falls with delightful cadence upon the ear, while touched by the fingers of one scarcely less fair, the piano adds its pleasing accompaniment, filling the lofty apartment with thrilling melody. Seated in a comfortable lolling chair, is a gentleman of middle age—the only listener, by the by, to the charming music of his niece and daughter, yet more than compensating by his true love of the “art divine,” and the heartiness of his approval, for the superficial plaudits of a fashionable assembly. This is evidently the dwelling of a man of fortune and of taste. Elegance without ostentation mark its adornments. A choice collection of paintings from the old masters decorate the walls, and scattered around are various specimens of rare artistic skill and beauty.

The song ended, a lively conversation ensued.

“So I find, Margaret, you have been gadding as usual this morning,” said Mr. Belden, “and filling your cousin’s little head with more folly and nonsense than her good mother can eradicate in a twelve-month.”

“O, no, papa, I have done nothing of the kind, I assure you; and yet I should not like to be answerable for all the mischief done that little head and heart, too, to-day,” answered Margaret, looking archly at her cousin. “See how she blushes. Now confess, Emma, the image of a certain person, who so awkwardly beset us this morning, still haunts your fancy.”

“Well, Margaret, I do confess,” replied Emma, while a crimson glow mantled her cheeks, “that I think he possessed one of the finest faces I ever saw. He was not

more awkward, certainly, than we were; and I much doubt whether, in fact, we were not the most so of the three.”

“Speak for yourself, if you please,” was the reply; “for my part, I never enjoyed any thing more. Such sideling and bowing; such blushing, and such bobbing about; why a dancing-master might make a fortune out of this new *pas de trois*. And as for you, Emma, you really looked like a little simpleton.”

“What is all this, girls—what new adventure have you met with?” inquired Mr. Belden.

“Only one of those awkward rencounters, papa, which happen every day, except, perhaps, that one seldom sees a handsomer young man than the poor fellow who came so near running us down. Tall and erect, eyes like stars, brows black as night, and, but for his awkwardness, a very—but, mercy, Emma, look, look—there he is—yes, it certainly is,” she suddenly exclaimed; “do come here, quick. See, he is evidently looking for some number. Now he is at 87; there, he stops at 91—no that is not it; see how he gazes this way. As I live, the fellow is crossing over! Why the audacious—he *bows*. Emma, Emma, he is coming up the steps!” and even as she spoke there was a ring at the door. The girls quickly disappeared, and the next moment Auburn was ushered into the presence of the astonished Mr. Belden; doubtless no less astonished himself at his position and daring errand.

Daring, indeed—but what will not love dare!

After so suddenly losing sight of his *inamorata*, without the shadow of a hope that he might ever again behold her, Auburn turned, and gloomily accompanied his friend Evans to his lodgings, wishing, nevertheless, that he had been many fathoms deep, ere he had thus inopportunately encountered him. His unusual taciturnity drew forth the raillery of his friend. Auburn vainly endeavored to shake off this depression; but the very effort only caused him to talk the more wildly, then plunged him again into the same moody silence. Evans jested the more, until finally, already in no very amiable frame of mind, he became provoked; high words ensued, and the two friends parted in anger.

“Alas! how light a cause may move
Dissension between hearts that love.”

Auburn now took refuge in his studio, vainly striving to forget his chagrin in his late all-engrossing pleasure—painting—the mistress to whom but that morning he had sworn eternal fealty. At length throwing down the brush in despair, he exclaimed,

“Heavens, how that face haunts me! And must I leave the city to-morrow, and thus lose the only chance I may ever have of meeting her again. No, I cannot do it! and yet what folly,” he added, “why should I allow such a trifle to disturb me thus? Even should I discover who she is, what good can result to me!” And now the poor artist paced the room despairingly; again he soliloquized:

“Yes, I will postpone my journey. I will haunt Broadway, Trinity, the Opera, theatres—I will neither eat nor sleep until I have found her.”

At this moment his eye rested upon the roguish face of his cousin Kate, still upon his easel; and the conversation of the morning at once flashed upon him.

“*Pshaw!*” he exclaimed, “it can’t be—I can’t be such a simpleton as to have fallen in *love!* Pooh! no, no—it can’t be. *Love!* ha! ha! ha! ridiculous!—in *love!* No, Miss Kate, all right yet. Let me shake off this idle mood. *Love!*—nonsense!” and seizing his pallet, he first, somewhat spitefully, removed the provoking portrait from its position, and then commenced copying a beautiful head of Titian. But in vain he toiled. It was soon evident he had forgotten his subject; his head drooped upon his breast; his brush motionless, and for many moments he remained buried in deep thought. Suddenly starting up with such vehemence as nearly to overturn the easel, he seized his hat and rushed from the room, plunged down stairs, and into the street. Up Broadway he once more pushed along, nor paused until C—— street was attained. Here, for a moment, he halted, irresolute, then turning the corner, commenced a deliberate survey of every house, and gazing most pertinaciously at the windows in particular, careless of the attention which his peculiar manner attracted. When, then, he really caught a glimpse of the object of his search peeping through the rich hangings at the window of Mr. Belden, it is no wonder his senses forsook him, and that without a moment’s consideration, he impulsively rushed up the steps, rang the bell, and found himself, as has already been shown, in the presence of that gentleman.

One rapid glance around the room betrayed the fair object of his search had disappeared. Then the awkwardness of his position dawned faintly through the maze in which his wits were wandering. But it was too late to retreat, so summoning courage to address Mr. Belden, he inquired,

“Can I have the pleasure of speaking with Miss—Miss—your daughter, sir?”

A frown gathered dark on the brow of Mr. Belden, as he replied,

“Who are you, sir?—and what is your business with Miss Belden, may I ask?”

“Here is my card,” answered Auburn. “I am aware my presence here may appear somewhat singular, yet as I leave town early to-morrow, I must urge a few moments conversation with that young lady.”

“Your boldness, sir, is unsurpassed. Miss Belden cannot have the honor of seeing you.”

The reply of Auburn was interrupted by the sudden appearance of that young lady, whom, we must frankly confess, had, with Emma, been playing the part of eaves-dropper, and fearing her father would really drive the rash youth away without an interview, which her love of mischief tempted her to grant. She broke from the entreaties of her cousin, and stepped quietly into the room.

“Ah, here is my daughter,” added Mr. Belden. “Now, sir, your business—what have you to say?”

But poor Auburn had nothing to say. That Miss Belden was not the one he sought, a glance sufficed to assure him; and Margaret, too, most provokingly assumed a stately never-saw-you-before-sir air, which rendered his embarrassment tenfold.

“I beg your pardon for this intrusion, Miss Belden,” said he at length, “for which I can offer no excuse, except that I have been laboring under a delusion,” and bowing, he was about to leave the apartment, when, by chance, his eye fell upon a music-book, on which the name of “Emma Willis” was inscribed. A drowning man will catch at a straw—so will a desperate lover. Turning abruptly he now hazarded the inquiry,

“Is Miss Willis at home?”

“Miss Willis is at home,” coldly answered Mr. Belden.

Auburn’s heart throbbed tumultuously.

“Can I see her for a moment?” he eagerly demanded.

“*No, sir, you cannot!*” exclaimed Mr. Belden now rising, and angrily confronting his visiter; “and by what right, sir, do you longer intrude upon my family? Your conduct at least warrants suspicion. You first inquire for Miss Belden—you equivocate—you acknowledge yourself mistaken, and then demand an interview with my niece. Pray, what authority have you for such proceedings—you are not acquainted with the young lady, I believe?”

“No, sir, I am not,” replied Auburn, now fully restored to his senses, “and until to-day I acknowledge I never saw either this lady (bowing to Miss Belden,) or Miss Willis. Again I ask pardon for my intrusion. I know appearances are much against me; but the interest awakened in my bosom for your lovely niece, even in those few brief moments when it was my happiness to see her, and the fact that I am forced to leave the city to-morrow, is all I can urge in favor of my rashness; it was this alone which inspired me with boldness to call here.”

“Boldness, indeed! If this is all you have to say in extenuation, I, young sir, shall have the boldness to show you the door, and request a speedy retreat therefrom,” cried Mr. Belden.

Forgetting in his anger that Mr. Belden had any grounds for such uncourteous treatment, mortified, and disappointed, Auburn turned indignantly upon his heel and left the house—a merry laugh from the drawing-room ringing discordantly in his ear as he passed out.

CHAPTER III.

It was evening of the same eventful day in the history of our hero, that a merry little circle of young girls were assembled at Kate Kennedy’s; and to the amused group Miss Belden related the adventures of the morning, giving to the whole scene

an effect so truly ludicrous, as elicited many a merry peal of laughter from her joyous listeners. Even Emma Willis, though made to figure so largely in the story, could not resist a smile at the ridiculous light in which she was shown up by her provokingly mischievous cousin.

“And to think, after all,” cried Kate, “that this sudden conquest has been achieved by a simple country girl—our own blushing Emma here, who never before even lost sight of her lambs and chickens. Why, from your grandiloquent description, Margaret, I should not wonder if he should prove some foreign count.”

“Or a play-actor, from his tragic air,” said another.

“Or a poet,” cried a third.

“Or a fugitive from the Insane Hospital,” added a fourth.

“Or a writer of romances, stealing his characters from real life. I’ll warrant his name to be Adolphus Gustavus Augustus Fitz—something or other—”

“O, no,” interrupted Miss Belden, “his name is a thousand times prettier than any of your *Sts.* and *Fitz.*—it is Auburn—Henry C. Auburn.”

“*Henry C. Auburn!*” screamed Kate. “Say that again, Margaret! Henry C. Auburn!—delightful!” and bursting into a fit of uncontrollable laughter, the little gypsy clapped her hands, and danced about the room apparently in an ecstasy of delight. The next moment she vanished from the room, and hastily dispatched the following note to the lodgings of Auburn.

“DEAR COUSIN HARRY—

“One so imperturbable to all the blandishments of beauty; one who has sworn fealty to pencil and pallet, and jests at all the powers of Cupid, can surely fear no danger in coming hither this evening, even though to meet the charming friend of whom I told you this morning. I therefore once more entreat, nay, I command your presence, though at the eleventh hour. I will only hint that if you come you may not leave town to-morrow. In haste,

“KATE.”

Auburn received the note, but, ingrate that he was to his pretty cousin, and feeling in no amiable mood of mind, he returned this brief reply.

“DEAR KATE—

“I cannot come—I told you so. Don’t annoy me any more about your ‘*charming friend.*’ I hate all women but you! Kate, I go to-morrow.

“HARRY.”

He remained that night until a late hour writing and arranging his things for his departure. Then bidding the servant call him at an early hour in the morning, he threw himself upon the bed—but not to sleep.

What the fair vision continually flitting through his brain and repelling the powers of the drowsy god, needs not be told.

CHAPTER IV.

Summer has come with its fruits and flowers; and away from the dust and turmoil of the city, our story takes us to a beautiful village overlooking the bright waters of the Cayuga Lake.

It is evening. The laborers are returning from their daily toil, some with their cradles and scythes thrown over their lusty shoulders, others, sunk amid the fresh and fragrant new-mown hay, are driving their teams homeward. From every branch the birds are gayly singing; cheerful sounds greet the ear from the farm-yard, and sweet on the gentle evening air floats the fragrance of the countless blossoms which adorn the neat garden-plots, and climb around the windows of the villagers.

Seated in the piazza of the comfortable inn is a traveler, who but a half hour since alighted from the stage, and made known his intention of spending some weeks in the village; consequently, the best room in the house is at his service, as also the best bows of Boniface and his attendants.

One glance will suffice us to recognize in the stranger our young artist, yet at the second we shall wonder what can have wrought so great a change in the outward man; why that happy, joyous air is exchanged for one so grave and even gloomy; why that fresh and blooming countenance is now so wan and haggard!

O, this love—this love!

Either absorbed in the beauty of the scene around him, or in his own moody thoughts, most probably the latter, the moments passed unheeded away, nor until aroused by his host with the announcement of supper, did he once move from his half-recumbent position. After slightly partaking of this repast, to the evident discomfiture of the good landlady, who attributed the dainty appetite of her guest, to nothing less than a dislike for her excellent fare, Auburn strolled forth from the inn, and proceeded slowly along the now almost deserted street.

The moon had by this time risen, casting her mild radiance over the peaceful village, and silvering the bosom of the placid lake below, while many a gambol did the shadows play upon the dewy green-sward, and upon the house-tops, as the leaves of the large elms flittered and danced in the soft evening breeze.

Suddenly a strain of delicious music broke the stillness. It aroused Auburn from his reverie; he paused, and found himself near a small cottage, standing at some little distance from the street, the peculiar beauty of which at once attracted him. An avenue of horse-chestnuts and other ornamental trees led up to the entrance, while for some distance the road and enclosures were lined with the tall, silvery poplar. Clusters of beautiful flowers nodded their fragrant heads in the moonlight, while the

soothing murmur of a brook winding through a grove of willows, shadowing one end of the cottage, fell pleasantly upon the ear.

Still the music floated around him—now pensive, now gay. Well known airs brought back the memory of other scenes; one voice, too, was strangely familiar—he could almost fancy he was listening, as of old, to the sweet notes of his cousin, Kate Kennedy.

The music ceased, yet still Auburn lingered. Two ladies, accompanied by a gentleman, now appear in the piazza which encircles the cottage. Arm in arm they saunter down the walk, talking and laughing gayly. When near the gate, they pause for a moment; an affectionate good-night is interchanged—one lady returns slowly to the house, while the other two persons continuing their walk are in a moment close to Auburn.

“Harry!”

“Kate!” were simultaneous exclamations, and the next instant the cousins affectionately embraced.

“My husband, Harry,” said Kate, disengaging herself; and to add to the surprise of our hero, his friend Evans claimed that happy privilege—and a warm, cordial greeting was exchanged.

“How singular we should have thus met! I must have had some prescience there was pleasure in store for me!” exclaimed Auburn. “This half hour, dear Kate, have I been listening to the songs you used to sing me, with a strange conviction that it was your voice I heard.”

“But you surely must have known of my intended marriage, Harry?” said Kate. “And that reminds me that you never even answered my letter inviting you to the ceremony; and here is George, too, who also wrote, requesting you to act upon the interesting occasion conjointly with my dear friend—but I forget—you do not like to hear about *her*—the more *your* loss. Say, why did you not answer?”

“Simply because I never received your letter. The fact is, I have been a rover since I left the city—to no place ‘constant ever.’ How long have you been here?” continued Auburn—“I trust I have not arrived just as you are about leaving?”

“Oh, no, we have been here but a few days, on a visit to George’s parents. That same annoying friend of mine also dwells here, and possibly we may remain to attend her wedding—but what brought *you* here?”

“Partly pleasure—partly the hope of profit. You both know my ardent desire to visit Italy, and the small means I possess to carry my wishes into effect. Apart from my own desire to improve the superior facilities which the old world affords, you are aware that in this country it is rarely an artist arrives to eminence, or even a reputation above the medium, unless he has first sunned himself beneath the vine-clad hills of Italy—a *foreign* stamp is needed ere he can pass current with the multitude. To Italy, then, must I go, ere I can realize my ambitious hopes. By leading a sort of strolling life, for a season, roaming from village to village, in the

exercise of my profession, I hope to raise a sufficient sum for the undertaking.”

“I have no doubt of your success,” said Evans. “Indeed in this place there are several wealthy families who would doubtless be glad of an opportunity to transmit themselves to posterity through your fadeless tints.”

“I should not wonder, George,” said Kate, “if Emma —”

“*Emma!*” exclaimed Auburn.

“Yes, Emma—why, what is the matter with you—one would think I had uttered some charm. I was going to say perhaps Emma might sit for her portrait—her lover would like it, I dare say.”

At the word *lover*, the heart of Auburn, just now in his mouth, sunk like lead—and yet he knew not why.

“Do you think,” added Kate, “you could portray

‘That loveliness, ever in motion, which plays
Like the light upon Autumn’s soft shadowy days,
Now here and now there, giving warmth as it flies
From the lips to the cheek—from the cheek to the eyes;’

but excuse me again—I always forget myself when speaking of Emma Willis.”

“*Emma Willis!*” cried Auburn. “Kate, who are you talking of—good heavens, you don’t say that—”

“Say what!” interrupted Kate. “What ails the man? All I said was, that, as I have told you a thousand times, Emma Willis is a charming girl; and I hope to attend her wedding ere I leave the village—but here we are at home—good-night, we shall see you to-morrow”—and breaking from Auburn, who vainly endeavored to detain her, the mischievous girl ran into the house, followed by Evans, who also seemed in an unaccountable hurry to get away from his friend—and such a laugh as came wafted to poor Harry’s ears and was too much for any Christian to bear.

CHAPTER V.

Did Auburn sleep that night? “To sleep—perchance to dream—ay, there’s the rub”—for dream he did, when at length worn out with fatigue and a mind ill at ease, he sought his pillow. None but lovers were ever tormented with such fancies as that night haunted the half crazed brain of the artist. At one moment he was again walking Broadway, and gliding before him the sylph-like form of Emma—then within the holy walls of Trinity he listens to the solemn rites of marriage, but, O distraction! in the fair bride he discovers Emma—while beneath the reverend wig of the officiating priest, the roguish, wicked face of Kate Kennedy peeps out upon him—then the scene changes, and through the most beautiful groves he is wandering

with Emma by moonlight—when suddenly the enraged Mr. Belden starts up before him and tears her from his arms! But Auburn awakes and finds only his friend Evans standing by his bedside, and the bright sunshine flickering through the sweet-briar at his window.

Up with the birds, and singing as gayly, too, was Kate, and long ere the sun had parted the rosy curtains of the eastern sky, she was lightly tripping o'er the dew-begemmed grass toward the cottage where dwelt her friend. To enter the little gate, to spring with the lightness of a fawn up the walk, scattering the bright tinkling drops from the overhanging branches of the trees upon the flowers nestling below, to softly open the door, and through the hall, and up the stairs to the little chamber of Emma, arousing her from her gentle slumbers with a soft kiss upon her rosy lips, was but the work of a moment.

“Why, Kate, what has brought you here thus early, sweet bird?” cried Emma, raising herself from the pillow, and drawing down the sweet mouth of Kate again toward her.

“Come, my lady fair, up, up, and don your robes quickly,” was the reply—“We have a delightful plan in our heads—that is George and I—and you are to breakfast with us, George says, as also another person, so that no time may be lost—come, haste thee, haste.”

“But where are we going?” cried Emma, springing quickly from her couch, and removing the little muslin cap which shaded her temples, letting escape her luxuriant raven tresses, which swept almost to the floor.

“Oh, I have promised to be secret,” said Kate, laughing, “and what is more for a *woman*—I mean to be so. Now let me play the tire-woman,” and seizing the comb she began plating the beautiful hair of Emma, rattling on in her usual lively strain as she did so.

“We are to have a sail on the lake, I presume—but who is the person you spoke of as our companion?” said Emma.

“A painter and a poet—a sworn bachelor—a woman-hater—hating *you* in particular—a—”

“Why, Kate, you are crazy—who do you mean?”

“*Nous verrons*, my dear—come, are you ready?” and throwing a light scarf over the shoulders of her friend, away they lightly tripped.

The breakfast scene passes the powers of my pen. That Emma Willis at once recognized in our hero the daring youth who had so pertinaciously sought her, the vivid blush upon her cheek at once betrayed, and that the recognition was not displeasing, the sequel will testify. As for Auburn—no matter—suffice it to say that ere long Emma sat to him for her portrait—not for her *lover*, as Kate once maliciously hinted, but for her parents, ere they bestowed the dear original upon our happy hero.

Kate *did* attend her friend's wedding before she left the village, and Mr. and

Mrs. Henry C. Auburn are now in Italy.

THE WINGED WATCHER.

(WRITTEN OFF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.)

BY FANNY FORESTER.

PART I.

MORNING arose, and from their dreams,
Awoke the slumbering flowers;
Red glowed the hill-tops in her beams,
Her crest lay glittering on the streams,
And on one cot her gayest gleams
Broke in warm golden showers.

A pair of eyes had oped that morn,
Eyes soft and sweet and blue;
A poor, weak, helpless thing forlorn,
Beneath that humble roof was born,
A folded bud from blossoming thorn,
Save that a soul peeped through.

And many a jocund laugh there rung,
Up from that cottage low,
And glad words sat on many a tongue,
And bliss upon fond bosoms hung,
For there a rill of life had sprung,
Which would forever flow.

One form unseen stood meekly nigh,
Which drew the sunlight there,
His radiance for a time flung by,
He was an Angel from the sky,
With loving pity in his eye,
And brow new-wreathed with care.

Down from the palace of the King,
That morning had he hied;

The song was stayed upon the string,
The glory folded in the wing,
For sad would be his wandering
By that poor mortal's side.

PART II.

Years passed; the boy a man had grown,
And shadowy things of fear
With many an ill his path had strown;
Foes trooping came, and friends had flown,
But one white wing, to him unknown,
Kept ever hovering near.

It was a lovely sight to see,
By those who watched above,
That Spirit glorious and free
In such an humble ministry,
Unflinching, unflinching,
Pursue his work of love.

When the worn youth lay down to rest,
The Angel stood beside;
And stole the burden from his breast,
And soothed his wearied sense to rest,
Fanned his hot brow, his cheek caressed,
And blissful dreams supplied.

Once on a mountain peak stood he,
A high and rugged steep;
Where many dangerous shapes there be,
And many things most fair to see,
While shouting crowds bent low the knee,
And broke wild Echo's sleep.

Pride centered in his burning eye,
Pride mantled on his brow;
"Who ever stood the clouds so nigh?"
Ah! he has climbed a step too high!
For giddily, bewilderingly,
His brain is whirling now.

But ever that pure Watcher bright

Pleas softly in his ear,
“Think, mortal, of the coming night!
Think of the mildew and the blight;
Think of thy ransomed spirit’s light,
Dimmed by thy dallying here!”

He hears, and lo! his pulses wild
Are hushed, and in his veins
The riot ebbs; things which beguiled,
Seem heaps of mist about him piled;
He bends his knee, a little child,
And tears efface his stains.

PART III.

The babe, the youth, was bent and gray,
A feeble man and old;
Death stood beside him as he lay;
No mourner there his breath would stay,
Or guide him on his untrod way,
When lip and heart were cold.

He loved, had served the God of heaven,
But death’s a fearful thing:
And when all earth-wrought ties are riven,
When back to dust the dust is given,
The soul which long with sin has striven,
May shrink to meet the King.

He trusted; but still shivering clung,
Where long he’d been a guest;
Meanwhile death-pangs his bosom wrung;
The scared soul on the hushed lip hung,
Then lay, soft wings about it flung,
Upon the Angel’s breast.

SCENES THAT ARE BRIGHTEST.

POPULAR SONG FROM

MARITANA.

COMPOSED BY W. V. WALLACE.

PRESENTED BY J. G. OSBOURN, NO. 112 SOUTH THIRD STREET,
PHILAD'A.

Cantabile e con molta Semplicita. 8va - - - - -

The first system of musical notation consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat) and a common time signature (C). It begins with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and features a melodic line that starts with a series of ascending eighth notes, followed by a half note and a quarter note. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment of quarter notes.

The second system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Scenes that are bright-est May charm a - - - while;". The melody includes two triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of three notes) on the words "May" and "charm".

The third system of musical notation continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Hearts which are light-est, And eyes that smile; Yet". The melody includes two triplet markings (indicated by a '3' over a group of three notes) on the words "And" and "eyes".

Scenes that are brightest
May charm awhile;

Hearts which are lightest,
And eyes that smile;
Yet

o'er them, a - bove us, Tho' na - ture beam, With

dim.

dolento.

none to love us, How sad They seem, With

none to love us, How sad they seem.

ad lib.

V

o'er them, above us,
Tho' nature beam,
With none to love us,
How sad They seem,

With none to love us,
How sad they seem.

SECOND VERSE.

Words cannot scatter
The thoughts we fear;
For though they flatter,
They mock the ear.
Hopes will still deceive us
With tearful cost,
||:And when they leave us
The heart is lost!:||

THE STRICKEN.

BY ROBT. T. CONRAD.

Turn thou unto me, and have mercy upon me; for I am desolate and in misery. PSALMS.

HEAVY! Heavy! Oh, my heart
Seems a cavern deep and drear,
From whose dark recesses start,
Flutteringly, like birds of night,
Throes of passion, thoughts of fear,
Screaming in their flight;
Wildly o'er the gloom they sweep,
Spreading a horror dim—a wo that cannot weep!

Weary! Weary! What is life
But a spectre-crowded tomb?
Startled with unearthly strife—
Spirits fierce in conflict met,
In the lightning and the gloom,
The agony and sweat;
Passions wild and powers insane,
And thoughts with vulture beak, and quick Promethean pain!

Gloomy—gloomy is the day;
Tortured, tempest-tost the night;
Fevers that no founts allay—
Wild and wildering unrest—
Blessings festering into blight—
A gored and gasping breast!
From their lairs what terrors start,
At that deep earthquake voice—the earthquake of the heart!

Hopeless! Hopeless! Every path
Is with ruins thick bestrown;
Hurling bolts have fallen to scathe
All the greenness of my heart;
And I now am Misery's own—

We never more shall part!
My spirit's deepest, darkest wave
Writhes with the wrestling storm. Sleep! Sleep! The grave! The grave!

ROSABELLE.

BY "CARO."

A thing all life and sunshine,
A glad and happy child,
With spirits ever changing,
Half earnest and half wild;
As fleet a little fairy
As ever graced a dell,
Or frolicked in a blossom,
Is our sweet Rosabelle.

I wish that you could meet her;
Her clear and happy eyes
Would break upon your vision,
Like light from Paradise!
You'd know her in a moment—
You couldn't help it well—
For there's no other *like* her—
Our own, dear Rosabelle!

Her brow is just as open,
And sunny as the day;
And curls are dancing o'er it,
In their unfettered play.
Ah! loveliness and beauty
Have thrown their brightest spell,
Around our darling blossom—
Our witching Rosabelle!

Her mouth is made for kisses,
And when she lifts her face,
She seems to ask the tribute,
With her unconscious grace.
Her lips are ripe and glowing,
With just that pouting swell
That painters like to copy—

Our peerless Rosabelle!

Her voice is soft and child-like,
Yet gleeful as a bird's;
I love to list the cadence
Of her half-warbled words.
Her laugh is like the music
Of some sweet, silver bell;
I hear it in the passage,
And know 'tis Rosabelle.

A thing all life and sunshine,
A glad and happy child,
With spirits ever changing,
Half earnest and half wild;
As fleet a little fairy
As ever graced a dell,
Or frolicked in a blossom,
Is our sweet Rosabelle!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of the Early British Dramatists. By Thomas Campbell, Leigh Hunt, George Darley and William Gifford. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 12mo.

This volume contains the biographies prefixed to Moxon's library editions of the elder dramatists. The Life of Shakspeare, by Campbell, embodies all that is known of the poet, with some reasonable conjectures in regard to what is unknown, together with a short criticism on each of the plays. Though it has not that sustained excellence, either in composition or criticism, we might expect from the pen of such a writer, it still abounds in felicitous expressions and striking remarks, and, with the exception of De Quincy's Life of Shakspeare, published in the Encyclopedia Britannica, is the most interesting biography of Shakspeare, for the general reader, we can bring to mind. A few of the criticisms are very lame, and all of them imperfect—but the last objection is a natural consequence of the limited space in which the life is compressed. The style glitters occasionally with those smart impertinences which Campbell affected in his later compositions. Some of these are exceedingly pleasant. Thus in speaking of *Much Ado About Nothing*, he remarks that he once knew such a pair as Benedick and Beatrice. "The lady was a perfect Beatrice; she railed hypocritically at wedlock before her marriage, and with bitter sincerity after it. She and her Benedick now live apart, but with entire reciprocity of sentiments, each devoutly wishing that the other may soon pass into a better world." Again, in some slight observations on *Coriolanus*, which neither charity nor flattery could call criticism, there occurs a good hit at a common play-house profanation: "The enlightened public, in 1682, permitted Nahum Tate, *the executioner of King David*, to correct the plays of Shakspeare, and he laid his hangman hands on *Coriolanus*. . . . This mode of rewriting Shakspeare, was, for the time being, called correcting the saint of our stage. In like manner the Russians correct their patron saint when they find him deaf to their prayers for more favorable weather; they take him out in his wooden effigy and whip him soundly and publicly. I suspect they borrowed this custom from our mode of correcting Shakspeare."

The best piece in the volume is Mr. Darley's biography and criticism of Beaumont & Fletcher. The style is a little too much elaborated, and the opinions are not always free from prejudice, but the author writes like a poet, and really paints his subjects to the intellect of the reader—catching and conveying the spirit of the dramatists, as well as subjecting it to a high and manly criticism.

In most essays of this kind it is impossible to gain any notion of the author's

mind and individuality, amid all the words squandered on events of his life and the detail of his writings. This is illustrated in the biography of Ben Jonson, by Gifford. The “mountain belly and rocky face” of old Ben are hidden behind the form of his reviewer. It is like reading a snapping-turtle’s account of a whale, in which the said snapping-turtle contrives to make it out that the whale is just his size and conformation, and proves it by “undoubted facts.”

The account of Massinger and Ford is by Henry Nelson Coleridge, the son of the poet. It is rather brilliantly written, and contains much information relating to the time of James I. and Charles I. The lives of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, are in Leigh Hunt’s most characteristic style of thought and expression, and consequently sparkle with many a bright fancy and jaunty impertinence. As his band of dramatists were gentlemen of easy virtue, both in literature and life, and violated all the decencies and moralities which keep society together in the most brilliant way imaginable, they are very fortunate in having a biographer who launches no thunderbolts of indignation, and indulges in no yelps of rhetorical horror.

This volume of “lives” is almost indispensable to the lover of the old dramatists, and gives on the whole, the best account of their moral and intellectual character which can be obtained. The publishers have done well in presenting them in such an elegant and available form.

Washington and his Generals. By J. T. Headley. New York: Baker & Scribner. Vol. I., 12mo.

Mr. Headley has already won a popularity by his work on Napoleon and his Marshals, which his present volume will much increase. It doubtless has many inaccuracies, and displays here and there too much of the earthquake and thunderbolt in the style, but the object which the author set before him to obtain he has brilliantly accomplished. This object we take to be, the representation of the most glorious portions of American history in such a style as to impress them vividly on the popular imagination. In reading his book, the old passions burn anew in the veins of the reader, and the old forms start up, as from the tomb, and fight all their battles o’er again. The volume is as entertaining as the most exciting novel, and will convey more real information than many histories. All we have to regret is, that the author does not produce his effects by simpler and subtler means, with a less convulsive strain upon his rhetoric, and less carelessness of minor excellencies. As his books will have a very large circulation, it becomes him to avoid faults of diction, which must exert a bad influence upon public taste. His fiery and picturesque manner would really be even more effective if unaccompanied by his faults of taste; and these faults in so able a writer, must be rather the result of haste than of design or natural defect. We should advise him to look at Alison less, and at

Robertson more, and combine simplicity with vividness.

Memoirs of the Queens of France. By Mrs. Forbes Bush. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 2 vols. 12mo.

These elegant volumes should have a place on every lady's table. The authoress has treated those portions of her subject which most require softening, with that cunning delicacy peculiar to a woman's mind. Most of these queens were associated in their empire over the hearts of their lords, with certain queens, belonging to what Mrs. Slipsop might call "the frail sect," and the latter were more numerous than the former. Both queens and mistresses had no small share in the government of France, especially after it became an absolute monarchy. Frederick the Great said that the "petticoat government of the 18th century was yet to be written." Mrs. Forbes has done much to supply this defect in the case of France, for a number of centuries.

Hill-Side and Border Sketches: with Legends of the Cheviots and Lammermuir. By W. H. Maxwell. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

This is a very pleasant, readable book, evincing great animal spirits, if not wit, and written in a vein of delightful recklessness. The author, we believe, is a soldier, and a military air is around every thing he writes. He fires into the ranks of his readers uncounted quantities of small, hissing shot, peppers them now and then with an epigram, and anon charges them with a troop of well-compacted, screaming sentences. In every page there is implied a most edifying notion of his own rhetorical prowess, and a cavalier carelessness of contrary opinions. We wish his book success.

Holy Living and Dying. By the Rt. Rev. Jeremy Taylor, D. D. Boston: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a cheap and excellent edition of one of the most beautiful and eloquent works in the whole compass of theological literature. Taylor has been called "the Shakspeare of divines." The extent of his learning, the strength of his understanding, and the wonderful richness and copiousness of his imagination, were all penetrated by a spirit of holiness as remarkable for its sweetness as its intensity. Of all divines he is the best expression of heavenly-mindedness; and his *Holy Living and Dying* is the most perfect expression of his leading grace.

Sermons of Consolation. By F. W. P. Greenwood, D. D., Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. Third edition. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the best volumes of sermons for family reading we ever read; and its rapid passage to a third edition, shows how soon it has taken hold of the public mind. Dr. Greenwood's character had a sweetness, sanctity, and gentleness, which especially fitted him to carry light and consolation into the house of mourning. His sermons breathe the very spirit of peace and holiness. The style is exquisite. The volume cannot be read without having its tone of serious thought and devout aspiration insinuated into the most worldly mind, by "a process of smoothness and delight."

Prevention Better Than Cure: or the Moral Wants of the World We Live In. By Mrs. Ellis. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The object of this book is indicated by the title, and its mode of treatment by the general character of the authoress. The volume is laden with valuable suggestions, which, if carried out by those who have the guardianship of the young, would save the world from a vast mass of its social evils. One of the best indications of the age, is the interest taken in all the influences which go to mould individual character, and the severe scrutiny to which they are subjected. Mrs. Ellis's book is a good illustration of a general disposition, and we trust it will fall into the right hands.

Tancred, or the New Crusade. A Novel. By B. D'Israeli, M. P. Phila.: Carey & Hart.

Of all the political and literary charlatans of the day, D'Israeli is the ablest, most brilliant, and most impudent. If any of our readers disagree with this opinion, we refer them to the work which has provoked it. To attempt a sober answer to its leading opinions would make the disputant as ridiculous as the author. The reader silently consigns them to contempt, or passes them lightly over for the other portions of the novel. The whole book is made up of foppery; but the foppery of sentiment, satire, and description, is infinitely more readable than the foppery of politics and religion.

A Year of Consolation. By Fanny Kemble Butler. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is one of the most attractive volumes of the season. It is written in Mrs. Butler's most brilliant style, and is spiced with just enough personality to make it piquant. That portion of her journal relating to Italy is especially readable. The side allusions to this country are very characteristic. Every page of the book bears the stamp of a strong, proud, frank mind, heedless of what Mrs. Grundy will say, and fearlessly expressing even its whims and caprices. There is a kind of impatient daring even in the use of figurative language, and analogies are sometimes brought violently together, as much from passion as fancy. A reader goes through the book at rail-road speed.

The Cadet de Colobrières. Translated from the French of Madame Charles Reybaud. Phila.: Carey & Hart.

This is an excellent novel; interesting as a narrative; showing great artistic skill in composition and grouping, and unblemished by the faults and indecencies usually connected with the very idea of a French romance.

Captivity of Napoleon at St. Helena. By General Count Montholon, the Emperor's Companion in Exile and Testamentary Executor. Phila.: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8mo.

To those who take an interest in Napoleon, either as a general or statesman, this work will be of absorbing interest. Napoleon, at St. Helena, is even a greater man than Napoleon at Marengo or Austerlitz.

A Voyage up the River Amazon, Including a Residence at Para. By William H. Edwards. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is an exceedingly interesting account of a region which is but little known, but which is truly what the author styles it, the "garden of the world." The book deserves an extensive circulation. It is sure to amuse those who are indifferent to its value in other respects.

The Progress of Ethnology, an Account of Recent Archæological, Philological and Geographical Researches in Various Parts of the Globe, Tending to Elucidate the Physical History of Man. By John Russell Bartlett. New York: Bartlett & Welford.

In this pamphlet of a hundred and fifty pages, Mr. Bartlett has compressed the information of as many volumes. It evinces the most extensive knowledge, and as fine judgment, and is altogether a work which no scholar can be without.

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious typesetting 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 54, ears was too ==> ears [and](#) was too

[The end of *Graham's Magazine*, Vol. XXXI, No. 1 (July 1847) edited by George R. Graham]