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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. August, 1847. No. 2.

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Graham's Magazine.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, August, 1847. NO. 2.

THE SLAVER.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

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

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CHAPTER V.

All lost! To prayers, to prayers!
All lost!
. . . . . .

He'll be hanged yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at wid'st to glut him.

TEMPEST.

THE next morning, at the appointed time, accompanied by a young Spaniard, as second, Willis was on the beach, where he found De Vere and his friend. The foes saluted each other with the most scrupulous politeness. Ten paces were measured as the distance, and they took their positions.

The signal was given, and both fired, but with unequal success; at the report De Vere sprung up, and then fell senseless at full length upon the sand; Willis was unharmed, and merely asking his opponent's second if his friend wished another shot—to which, of course, he replied in the negative—he got into his boat, and without even looking at De Vere, pulled back to the harbor.

Anxious to get away from Havana as soon as possible, for, since his rencounter with De Vere, he was confident that Francisca must know his true character, or

rather the character De Vere had falsely given him, and not desiring to meet her or her father, Willis made all possible dispatch to get through with his business; and in two days after the duel he was again at sea, and bound for Africa.

The cargo he would bring with him was engaged to a trader on the other side of the island, and he did not intend returning to Havana.

He had a quick and fortunate run over, and was four days out, on his return, with the best lot of negroes he had ever obtained, all grown men, strong and healthy, when he fell in with a sail.

He discovered it to be a large ship, to leeward of him some six or eight miles; he knew her to be a man-of-war, by the squareness of her yards, and who, as soon as she saw the Maraposa, took another pull at the lee-braces, and put her helm a little more a-lee; but she might as well have tried to sail in the teeth of a tornado as outweather the schooner, though the accuracy with which she maintained her distance and position proved her to be a remarkably fast sailer. Willis had no fear of the ship overtaking him, and held on his course; day after day, for nearly a week, the two vessels were in the same relative position, almost on parallel lines, but between six and eight miles apart; both under all the sail they could carry. On the eighth day it fell dead calm, and both the ship and schooner lay motionless on the smooth water.

The scorching beams of an equatorial sun rendered the heat insufferable, even on deck; but in the hold of the slaver the heat and the stench were absolutely awful! and the poor negroes, nearly frantic, were continually shrieking for water and air.

Their cries brought them small relief. The attention of Willis and the crew was too much occupied by other matters, to pay any more attention to the blacks than see they were secure; for as soon as the wind died away, the ship had commenced getting out her boats. Already had Willis seen three of them lowered over, and he felt confident the captain of the sloop-of-war intended attacking him with the whole strength of his crew.

One! two! three! more boats he counted, as they swung an instant in the air, and then dropped in the water. Aided by his glass, he saw the men hurrying down the ship's side to man them.

But he knew it was a work of time and labor to row eight miles in the intense heat, and it was not until he had seen the launch, four cutters, and even the gig, six boats in all, pull round the sloop's bows, crowded with men, and forming a line, stretch out toward the Maraposa, that he commenced preparations to repel the attack.

The force approaching was formidable, nearly an hundred men, and the crew of the slaver, counting all hands, even Willis and the cook, was barely half the number.

The schooner, acting only on the defensive, and being so much higher out of the water than the boats, made this disparity in numbers less to be dreaded; and the confidence Willis had in his men, and they in him, made the slavers feel secure in the result of the approaching struggle; and it was with a loud and hearty shout that

his crew answered, when Willis called —

"All hands to quarters!"

"Open the magazine! Trice up the boarding-nettings! and stand by, to give those English fools h—l! for meddling with what don't concern them."

These orders were soon obeyed, and the schooner with her six caronnades looking through the port-holes, double boarding-nettings triced up, and her desperate crew armed to the teeth, with calm, determined resolution printed on their countenances, quietly watching the coming foe, was the personification of men "grown old in desperate hardihood;" fortified with the determination of resisting to the death.

The line of black boats, with their long oars regularly rising and falling, resembled huge beetles, as they came across the glass-like sea; and in an hour and a half they were within a mile of the schooner. Shot after shot was fired at them from the long gun of the Maraposa, but unharmed they steadily approached to within the distance of a hundred yards, when, with a loud huzza, they formed abreast, the launch a little in advance, and made a dash at the schooner, with the intention of all boarding at once.

Then was heard the thunder of the three larboard caronnades, as they hurled forth their iron hail, and a yell of agony, and the sudden swamping of the launch and fourth cutter attested the deadly effect of the fire; but the other boats undaunted, before the guns could be again loaded, had reached the vessel, and, with shouts and hoarse huzzas, were trying to board her.

But the attempt was futile! with boarding-pike, cutlas point, and pistol shot, her hardy crew repulsed them. Again! and again! with the determined and dogged courage of English tars, they endeavored to get on deck, but the men of the slaver, cheered on by Willis, drove them back each time with loss, and the lieutenant in command of the expedition, fearing all his men would be lost, drew off. Another broadside from the schooner sunk one more of the boats, and pulling as quickly as possible out of the range of the slavers' guns, with slow and feeble strokes, crest fallen, and deprived of half their boats and men, the attacking party proceeded toward their ship.

Ere they had accomplished a third of the distance, the ship was seen to square away her yards, and commenced moving through the water to meet them; the wind had sprung up again, but coming out from the south'ard, it brought the ship to windward, instead of to leeward, as she had been before the calm, and feeling its effects first, she was gathering way before the schooner felt it; soon however it reached the slaver, and with her sheets eased off, the Maraposa commenced merrily to continue her course.

Willis had only four men killed in the late action, and with his feelings elated at the severe repulse he had given the men-of-wars-men, whom he cordially hated for their incessant persecution of the slavers, and whose boasted philanthropy, the

motive which they pretend actuates them, he was aware was only practiced for the effect it had upon the world, and not for any benefit the Africans derived; for he knew that the condition of the recaptured negroes, as English apprentices, was infinitely worse than as Spanish slaves; for in the one case they had all the horrors of slavery without the name or benefits, in the other the name without the horrors.

He was congratulating himself on his good fortune, and the prospect of making a safe and profitable voyage, when the current of his thoughts were changed by the appearance of a sail on his weather bow. The sloop lost time by heaving-to, to get in her boats, and was about ten miles astern; and the strange sail was some six miles ahead, standing to the northward and eastward, a course that would bring her exactly across the schooner's track.

"Take the glass, Mateo," said Willis, "and jump up on the fore-topsail yard, and see if you can make out that chap ahead; he may be only some merchantman after all."

Mateo took the glass, and rapidly going aloft, sung out in a voice of surprise —"Soul of my mother! if it is not our old friend the Scorpion! who must have a new captain, for you left the other past service!"

Willis was at a loss how to act. If he kept on he would meet the Scorpion, and the sloop behind would soon be up, and then he would have them both on him, and the brig alone was more than a match for the Maraposa; eat them out of the wind he could not, for they were both to windward of him; to bear away dead before it was only the same thing as keeping on, for both vessels, spreading a great deal more canvas, would have outsailed him, going with the wind over the tafferel.

"Well, Mateo, what do you think of the prospect?" asked Willis of his mate, as he joined him on deck.

"Pretty squally, sir! we can't run either way!"

"No! but we can keep on and fight!"

"Yes, sir! but if the brig wings us, and we can hardly expect to get off again with sound spars, we will only fall into the clutches of the sloop, even if we whip the brig."

"Well," said the captain, "we can't do any better, and must make our wits help us. To begin with, set the Portuguese flag, and let each man arm himself with four pistols and a cutlas, and be ready to obey orders."

The vessels were rapidly approaching one another, and the brig, getting within reach, fired. The ball struck in the water so close to the schooner as to cast the spray on her deck; but another shot coming through the bulwarks, and lodging in the heel of the bowsprit, Willis lowered his ensign, in token of submission; and putting his helm up, lay-to, by bringing the schooner in the wind.

When the ensign was lowered, the brig ceased firing; and getting within hailing distance, an officer on her forecastle, ordered the Maraposa to round-to under her lee-quarter.

“Ay, ay,” answered Willis, as he heard the order given on board the brig to back the main-topsail. Shoving his helm shear a-port, he brought the schooner directly athwart the brig’s weather bow. As soon as he heard the vessels grate, as they came in contact, he sung out, “Away, ye butterflies! away!” and springing up his own fore-rigging, leaped, cutlas in hand, down on the deck of the brig, followed by his whole crew, with the exception of two or three, who remained behind to take charge of the schooner.

The brig’s crew had not time to rally from the surprise of this unexpected and desperate onslaught; for the slavers rushed upon them with the ferocity and vindictiveness of bloodhounds. Discharging their pistols as they jumped on board, they threw them at the heads of their foes, with wild yells, and then, with boarding-axe and cutlas, they joined in the deadly encounter.

Surprised by the suddenness of Willis’s attack, and unprepared for it, the Englishmen gave back before the impetuosity of his first burst, and he was soon in possession of the forecastle; but, rallying in the gangways, the slaughter on both sides was immense—hand to hand, toe to toe, they fought; and as a man on either side fell, another stepped into his place.

The shouts and huzzas that resounded from both parties, at the commencement of the affray, had now died away, and the only sounds heard were the clink of steel, as their weapons came in contact, or the sullen, dead sound of a boarding-axe, as it crushed through a skull, and an occasional groan, uttered by some poor fellow in his death-agony. The termination of the conflict was doubtful, when the state of affairs was altered, by an event equally startling to both sides.

The negroes confined in the hold of the Maraposa, frantic from their confinement and suffering, and finding the crew had left her, succeeded in breaking their bonds, and rushed on deck, wild with delight at being loose, and burning for revenge, they threw overboard the few men left in charge of the schooner, and hearing the conflict on the brig, some sixty of them, armed with handspikes, iron belaying-pins, monkey-tails,[1] and whatever they could pick up, came tumbling on board, and falling upon the rear of the slavers, with unearthly and savage noises, they threw them into great disorder, and created a diversion in favor of the man-of-war’s men, which they were not slow in taking advantage of, and with a loud hurrah, they charged over the Maraposas, and thought the day was already theirs; but the negroes, who had only attacked the slavers because they met them first as they came over the bow, knew no difference in the white men; and as the brig’s crew came within their reach, were assaulted as fiercely as the slavers; and not until every African had been slain, or forced overboard, was the brig once more in the possession of her own crew.

The Maraposa, after the men in charge of her were thrown overboard, had forged clear of the brig, and was now drifting about, sometimes with her sails full, and then all aback, some quarter of a mile off—the negroes dancing, jumping, and fighting on her deck like a drove of monkeys.

Willis, who, looking around when the slaves first fell upon his men to see what was the matter, had received a severe blow on the back of his head from a cutlas. His hat turning the edge, he was only stunned by the force of the blow, and gradually recovering his senses, he raised himself on his elbow. At first his mind wandered, and he did not recollect where he was; but soon the familiar faces of many of his own men, and the bodies of the English sailors who lay around him, covered with ghastly wounds, and stiff in the cold embrace of death; the groans of the wounded, as they were borne past him, on their way to the cockpit, recalled vividly to his imagination his melancholy situation.

Rising to his feet, and looking around, he found that, for the present at least, his position was nearly hopeless. Scarce half a dozen of his men had escaped with life, his vessel out of his reach, and he a prisoner to those from whom he did not expect civil treatment; then with the certainty, nearly, of the dangling noose, and foreyard-arm in the future.

A few months previous it would have caused the slaver's captain not a moment's uneasiness, had he been in even a greater strait. If the gallows-rope had been quivering over his head, its noose gaping to receive his neck, it would not then have caused a difference in his pulse, or a pang of sorrow in his heart—for he was then both brave and reckless; and knowing when he entered his present life that the penalty was death, he would but have thought the deal had been against him, the game lost, and he, of course, must pay the stake. For what is life worth without an aim—an object; living but to eat, drink, and toil. With nothing to look forward to in the future but a cessation from monotony, is worse than death. And Willis, driven from the field of honorable ambition, at enmity with his relations, and loving or beloved by no one, had little to fear from death or disgrace.

But now, his feelings were altered. Love, that all powerful passion, had brought about a change; not that he now *feared* death, but the manner of it; and the thought that the last Francisca would hear of him, as the condemned felon, who had paid the penalty of the law without even repenting of his course, was harrowing. And he had thought, too, that time, which brings about the most apparently improbable things, might so arrange events, that he would not always be the outcast he now was; and even in the dim future he had pictured to himself Francisca as being his.

It seemed, however, as if his course would now soon be run, and his hopes blighted; and, steeped in intense agony of mind, he was insensible to aught around, when he was aroused by a rough grasp on the shoulder, and a sailor asked if he was not the captain of the schooner.

He answered in the affirmative, and was told the captain of the brig wished to see him. Following the sailor, he was led to the cabin. Coming from the light of the sun, it was comparatively dark, and at first Willis did not observe that any one was in it; but becoming accustomed to the light, he discovered the figure of De Vere, pale and attenuated, lying on a sofa.

At first Willis was somewhat shocked; for he thought that De Vere had been

killed in the duel, which belief was confirmed by not seeing him on deck during the fight; but knowing, now, that he had been only wounded, he quickly regained his look of quiet composure, and fixing his eye on De Vere's, he stood silently before him.

A smile of gratified hatred was playing over De Vere's white face; and the sight of Willis, knowing him to be completely in his power, seemed to afford him so much pleasure, that, gloating on him with a sparkling eye, he did not break the silence for some moments.

"You thought I was dead, did you, my noble captain?" he at last said, in a satyrical tone; "but you find I have life enough left yet to be at your hanging; and I have a mind, for fear I should not, to have you strung up now. Twice you have had the luck—the third time is mine."

Willis deigned not an answer; and with a curled lip, expressive of his scorn, remained motionless.

For a short time the captain of the brig looked at him in silence, and then, apparently overcome by bodily fatigue, ordered Willis to be put in double irons, which being put upon him at once, he was carried on the berth-deck, and placed under the charge of a sentinel.

As soon as the wounded had been carried below, the brig sent a prize crew on board the captured slaver; and after a short struggle, they succeeded in reducing her negroes to submission.

By this time the ship that had been chasing the schooner, and whose boats had been repulsed in the morning, came up, and proved to be the Vixen, whose captain coming on board of the Scorpion, in consequence of Capt. De Vere's inability to leave his cabin, and congratulated him on his good fortune in capturing the Maraposa, ordered him to proceed to Havana with the prize, and have her condemned, and her crew, or what remained of them, tried by the mixed commission;[2] and leaving them to make the passage, we will return to where we left De Vere, on the beach, after his duel with Willis.

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[1] Monkey-tails. Short, iron crow-bars, used as levers in moving the breech of the guns.

[2] A court established in Havana, expressly for the trial of slavers.

CHAPTER VI.

Jul. What villain, madam?
Lady Cap. That same villain, Romeo.
Jul. Villain and he are many miles asunder
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart:
And yet no man, like he, doth grieve my heart.
ROMEO AND JULIET.

When De Vere's second picked him up, he was senseless; and his shirt, stained with blood on the left breast, made him think he had been shot through the heart. But the surgeon of the brig, who was in attendance, examined him more closely, and found that he had made a narrow escape; he was not mortally, but still dangerously wounded; the ball had struck directly over the heart, but taking a diagonal direction, it had passed out under his arm, without touching the seat of life.

Carefully raising him, they carried him to the boat, and supporting him on their knees, he was conveyed to his vessel, then at anchor in the harbor.

De Vere had promised to dine at Don Manuel's the day of the duel; and the old gentleman, surprised at his absence—for he had always been most punctual in keeping his appointments there—sent a servant down to the brig to see if the captain was unwell.

The man came hurrying back with a long, exaggerated report of the affair, and said that "Captain De Vere had been shot by a notorious slave captain; and was dying, if not already dead."

Alarmed at this information, the old gentleman went at once to see De Vere; and finding he was only badly wounded, by the consent of the physician, had him removed from the brig to his own house.

So occupied was Don Velasquez with attending on the sick captain, that for a day or two he neglected to call on "Brewster," though he was constantly endeavoring to think of some method by which he could express the gratitude he felt for the preservation of his beloved daughter; and he wondered why "Brewster" had not again been to the house.

On the third day, however, his sense of duty not permitting him longer to neglect one to whom he was under such great obligations, he went out to see the captain of the schooner, and was surprised to find the vessel had left the port.

Feeling vexed and mortified with himself that he had not more promptly called upon "Brewster;" and believing his unceremonious departure was occasioned by his own lack of proper attentions, he returned home, and told his daughters of the disappointment he had met.

Clara, whose pride was hurt, that one to whom the family were indebted had been permitted thus to depart, with the obligation unrequited, freely expressed her sorrow. Francisca said very little, nothing more than was absolutely necessary, but

felt far, far more than either of them.

Pleased by the favorable impression Willis had made upon Clara, and knowing that her father would naturally feel kindly toward one who had rendered her such valuable service, she had been permitting herself to indulge in pleasant visions of the future, in which she saw every thing "*couleur de rose*," and a happy consummation to her heart's passion.

These bright day-dreams were now all dispelled; and with a sad heart she retired to the privacy of her chamber, to mourn over her hard lot; for she thought "if Brewster had cared any thing for me, he would at least have said, adieu, before leaving, perhaps for ever."

De Vere, knowing the obligations Don Velasquez was under to Willis, had, from a gentlemanly feeling, refrained from telling him that Captain "Brewster, of the Portuguese navy," was no other than Willis, the notorious slaver, and the person who had so nearly killed him; but when the old gentleman told him of "Brewster's" sudden departure, he apparently suffered so much from mortification and self reproach, that De Vere thought it would relieve his mind to know the true character of the person in whom he took so much interest; he therefore told him, giving Willis, not his true character, but the false one public report had fastened upon him.

Don Manuel listened to this narrative with varying emotions. At first he could not credit it, so much was Willis's appearance, manners, and air *distingué*, at variance with his calling; but De Vere insisted upon the correctness of his statement, and then the Don was sorry, that one fitted to move in so much more elevated a sphere, had no higher ambition or aim.

Upon the whole, however, Don Velasquez's wounded self-esteem was soothed; for though the obligation was in reality the same as before, believing, now, that Willis's mind must necessarily be sordid and base, he thought money would liquidate the debt, and he would still have an opportunity of acknowledging it. In the other case, with a high-minded and gentlemanly man, as he had supposed him to be, courtesies and attentions were the only return he could have made; and to do this he had lost the opportunity.

Soothing his feelings, therefore, by resolving handsomely to reward Willis, if ever he had the opportunity, he determined to give himself no further trouble about the matter.

Clara, when she learned that "Brewster" had shot De Vere, and was a negro trader, was loud in her reproaches; and calling him many hard names, wondered how he had the impudence to enter the house of a gentleman, and congratulated her sister upon her lucky escape, after being in the power of such a wretch.

Poor Francisca, when she first heard the intelligence, felt as if her heart had been shocked by an earthquake; for it seemed as if an insurmountable barrier had now been raised between her and Willis.

True to her woman's heart, she still loved him as much as ever, and would not

believe the reports to his detriment. She thought of him but as she had known and seen him—kind, gentle, and noble; and that if he was a slaver, it was not his own choice, but the result of some dire necessity; and each time she heard De Vere or her sister berate him, though it deeply wounded her, it only made the remembrance of him more dear; for she felt the slanders were false. Silently, however, she bore her sorrows; for, fearing to increase her sister's animosity, she never took the part of Willis when his name was slurred.

The old duenna was the only one that stood out openly for the defamed Willis; she stoutly declared "that Brewster, or Willis, slaver, or man-of-war, she did not care which, he was the handsomest, the most gentlemanly, and the kindest man she had ever seen; and if ever she was in danger, she hoped he might be near to protect her; and that it was a shame for them thus to run him down behind his back, when he saved Señorita Francisca's life, to say nothing of her own."

Balm it was to Francisca, to hear the old lady thus give utterance to the thoughts she did not dare to speak; and in her daily orisons, regularly did she supplicate the Virgin to protect the slaver's captain, and keep him in safety.

Captain De Vere's wound, by assiduous nursing, did not prove fatal; but his anxiety to be revenged on Willis was so great, that before he was able to leave his couch, and against the advice and entreaties of Don Manuel, Clara, and the physician, he insisted upon joining his vessel, and going to sea, with the hope of capturing the Maraposa on her return passage.

The result of his cruise has already been given in the preceding chapter.

———

CHAPTER VII

Be not afraid!
'Tis but a pang, and then a thrill,
A fever fit, and then a chill,
And then an end of human ill;
For thou art dead.
SCOTT'S LAY OF LOUISE.

The Scorpion and her prize had arrived safely in Havana. Willis, heavily manacled, was brought on deck, where, joined by the small remnant of his crew, amongst whom he was glad to discover the face of Mateo, though its symmetry had been spoiled by a cutlas-cut, extending from under his right eye to the left corner of his mouth, entirely severing the end of his nose. The captain of the Maraposa was kept a few moments waiting, and then, under a strong guard, they were all carried to the Moro Castle, and lodged in its dungeons, were left to await their trial.

Mateo and the rest of the men were put in a cell together, Willis, for greater security, had been confined in a strong apartment alone.

It was the first time the slaver had ever been in prison, and the close, dank air,

the gloom, the high, dull, cold, stone walls, the heavy fetters upon his limbs, the entire lack of any thing external to distract his thoughts from his situation, all together, produced a feeling of depression he had never known before.

Thus was he four days, with naught to while away the time but his own thoughts, and they brought any thing but comfort to his mind, for the past scenes of a misspent life were constantly presenting themselves with the vividness of a panorama.

His early youth, when a good and gentle boy he had listened to the kind admonitions of his excellent mother; then the loss of his sweet parent, throwing him amongst selfish and careless relations; his first steps in vice; then his desire to repent and reform; the cold looks and want of sympathy with which he had been met; and bitterly cursing the want of charity that had been so parsimonious of kindness, when a few soothing words would have established him in the road to rectitude, he looked at the darker deeds of the few last years, and the end to which they would soon bring him.

Harassed by such painful reflections, it was a relief when the jailor came to conduct him to trial, though he knew that with him the road would be short from the tribunal to the gallows.

He felt that his fate was sealed; he had mortified De Vere so much, by dismantling his vessel and killing so many of his men, besides wounding him in the duel, that he knew the Englishman's influence would prevent his being treated with the least leniency, and that the utmost penalty of the law would be exacted. He lacked also that powerful friend, gold. Aware of the uncertain tenure one in his profession had of life, he squandered the immense sums he made as he got them, and he had not been allowed an opportunity of obtaining aid from his associates.

It was with a mind conscious of the worst, and prepared to bear it, that with a calm, determined countenance, and collected air, he was confronted with his judges.

The indictment was read, and the presiding judge asked him if he was "Guilty, or not guilty?"

"Guilty I am!" said Willis, "as who that hears me is not? but, that I am more worthy of condemnation than even you, my judges, or than the accuser, I deny! 'Tis true, I have been guilty of bringing negroes from Africa to this island. But wherein am I thereby more guilty than you? Do you not eagerly buy them as soon as landed; and so hold out the temptation to bring them? 'Tis also true, that on the high sea I did, with force and death, resist 'her Britannic Majesty's vessel.' Were moral right to prevail for once, her captain would be in my situation; for by his intervention the slaves that I would have brought here, to live in comfort to a good old age, will now be condemned to hard and short lives, as apprentices, in Brazil. But what avails my talking! My life, I know, is forfeited! and I will not degrade myself by making useless efforts to save it."

The counts in the indictment were all sustained. After a short consultation, he

was adjudged to die. And standing up to hear his sentence, he found he was to be hung, the day after the morrow, to the fore-yard of his own vessel. He then was carried back to his dungeon.

After the captain had been sentenced, the rest of the crew were brought up for trial; but being all men of little notoriety, and pleading their necessity to obey the commands of Willis, and that when they had joined the Maraposa they did not know she was a slaver, they were all pardoned except Mateo, who was compelled to pay a fine.

De Vere, after the trial, returned home exultingly; the man that had caused him to be laughed at by the whole squadron, the one who had nearly killed him, and again came within an ace of capturing his brig, was about to be punished.

Clara was likewise glad to hear of Willis's fate, for she hated him for wounding her betrothed.

But Don Manuel learned the result of the trial with sadness; he had tried to prevail upon De Vere not to prosecute, but the Englishman said it was impossible; his sense of justice, his oath and honor as an officer, all, he contended, compelled him to have the law enforced; he had even made an effort to influence the court, but found De Vere's influence governed them all; he had not, however, given up all hope yet.

Well was it for the secret of Francisca's heart that the sentence of Willis was conveyed to her in her own chamber, by the faithful duenna, for as soon as she heard the awful news she sunk senseless on the floor; swoon succeeded swoon for some time, but recovering, in a degree, her composure, her eye brightened and her cheek flushed, as if some happy idea had flashed across her mind, and leaving the room she sought her father.

It was the night after the day of the trial, the bells of the many churches had just ceased chiming ten, when the silence that reigned in the slaver's cell was broken by the sound of a key grating in the lock of his door.

Surprised at having a visiter at so unusual an hour, Willis turned to see why he was disturbed, and was astonished to discover, as the door opened, by the light in the hands of the jailor, who remained in the passage, a female figure, closely enveloped in the folds of a large mantilla, glide into his dungeon. When within a few feet of Willis, the lady paused, and, save the convulsive motion of her breast, stood for a moment motionless. Then, slowly dropping the mantilla from about her face, she revealed to the startled gaze of the prisoner the features of Francisca, not as he had seen them, but pale as death, and thin, as if she had lately been very ill.

Willis was about to speak, but raising her finger as a sign for him to be silent, she said —

"Time is precious, Captain Willis, waste it not in inquiries or conjectures of the cause of my being here, but believe that I am deeply grateful for the life I owe you, and am desirous of repaying it in kind. Every exertion has been made without

success by my father to procure your pardon, but my efforts have been more blessed. In two hours the turnkey, who has been bribed, will let you out; proceed to the nearest quay, where you will find all that is left of your crew, waiting for you in a boat; take them to your schooner, which is at anchor in the same place she was when you were brought here; the few men in charge of her have also been bought; and then to make your way out safely will have to depend upon yourself."

Again Willis endeavored to speak, and express his thanks, but Francisca motioned him to hush.

"One moment more, and I must be gone. In this package," she handed him a small bundle, apparently of paper, "you will find that which will be useful to you, if you get to sea. And praying that the blessed Virgin will protect you, I wish you God speed."

She turned, and was going, but Willis seized her hand for an instant, and imprinting upon it a kiss, said, in a voice tremulous with emotion,

"The gratitude I feel, lady, after years shall prove;" and letting her hand go she vanished, and the door shutting, Willis was again in the dark.

Had it not been for the palpable evidence of the package, still in his hand, he would have thought the interview had been a dream; as it was, he could hardly convince himself it was aught else. So sudden had been the entrance of Francisca, she had looked so much an angel, so quickly vanished, that the two hours had elapsed before he was really certain he had not been only blest by a vision.

But the noiseless entry of the turnkey established the fact of mortal agency. And his fetters being unlocked, he once more was comparatively free. With deep feelings of gratitude and love toward Francisca, for her noble conduct, he left his cell, and in silence followed the unechoing steps of his former jailor, through many long passages and winding ways that led at last to a small private door, built in the outer wall, opening toward the harbor.

Here Willis paused, to bid his conductor good-night, and thank him. But the man said his life would not be worth an hour's purchase if he were found there in the morning, and he had been paid well enough to leave his situation, and that if el Señor Capitan had no objection, he would go with him.

Willis of course could not have refused; but he had no such intention; and knowing the sparseness of his crew, was very glad thus to obtain another able-bodied man.

Much pleased at the captain's ready acquiescence, the obliging turnkey locked the door on the outside, and put the key in his pocket, saying he never liked to part with old friends, and it might be of use to him again.

Quietly continuing their way, Willis and his quondam jailor walked out to the extremity of the nearest quay, where, in a boat laying close in the shadow of the wharf, he found Mateo and the remnant of his former crew. Brief, but cordial, were the greetings that passed between the slavers and their recovered captain, who,

telling them how much he was indebted to his companion, stepped with him into the boat.

The night was dark; thick clouds of misty vapor obscuring the light of the stars; and every thing seemed to be slumbering; even the “alerto sentinelo” of the guards on the castle, and in the city, as it broke the silence, had a sleepy sound; and the safety with which the boat shoved off and pulled into the basin proved they were not very wide awake.

The tall masts of the Maraposa were dimly seen by Willis, as his boat, slowly and with muffled oars, made toward her, and the ebb tide was running out with all its force by the time he was alongside.

“Who comes there?” some one hailed, in a stifled voice, from the schooner, as the bow of the boat slightly touched her side.

“Friends!” was Willis’s reply, and with the celerity and noiseless tread of Indian warriors, he and his boat’s crew transferred themselves to the deck of the schooner.

As the foot of Willis once more pressed his own quarter-deck he seemed a new being, and felt as if he were already safe, but a glance at the dark pile of the Moro, and the black hull of the Scorpion, just visible in the haze behind him, reminded him of the dangers still to be overcome.

“Silently! silently, men! on your lives!” he whispered; “put the helm hard a-port, one of you! and, Mateo, forward and slip the cable.”

With the silence of men who knew their lives depended on their quietness, but with the dispatch engendered by long habit, his orders were obeyed, and the schooner forced from her anchor, swung round with the tide and began to drift toward the sea.

Not a word was spoken, or a foot moved; had the vessel been unmanned, until the castle had been passed, she could not have been more silent; unchallenged she floated on.

So excited and alert were the organs of her men, however, that when Willis ordered them to hoist away the jib, though speaking in a low tone, it caused them all to start. The jib greatly increased the Maraposa’s way through the water; and as soon as he thought it would not excite the attention of the sentinels at the castle, he hoisted his main-sail and fore-sail, loosing his square-sails quietly, the yards rose to their places, and in half an hour more the gallant schooner, under all sail, was standing out to sea. With a wild huzza, the crew gave vent to their feelings, and Willis, rejoiced to be again at liberty, and in safety, could not help joining them.

Upon examining the state of his vessel, which he did at once, he was gratified to find every thing undisturbed in the hold—all the provisions and water were still in her—the powder had not even been removed from the magazine, and the only things missing were the schooner’s papers.

His crew, indeed, instead of numbering fifty men, as it had, now only mustered ten beside himself—Mateo, and his six companions, with the two men who had

been in charge of the Maraposa, and the turnkey. Though too few to fight with, they were amply sufficient to manage the vessel.

The course he intended ultimately to pursue Willis had not yet decided. The first and most imperative object was to get beyond the reach of pursuit; and leaving Mateo in charge of the deck, with directions to steer to the eastward, and to call him if he saw a sail, he descended to the cabin, to reflect on the eventful changes of the last few hours, and think about his future line of conduct.

The first thing that attracted his attention, when he entered the cabin, was a small, strong wooden box, well secured with cords, setting on the table. Never having seen it before, and curious to know why it was so carefully fastened, he approached the table, and with surprise discovered the box was directed to "Captain Willis, of the Maraposa." Hastily undoing the rope that bound it, and lifting the lid, he found the box full of Spanish doubloons, and a note, likewise endorsed with his name, lying on the top of them. Opening it, he read —

> "SIR,—Having in vain endeavored to find some other method by which I could testify the gratitude I feel to the preserver of my beloved Francisca, I hope you will accept of the enclosed contents, as a slight evidence of the obligation I feel; and sincerely desiring it may prove useful, I have the honor to be,
>
> "Very respectfully,
>
> "MANUEL VELASQUEZ."

Willis was mortified to think the old Spaniard believed he was actuated by any hope of gain when he saved Francisca; and had he been able, would at once have returned him the money. But, situated as he now was, to return it at once was impossible. So, replacing the cover on the box, and putting it in his chest, he took from his breast the package given him by Francisca in the dungeon, which his constant occupation had prevented him as yet from examining.

Undoing the wrapper, he found the bundle contained nothing but Portuguese papers, regularly authenticated for a vessel exactly of the size and build of the Maraposa. In vain he looked amongst their folds, and on them, for a note, or even a line, from the fair donor, but nothing of the kind was to be seen; and disappointed, he scarce knew why, for he had not the slightest reason to expect any thing of the kind, he sat down by the cabin table, and with his face buried in his hands, the following thoughts, reflections, and resolutions, passed through his mind.

For some time the image of Francisca usurped his thoughts. He felt confident she took a more tender interest in his welfare than she had expressed; for there is a species of clairvoyance in love, that enables one to see things that are meant to be hidden; and though gratitude had been assigned as the cause of her efforts in delivering him from death, he believed it was only an excuse, and his heart warmed with love as he thought of her. With the long frozen springs of his better feelings thus thawed by tender sentiments, the kind and impressive lessons of virtue that had

been inculcated by his departed mother, and which had been allowed to slumber in forgetfulness for many years, now all distinctly and forcibly presented themselves; and the hardened slaver, the stern man, shed bitter tears, as he thought of the happy days of his youth, and the slight regard he had paid to the teachings of his once dearly loved parent.

It seemed as if a veil had been removed from his sight; and he now saw, in all its deformity, his present course of life, and the desire became strong within him to reform. He now had an object to strive for—the possession of Francisca's love.

But how was he to begin? All he possessed in the world was his vessel, and the money on board of Don Manuel's. He could not hope to win the consent of the proud Spaniard, even if his daughter was willing, while he was poor. He knew no profession but that of ploughing the deep; and as merchant captain, who would employ him?

A short time longer he sat, and then rising, spoke aloud. "I cannot reform yet; one more voyage I must make—one more voyage in the slave-trade. I will use the old Spaniard's money to buy a new cargo, sell it, and repay his doubloons; and with the capital remaining I will begin a new and honorable career, and win, spite of all opposition, the hand of Francisca."

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CHAPTER VIII.

Strange words, my lord, and most unmerited!
I am no spy, and neither are we traitors.
BYRON.

On the following morning the sentinel on the forecastle of the Scorpion was the first one who discovered the disappearance of the captured slaver. Looking in the direction the schooner had been the evening before, he missed her. As it was hardly light, he thought the fog must have hidden the vessel; but it cleared away, and still nothing was to be seen of her. Rubbing his eyes, to be sure he was awake, he took a long and careful survey of the harbor, but without finding any traces of the object of his search, and hastening to the officer of the deck, he reported the news of the Maraposa's departure.

The officer of the deck, equally astonished, hastened to let the first lieutenant know of the strange event; for they were all concerned in the loss of the schooner, as the price she would have sold for was to be divided amongst the brig's crew as prize money.

He had a boat called away, and getting into it, was rowed over to the castle, to see if he could hear any thing of the missing vessel there; but instead of getting information, found the whole garrison in a state of excitement at the unaccountable events of the night—Willis and the turnkey having just been missed.

As soon as the lieutenant of the brig learned of Willis's escape, he very readily and truly conjectured the whereabouts of the schooner; and knowing it would be useless to seek her in the harbor, went ashore to inform his captain that Willis and the Maraposa had both again escaped, and were probably on their way back to the coast.

This intelligence, like that of the trial, affected the members of Don Manuel's family differently. De Vere was very angry, and would have gone to sea at once, and chased Willis to Africa; but Clara made him promise he would not go more than fifty or sixty miles; and if he did not meet him, then to return, as it was not to be very long ere their nuptial day. De Vere agreed to gratify his lady love; and after taking a short cruise, returned without having seen any thing of the Maraposa.

Clara comforted him on his return, by telling him Willis would live to be hung yet, a notion that the old duenna vigorously opposed, and contended that "the handsome captain of the slaver would die in his bed, in spite of all the navy officers on the station;" for, for some reason, the members of the R. N. were no favorites with the old lady. Don Manuel was more than pleased to hear of Willis's escape, and expressed a hope that the warning he had received might be the means of reforming him.

But Francisca was overjoyed, and did nothing but offer up thanks to the Virgin the remainder of the day; and she also prayed fervently that Willis might embrace some less dangerous and more honorable pursuit.

De Vere, feeling assured that Willis had escaped by the agency of some one in the city or castle, and anxious to have them punished, made every exertion to discover who they were. He had some suspicion of Don Manuel; but all his efforts to get any clue from the Spaniard were unsuccessful.

He complained to the Governor-General of the Island, and had all the garrison of the castle, from the commander down, rigorously examined. But it was all of no avail; the only person who could be charged with conniving at Willis's escape, or in any way aiding him, was the jailor who had him in charge; and their efforts to retake him proved as futile as to find the captain.

De Vere could comfort himself in no other way, and therefore made a mental resolve to hang Willis at once, if he ever was so fortunate as to get possession of him again, and leave him no chance for another escape.

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CHAPTER IX.

Lord! how they did blaspheme!
And foam and roll, with strange convulsions rack'd,
Drinking salt water like a mountain stream,
Tearing and grinning, howling, screeching, swearing,
And with hyena laughter, died despairing.

BYRON.

In the last chapter but one, we left Willis on his way once more to the coast of Africa. We will now join him, as he is about starting back for Cuba, with a cargo of negroes, purchased with the money Don Manuel had sent him.

His crew being too small to do any thing more than navigate the schooner; and having been unable, on the coast, to increase their number, he had, prior to taking in his cargo, dismounted his guns, and stowed them, with their carriages, in the hold, under the ballast.

This change of weight he now found altered much and greatly retarded the schooner's speed; but it was now too late to make any alterations; and it was with greater anxiety than he had ever felt on any former voyage that he looked out for men-of-war. He could neither fight, nor confidently trust to his vessel's speed; and he was particularly anxious to get in safely with this, if he could land them, his last cargo of Africans.

The schooner was within ten days of making land, and had not seen a vessel. All hands were congratulating themselves on their good fortune, when, far astern, and to windward, a sail was discovered just on the verge of the horizon. It did not appear larger than a speck, and to any but most practiced eyes, would have been invisible. Had the Maraposa been in her usual trim, they never would have had a clearer view of the stranger; but now, to Willis's mortification, the distant vessel gradually became visible; first the royals were seen, then her topgallant-sails, and in three hours they could even make out the head of her courses; enough to confirm the feet of her being a man-of-war, and she gaining rapidly on the schooner.

Though in consequence of the Maraposa's being so much smaller, it was not probable that the stranger had yet observed her, but was only steering in the same direction. But Willis knew that if he had not yet been seen, if the distance was still lessened, he could not escape, and it behooved him to increase his speed by all means, and avoid being chased. Captured he had sworn never again to be, let the consequences be what they might.

How to accelerate the Maraposa's way was a question of some difficulty. Already was every stitch of canvas that would draw, and some that did not, set; and there was nothing on deck he could throw over to lighten his vessel, except his anchor and cable; as the other had been left in the harbor at Havana, she had but one; the guns he could not get at, covered as they were by the ballast and provisions in the hold; and feeling uncertain how to act, he called his mate to him to get his

opinion.

"Well, Mateo, this is the squalliest prospect we have ever had, and the first time we could neither fight or run. What do you think we had better do? That fellow astern will be down on us before night, unless we can get along faster."

"Why, sir, the only way we can make the Butterfly fly faster, is by taking some of the load off of her; and there is only two ways we can do that—and it will have to be done quickly to be of any avail—for that chap astern is coming along as if he carried a tornado with him."

"What can we start over to lighten her?" asked Willis.

"Why nothing but the niggers, or the water—either of them would do it. Those ten pipes of water, if they were overboard, would let the schooner along as she used to go; but without the water the niggers would die. So that I think, sir, we had better heave over half the niggers, and half of the water."

This the mate said with as much nonchalance as if he had been recommending the drowning of a score of hogs; for he had been engaged in the slave-trade for many years, and had learned to regard negroes, not as human beings, but as he would any other species of merchandize with which the vessel might be loaded. And as to his thinking it murder, or a sin to kill a "woolly-head," as he called them, it never entered his mind, and he would have jerked the whole lot overboard, had it been necessary for his own safety, with as little compunction as he would so much old junk.

But Willis's mind had been too much under the influence of better feelings, for the last few weeks, to think of drowning in cold blood, one hundred and fifty mortals, if they were black, to save his own life; he therefore resumed the conversation with Mateo by saying, —

"I know it will be a chance if we don't lose all the negroes if we start over the water, but I cannot think of drowning the poor devils; so they will have to take their chance of dying with thirst, and you must start over all the water but one pipe."

The water was in large pipes, some lashed amid-ships, abaft the fore-mast, some on the quarter-deck, and a couple on the forecastle. The casks being unlashed, and the bungs turned down, soon emptied themselves of their contents, and the schooner sprung forward as if she felt the relief, and was soon speeding along at her old rate of sailing, which by the next morning had left the strange sail so far astern that she was out of sight.

Though he had succeeded in eluding pursuit, Willis's troubles still came thick upon him. The cask of water that had been left was the one from which they had already used, and it was found to have not more than sixty gallons of water in it to last over three hundred men ten days, in the heat of the tropics.

Willis called up his crew and proposed dividing it out equally amongst all hands, negroes and all, and then there would have been hardly a gill a day for each man, but enough to sustain life. The men would not hearken to him, swore they were not

going to be put on such short allowance for the sake of the d—d niggers; and said if there was not enough to go round, to throw the blackbirds into the sea.

Willis, by persuasion, at last succeeded in getting his men to agree to be allowanced to half a pint of water per diem, and let him portion the rest out to the negroes as he chose. This he did impartially, as far as it went; but the quantity was so small that the slaves, confined as they were constantly in the hold, on account of the smallness of the crew, could not exist upon it—and the hold of the slaver became a perfect pandemonium. Daily the poor Africans were attacked with brain fever, and, perfectly crazy, would shout, yell, cry, sing, and shuffle about as well as their fetters would permit, until they were relieved by death; and so many died each day, that the whole crew were kept busy getting them out of the hold, and heaving them into the ocean. Ere land was made, the last of the three hundred were dead; and Willis, putting into the first bay he came to on the coast to re-water, was worse off than when he started for Africa, having made nothing, and spent all the money given him by Don Manuel, and which he wished to repay.

His hopes of being able to quit the traffic, which was now becoming odious to him, were thus deferred; for the money he had used, and which he was most anxious to refund, was an additional argument in his mind for taking another voyage to the coast; and hoping it would prove more profitable, and enable him to quit the trade then forever, he made sail again, and running into the same river in which we first found the Maraposa, he left her there, in the charge of Mateo, and disguising himself, for fear of being recognized by De Vere, Don Manuel, or Francisca, he proceeded by land to Havana, for the purpose of increasing his crew, and obtaining funds from some of his friends to enable him to get another cargo.

In a few days he had been able, by constant exertion, to enlist from amongst the numerous desperadoes that are ever to be found in Havana, forty new men, nearly all good sailors. The bravery and skill of Willis being well known amongst the merchants who were engaged in the slave-trade, he found no difficulty in borrowing from them the amount of money he wanted, on the security of the cargo he was going to bring.

The day he was to leave Havana, Willis was strolling along the streets, and accidentally came in sight of the Cathedral. Before the entrance were numerous carriages drawn up, the splendor of the equipages, and the bridal favors with which the servants and horses were decked, were evidence that the nuptial knot was being tied in the church between some of the magnates of the city; and having nothing else to engage his attention, Willis walked in to witness the ceremony.

Entering the spacious temple, he saw in front of the high altar, a large and brilliant group of elegantly attired gentlemen, and magnificently dressed ladies, in attendance on the couple whom the priest was just in the act of joining together.

From the door, the air and figures of the principal persons seemed familiar to him. Keeping in the shade of the pillars that ran along the side aisle, he approached nearer, and discovered in the bride and bridegroom, Clara and De Vere. He gave

them but a glance, for just behind them, and leaning on the arm of her father, he saw Francisca.

Lovely she looked—more lovely than he had ever seen her; but the brilliancy of her glorious black eye contrasted strangely with the deathly pallor of her cheek, and her thoughts seemed far away from the scene before her; and Willis, during the ceremony, intently watching her, hoped the next time they met before the altar, it might be to claim her as his bride, and wondered if that distracted air with which Francisca regarded the passing event was at all occasioned by thoughts of him.

Clara was beautiful—proudly, haughtily beautiful; and a smile of gratified pride lighted her face as she surveyed the surrounding throng, and felt herself the most brilliant and beautiful of the group. De Vere seemed proud of his haughty beauty, and Don Manuel appeared perfectly contented, and felt assured that he was consulting his daughter's happiness by consenting to her marriage with the Englishman.

Willis had not, however, wasted a glance on them; concealed by the column near which he was standing, he had feasted his eyes on Francisca; and when, after the benediction, the party moved away, he still continued to gaze on the spot where she had been. The noise made by their carriages, as they rolled away, aroused him, and he left the church.

Gathering up his new men at nightfall, he returned to his vessel, to which he had already sent provisions. Hard all that night did they work, getting up and remounting the guns; and the next morning, as the Maraposa went to sea, she was again the same looking craft that she was when we first saw her leaving the cove, both beautiful and dangerous, with her guns all ready for use, and a large crew to handle them; and leaving her to make her last voyage to the coast, in the capacity of a slaver, let us rejoin De Vere and his new bride.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

LINOLEE.

BY JOHN WILFORD OVERALL.

SHE always seemed, I know not why,
Too beautiful and bright,
For aught but yon pure golden sky,
And heaven's fairest light.
Oh! one would think, to see her smile,
She was a sinless thing,
And slept the night, nay, all the while,
Beneath an angel's wing.

The sky bent down to kiss the hill,
That girt her cottage home,
And laughingly the silver rill
Stole through the leafy loam;
And Tempe, with its dreamy vale,
Its sunny stream and grot,
And balmy flower-scented gale,
Was ne'er a sweeter spot.

Here first she taught me how to love,
And dream of woman's eyes;
Here first I turned from things above,
To passion's paradise.
There came an hour when we should part—
How dark that hour to me—
She dwells a picture in my heart,
My lost, loved Linolee.

We laid her in a summer tomb,
And wept that spirit fled,
Where honeysuckle blossoms bloom,
The lily hangs its head;
And at the midnight’s dreary hour,
They watch by that sweet earth,
And weep for her, a sister flower,
Who loved them from their birth.

CORA NEILL,

OR LOVE'S OBSTACLES.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"BRAVO! bravo!" exclaimed the delighted Mons. Lunoyer.

"Beautiful! exquisitely graceful!" repeated the young ladies that filled the dancing room, as Therese Wilson, a fine looking girl of fourteen or fifteen, went through a fashionable dance with Harry Belton, a handsome youth near the same age. It was the "practicing afternoon" of the young ladies belonging to Madame Chalon's fashionable boarding-school—and a pretty sight was Mons. Lunoyer's rooms on those afternoons. Stylish-looking girls of all ages, from the dainty little miss, just lisping her French phrases, up to the dashing school-belle, just on the eve of making her entrée into "*society*," panting for the heart-conquests her imagination pictured forth in her future. And right lucky were those youths, who, having sisters, or sweet pets of cousins at the school, were permitted by Madame Chalon to take part in these practicings—a privilege which caused many an envious thought to their less favored school-fellows.

At the close of the dance the beautiful Therese approached her young companions, with cheeks glowing, and young heart beating high with gratified pride. What more could her girlish ambition desire? Harry Belton, the favorite beau of the school, stood by her, fanning her, and saying a thousand pretty things, while the young ladies, her class-mates, looked on. The dance had been performed with grace and beauty; and every one in the room expressed aloud their admiration.

"See, Therese," said a little girl, anxious to attract the attention of the envied school-belle, "see what wonders your lovely dancing has performed; the little cry-baby creole, Cora Neill, has quite forgotten her tears; and her nurse, Rita, will tell you she has done nothing but weep since she left her father's plantation up to this moment."

Therese shook back her curls carelessly, without deigning to notice the compliment intended to be conveyed; but Harry Belton instantly turned his eyes toward the poor little Cora. The child was, indeed, lost in admiration. She leaned her tiny form against her black nurse, while her large, dark eyes, swollen with incessant weeping, flashed brightly, as they met the boy's inquiring gaze. She seized his hand with childish earnestness, and exclaimed in Spanish, "*Ah venga danza vmd. conmigo?*" "Ah, come, dance with me," and raising herself, her little feet went

quickly over the first movements of the dance. The young girls surrounding Therese, seeing her smile contemptuously, laughed aloud at what they called the child's presumption. Poor Cora stopped suddenly as she heard their laughter, then, with a burst of passionate tears, she hid her little head on her nurse's shoulder. The indignant nurse poured out in a breath, soothings to her darling, and invectives upon the young ladies.

"Poor child!" said Harry. "You must not be so angry. Pray, stop weeping—do you not know you are to be my little dancing partner? Come, Cora, show these doubting young ladies how well you can dance."

Although the child could hardly understand his imperfect Spanish, still she gathered sufficient from his tone of voice to know that he intended kindness. Gradually he succeeded in persuading her to leave nurse Rita's shoulder, and obtaining permission from the dancing-master, he gave orders to the musicians to repeat the dance. At the introduction of the air, little Cora's eyes flashed, and *she* seemed to forget all cause of discontent and sorrow. The dance proceeded, and those who had looked on at first from mere curiosity, found themselves applauding quite as much as they had a little while before the graceful execution of Therese. The floating, airy figure of the child, gave her a sylph-like appearance; and as she entered into the spirit of the dance, her dark cheeks glowed, and full lips seemed still redder; and then her bright eyes beamed forth such a childish lovingness in the concluding waltz movement, that quite bewitched them all. Mons. Lunoyer complimented her, and the young ladies pronounced her a "little love."

"And who taught you to dance so prettily, Cora?" asked Harry.

The large eyes of the child again filled with tears, for the question carried her childish memory back to her island home, and the happy days when her mother, now no longer living, had taken delight in teaching her graceful child the dances she herself excelled in. Her sobbings commenced anew, and with agonizing exclamations she begged her dear Rita to take her to her own *guerida madre*. Harry assisted the nurse in soothing the unhappy little creature, while the rest of the school joined in the concluding dance. After it was finished, the attendant governess gave the signal for departure. The little weeping Cora clung to her nurse as her only friend.

"*Adios mi queridita Cora*," said Harry, as he stooped down his tall, graceful, though boyish form, and looked affectionately into her dark eyes. She brightened as she saw his kind, brotherly look, and with bewitching *naïveté* held up her pretty, cherry lips to kiss him. The boy blushingly caressed her, and drove away his confusion by teaching her to call him in English her "dear brother Harry," telling her she should be his own *querida hermana*. His kind words comforted her, and with the happy forgetfulness of childhood, she laughed aloud merrily, as she repeated after him, "dear brother Harry;" then, after caressing adieus to her adopted brother, she accompanied Rita and the governess to her new home, happier than she had been since her mother's death.

Cora Neill was the daughter of an Irish gentleman who had resided at Havana for many years. There he had married a young and lovely girl belonging to one of the resident Spanish families. Many beautiful children had his gentle wife borne him, but one after another had bowed their little heads like drooping blossoms, and had been laid in the grave. At last the little Cora alone remained to them—the idol of both mother and father. Scarcely had she passed the age of infancy, when her beautiful mother's cheeks glowed with a hectic flush, and her eyes burned with unnatural lustre. Poor Cora was but eight years of age when her mother was laid down to rest beside her other children. A year or two passed, and the bereaved father endeavored to soothe his grief in the caresses of his daughter. At last, when he reflected how unable he was to give her those advantages of education she needed, he resolved, though with a severe struggle, to part with her for a few years, and accordingly sent her to Madame Chalon's establishment in one of the large Atlantic cities of the United States. She had only arrived a few days previous to the dancing lesson, and her poor little aching heart had throbbed with intense agony when she found herself surrounded by strangers. True, she had her black nurse, Rita, with her, and in the old woman's nursery soothings she sometimes forgot her troubles; but there were moments when even the good old nurse failed to quiet her, and the poor little Cora refused to be comforted. But from the day when Harry plighted to her his brotherly faith, the school-home seemed more bearable. All in the establishment became interested in the little West Indian, and she seemed in a fair way to be spoiled; even the vain Therese was seen to caress her. The dancing *reunions*, as they came around weekly, were bright suns in her existence; for then she met again with Harry, and again renewed their brother and sister troth. Two or three years floated sunnily by, when her first unhappiness was caused by Harry's receiving a summons from his Southern home. They parted at Mons. Dunoyer's rooms on one of the practicing *reunions*, where they had first met. All the girls, and even the assistant governesses sympathized with little Cora; and she was permitted to converse apart with him at this sad time.

"Do not forget me, Cora," said the boy, as he affectionately wound his arm around the tearful girl. "When I grow to be a man, I will visit your beautiful island, and you shall introduce your brother Harry to his sister Cora's father."

With renewed protestations of constancy the children parted.

Madame Chalon's fine house was brilliantly lighted; carriages were rolling to and from the door; the sound of gay music could be heard by the passers-by; and from the large balconied windows of the drawing-rooms might be seen, group after group of gayly dressed women, and *distingué* looking men in the promenade. The elegant and courteous lady of the mansion was receiving her dear five hundred friends at one of her annual balls, given to introduce the young ladies who had finished the course of studies at her school into general society. Delighted and satisfied, she moved quietly and smilingly through her rooms, receiving her friends,

and superintending her young *élèves*. Every thing was as it should be—the most fastidious could not fail to be satisfied, either as they looked at the tasteful decorations of the rooms, the entertainment, the music, or the guests; therefore, knowing all this, Madame Chalon's heart was at rest. Of her young ladies who were at this season making their *entrée* into the fashionable world under her auspices, Cora Neill created the greatest sensation; and even in such an assemblage of beauty as was here on this night, she was universally admitted to be the belle of the room. Years had rolled by since she had first entered the school—years, which had changed her into a beautiful, accomplished woman. Her docility of disposition, her winning manners, and quickness of intellect, had endeared her to the governesses and pupils; and her approaching departure from the school, which was to take place in a few months, at the close of the season, was looked forward to by them with great regret.

Cora had just finished a dance, when Madame Chalon came up to her, leaning on the arm of a gentleman.

"Allow me, my dear," she said, "to recall to your memory a friend of your little girlhood. He was too timid to trust to your recollection. I need not call him Mr. Belton—you already remember him, I am sure, although the years that have passed since you met, have changed you both."

The rich color mounted to Cora's cheeks, and her dark eyes flashed with pleasure as, with a frank expression of joyful greeting, she extended her hand to her old playmate. They had not met since Harry had been summoned home, years before, to attend the death-bed of his mother. Shortly after that sad event he had entered the navy, and had passed from boyhood to manhood. He often thought of the little West Indian, Cora Neill. Her sweet winning ways would come before him in his lonely night-watches, and her graceful, floating form would be recalled to his memory, when in southern climes he would bear through the voluptuous waltz some brilliant maiden. But only as *little* Cora had he thought of her; and when he saw her at Madame Chalon's ball, so dazzlingly beautiful, instead of renewing instantly, as was his intention, their old friendship, he hesitated, and at last called on the Madame to present him; but Cora's frank manner threw aside all reserve, and they were in a little while waltzing and talking, as they had years before at Mons. Dunoyer's *reunions*. The following day found him a visiter at the Madame's; and as his sisters had been favorite pupils of hers, he was greeted with a pleasant welcome.

It was Cora's first winter in society, and under Madame Chalon's *chaperonage* she frequented all the gay resorts of the fashionable world. Beautiful, and a reputed heiress, of course, she was a belle; but prominent amongst her admirers was the young lieutenant. It was not long before they made the mutual discovery of their love for each other—and they both yielded themselves without reflection to this first love. They dreamed only of happiness, and fondly imagined no clouds could hang over their future. Madame Chalon was finally consulted by both, and she enclosed in a letter of her own, Harry Belton's application for Cora's hand to Mr. Neill. The

hours floated joyously by, and Cora thought life increased in beauty daily, when all her rosy dreams were dispelled, and she rendered miserable by the receipt of three letters from her father. One contained a brief, polite dismissal to Mr. Belton. The second was a civil acknowledgment to Madame Chalon for her kind care of his daughter for so many years, and a request that she should prepare Cora to accompany some West India friends, then traveling in the United States, who, in the following month, were to return to Cuba, and would take charge of her. The third was a letter to Cora—not a severe, upbraiding one, but one filled with sorrowful lovingness and fatherly entreaties. He pictured his solitary life since her mother's death; how earnestly he had devoted himself to business, that he might accumulate enough to lavish freely on her, his only one, every luxury, when she should be old enough to take her mother's place. He described the day-dreams he had indulged of an old age that was to be cheered by his only child.

"I know, my own idolized girl," he wrote, at the conclusion of his letter, "that I am submitting myself to the imputation of selfishness; but when you reflect upon my past desolate life, and my future, you will pardon, I am sure, this selfishness. I am an old man, Cora; I need kindness, nursing, and love—I pine for a daughter's care. Many years, have elapsed since your blessed mother's death; and I might have, with propriety, married again, in order to guard against a lonely old age. Regard for her memory, and for your future prospects, Cora, have deterred me from taking this step. I have submitted willingly to the penance of a solitary life, when I reflected it was for the mental benefit of my daughter, comforting my weary hours by looking forward to the period when we should be again united. Your letters, heretofore, have been filled with affection for me, and a similar desire for this reunion. Come to me, my Cora—come to your old solitary father, who needs your society. Let not a stranger usurp my place in the heart of my only, my idolized child."

Cora shed bitter tears on reading this letter, but her heart was filled with sad reproaches. Her memory reverted to the days of her childhood, when her mother and father watched over her with fondness. She recalled the agonizing moments that followed her mother's death, when no one was permitted to approach her father but herself. She remembered the intense look of devotion with which he used always to regard her; and then she thought of the solitary, unhappy years that he must have passed while she, with the unthinking spirit of youth, had been seeking happiness for herself, independent of the kind, old, forsaken father, who had no one on earth to love but her. In vain were Harry's entreaties, or Madame Chalon's proffers of assistance and interference. She resolved, though with a sad, aching heart, to renounce all expectation of ever marrying Harry, and made preparations for her departure.

"Give me some period to look forward to, Cora," was her lover's last entreaty.

"I cannot, Harry," she replied, "henceforth I belong only to my father; I never shall marry so long as he lives."

"And will you forget me?" exclaimed her lover, passionately.

Tears of reproach started to Cora's eyes as he asked this angry question, but she refrained from assurances to the contrary. "Forget me, dear Harry," she said, so soon as she had mastered her emotion. "It will be better for us both; my duty lies in a different path from yours; my heart should go hand in hand with duty."

Prudent and cold were her words, and the lover would have felt wounded, had he not seen her swollen eyes, cheeks flushed with weeping, and whole frame agitated with emotion. They parted, and in a few weeks she had bidden adieu to her kind teacher and friends, and was on the broad ocean, each day lessening the distance between her and her island home. As the hour of meeting with her father approached, her heart sunk within her, and she could scarcely restrain her emotion; but the sight of his sad face beaming with fatherly gratification, and the broken words of welcome with which he greeted her, completely over-powered her, and she threw herself upon his bosom with a burst of self-reproaching tears. He soothed her, and with loving words expressed his gratitude to her for having thought of his happiness in preference to her own.

"If you value my peace of mind, dearest father," she exclaimed, "you must never allude to the past—in the future you will find me, I trust, all you can wish. I have no other desire than that of making you happy."

Cora's home was a luxurious though a solitary one. Her father had purchased a fine plantation, where, surrounded by slaves, she scarcely ever met with any society. With the families of some neighboring planters she occasionally mingled, but from preference both her father and herself preferred seclusion. The most rare and costly specimens of art surrounded her. Her father had spared no expense in preparing the house for her reception. He had employed a trusty friend in Europe to purchase every luxury, and she found her drawing-rooms, music-room, conservatory, boudoir, and bed-room fitted up in the most exquisite and elegant style.

"You are a person of perfect taste, dear papa," she said. "Every thing I see around me gives evidence of the most refined and cultivated mind."

Her father looked his pleasure as she expressed her admiration of the house and its appointments, and said,

"You must not, Cora, give me the credit entirely. I was assisted in every thing by my friend Martinez. He helped me plan my house. Insisted that it should be placed on this delightful slope, that the windows of your suite of rooms might command the fine view you so much admire, and then, as he was about leaving for Europe, I commissioned him to procure there every thing that could possibly add a charm to the residence of my only, long expected daughter. Five years, dear Cora, have we been planning and perfecting this home for you. Martinez spent three years abroad in collecting all these paintings, statuary, and other elegancies. According to his directions are these beautiful books constantly forwarded; those instruments were chosen by him while in Paris; a fine musician himself, he selected your musical library, and has given orders to have the best of the new compositions constantly sent to you."

“What! M. Martinez your partner?” inquired Cora. “Dear old man, how well I remember him—but I thought I heard of his death many years ago?”

“This M. Martinez is his nephew,” replied her father; “he succeeded his uncle in business, and has been my partner for some ten or fifteen years. He is a very superior man—”

“Where is he now?” asked Cora.

“He is in Italy,” replied her father. “He has never been a very active business man. Inheriting his uncle’s fortune, he concluded to leave the capital in our concern, and his name in the firm, though not by any means performing his uncle’s duties. His pursuits are wholly different—he is a fine scholar, and resides almost entirely in Europe. He returned last summer to see the completion of my house, and the arrangement of the furniture, but I could not persuade him to remain longer than a few months with me.”

“And his family, where are they?” inquired Cora.

“He lost his wife,” replied Mr. Neill, “many years since. A few months after their marriage she died. He was devotedly attached to her, and I think he never has recovered entirely from the shock; and on that account a residence in Cuba is disagreeable to him—it recalls his suddenly wrecked hopes.”

Cora had not been many months with her father when she discovered that the close attention he had paid to his business, since the elder Martinez’ death, had impaired his health. She had, on her first arrival at home, contented herself with performing what few duties fell to her, and the hours her father spent with her, she exerted herself, though sometimes with labor, to amuse him; but those hours of the day that were left unoccupied, she was too prone to give herself up to the luxury of sad reminiscences, and as she looked around her luxurious home she would weepingly sigh for that one being, who, next to her father, held the first place in her heart. Her health would have been undoubtedly affected by this romantic indulgence, had she not had her fears aroused for her father’s safety, and terrified at the shadow of real sorrow she reproached herself for her weakness.

She entreated him to yield up some of his duties; part of the business might be given up. “You are not well,” she urged, “leave business entirely; what you have already made will suffice for us—though, owing to your kindness, I have indulged myself in imaginary wants, I will most willingly content myself with fewer luxuries.”

Her father opposed her entreaties. Martinez, the only partner, was abroad—no agent could attend to his affairs—business had never been so prosperous as now—he was well enough. In a few years he would wind up, and then they would go to Europe for a year or two to restore his strength. A few months afterward however found him stretched on a bed of sickness, and so alarming was it, that M. Martinez had to be summoned to what the weeping Cora feared would be her father’s death-bed. But careful, devoted attention on her part, and skillful physicians, warded off

the immediate danger, and when M. Martinez arrived, Mr. Neill was convalescent, though his health remained in a very delicate state.

He then consented to yield to Cora's entreaties, and in a little while all his affairs were arranged by M. Martinez, and he had retired from business. There was no need for any sacrifice, even of a single luxury. Mr. Neill found himself possessed of ample means—placed in good investments it yielded more than sufficient for their expenditures.

Cora was surprised at M. Martinez' appearance. She had pictured to herself a middle-aged Spaniard, recalling the recollections she had of his uncle, which were any thing but complimentary to the nephew; for though the elder Martinez was a good old man, he was a very homely one; being short, thick-set, and his complexion was cloudy and dark. The younger Martinez, on the contrary, was a tall, handsome man, and although forty or forty-five years of age, looked full ten years younger, and was exceedingly polished and agreeable in his manners. He was their constant guest, and she found the hours passing much more agreeably since his arrival than before. His conversation was interesting—he had seen much of the world, and had improved by intercourse with society. He possessed many accomplishments and soon interested himself in Cora's pursuits.

She was charmed with his superior attainments, and found herself at last relying on him, and looking up to him as to a much-loved elder brother. She never for an instant thought of loving him. Though hopelessly separated from Harry Belton, she cherished the memory of their attachment with almost sacred earnestness. She frequently heard from Madame Chalon, but the good Madame never mentioned his name, and she was quite ignorant of any thing relating to him. She had ceased repining for their separation since her father's dangerous illness, but her thoughts dwelt upon him as a loved one buried.

Three or four years passed quietly but happily away. M. Martinez almost resided with them. He talked with Mr. Neill, and read, sketched, rode or practiced music with Cora. Her intercourse with M. Martinez gave a new impulse to her mind, and instead of giving herself up to the "luxury of grief," and indulging in idle reveries of the past, as she had formerly, she studied and strengthened her intellectual nature. Her father's health still remained delicate, which was the only drawback on her placid happiness. It was necessary to observe great precaution with him, for the slightest exposure or excitement brought on symptoms of his first attack. The constant watchful care which M. Martinez and Cora observed over him, might have prolonged his life many years, had not pecuniary misfortunes overtaken him. The principal part of his fortune had been invested in stocks that proved to be worthless, and left him penniless. The news of their insolvency reached Mr. Neill by letters, before M. Martinez had heard of it, and the anguish he felt at finding himself in his old age deprived of the fruits of long laborious years, produced a fresh hemorrhage from the lungs, more alarming than the first, and nearly caused his immediate death. He rallied, however, and appeared better; still the physicians could give no hope for

his recovery; he might linger, they said, but only for a little while. After the immediate danger was over, M. Martinez departed for Havana, to make inquiries into Mr. Neill's affairs. A few days after his departure, Cora received from him a letter, which filled her with amazement. It contained an offer of marriage from M. Martinez.

"Of your first attachment, Cora, I am aware," he wrote. "I knew of it at the time, and felt for you deeply and honored you for your heroic self-sacrifice. I have always considered myself as wedded to the memory of my wife, but I have felt for you since I have known you, a regard that approaches very near to the love I felt for my lost Inez. I am alone in life. I have no one to care for but you and your father. Be my wife—one half, yes, I may say all your father's sorrow will be alleviated by this step on your part. He knows not of this application, nor shall he if you reply in the negative. If I am repulsive to you, or if you look forward to a marriage with Lieut. Belton, I will not urge you—but if, as I hope, you are disengaged, and have long since given up all expectation of marriage with your first choice, and I am not personally disagreeable to you, I entreat of you to give me a favorable hearing. Be my wife, Cora—beloved Cora—I may say, for however you decide, you are very dear to me; and if constant, devoted attention on my part can secure your happiness, or can even make life placidly agreeable to you, I shall feel content. I do not hesitate to say, Cora, though cherishing the memory of my Inez with tenderness, if you reject my suit my life will become as wearisome and devoid of sunshine as it was before I knew you—lonely and dreary will be my future.

"I only waited, before your father's troubles brought me to this crisis, for the least evidence of interest on your part toward me, to make the offer which I do now. In a few days I shall return—from your first glance, dearest Cora, I shall know your decision. I pray you, let it be favorable."

She was aroused from the perplexing reverie this letter had plunged her into, by an evident change in her father. He was weaker, and apparently sinking rapidly—and when M. Martinez returned, he met Cora over her father's death-bed. Mr. Neill expressed his anguish in heart rending lamentations at leaving his daughter, and besought M. Martinez to watch over her as a brother.

Martinez took the hand of the sobbing girl and murmured—

"Beloved Cora, cheer your father's last moments by yielding to my wishes; let me tell him that as a husband I will guard you."

She permitted him to raise her head and rest it on his shoulder, and the good father's last moments were soothed by witnessing the marriage of his daughter with the man he most highly valued as a friend. It was a sad bridal, but Cora felt that two at least were happy; self-sacrifice she had brought her mind years before to endure; and she prayed that Heaven might make the present sacrifice work out her own content. Mr. Neill died, and Cora found herself a fatherless bride. Untiring was her husband's devotion, and most soothing and consoling were his attentions. Soon after her father's death he persuaded her to leave their beautiful home for a while, and

they accordingly traveled for some time in Europe. The change of scene enlivened her, and she was becoming satisfied with the step she had taken, when, at Naples, one season she met with Harry, now Captain Belton. He was still unmarried, for, like her, he had retained a feeling of romance for his first love. They met with a few flutterings on both sides, which, however, soon disappeared. Each found the other different from the ideal image cherished in their memories. Harry was a noble-hearted, frank fellow, but sadly wanting in the intellectual elevation that characterized M. Martinez, and Cora, though still beautiful, he thought her not half so conversible or interesting as his little black-eyed cousin, Sophie Wilson, with whom he had flirted at Washington on her *entrée* into society, the previous winter, and with whom he corresponded most platonically and brother-like. Had Cora and Harry married early in life, she would have adapted herself partly to his tastes, and he to hers—they would have met half way. She would have elevated him intellectually, and they would probably have been happy; but their pursuits had been different. His had been a careless, indolent life, independent of the mere performance of the duties of his profession—hers an intellectual one. She had become entirely elevated above him; her mental powers had developed while his laid dormant, and she felt as she turned and looked upon the intellectual beauty of M. Martinez, and contrasted it with the tolerably good-looking, though broad and rather inexpressive face of her early love, that the prayer she had made so fervently over her father's death-bed, had been granted. Her marriage had brought to her true happiness.

Harry Belton returned home with his romantic dreams dispelled, and the next season the American papers gave notice of the marriage of "Captain Belton, U. S. N., to Sophie, only daughter of Gen. Wilson."

Cora pointed out the notice to her husband with a smile on her now full red lip, and with a deeper flush on her cheek than it usually wore, she said—

"How fortunate it was, dearest, that Harry and I met at Naples last summer—otherwise we might both have gone through life, fancying ourselves miserably unhappy about the romance of a first love."

THE DREAMER.

BY ALICE G. LEE.

I dream the only happiness I know. MRS. BUTLER.

ONE year ago my heart, like thine, sweet friend,
Thrilled to the music of the rustling leaves,
And loved all gentle harmonies that blend
In one low chorus, when the bosom heaves
With long drawn sighs of tremulous delight,
As slowly fades the day to deeper night.

And I have sat as now in this lone wood,
At twilight hour to commune with my heart,
All wilder thoughts at rest, a dreamy mood
Stole o'er my spirit; sorrow had no part
In those still musings, but to breathe, to live,
Did such exceeding pleasure to me give.

One little year! Oh, heart, thy throbbing cease!
How much of life was crowded in its span!
My daily paths were pleasantness, and peace,
When with swift round this circling year began,
But now a shadow rests on earth and sky,
Day after day still passes wearily.

I meant not to complain; for I have learned
In life each hath a sorrow to conceal.
I would but tell thee that from earth I turned;
I may not even to my friend reveal
Why one who is a very child in years
Hath drank so deeply at the fount of tears.

Thank God for gentle sleep! I close mine eyes,
And though all fevered fancies round me throng—
Though doubts that almost madden will arise—
She hath a power more subtil, and more strong.

Her blessed hand is on my forehead pressed,
Then comes forgetfulness, and I am blessed.

Forgetfulness of care—for oh, I move
    In happier worlds, and live a purer life;
Scorn may not enter there, nor envy prove
    Discord to melody—unholy strife
Afar is banished—joy's unclouded beams
Ever illumine that fair land of dreams.

Then wonder not I seek this forest dell,
    Although mine ears are closed to nature's voice,
A hush, a twilight 'neath the branches dwell;
    So I have made the summer woods my choice,
And sleeping with the shadows through the day,
    Forget the world, and dream my life away.

THE DEMON OF THE MIRROR.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

It was sunset on the mountain,
  It was twilight on the plain;
And the Night was slowly creeping,
Like a captive from his keeping,
  Up the Fading East again,
Where on rosy shores of sunlight broke the surges of his main.

Where the orange branches mingled
  On the sunny garden-side,
In a rare and rich pavilion
Sat the beautiful Sicilian—
  Sat the Count Alberto's bride,
Musing sadly on his absence, in the balmy eveningtide.

Like a star, in ocean mirrored,
  Beamed her liquid, tender eye;
But within her bearing queenly,
Deepest passion slept serenely
  As the flame in summer's sky,
Which to fiercest being wakens, when we dream it least is nigh!

She had grown, in soul and beauty,
  Like her own delicious clime—
With the warmth and radiance showered
On its gardens, citron-bowered,
  And its winds that woo in rhyme:
With its fiery tropic fervors, and its Etna-throes sublime!

Near her stood the fair Bianca,
  Once a shepherd's humble child,
Who with tender hand was twining
Through her tresses, raven-shining,
  Pearls of lustre pure and mild;
And the lady in the mirror saw their braided gleam, and smiled.

Falling over brow and bosom,
Swept her dark and glossy hair;
And the flash on Etna faded,
As Bianca slowly braided
With her fingers small and fair,
While a deeper shadow gathered o’er the chamber’s scented air.

On the jeweled mirror gazing,
Spoke the lady not a word,
When, within its picture certain,
Slowly moved the silken curtain,
Though the breezes had not stirred,
And its faintly falling rustle on the marble was unheard.

Breathless, o’er her tender musing
Came a strange and sudden fear.
With a nameless, chill foreboding,
All her fiery spirit goading,
Listened she with straining ear;
Through the dusky laurel foliage, all was silent, far and near!

Not a stealthy footfall sounded
On the tesselated floor;
Yet she saw, with secret terror,
Count Alberto, in the mirror,
Stealing through the curtained door,
Like a fearful, shadowy spirit, whom a curse is hanging o’er.

What! so soon from far Palermo?
Has he left the feast of pride—
Has he left the knightly tourney
For the happy homeward journey
And the greeting of his bride?
Coldly, darkly, in her bosom, the upspringing rapture died!

With a glance of tender meaning
On the maid he softly smiled,
And the answering smile, and token
In her glowing blushes spoken,
Well betrayed the shepherd’s child!
To her gaze, within the mirror, stood that picture dim and wild!

Moved again the silken curtain,
As he passed without a sound;
Then the sunset's fading ember
Died within the lonely chamber,
And the darkness gathered round,
While in passion's fierce delirium was the lady's bosom bound.

Threat'ning shadows seemed to gather
In the twilight of the room,
And the thoughts, vibrating changeful
Through her spirit, grew revengeful
With their whisperings of doom:
Starting suddenly, she vanished far amid the deep'ning gloom.

In the stillness of the forest
Falls a timid, trembling gleam,
With a ruby radiance sparkling
On the rill that ripples darkling
Through the thicket, like a dream:
'Tis from out the secret chamber, where are met the Holy Vehm![3]

Wizard rocks around the entrance
Dark and grim, like sentries, stand;
And within the ghostly grotto
Sits the gloomy Baron Otto,
Chieftain of the dreaded band,
Who in darkness and in secret ruled Sicilia's Sunny land.

As in sable vestments shrouded
Sat the ministers of doom,
Came a step by terror fleetened,
And the dank, foul air was sweetened
With the orange-buds' perfume,
And the starry eyes of jewels shone amid the sullen gloom!

Then uprose the gloomy Otto—
Sternly wrinkled was his brow;
"Why this sudden, strange intrusion
On the Holy Vehm's seclusion?
Why thus wildly comest thou,
Noble lady, claiming vengeance from the Brothers of the Vow?"

"There is one among your order

Whom I dare to sue for aid:
Will a brother's dagger falter,
When the bridegroom from the altar
Hath his bosom's vow betrayed,
And the princely bride is slighted for a low-born peasant maid?"

Straight the summoned one departed
Out into the starry air;
Cold the silence seemed, and dreary,
And the moments grew more weary,
While the lady waited there
With a deep, uncertain anguish, which her spirit scarce could bear.

Mingled thoughts of love and vengeance
Madly battled in her brain;
All her bosom's passionate feeling
Struggled with the dread revealing,
Till her eyes o'ergushed in rain—
Then anon they flashed and kindled, and her soul grew stern again!

Once a sweet and happy vision
Nigh her fiery will had won—
When the silver lamp of Hesper
Twinkled through the silent vesper,
And their bosoms beat as one,
Thrilling o'er with too much fervor, like a blossom in the sun.

Olden words in music echoed
Through her heart's forsaken bowers;
But its buds of love were rifled,
And the spirit voice was stifled,
Which would tell of tender hours;
Nevermore may second sunshine bid re-bloom its perished flowers!

Still that dark foreboding lingered
Over all her pride and hate,
Like a stifling mist, that ever
Hangs above a burning river
With its dull and stagnant weight:
Slowly o'er the spectral Future crept the shadows of her fate!

Now the eastern stars had mounted,
And the midnight watch was o'er,

When the long suspense was broken
By a hasty watchword spoken,
And a dark form passed the door.
Blood was on his golden scabbard, and the sable robe he wore.

"By this blade, most noble lady,
Have I done thy will aright!"
Then, upstarting from her languor,
Cried she, in returning anger:
"Where reposed the trait'rous knight?
Didst thou tear him from *her* clasping—strike him down before her sight?"

"Nay, not so: in bright Palermo,
Where the tourney's torches shine—
In the gardens of the palace,
Did the green earth, from its chalice,
Drink his bosom's brightest wine,
And the latest name that faltered on his dying lips, was *thine*!"

With a scream, as agonizing
In its horror and despair,
As if life's last hold were started,
Ere the soul in torture parted,
Stood she, pale and shuddering, there,
With her face of marble lifted in the cavern's noisome air.

"God of Heaven! that fearful image,
On the mirror's surface thrown!
Not Alberto, but a demon,
Looked on her as on a leman,
And the guilt is mine alone!
Now that demon-shadow haunts me, and its curse is made my own!

"See! its dead, cold eyes are glaring
Through the darkness, steadily;
And it holds a cloudy mirror,
Imaging that scene of terror,
Which was bloody death to *thee*!
Mocking now thy noble features, turns its fearful gaze on me!

"And I see, beneath their seeming,
How the demon features glow!
Ghastly shadows rise before me,

And the darkness gathers o’er me,
With its never-ending wo—
Now I feel, avenging spirits! how your spells of madness grow!”

With a shriek, prolonged and painful,
Through the wood she fled afar,
Where the air was awed and fearful,
And between the boughs the tearful
Shining of a dewy star
Pierced alone the solid darkness which enclosed her as a bar.

Night by night, in gloom and terror,
From the crag and from the glen
Came those cries, the quiet breaking,
Till the shepherd-dogs, awaking,
Bayed in loud and mournful pain,
And the vintager, benighted, trembled on the distant plain.

Years went by, and stranger footsteps
Rang in castle, bower and hall;
Yet the shrieks, at midnight ringing,
Spoke the curse upon it clinging,
And they left it to its fall,
And an utter desolation slowly settled over all.

Still, when o’er the brow of Etna
Livid shades begin to roll,
Tell the simple herdsmen, daunted
By the twilight, terror-haunted,
How she felt the fiend’s control,
And they sign the cross in saying—“God in mercy keep her soul!”

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[3] The author is aware that the name of the Holy Vehm—that dreaded order of the middle ages—belongs properly to Germany; but as its influence extended over Italy and Sicily, he has retained the title, and given a German name to the chieftain.

A NEW WAY TO COLLECT AN OLD DEBT.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

EARLY in life Mr. Jenkins had been what is called unfortunate in business. Either from the want of right management, or from causes that he could not well control, he became involved, and was broken all to pieces. It was not enough that he gave up every dollar he possessed in the world. In the hope that friends would interfere to prevent his being sent to jail, some of his creditors pressed eagerly for the balance of their claims, and the unhappy debtor had no alternative but to avail himself of the statute made and provided for the benefit of individuals in his extremity. It was a sore trial for him; but any thing rather than to be thrown into prison.

After this tempest of trouble and excitement, there fell upon the spirits of Mr. Jenkins a great calm. He withdrew himself from public observation for a time, but his active mind would not let him remain long in obscurity. In a few months he was again in business, though in a small way. His efforts were more cautiously directed than before, and proved successful. He made something above his expenses during the first year, and after that accumulated money rapidly. In five or six years Mr. Jenkins was worth some nine or ten thousand dollars.

But with this prosperity came no disposition on the part of Mr. Jenkins to pay off his old obligations. “They used the law against me,” he would say, when the subject pressed itself upon his mind, as it would sometimes do, “and now let them get what the law will give them.”

There was a curious provision in the law by which Jenkins had been freed from all the claims of his creditors against him; and this provision is usually incorporated in all similar laws, though for what reason it is hard to tell. It is only necessary to promise to pay a claim thus annulled, to bring it in full force against the debtor. If a man owes another a hundred dollars, and by economy and self-denial succeeds in saving twenty dollars and paying it to him, he becomes at once liable for the remaining eighty dollars, unless the manner of doing it be very guarded, and is in danger of a prosecution, although unable to pay another cent. A prudent man, who has once been forced into the unhappy alternative of taking the benefit of the insolvent law, is always careful, lest, in an unguarded moment, he acknowledge his liability to some old creditor, before he is fully able to meet it. Anxious as he is to assure this one and that one of his desire and intention to pay them if ever in his power, and to say to them that he is struggling early and late for their sakes as well as his own, his lips must remain sealed. A word of his intentions and all his fond

hopes of getting fairly on his feet again are in danger of shipwreck.

Understanding the binding force of a promise of this kind, made in writing, or in the presence of witnesses, certain of the more selfish or less manly and honorable class of creditors, are ever seeking to extort by fair or foul means, from an unfortunate debtor who has honestly given up every thing, an acknowledgment of his indebtedness to them, in order that they may reap the benefit of his first efforts to get upon his feet again. Many and many an honest but indiscreet debtor, has been thrown upon his back once more, from this cause, and all his hopes in life blasted forever. The means of approach to a debtor in this situation are many and various. "Do you think you will ever be able to do any thing on that old account?" blandly asked, in the presence of a third party, is answered by, "I hope so. But, at present, it takes every dollar I can earn for the support of my family." This is sufficient—the whole claim is in full force. In the course of a month or two, perhaps in a less period, a sheriff's writ is served, and the poor fellow's furniture, or small stock in trade, is seized, and he broken all up again. To have replied—"You have no claim against me," to the insidious question, seemed in the mind of the poor, but honest man, so much like a public confession that he was a rogue, that he could not do it. And yet this was his only right course, and he should have taken it firmly. Letters are often written, calling attention to the old matter, in which are well timed allusions to the debtor's known integrity of character, and willingness to pay every dollar he owes in the world, if ever able. Such letters should never be answered, for the answer will be almost sure to contain something, that, in a court of justice, will be construed into an acknowledgment of the entire claim. In paying off old accounts that the law has canceled, which we think every man should do if in his power, the acknowledgment of indebtedness never need go further than the amount paid at any time. Beyond this, no creditor who does not wish to oppress, will ask a man to go. If any seek a further revival of the old claim, let the debtor beware of them; and also, let him be on his guard against him who, in any way, alludes either in writing or personally, to the previous indebtedness.

But we have digressed far enough. Mr. Jenkins, we are sorry to say, was not of that class of debtors who never consider an obligation morally canceled. The law once on his side, he fully made up his mind to keep it forever between him and all former transactions. Sundry were the attempts made to get old claims against him revived, after it was clearly understood that he was getting to be worth money, but Jenkins was a rogue at least, and rogues are always more wary than honest men.

Among the creditors of Jenkins was a man named Gooding, who had loaned him five hundred dollars, and lost three hundred of it—two-fifths being all that was realized from the debtor's effects. Gooding pitied sincerely the misfortunes of Jenkins, and pocketed his loss without saying a hard word, or laying the weight of a finger upon his already too heavily burdened shoulders. But it so happened that as Jenkins commenced going up in the world, Gooding began to go down. At the time when the former was clearly worth ten thousand dollars, he was hardly able to get

money enough to pay his quarterly rent bills. Several times he thought of calling the attention of his old debtor to the balance still against him, which, as it was for borrowed money, ought certainly to be paid. But it was an unpleasant thing to remind a friend of an old obligation, and Gooding, for a time, chose to bear his troubles, as the least disagreeable of the two alternatives. At last, however, difficulties pressed so hard upon him, that he forced himself to the task.

Both he and Jenkins lived about three quarters of a mile distant from their places of business, in a little village beyond the suburbs of the city. Gooding was lame, and used to ride to and from his store in a small wagon, which was used for sending home goods during the day. Jenkins usually walked into town in the morning, and home in the evening. It not unfrequently happened that Gooding overtook the latter, while riding home after business hours, when he always invited him to take a seat by his side, which invitation was never declined.

They were riding home in this way one evening, when Gooding, after clearing his throat two or three times, said, with a slight faltering in his voice,

"I am sorry, neighbor Jenkins, to make any allusion to old matters, but as you are getting along very comfortably, and I am rather hard pressed, don't you think you could do something for me on account of the three hundred dollars due for borrowed money? If it had been a regular business debt, I would never have said a word about it, but—"

"Neighbor Gooding," said Jenkins, interrupting him, "don't give yourself a moment's uneasiness about that matter. It shall be paid, every dollar of it; but I am not able, just yet, to make it up for you. But you shall have it."

This was said in the blandest way imaginable, yet in a tone of earnestness.

"How soon do you think you can do something for me?" asked Gooding.

"I don't know. If not disappointed, however, I think I can spare you a little in a couple of months."

"My rent is due on the first of October. If you can let me have, say fifty dollars, then, it will be a great accommodation."

"I will see. If in my power, you shall certainly have at least that amount."

Two months rolled round, and Gooding's quarter day came. Nothing more had been said by Jenkins on the subject of the fifty dollars, and Gooding felt very reluctant about reminding him of his promise; but he was short in making up his rent, just the promised sum. He waited until late in the day, but Jenkins neither sent nor called. As the matter was pressing, he determined to drop in upon his neighbor, and remind him of what he had said. He accordingly went round to the store of Jenkins, and found him alone with his clerk.

"How are you to-day?" said Jenkins, smiling.

"Very well. How are you?"

"So—so."

Then came a pause.

“Business rather dull,” remarked Jenkins.

“Very,” replied Gooding, with a serious face, and more serious tone of voice. “Nothing at all doing. I never saw business so flat in my life.”

“Flat enough.”

Another pause.

“Ahem! Mr. Jenkins,” began Gooding, after a few moments, “do you think you can do any thing for me to-day?”

“If there is any thing I can do for you, it shall be done with pleasure,” said Jenkins, in a cheerful way. “In what can I oblige you?”

“You remember, you said that in all probability you would be able to spare me as much as fifty dollars to-day?”

“*I* said so?” Jenkins asked this question with an appearance of real surprise.

“Yes. Don’t you remember that we were riding home one evening, about two months ago, and I called your attention to the old account standing between us, and you promised to pay it soon, and said you thought you could spare me fifty dollars about the time my quarter’s rent became due?”

“Upon my word, friend Gooding, I have no recollection of the circumstance whatever,” replied Jenkins, with a smile. “It must have been some one else with whom you were riding. I never said I owed you any thing, or promised to pay you fifty dollars about this time.”

“Oh yes! but I am sure you did.”

“And I am just as sure that I did not,” returned Jenkins, still perfectly undisturbed, while Gooding, as might be supposed, felt his indignation just ready to boil over. But the latter controlled himself as best he could; and as soon as he could get away from the store of Jenkins, without doing so in a manner that would tend to close all intercourse between them, he left and returned to his own place of business, chagrined and angry.

On the same evening, as Gooding was riding home, he saw Jenkins ahead of him on the road. He soon overtook him. Jenkins turned his usual smiling face upon his old creditor, and said “Good evening,” in his usual friendly way. The invitation to get up and ride, that always was given on like occasions, was extended again, and in a few moments the two men were riding along side by side, as friendly, to all appearance, as if nothing had happened.

“Jenkins, how could you serve me such a scaly trick as you did?” Gooding said, soon after his neighbor had taken a seat by his side. “You know very well that you promised to pay my claim; and also promised to give me fifty dollars of it to-day, if possible.”

“I know I did. But it was out of my power to let you have any thing to-day,” replied Jenkins.

“But what was the use of your denying it, and making me out a liar or a fool in the presence of your clerk?”

“I had a very good reason for doing so. My clerk would have been a witness to my acknowledgment of your whole claim against me, and thus make me liable before I was ready to pay it. As my head is fairly clear of the halter, you cannot blame me for wishing to keep it so. A burnt child, you know, dreads the fire.”

“But you know me well enough to know that I never would have pressed the claim against you.”

“Friend Gooding, I have seen enough of the world to satisfy me that we don’t know any one. I am very ready to say to you, that your claim shall be satisfied to the full extent, whenever it is in my power to do so; but a *legal* acknowledgment of the claim I am not willing to make. You mustn’t think hard of me for what I did to-day. I could not, in justice to myself, have done any thing else.”

Gooding professed to be fully satisfied with this explanation, although he was not. He was very well assured that Jenkins was perfectly able to pay him the three hundred dollars if he chose to do so, and that his refusal to let him have the fifty dollars, conditionally promised, was a dishonest act.

More than a year passed, during which time Gooding made many fruitless attempts to get something out of Jenkins, who was always on the best terms with him, but put him off with fair promises, that were never kept. These promises were never made in the presence of a third person, and might, therefore, have just as well been made to the wind, so far as their binding force was concerned. Things grew worse and worse with Gooding, and he became poorer every day, while the condition of Jenkins as steadily improved.

One rainy afternoon, Gooding drove up to the store of his old friend, about half an hour earlier than he usually left for home. Jenkins was standing in the door.

“As it is raining, I thought I would call round for you,” he said, as he drew up his horse.

“Very much obliged to you, indeed,” returned Jenkins, quite well pleased. “Stop a moment until I lock up my desk, and then I will be with you.”

In a minute or two Jenkins came out, and stepped lightly into the wagon.

“It is kind in you, really, to call for me,” he said, as the wagon moved briskly away. “I was just thinking that I should have to get a carriage.”

“It is no trouble to me at all,” returned Gooding, “and if it were, the pleasure of doing a friend a kindness would fully repay it.”

“You smell strong of whisky here,” said Jenkins, after they had ridden a little way, turning his eyes toward the back part of the wagon as he spoke. “What have you here?”

“An empty whisky hogshead. This rain put me in mind of doing what my wife has been teasing me to do for the last six months—get her a rain barrel. I tried to get

an old oil cask, but couldn't find one. They make the best rain barrels. Just burn them out with a flash of good dry shavings, and they are clear from all oily impurities, and tight as a drum."

"Indeed! I never thought that. I must look out for one, for our old rain hogshead is about tumbling to pieces."

From rain barrels the conversation turned upon business, and at length Gooding brought up the old story, and urged the settlement of his claim as a matter of charity.

"You don't know how much I need it," he said. "Necessity alone compels me to press the claim upon your attention."

"It is hard, I know, and I am very sorry for you," Jenkins replied. "Next week I will certainly pay you fifty dollars."

"I shall be very thankful. How soon after do you think you will be able to let me have the balance of the three hundred due me? Say as early as possible."

"Within three months, at least, I hope," replied Jenkins.

"Harry! Do you hear that?" said Gooding, turning his head toward the back part of the wagon, and speaking in a quick elated manner.

"Oh, aye!" came ringing from the bung-hole of the whisky hogshead.

"Who the dickens is that?" exclaimed Jenkins, turning quickly round.

"No one," replied Gooding, with a quiet smile, "but my clerk, Harry Williams."

"Where?"

"Here," replied the individual named, pushing himself up through the loose head of the upright hogshead, and looking into the face of the discomfited Jenkins, with a broad smile of satisfaction upon his always humorous phiz.

"Whoa, Charley," said Gooding, at this moment reigning up his horse before the house of Jenkins.

The latter stepped out, with his eyes upon the ground, and stood with his hand upon the wagon in thought for some moments; then looking up, he said, while the humor of the whole thing pressed itself so fully upon him, that he could not help smiling.

"See here, Gooding, if both you and Harry will promise me never to say a word about this confounded trick, I will give you a check for three hundred dollars on the spot."

"No, I must have four hundred and twenty-six dollars, the principal and interest. Nothing less," returned Gooding firmly. "You have acknowledged the debt in the presence of Mr. Williams, and if it is not paid by to-morrow twelve o'clock, I shall commence suit against you. If I receive the money before that time we will keep this little matter quiet; if suit is brought, all will come out on the trial."

"As you please," said Jenkins angrily, turning away and entering his house.

Before twelve o'clock on the next day, however, Jenkins' clerk called in at the

store of Gooding, and paid him four hundred and twenty-six dollars, for which he took his receipt in full for all demands to date. The two men were never afterward on terms of sufficient intimacy to ride in the same wagon together. Whether Gooding and his clerk kept the matter a secret, as they promised, we don't know. It is very certain, that it was known all over town in less than a week, and soon after was told in the newspapers as a most capital joke.

THE LIFTED VEIL.

BY MISS H. E. GRANNIS.

A VOICE of music, borne by fragrant gales,
And echoing softly to the dimpled waves,
Stole from the bosom of Hesperia's vales,
Whose jeweled sands the flashing water laves,
'Mid shadowy banks, and bright enchanted isles,
And fairy bowers, where joys own summer smiles.

Sweet as a spirit's song it rose and fell
On the rich air, o'erburdened with perfume;
Each varying cadence, or voluptuous swell,
Far-breathing o'er one wilderness of bloom,
Through princely gardens ne'er by mortal drest,
Amid the broad savannas of the west.

A bark was gliding down the silvery stream
That claims its birth from far Itasca's fount,
And bids its waves o'er many a valley gleam,
And join the well-springs of full many a mount,
Till, proud, at length, Columbia's wealth to drain,
It sweeps, deep-freighted, to the Mexican main.

About that vessel's prow the foam-wreaths hung,
And pearls were glancing in her wake behind;
Fair silken curtains from her casements swung,
And banners wooed aloft the balmy wind;
And where rich lamps 'mid graceful arches gleamed
O'er gilded walls, the gorgeous sunlight streamed.

The turtle dove had hushed her plain on shore, —
The whirring locusts of the woods were still —
The listening willows leaned the waters o'er —
While drooped the blue-eyed hare-bell with a thrill
Through all its filmy foliage, at the sound
That earth and wave in fond enchantment bound.

Within that bark, where flowed the golden light
O’er velvet cushions, ’mid th’ enameled flowers,
Flowed, mingling with those beams, the tresses bright
From a fair brow of girlhood, where the hours
Of earthly life had not o’erhung the bliss
Of heaven’s existence with the clouds of this.

Her hand, scarce resting from the strings it swept,
Lay on a harp whose chords yet felt its thrill,
And fain had breathed the strains that in them slept;
And her half-parted lips were tremulous still,
As on them lingered, fluttering to depart,
Th’ unuttered burden of a gushing heart,

The voiceful murmur of the waves below —
The airs of balm that whispered through the leaves —
The trill of fountains in their dazzling flow —
The soul-born song the bright-winged wild bird weaves,
The various tones of teeming nature, rife
With the warm bliss of heaven-imparted life.

Glimpses of cities through far vistas seen —
Flashes of light from garden, bower and shrine —
All forms and sounds of loveliness had been
To eye and ear as messengers divine;
And, to each glorious sight, and joyous tone,
Answered a breathing melody of her own.

But now her voice was hushed, and all unheard
The many tones that roused it; for a strain
Of richer song her spirit’s depths had stirred;
As if some angel harp that there had lain,
Untouched as yet, were thrilled in every chord,
And o’er her soul its wealth of music poured.

We all have felt such wakenings; in our hearts’
Deep treasure cells is many a gift from Heaven,
To the commissioned spirit, ere it starts
Upon earth’s pilgrimage, by seraph’s given,
To cheer life’s shadows, and illume its shrine.
With fadeless tokens of our birth divine.

Sealed and forgot they lie, till some blest gleam,
Or sacred note steal down those seals to break —
As roses, kissed to life by day's fond beam,
Thrilled with the sense of their own beauty wake;
Or hidden streams burst forth from earth's dark caves,
Wild at the brightness of their own sweet waves —

So gush they o'er the soul; at gems so rare
We startle, wondering at their loveliness,
But, of our heritage still unaware,
We wist not whence those sights and sounds of bliss;
And lightly recking of their priceless worth,
Let the seals close, and bind our thoughts to earth.

O, we might watch, for aye, the fountains bright
Of Paradise; or list the moving strains
Of Eden's harps; or revel in the light
Of gems that glisten on celestial plains,
Did we but bend more anxious ear and eye,
And learn to ope the heart-cells where they lie.

Yet Eva listened; for her steps had trod,
Fearless of clouds that rose her pathway o'er,
Closer than some do to the walks of God;
And, in her own warm heart, she ever bore
A flowing urn, from whence a balm was shed
O'er sorrows wounds, where'er her footsteps led.

There had arisen from all created things
An anthem and an incense, and they came,
Rousing in her own breast those hidden springs,
With a mysterious power, that she might name
Fragrance, or motion, beauty, light, or tone —
So seemed each exquisite sense to blend in one.

"O, life is bliss!" she murmured. "Let each breath
Rise with a warm thank-offering from my heart
To Him who gave it; the blue heavens beneath,
All things a brightness and a joy impart;
And earth's harmonious melodies have been
Rivaled but by the voice they wake within.

"The skies bend fondly o'er me; the pure air

Steals to my temples with a holy kiss;
The bright stars watch me with a kindly care;
And flowers, and streams, and birds, and winds express
Their mingled joy, around, beneath, above,
In tones whose chorus and whose freight is Love.

"Love! Life's gemmed key-stone! being's single source!
Creative power, that makes all creatures one —
That speeds the rivers in their onward course,
To bless the valleys that they gleam upon —
That bids the fond birds woo the answering flowers,
And dallying breezes kiss the leafy bowers.

"They tell us of the shadow and the thorn,
And care and grief—and, though the pearly dews
Of life's young matin still my feet adorn,
I have found thorns—the guardians of the rose
I plucked unharmed—and at their terrors laughed,
So light a touch could blunt the barbéd shaft.

"Free potions have I drank of being's cup,
And found no bitterness; the sparkling tide
Hath grown but brighter as I quaffed it up,
And if rank weeds have sprung its rim beside,
Or serpents risen, its drops contain a spell
To blast the weed, or crush the monster fell.

"Yet one thing lack I. I have sought the flow
Of kindly sympathies, and vainly sought —
Though human hearts are with me here below
To which my own hath called, they answer not:
Kind tones I've met, fond eyes have round me shone,
But my soul's holiest founts have gushed alone.

"Fair, dove-eyed children at my feet have lain
Their young affections, as an offering pure;
And when I wipe the clammy brow of pain
Pale lips will bless me: gentle smiles may lure
The gay or sad around me; and I've yearned
To breathe to them the speech my heart had learned —

"The mystic speech of nature; but it seemed
As a strange language to them: Marble sealed

Their lips were, to the founts that 'neath them gleamed,
And their cold, icy eyes have half congealed
The glowing tide that, in my heart, I felt
Still struggling forth to bid those ice bonds melt.

"Yet know I that man's soul, born of the light
Of heavenly mansions, still must be divine;
Perhaps I have not learned its language right,
Or found the key that opes its holiest shrine,
And they may deem my soul hath lost the gem
Whose kindling rays I vainly sought from them.

"But there's a hollow seeming in their mirth
That chimes not with the joy my bosom feels;
And the glad music of the teeming earth,
From breasts that men call soulless, o'er me steals
With more of sympathy than hath been given
By those who claim the heritage of heaven.

"Still hath my life led down a vale of Eden;
Where mystic foot-prints marked the dewy sod;
As if some angel's steps had near me trodden,
Bearing blest gifts from 'neath the throne of God;
And low, sweet tones oft sooth me while I sleep,
From the kind spirits that my vigils keep,

"Like to the strain that now around me lingers,
Roused, in my breast, from some long hidden string;
While choirs of air-harps, swept by seraphs' fingers,
Upon my listening ear responsive ring —
Lo! my eyes catch the flash of glancing wings,
And half seen visions of all glorious things."

Half seen no longer—from the sky were rolled
Its azure curtains, and a fragrant light
Stole down, o'er glittering walks of gems and gold —
The veil was lifted from her mortal sight,
And one beside her stood, of air and mien
Familiar, like the forms our dreams have seen.

"Mine own I claim thee; thou at length hast heard
And known the voice with which I wooed thee first,
In life's young morn. Though oft thy soul hath stirred,

Echoing the strains that from my lyre have burst,
Still too forgetful of the world of bliss,
Thou didst but hear them as the tones of this.

“Though thy young heart had found no answering tone
To its o’erflowing gladness, knewest thou not
That Heaven ne’er sends commissioned souls alone,
To bear the darkness of their earthly lot,
But each frail pilgrim of the thorny land,
Moves earthward with its kindred hand in hand?

“Through Eden’s vales we had together trod,
And quaffed its streams, before the mandate came
To rear us temples of this earthly clod,
And win from dull mortality the claim
To richer coronals; and with the flow
Of mingled hearts we sought our homes below.

“But we were severed, from terrestrial bowers
The angels called me early; yet was mine
The sweetest task, to watch thy path of flowers,
And yield thee visions of a land divine;
And even the veil that hid my form from thee
Oped the sealed fountains of thy heart to me.

“I have been with thee still—at eventide
Fanning thy temples till thy soul was free,
While the clay slept, to wander at my side;
And to its bonds at dawn restoring thee,
A child of earth, till, for a holier shrine,
Thy wings at length are fledged, and thou art mine.”

Thus spake the spirit, and the veil of light,
That round him hung, o’er Eva’s form was cast:
The bark that bore her, ne’er to mortal sight
Came up the stream from whence its keel had passed.
They watched her from the shore-girt river glide,
And float far westward o’er the boundless tide:

And where the wave is mingled with the sky,
In the bright pathway of the dying day,
’Mid clouds too luminous for human eye,
She seemed to vanish on her airy way;

While earth’s fair flowers, and ocean’s pearly shell,
Breathed a low answer to some fond farewell.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

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

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

(*Continued from page 48.*)

PART X.

Shallow. Did her grand sire leave her seven hundred pound?
Evans. Ay, and her father is make her a petter penny.
Shallow. I know the young gentlewoman; she has good gifts.
Evans. Seven hundred pounds, and possibilities, is good gifts.
Shakspeare.

As for Spike, he had no intention of going to the southward of the Florida Reef again until his business called him there. The lost bag of doubloons was still gleaming before his imagination, and no sooner did the Poughkeepsie bear up, than he shortened sail, standing back and forth in his narrow and crooked channel, rather losing ground than gaining, though he took great pains not to let his artifice be seen. When the Poughkeepsie was so far to the northward as to render it safe, he took in every thing but one or two of his lowest sails, and followed easily in the same direction. As the sloop-of-war carried her light and loftier sails, she remained visible to the people of the Swash long after the Swash had ceased to be visible to her. Profiting by this circumstance, Spike entered the main channel again some time before it was dark, and selected a safe anchorage there that was well known to him; a spot where sufficient sand had collected on the coral to make good holding ground, and where a vessel would be nearly embayed, though always to windward of her channel going out, by the formation of the reef. Here he anchored, in order to wait until morning ere he ventured further north. During the whole of that dreadful day, Rose had remained in her cabin, disconsolate, nearly unable, as she was

absolutely unwilling to converse. Now it was that she felt the total insufficiency of a mind feeble as that of her aunt's to administer consolation to misery like her own. Nevertheless, the affectionate solicitude of Mrs. Budd, as well as that of the faithful creature, Biddy, brought some relief and reason and resignation began slowly to resume their influence. Yet was the horrible picture of Harry, dying by inches, deserted in the midst of the waters on his solitary rock, ever present to her thoughts, until, once or twice, her feelings verged on madness. Prayer brought its customary relief, however; and we do not think that we much exaggerate the fact, when we say that Rose passed fully one-half of that terrible afternoon on her knees.

As for Jack Tier, he was received on board the brig much as if nothing had happened. Spike passed and repassed him fifty times, without even an angry look, or a word of abuse; and the deputy-steward dropped quietly into the duties of his office, without meeting with either reproach or hindrance. The only allusion, indeed, that was made to his recent adventures, took place in a conversation that was held on the subject in the galley, the interlocutors being Jack himself, Josh, the steward, and Simon, the cook.

"Where you been scullin' to, 'bout on dat reef, Jack, wid dem 'ere women, I won'er now?" demanded Josh, after tasting the cabin soup, in order to ascertain how near it was to being done. "I t'ink it no great fun to dodge 'bout among dem rock in a boat, for anudder hurricane might come when a body least expeck him."

"Oh," said Jack, cavalierly, "two hurricanes no more come in one month, than two shot in the same hole. We've been turtlin', that's all. I wish we had in your coppers, cook, some of the critturs that we fell in with in our cruise."

"Wish 'e had, master steward, wid all my heart," answered the fat, glistening potentate of the galley. "But, hark'ee, Jack; what become of our young mate, can 'e tell? Some say he get kill at 'e Dry Tortugas, and some say he war' scullin' round in dat boat you hab, wid 'e young woman, eh?"

"Ah, boys," answered Jack, mournfully, "sure enough, what *has* become of him?"

"You know, why can't you tell? What good to hab secret among friend."

"*Are* ye his friends, lads? Do you really feel as if you could give a poor soul in its agony a helpin' hand?"

"Why not?" said Josh, in a reproachful way. "Misser Mulford 'e bess mate dis brig ever get; and I don't see why Capt. Spike want to be rid of him."

"Because he's a willian!" returned Jack between his grated teeth. "D'ye know what that means in English, master Josh; and can you and cook here, both of whom have sailed with the man years in and years out, say whether my words be true or not?"

"Dat as a body understand 'em. Accordin' to some rule, Stephen Spike not a werry honest man; but, accordin' to 'nudder some, he as good as any body else."

"Yes, dat just de upshot of de matter," put in Simon, approvingly. "De whole

case lie in dat meanin'."

"D'ye call it right to leave a human being to starve, or to suffer for water, on a naked rock, in the midst of the ocean?"

"Who do dat?"

"The willian who is captain of this brig; and all because he thinks young eyes and bloomin' cheeks prefar young eyes and bloomin' cheeks to his own grizzly beard and old look-outs."

"Dat bad; dat werry bad," said Josh, shaking his head, a way of denoting dissatisfaction, in which Simon joined him; for no crime appeared sufficiently grave in the eyes of these two sleek and well-fed officials to justify such a punishment. "Dat mons'ous bad, and cap'in ought to know better dan do *dat*. I nebber starves a mouse, if I catches him in de bread-locker. Now, dat a sort of reason'ble punishment, too; but I nebber does it. If mouse eat my bread, it do seem right to tell mouse dat he hab enough, and dat he must not eat any more for a week, or a mont', but it too cruel for me, and I nebber does it; no, I t'rows the little debbil overboard, and lets him drown like a gentle'em."

"Y-e-s," drawled out Simon, in a philanthropical tone of voice, "dat 'e best way. What good it do to torment a fellow critter? If Misser Mulford run, why put him down run, and let him go, I say, on'y mulk his wages: but what good it do anybody to starve him. Now dis is my opinion, gentle'em, and dat is, dat starwation be wuss dan choleric. Choleric kill, I knows, and so does starwation kill; but of de two, gib me de choleric fuss; if I gets well of dat, den try starwation if you can."

"I'm glad to hear you talk in this manner, my hearties," put in Jack; "and I hope I shall find you accommodatin' in a plan I've got to help the maty out of this difficulty. As a friend of Stephen Spike's I would do it; for it must be a terrible thing to die with such a murder on one's soul. Here's the boat that we pick'd up at the light-house, yonder, in tow of the brig at this minute; and there's every thing in her comfortable for a good long run, as I know from having sailed in her; and what I mean is this: as we left Mr. Mulford, I took the bearings and distance of the rock he was on, d'ye understand, and think I could find my way back to it. You see the brig is travelin' slowly north ag'in, and afore long we shall be in the neighborhood of that very rock. We, cook and stewards, will be called on to keep an anchor-watch, if the brig fetches up, as I heard the captain tell the Spanish gentleman he thought she would; and then we can take the boat that's in the water and go and have a hunt for the maty."

The two blacks looked at Tier earnestly; then they turned their heads to look at each other. The idea struck each as bold and novel, but each saw serious difficulties in it. At length Josh, as became his superior station, took on himself the office of expressing the objections that occurred to his mind.

"Dat nebber do!" exclaimed the steward. "We be's quite willin' to sarve 'e mate, who's a good gentle'em, and as nice a young man as ever sung out, 'hard a-lee,' but

we must t'ink little bit of number one; or, for dat matter, of number two, as Simon would be implercated as well as myself. If Cap'in Spike once knew we've lent a hand in sich a job, he'd never overlook it. I knows him, *well*; and that is sayin' as much as need be said of any man's character. You nebber catch *me* running myself into his jaws; would rather fight a shark widout any knife. No, no—I knows him *well*. Den comes anudder werry unanswerable objecsh'un, and dat is, dat 'e brig owe bot' Simon and I money. Fifty dollars, each on us, if she owe one cent. Now, do you t'ink in cander, Jack, dat two color' gentle'em, like us, can t'row away our fortins like two sons of a York merchant dat has inherited a hundred t'ousand dollar tudder day?"

"There is no occasion for runnin' at all, or for losing your wages."

"How you get 'e mate off, den? Can he walk away on de water? If so, let him go widout us. A werry good gentle'em is Misser Mulford, but not good enough to mulk Simon and me out of fifty dollar each."

"You will not hear my project, Josh, and so will never know what I would be at."

"Well, come, tell him jest as you surposes him. Now listen, Simon, so dat not a word be loss."

"My plan is to take the boat, if we anchor, as anchor I know we shall, and go and find the rock and bring Mr. Mulford off; then we can come back to the brig, and get on board ourselves, and let the mate sail away in the boat by himself. On this plan nobody will run, and no wages be mulcted."

"But dat take time, and an anchor-watch last but two hour, surposin' even dat 'ey puts all t'ree of us in de same watch."

"Spike usually does that, you know. 'Let the cook and the stewards keep the midnight watch,' he commonly says, 'and that will give the foremost hands a better snooze.'"

"Yes, he do say *dat*, Josh," put in Simon, "most ebbery time we comes-to."

"I know he does, and surposes he will say it to-night, if he comes-to to-night. But a two hour watch may not be long enough to do all you wants; and den, jest t'ink for a moment, should 'e cap'in come on deck and hail 'e forecastle, and find us all gone, I wouldn't be in your skin, Jack, for dis brig, in sich a kerlamity. I knows Cap'in Spike well; t'ree time I endebber to run myself, and each time he bring me up wid a round turn; so, now-a-days, I nebber t'inks of sich a projeck any longer."

"But I do not intend to leave the forecastle without some one on it to answer a hail. No, all I want is a companion; for I do not like to go out on the reef at midnight, all alone. If one of you will go with me, the other can stay and answer the captain's hail, should he really come on deck in our watch—a thing very little likely to happen. When once his head is on his pillow, a'ter a hard day's work, it's not very apt to be lifted ag'in without a call, or a squall. If you do know Stephen Spike *well*, Josh, I know him better."

"Well, Jack, dis here is a new idee, d'ye see, and a body must take time to consider on it. If Simon and I do ship for dis v'y'ge, 'twill be for lub of Mr. Mulford, and not for *his* money or *your'n*."

This was all the encouragement of his project Jack Tier could obtain, on that occasion, from either his brother steward, or from the cook. These blacks were well enough disposed to rescue an innocent and unoffending man from the atrocious death to which Spike had condemned his mate, but neither lost sight of his own security and interest. They promised Tier not to betray him, however; and he had the fullest confidence in their pledges. They who live together in common, usually understand the feeling that prevails, on any given point, in their own set; and Jack felt pretty certain that Harry was a greater favorite in and about the camboose than the captain. On that feeling he relied, and he was fain to wait the course of events, ere he came to any absolute conclusion as to his own course.

The interview in the galley took place about half an hour before the brig anchored for the night. Tier, who often assisted on such occasions, went aloft to help secure the royal, one of the gaskets of which had got loose, and from the yard he had an excellent opportunity to take a look at the reef, the situation of the vessel, and the probable bearings of the rock on which poor Mulford had been devoted to a miserable death. This opportunity was much increased by Spike's hailing him, while on the yard, and ordering him to take a good look at the sloop-of-war, and at the same time to ascertain if any boats were "prowlin' about, in order to make a set upon us in the night." On receiving this welcome order, Jack answered with a cheerful "Ay, ay, sir," and standing up on the yard, he placed an arm around the mast, and remained for a long time making his observations. The command to look-out for boats would have been a sufficient excuse had he continued on the yard as long as it was light.

Jack had no difficulty in finding the Poughkeepsie, which was already through the passage, and no longer visible from the deck. She appeared to be standing to the northward and westward, under easy canvas, like a craft that was in no hurry. This fact was communicated to Spike in the usual way. The latter seemed pleased, and he answered in a hearty manner, just as if no difficulty had ever occurred between him and the steward's assistant.

"Very well, Jack! bravo, Jack!—now take a good look for boats; you'll have light enough for that this half hour," cried the captain. "If any are out, you'll find them pulling down the channel, or maybe they'll try to shorten the cut, by attempting to pull athwart the reef. Take a good and steady look for them, my man."

"Ay, ay, sir; I'll do all I can with naked eyes," answered Jack, "but I could do better, sir, if they would only send me up a glass by these here signal-halyards. With a glass, a fellow might speak with some sartainty."

Spike seemed struck with the truth of this suggestion; and he soon sent a glass aloft by the signal-halyards. Thus provided, Jack descended as low as the cross-trees, where he took his seat, and began a survey at his leisure. While thus

employed, the brig was secured for the night, her decks were cleared, and the people were ordered to get their suppers, previously to setting an anchor-watch, and turning-in for the night. No one heeded the movements of Tier, for Spike had gone into his own state-room, with the exception of Josh and Simon. Those two worthies were still in the galley, conversing on the subject of Jack's recent communications, and ever and anon one of them would stick his head out of the door and look aloft, withdrawing it, and shaking it significantly, as soon as his observations were ended.

As for Tier, he was seated quite at his ease; and having slung his glass to one of the shrouds, in a way to admit of its being turned as on a pivot, he had every opportunity for observing accurately, and at his leisure. The first thing Jack did, was to examine the channel very closely, in order to make sure that no boats were in it, after which he turned the glass with great eagerness toward the reef, in the almost hopeless office of ascertaining something concerning Mulford. In point of fact, the brig had anchored quite three leagues from the solitary rock of the deserted mate, and, favored as he was by his elevation, Jack could hardly expect to discern so small and low an object as that rock at so great a distance. Nevertheless, the glass was much better than common. It had been a present to Spike from one who was careful in his selections of such objects, and who had accidentally been under a serious obligation to the captain. Knowing the importance of a good look, as regards the boats, Spike had brought this particular instrument, of which, in common, he was very chary, from his own state-room, and sent it aloft, in order that Jack might have every available opportunity of ascertaining his facts. It was this glass, then, which was the means of the important discoveries the little fellow, who was thus perched on the fore-topmast cross-trees of the Swash, did actually succeed in making.

Jack actually started, when he first ascertained how distinctly and near the glass he was using brought distant objects. The gulls that sailed across its disk, though a league off, appeared as if near enough to be touched by the hand, and even their feathers gave out not only their hues, but their forms. Thus, too, was it with the surface of the ocean, of which the little waves that agitated the water of the reef, might be seen tossing up and down, at more than twice the range of the Poughkeepsie's heaviest gun. Naked rocks, low and subdued as they were in color, too, were to be noted, scattered up and down in the panorama. At length Tier fancied his glass covered a field that he recognized. It was distant, but might be seen from his present elevation. A second look satisfied him he was right; and he next clearly traced the last channel in which they had endeavored to escape from Spike, or that in which the boat had been taken. Following it along, by slowly moving the glass, he actually hit the rock on which Mulford had been deserted. It was peculiar in shape, size, and elevation above the water, and connected with the circumstance of the channel, which was easily enough seen by the color of the water, and more easily from his height than if he had been in it, he could not be mistaken. The little fellow's heart beat quick as he made the glass move slowly over its surface, anxiously searching for the form of the mate. It was not to be seen. A second, and a more careful sweep of the glass, made it certain that the rock was deserted.

Although a little reflection might have satisfied any one, Mulford was not to be sought in that particular spot, so long after he had been left there. Jack Tier felt grievously disappointed when he was first made certain of the accuracy of his observations. A minute later he began to reason on the matter, and he felt more encouraged. The rock on which the mate had been abandoned was smooth, and could not hold any fresh water that might have been left by the late showers. Jack also remembered that it had neither sea-weed nor shell-fish. In short, the utmost malice of Spike could not have selected, for the immolation of his victim, a more suitable place. Now Tier had heard Harry's explanation to Rose, touching the manner in which he had waded and swam about the reef that very morning, and it at once occurred to him that the young man had too much energy and spirit to remain helpless and inactive to perish on a naked rock, when there might be a possibility of at least prolonging existence, if not of saving it. This induced the steward to turn the glass slowly over the water, and along all the ranges of visible rock that he could find in that vicinity. For a long time the search was useless, the distance rendering such an examination not only difficult but painful. At length Jack, about to give up the matter in despair, took one sweep with the glass nearer to the brig, as much to obtain a general idea of the boat-channels of the reef, as in any hope of finding Mulford, when an object moving in the water came within the field of the glass. He saw it but for an instant, as the glass swept slowly past, but it struck him it was something that had life, and was in motion. Carefully going over the same ground again, after a long search, he again found what he so anxiously sought. A good look satisfied him that he was right. It was certainly a man wading along the shallow water of the reef, immersed to his waist—and it must be Mulford.

So excited was Jack Tier by this discovery that he trembled like a leaf. A minute or two elapsed before he could again use the glass; and when he did, a long and anxious search was necessary before so small an object could be once more found. Find it he did, however, and then he got its range by the vessel, in a way to make sure of it. Yes, it was a man, and it was Mulford.

Circumstances conspired to aid Jack in the investigation that succeeded. The sun was near setting, but a stream of golden light gleamed over the waters, particularly illuminating the portion which came within the field of the glass. Then Harry, in his efforts to escape from the rock, and to get nearer to the edge of the main channel, where his chances of being seen and rescued would be ten-fold what they were on his rock, had moved south, by following the naked reef and the shallow places, and was actually more than a league nearer to the brig than he would have been had he remained stationary. There had been hours in which to make this change, and the young man had probably improved them to the utmost.

Jack watched the form that was wading slowly along with an interest he had never before felt in the movements of any human being. Whether Mulford saw the brig or not, it was difficult to say. She was quite two leagues from him, and, now that her sails were furled, she offered but little for the eye to rest on at that distance.

At first, Jack thought the young man was actually endeavoring to get nearer to her, though it must have been a forlorn hope that should again place him in the hands of Spike. It was, however, a more probable conjecture that the young man was endeavoring to reach the margin of the passage, where a good deal of rock was above water, and near to which he had already managed to reach. At one time Jack saw that the mate was obliged to swim, and he actually lost sight of him for a time. His form, however, reappeared, and then it slowly emerged from the water, and stood erect on a bare rock of some extent. Jack breathed freer at this; for Mulford was now on the very margin of the channel, and might be easily reached by the boat, should he prevail on Josh, or Simon, to attempt the rescue.

At first, Jack Tier fancied that Mulford had knelt to return thanks on his arrival at a place of comparative safety; but a second look satisfied him that Harry was drinking from one of the little pools of fresh water left by the late shower. When he rose from drinking, the young man walked about the place, occasionally stooping, signs that he was picking up shell-fish for his supper. Suddenly, Mulford darted forward, and passed beyond the field of the glass. When Jack found him again, he was in the act of turning a small turtle, using his knife on the animal immediately after. Had Jack been in danger of starvation himself, and found a source of food as ample and as grateful as this, he could scarcely have been more delighted. The light now began to wane perceptibly, still Harry's movements could be discerned. The turtle was killed and dressed, sufficiently at least for the mate's purposes, and the latter was seen collecting sea-weed, and bits of plank, boards, and sticks of wood, of which more or less in drifting past, had lodged upon the rocks. "Is it possible," thought Jack, "that he is so werry partic'lar he can't eat his turtle raw! Will he, indeed, venture to light a fire, or has he the means?" Mulford was so particular, however, he did venture to light a fire, and he had the means. This may be said to be the age of matches—not in a connubial, though in an inflammatory sense—and the mate had a small stock in a tight box that he habitually carried on his person. Tier saw him at work over a little pile he had made for a long time, the beams of day departing now so fast as to make him fearful he should soon lose his object in the increasing obscurity of twilight. Suddenly a light gleamed, and the pile sent forth a clear flame. Mulford went to and fro, collecting materials to feed his fire, and was soon busied in cooking his turtle. All this Tier saw and understood, the light of the flames coming in proper time to supply the vacuum left by the departure of that of day.

In a minute Tier had no difficulty in seeing the fire that Mulford had lighted on his low and insulated domains with the naked eye. It gleamed brightly in that solitary place; and the steward was much afraid it would be seen by some one on deck, get to be reported to Spike, and lead to Harry's destruction after all. The mate appeared to be insensible to his danger, however, occasionally casting piles of dry sea-weed on his fire, in a way to cause the flames to flash up, as if kindled anew by gun-powder. It now occurred to Tier that the young man had a double object in lighting this fire, which would answer not only the purposes of his cookery, but as a

signal of distress to any thing passing near. The sloop-of war, though more distant than the brig, was in his neighborhood; and she might possibly yet send relief. Such was the state of things when Jack was startled by a sudden hail from below. It was in Spike's voice, and came up to him short and quick.

"Fore-topmast cross-trees, there! What are ye about all this time, Master Jack Tier, in them fore-topmast cross-trees, I say?" demanded Spike.

"Keeping a look-out for boats from the sloop-of-war, as you bade me, sir," answered Jack, coolly.

"D'ye see any, my man? Is the water clear, ahead of us, or not?"

"It's getting to be so dark, sir, I can see no longer. While there was day-light, no boat was to be seen."

"Come down, man—come down; I've business for you below. The sloop is far enough to the nor'ard, and we shall neither see nor hear from her to-night. Come down, I say, Jack—come down."

Jack obeyed, and securing the glass, he began to descend the rigging. He was soon as low as the top, when he paused a moment to take another look. The fire was still visible, shining like a torch on the surface of the water, casting its beams abroad like "a good deed in a naughty world." Jack was sorry to see it, though he once more took its bearing from the brig, in order that he might know where to find the spot, in the event of a search for it. When on the stretcher of the fore-rigging, Jack stopped, and again looked for his beacon. It had disappeared, having sunk below the circular formation of the earth. By ascending two or three ratlins, it came into view, and by going down as low as the stretcher again, it disappeared. Trusting that no one, at that hour, would have occasion to go aloft, Jack now descended to the deck, and went aft with the spy-glass.

Spike and the Señor Montefalderon were under the coach-house, no one else appearing on any part of the quarter-deck. The people were eating their suppers, and Josh and Simon were busy in the galley. As for the females, they chose to remain in their own cabin, where Spike was well pleased to leave them.

"Come this way, Jack," said the captain, in his best-humored tone of voice, "I've a word to say to you. Put the glass in at my state-room window, and come hither."

Tier did as ordered.

"So you can make out no boats to the nor'ard, ha, Jack! Nothing to be seen thereaway?"

"Nothing in the way of a boat, sir."

"Ay, ay, I dare say there's plenty of water, and some rock. The Florida Reef has no scarcity of either, to them that knows where to look for one, and to steer clear of the other. Hark 'e, Jack; so you got the schooner under way from the Dry Tortugas, and undertook to beat her up to Key West, when she fancied herself a turtle, and over she went with you—is that it, my man?"

“The schooner turned turtle with us, sure enough, sir; and we all came near drowning on her bottom.”

“No sharks in that latitude and longitude, eh Jack?”

“Plenty on ’em, sir; and I thought they would have got us all, at one time. More than twenty set of fins were in sight at once, for several hours.”

“You could hardly have supplied the gentlemen with a leg, or an arm, each. But where was the boat all this time—you had the light-house boat in tow, I suppose?”

“She had been in tow, sir; but Madam Budd talked so much dictionary to the painter, that it got adrift.”

“Yet I found you all in it.”

“Very true, sir. Mr. Mulford swam quite a mile to reach the rocks, and found the boat aground on one on ’em. As soon as he got the boat, he made sail, and came and took us off. We had reason to thank God he could do so.”

Spike looked dark and thoughtful. He muttered the words “swam,” and “rocks,” but was too cautious to allow any expressions to escape him, that might betray to the Mexican officer that which was uppermost in his mind. He was silent, however, for quite a minute, and Jack saw that he had awakened a dangerous source of distrust in the captain’s breast.

“Well, Jack,” resumed Spike, after the pause, “can you tell us any thing of the doubloons. I nat’rally expected to find them in the boat, but there were none to be seen. You scarcely pumped the schooner out, without overhauling her lockers, and falling in with them doubloons?”

“We found them, sure enough, and had them ashore with us, in the tent, down to the moment when we sailed.”

“When you took them off to the schooner, eh? My life for it, the gold was not forgotten.”

“It was not, sure enough, sir; but we took it off with us to the schooner, and it went down in her when she finally sunk.”

Another pause, during which Señor Montefalderon and Capt. Spike looked significantly at each other.

“Do you think, Jack, you could find the spot where the schooner went down?”

“I could come pretty near it, sir, though not on the very spot itself. Water leaves no mark over the grave of a sunken ship.”

“If you can take us within a reasonable distance, we might find it by sweeping for it. Them doubloons are worth some trouble; and their recovery would be better than a long v’y’ge to us, any day.”

“They would, indeed, Don Esteban,” observed the Mexican; “and my poor country is not in a condition to bear heavy losses. If Señor Jack Tier can find the wreck, and we regain the money, ten of those doubloons shall be his reward, though I take them from my own share, much diminished as it will be.”

"You hear, Jack—here is a chance to make your fortune! You say you sailed with me in old times—and old times were good times with this brig, though times has changed; but if you sailed with me, in *old* times, you must remember that whatever the Swash touched she turned to gold."

"I hope you don't doubt, Capt. Spike, my having sailed in the brig, not only in old times, but in her best times."

Jack seemed hurt as he put this question, and Spike appeared in doubt. The latter gazed at the little, rotund, queer-looking figure before him, as if endeavoring to recognize him; and when he had done, he passed his hand over his brow, like one who endeavored to recall past objects, by excluding those that are present.

"You will then show us the spot where my unfortunate schooner did sink, Señor Jack Tier?" put in the Mexican.

"With all my heart, señor, if it is to be found. I think I could take you within a cable's length of the place, though hunger, and thirst, and sharks, and the fear of drowning, will keep a fellow from having a very bright look-out for such a matter."

"In what water do you suppose the craft to lie, Jack?" demanded the captain.

"You know as much of that as I do myself sir. She went down about a cable's length from the reef toward which she was a settin' at the time; and had she kept afloat an hour longer, she might have grounded on the rocks."

"She's better where she is, if we can only find her by sweeping. On the rocks we could do nothing with her but break her up, and ten to one the doubloons would be lost. By the way, Jack, do you happen to know where that scoundrel of a mate of mine stowed the money?"

"When we left the island, I carried it down to the boat myself—and a good lift I had of it. As sure as you are there, señor, I was obliged to take it on a shoulder. When it came out of the boat, Mr. Mulford carried it below; and I heard him tell Miss Rose, a'terwards, that he had thrown it into a bread-locker."

"Where we shall find it, Don Wan, notwithstanding all this veering and hauling. The old brig has luck, when doubloons are in question, and ever has had since I've commanded her. Jack, we shall have to call on the cook and stewards for an anchor-watch to-night. The people are a good deal fagged with boxing about this reef so much, and I shall want 'em all as fresh to-morrow as they can be got. You idlers had better take the middle watches, which will give the forecastle chaps longer naps."

"Ay, ay, sir; we'll manage that for 'em. Josh and Simon can go on at twelve, and I will take the watch at two, which will give the men all the rest they want, as I can hold out for four hours full. I'm as good for an anchor-watch as any man in the brig, Capt. Spike."

"That you are, Jack, and better than some on 'em. Take you all round, and round it is, you're a rum 'un, my lad—the queerest little jigger that ever lay out on a royal-yard."

Jack might have been a little offended at Spike's compliments, but he was

certainly not sorry to find him so good-natured, after all that had passed. He now left the captain, and his Mexican companion, seemingly in close conference together, while he went below himself, and dropped as naturally into the routine of his duty, as if he had never left the brig. In the cabin he found the females, of course, Rose scarce raising her face from the shawl which lay on the bed of her own berth. Jack busied himself in a locker near this berth, until an opportunity occurred to touch Rose, unseen by her aunt or Biddy. The poor heart-stricken girl raised her face, from which all the color had departed, and looked almost vacantly at Jack, as if to ask an explanation. Hope is truly, by a most benevolent provision of Providence, one of the very last blessings to abandon us. It is probable that we are thus gifted, in order to encourage us to rely on the great atonement to the last moment, since, without this natural endowment to cling to hope, despair might well be the fate of millions, who, there is reason to think, reap the benefit of that act of divine mercy. It would hardly do to say that any thing like hope was blended with the look Rose now cast on Jack, but it was anxious and inquiring.

The steward bent his head to the locker, bringing his face quite near to that of Rose, and whispered—"There is hope, Miss Rose—but do not betray me."

These were blessed words for our heroine to hear, and they produced an immediate and great revolution in her feelings. Commanding herself, however, she looked her questions, instead of trusting even to a whisper. Jack did not say any more, just then, but, shortly after, he called Rose, whose eyes were now never off him, into the main cabin, which was empty. It was so much pleasanter to sleep in an airy state-room on deck, that Señor Montefalderon, indeed, had given up the use of this cabin, in a great measure, seldom appearing in it, except at meals, having taken possession of the deserted apartment of Mulford. Josh was in the galley, where he spent most of his time, and Rose and Jack had no one to disturb their conference.

"He is safe, Miss Rose—God be praised!" whispered Jack. "Safe for the present, at least; with food, and water, and fire to keep him warm at night."

It was impossible for Rose not to understand to whom there was allusion, though her head became dizzy under the painful confusion that prevailed in it. She pressed her temples with both hands, and asked a thousand questions with her eyes. Jack considerately handed her a glass of water before he proceeded. As soon as he found her a little more composed, he related the facts connected with his discovery of Mulford, precisely as they had occurred.

"He is now on a large rock—a little island, indeed—where he is safe from the ocean unless it comes on to blow a hurricane," concluded Jack, "has fresh water and fresh turtle in the bargain. A man might live a month on one such turtle as I saw Mr. Mulford cutting up this evening."

"Is there no way of rescuing him from the situation you have mentioned, Jack? In a year or two I shall be my own mistress, and have money to do as I please with; put me only in the way of taking Mr. Mulford from that rock, and I will share all I am worth on earth with you, dear Jack."

“Ay, so it is with the whole sex,” muttered Tier; “let them only once give up their affections to a man, and he becomes dearer to them than pearls and rubies! But you know me, Miss Rose, and know *why* and *how well* I would sarve you. My story and my feelin’s are as much your secret, as your story and your feelin’s is mine. We shall pull together, if we don’t pull so very strong. Now, hearken to me, Miss Rose, and I will let you into the secret of my plan to help Mr. Mulford make a launch.”

Jack then communicated to his companion his whole project for the night. Spike had, of his own accord, given to him and his two associates, Simon and Josh, the care of the brig between midnight and morning. If he could prevail on either of these men to accompany him, it was his intention to take the light-house boat, which was riding by its painter astern of the brig, and proceed as fast as they could to the spot whither Mulford had found his way. By his calculations, if the wind stood as it then was, little more than an hour would be necessary to reach the rock, and about as much more to return. Should the breeze lull, of which there was no great danger, since the easterly trades were again blowing, Jack thought he and Josh might go over the distance with the oars in about double the time. Should both Josh and Simon refuse to accompany him, he thought he should attempt the rescue of the mate alone, did the wind stand, trusting to Mulford’s assistance, should he need it, in getting back to the brig.

“You surely would not come back here with Harry, did you once get him safe from off that rock!” exclaimed Rose.

“Why, you know how it is with me, Miss Rose,” answered Jack. “*My* business is here, on board the Swash, and I must attend to it. Nothing shall tempt me to give up the brig so long as she floats, and sartain folk float in her, unless it might be some such matter as that which happened on the bit of an island at the Dry Tortugas. Ah! he’s a willian! But if I do come back, it will be only to get into my own proper berth ag’in, and not to bring Mr. Mulford into the lion’s jaws. He will only have to put me back on board the Molly here, when he can make the best of his own way to Key West. Half an hour would place him out of harm’s way; especially as I happen to know the course Spike means to steer in the morning.”

“I will go with you, Jack,” said Rose, mildly, but with great firmness.

“You, Miss Rose! But why should I show surprise? It’s like all the sex, when they have given away their affections. Yes, woman will be woman, put her on a naked rock, or put her in silks and satins in her parlor at home. How different is it with men! They dote for a little while, and turn to a new face. It must be said, men’s willians!”

“Not Mulford, Jack—no, not Harry Mulford! A truer or a nobler heart never beat in a human breast; and you and I will drown together, rather than he should not be taken from that rock.”

“It shall be as you say,” answered Jack, a little thoughtfully. “Perhaps it would be best that you should quit the brig altogether. Spike is getting desperate, and you will be safer with the young mate than with so great an old willian. Yes, you shall

go with me, Miss Rose; and if Josh and Simon both refuse we will go alone."

"With you, Jack, but not with Mr. Mulford. I cannot desert my aunt, nor can I quit the Swash alone in company with her mate. As for Spike, I despise him too much to fear him. He must soon go into port somewhere, and at the first place where he touches we shall quit him. He dare not detain us—nay, he *cannot*—and I do not fear him. We will save Harry, but I shall remain with my aunt."

"We'll see, Miss Rose, we'll see," said Tier, smiling. "Perhaps a handsome young man, like Mr. Mulford, will have better luck in persuading you than an old fellow like me. If he should fail, 'twill be his own fault."

So thought Jack Tier, judging of women as he had found them, but so did not think Rose Budd. The conversation ended here, however, each keeping in view its purport, and the serious business that was before them.

The duty of the vessel went on as usual. The night promised to be clouded, but not very dark, as there was a moon. When Spike ordered the anchor-watches, he had great care to spare his crew as much as possible, for the next day was likely to be one of great toil to them. He intended to get the schooner up again, if possible; and though he might not actually pump her out so as to cause her to float, enough water was to be removed to enable him to get at the doubloons. The situation of the bread-locker was known, and as soon as the cabin was sufficiently freed from water to enable one to move about in it, Spike did not doubt his being able to get at the gold. With his resources and ingenuity, the matter in his own mind was reduced to one of toil and time. Eight-and-forty hours, and some hard labor, he doubted not would effect all he cared for.

In setting the anchor-watches for the night, therefore, Stephen Spike bethought him as much of the morrow as of the present moment. Don Juan offered to remain on deck until midnight, and as he was as capable of giving an alarm as any one else, the offer was accepted. Josh and Simon were to succeed the Mexican, and to hold the look-out for two hours, when Jack was to relieve them, and to continue on deck until light returned, when he was to give the captain a call. This arrangement made, Tier turned in at once, desiring the cook to call him half an hour before the proper period of his watch commenced. That half hour Jack intended to employ in exercising his eloquence in endeavoring to persuade either Josh or Simon to be of his party. By eight o'clock the vessel lay in a profound quiet, Señor Montefalderon pacing the quarter-deck alone, while the deep breathing of Spike was to be heard issuing through the open window of his state-room; a window which, it may be well to say to the uninitiated, opened in-board, or toward the deck, and not out-board, or toward the sea.

For four solitary hours did the Mexican pace the deck of the stranger, resting himself for a few minutes at a time only, when wearied with walking. Does the reader fancy that a man so situated had not plenty of occupation for his thoughts? Don Juan Montefalderon was a soldier and a gallant cavalier; and love of country had alone induced him to engage in his present duties. Not that patriotism which

looks to political preferment through a popularity purchased by the vulgar acclamation which attends success in arms, even when undeserved, or that patriotism which induces men of fallen characters to endeavor to retrieve former offences by the shortest and most reckless mode, or that patriotism which shouts "our country, right or wrong," regardless alike of God and his eternal laws, that are never to be forgotten with impunity; but the patriotism which would defend his home and fire-side, his altars and the graves of his fathers, from the ruthless steps of the invader. We shall not pretend to say how far this gentleman entered into the merits of the quarrel between the two republics, which no arts of European jealousy can ever conceal from the judgment of truth, for, with him, matters had gone beyond the point when men feel the necessity of reasoning, and when, perhaps, if such a condition of the mind is ever to be defended, he found his perfect justification in feeling. He had traveled, and knew life by observation, and not through traditions and books. He had never believed, therefore, that his countrymen could march to Washington, or even to the Sabine; but he had hoped for better things than had since occurred. The warlike qualities of the Americans of the North, as he was accustomed to call those who term themselves, *par excellence*, Americans, a name they are fated to retain, and to raise high on the scale of national power and national preeminence, unless they fall by their own hands, had taken him by surprise, as they have taken all but those who knew the country well, and who understood its people. Little had he imagined that the small, widely spread body of regulars, that figured in the blue-books, almanacs and army-registers of America, as some six or seven thousand men, scattered along frontiers of a thousand leagues in extent, could, at the beck of the government, swell into legions of invaders, men able to carry war to the capitals of his own states, thousands of miles from their doors, and formidable alike for their energy, their bravery, their readiness in the use of arms, and their numbers. He saw what is perhaps justly called the boasting of the American character, vindicated by their exploits; and marches, conquests and victories that, if sober truth were alone to cover the pages of history, would far outdo in real labor and danger the boasted passage of the Alps, under Napoleon, and the exploits that succeeded it.

Don Juan Montefalderon was a grave and thoughtful man, of pure Iberian blood. He might have had about him a little of the exaltation of the Spanish character; the overflowings of a generous chivalry at the bottom; and, under its influence, he may have set too high an estimate on Mexico and her sons, but he was not one to shut his eyes to the truth. He saw plainly that the northern neighbors of his country were a race formidable and enterprising, and that of all the calumnies that had been heaped upon them by rivalries and European superciliousness, that of their not being military by temperament was, perhaps, the most absurd of all. On the contrary, he had himself, though anticipating evil, been astounded by the suddenness and magnitude of their conquests, which, in a few short months after the breaking out of hostilities, had overrun regions larger than many ancient empires. All this had been done, too, not by disorderly and barbarous hordes, seeking abroad the abundance that was wanting at home; but with system and regularity, by men who had turned

the ploughshare into the sword for the occasion, quitting abundance to encounter fatigue, famine and danger. In a word, the Señor Montefalderon saw all the evils that environed his own land, and foresaw others, of a still graver character, that menaced the future. On matters such as these did he brood in his walk, and bitter did he find the minutes of that sad and lonely watch. Although a Mexican, he could feel; although an avowed foe of this good republic of ours, he had his principles, his affections, and his sense of right. Whatever may be the merits of the quarrel, and we are not disposed to deny that our provocation has been great, a sense of right should teach every man that what may be patriotic in an American, would not be exactly the same thing in a Mexican, and that we ought to respect in others sentiments that are so much vaunted among ourselves. Midnight at length arrived, and, calling the cook and steward, the unhappy gentleman was relieved, and went to his berth to dream, in sorrow, over the same pictures of national misfortunes, on which, while waking, he had brooded in such deep melancholy.

The watch of Josh and Simon was tranquil, meeting with no interruption until it was time to summon Jack. One thing these men had done, however, that was of some moment to Tier, under a pledge given by Josh, and which had been taken in return for a dollar in hand. They had managed to haul the light-house boat alongside, from its position astern, and this so noiselessly as not to give the alarm to any one. There it lay, when Jack appeared, ready at the main-rigging to receive him at any moment he might choose to enter it.

A few minutes after Jack appeared on deck, Rose and Biddy came stealthily out of the cabin, the latter carrying a basket filled with bread and broken meat, and not wanting in sundry little delicacies, such as woman's hands prepare, and, in this instance, woman's tenderness had provided. The whole party met at the galley, a place so far removed from the state-rooms aft as to be out of ear-shot. Here Jack renewed his endeavors to persuade either Josh or Simon to go in the boat, but without success. The negroes had talked the matter over together in their watch, and had come to the conclusion the enterprise was too hazardous.

"I tell you, Jack, you doesn't know Capt. Spike as well as I does," Josh said, in continuance of the discourse. "No, you doesn't know him at all as well as I does. If he finds out that anybody has quit dis brig dis werry night, woful will come! It no good to try to run; I run t'ree time, an' Simon here run twice. What good it all do? We got cotched, and here we is, just as fast as ever. I knows Capt. Spike, and doesn't want to fall in athwart his hawse any more."

"Y-e-s dat my judgment, too," put in the cook. "We wishes you well, Jack, and we wishes Miss Rose well, and Mr. Mulford well, but we can't, no how, run ath'art hawse, as Josh says. Dat is my judgment, too."

"Well, if your minds are made up to this, my darkies, I s'pose there'll be no changing them," said Jack. "At all ewents you'll lend us a hand, by answering any hail that may come from aft, in my watch, and in keepin' our secret. There's another thing you can do for us, which may be of sarvice. Should Capt. Spike miss the boat,

and lay any trap to catch us, you can just light this here bit of lantern and hang it over the brig's bows, where he'll not be likely to see it, that we may know matters are going wrong, and give the craft a wide berth."

"Sartain," said Josh, who entered heartily into the affair, so far as good wishes for its success were concerned, at the very moment when he had a most salutary care of his own back. "Sartain; we do all dat, and no t'ank asked. It no great matter to answer a hail, or to light a lantern and sling him over de bows; and if Capt. Spike want to know who did it, let him find out."

Here both negroes laughed heartily, manifesting so little care to suppress their mirth, that Rose trembled lest their noise should awaken Spike. Accustomed sounds, however, seldom produce this effect on the ears of the sleeper, and the heavy breathing from the state-room succeeded the merriment of the blacks, as soon as the latter ceased. Jack now announced his readiness to depart. Some little care and management were necessary to get into the boat noiselessly, more especially with Biddy. It was done, however, with the assistance of the blacks, who cast off the painter, when Jack gave the boat a shove to clear the brig, and suffered it to drift astern for a considerable distance before he ventured to cast loose the sail.

"I know Spike well," said Jack, in answer to a remonstrance from the impatient Rose concerning his delay. "A single flap of that canvas would wake him up, with the brig anchored, while he would sleep through a salute of heavy guns if it came in regular course. Quick ears has old Stephen, and it's best to humor them. In a minute more, we'll set our canvas and be off."

All was done as Jack desired, and the boat got away from the brig unheard and undetected. It was blowing a good breeze, and Jack Tier had no sooner got the sail on the boat, than away it started at a speed that would have soon distanced Spike in his yawl, and with his best oarsmen. The main point was to keep the course, though the direction of the wind was a great assistant. By keeping the wind abeam, Jack thought he should be going toward the rock of Mulford. In one hour, or even in less time, he expected to reach it, and he was guided by time, in his calculations, as much as by any other criterion. Previously to quitting the brig, he had gone up a few ratlins of the fore-rigging to take the bearings of the fire on Mulford's rock, but the light was no longer visible. As no star was to be seen, the course was a little vague, but Jack was navigator enough to understand that by keeping on the weather side of the channel he was in the right road, and that his great danger of missing his object was in over-running it.

So much of the reef was above water, that it was not difficult to steer a boat along its margin. The darkness, to be sure, rendered it a little uncertain how near they were running to the rocks, but, on the whole, Jack assured Rose he had no great difficulty in getting along.

"These trades are almost as good as compasses," he said, "and the rocks are better, if we can keep close aboard them without going on to them. I do not know the exact distance of the spot we seek from the brig, but I judged it to be about two

leagues, as I looked at it from aloft. Now, this boat will travel them two leagues in an hour, with this breeze and in smooth water."

"I wish you had seen the fire again before we left the brig," said Rose, too anxious for the result not to feel uneasiness on some account or other.

"The mate is asleep, and the fire has burnt down; that's the explanation. Besides, fuel is not too plenty on a place like that Mr. Mulford inhabits just now. As we get near the spot I shall look out for embers, which may sarve as a light-house, or beacon, to guide us into port."

"Mr. Mulford will be charmed to see us, now that we take him wather!" exclaimed Biddy. "Wather is a blessed thing, and it's hard will be the heart that does not fale gratitude for a plenthy of swate wather."

"The maty has plenty of food and water where he is," said Jack. "I'll answer for both them sarcumstances. I saw him turn a turtle as plain as if I had been at his elbow, and I saw him drinking at a hole in the rock, as heartily as a boy ever pulled at a gimblet-hole in a molasses hogshead."

"But the distance was so great, Jack, I should hardly think you could have distinguished objects so small."

"I went by the motions altogether. I saw the man, and I saw the movements, and I knowed what the last meant. It's true I couldn't swear to the turtle, though I saw something on the rock that I knowed, by the way in which it was handled, *must* be a turtle. Then I saw the mate kneel, and put his head low, and then I knowed he was drinking."

"Perhaps he prayed," said Rose, solemnly.

"Not he. Sailors isn't so apt to pray, Miss Rose; not as apt as they ought to be. Women for prayers, and men for work. Mr. Mulford is no worse than many others, but I doubt if he be much given to *that*."

To this Rose made no answer, but Biddy took the matter up, and, as the boat went briskly ahead, she pursued the subject.

"Then more is the shame for him," said the Irish woman, "and Miss Rose, and missus, and even I prayin' *for* him, all as if he was our own brudder. It's seldom I ask any thing for a heretic, but I could not forget a fine young man like Mr. Mulford, and Miss Rose so partial to him, and he in so bad a way. He ought to be ashamed to make his brags that he is too proud to pray."

"Harry has made no such wicked boast," put in Rose, mildly; "nor do we know that he has not prayed for us, as well as for himself. It may all be a mistake of Jack's, you know."

"Yes," added Jack, coolly, "it *may* be a mistake, a'ter all, for I was lookin' at the maty six miles off, and through a spy-glass. No one can be sure of any thing at such a distance. So overlook the matter, my good Biddy, and carry Mr. Mulford the nice things you've mustered in that basket, all the same as if he was pope."

“This is a subject we had better drop,” Rose quietly observed.

“Any thing to oblige you, Miss Rose, though religion is a matter it would do me no harm to talk about once and awhile. It’s many a long year since I’ve had time and opportunity to bring my thoughts to dwell on holy things. Ever since I left my mother’s side, I’ve been a wanderer in my mind, as much as in my body.”

“Poor Jack! I understand and feel for your sufferings; but a better time will come, when you may return to the habits of your youth, and to the observances of your church.”

“I don’t know that, Miss Rose; I don’t know that,” answered Tier, placing the elbow of his short arm on the knee of a seemingly shorter leg, and bending his head so low as to lean his face on the palm of the hand, an attitude in which he appeared to be suffering keenly through his recollections. “Childhood and innocence never come back to us in this world. What the grave may do we shall all learn in time.”

“Innocence can return to all with repentance, Jack; and the heart that prompts you to do acts as generous as this you are now engaged in, must contain some good seed yet.”

“If Jack will go to a praste and just confess, when he can find a father, it will do his sowl good,” said Biddy, who was touched by the mental suffering of the strange little being at her side.

But the necessity of managing the boat soon compelled its cockswain to raise his head, and to attend to his duty. The wind sometimes came in puffs, and at such moments Jack saw that the large sail of the light-house boat required watching, a circumstance that induced him to shake off his melancholy, and give his mind more exclusively to the business before him. As for Rose, she sympathized deeply with Jack Tier, for she knew his history, his origin, the story of his youth, and the well-grounded causes of his contrition and regrets. From her, Jack had concealed nothing, the gentle commisseration of one like Rose being a balm to wounds that had bled for long and bitter years. The great poet of our language, and the greatest that ever lived, perhaps, short of the inspired writers of the Old Testament, and old Homer and Dante, has well reminded us that the “little beetle,” in yielding its breath, can “feel a pang as great as when a giant dies.” Thus is it, too, in morals. Abasement, and misery, and poverty, and sin, may, and all do, contribute to lower the tone of our moral existence; but the principle that has been planted by nature, can be eradicated by nature only. It exists as long as we exist; and if dormant for a time, under the pressure of circumstances, it merely lies, in the moral system, like the acorn, or the chestnut, in the ground, waiting its time and season to sprout, and bud, and blossom. Should that time never arrive, it is not because the seed is not there, but because it is neglected. Thus was it with the singular being of whose feelings we have just spoken. The germ of goodness had been implanted early in him, and was nursed with tenderness and care, until self-willed, and governed by passion, he had thrown off the connections of youth and childhood, to connect himself with Spike—a connection that had left him what he was. Before closing our

legend, we shall have occasion to explain it.

“We have run our hour, Miss Rose,” resumed Jack, breaking a continued silence, during which the boat had passed through a long line of water; “we have run our hour, and ought to be near the rock we are in search of. But the morning is so dark that I fear we shall have difficulty in finding it. It will never do to run past it, and we must haul closer in to the reef, and shorten sail, that we may be sartain to make no such mistake.”

Rose begged her companion to omit no precaution, as it would be dreadful to fail in their search, after incurring so much risk in their own persons.

“Harry may be sleeping on the sea-weed of which you spoke,” she added, “and the danger of passing him will be much increased in such a case. What a gloomy and frightful spot is this in which to abandon a human being. I fear, Jack, that we have come faster than we have supposed, and may already have passed the rock.”

“I hope not, Miss Rose—it seemed to me a good two leagues to the place where I saw him, and the boat is fast that will run two leagues in an hour.”

“We do not know the time, Jack, and are obliged to guess at that as well as at the distance. How very dark it is!”

Dark, in one sense, it was not, though Rose’s apprehensions, doubtless, induced her to magnify every evil. The clouds certainly lessened the light of the moon; but there was still enough of the last to enable one to see surrounding objects; and most especially to render distinct the character of the solitude that reigned over the place.

The proximity of the reef which formed a weather shore to the boat, prevented any thing like a swell on the water, notwithstanding the steadiness and strength of the breeze, which had now blown for near twenty-four hours. The same wind, in open water, would have raised sea enough to cause a ship to pitch, or roll, whereas, the light-house boat, placed where she was, scarce rose and fell under the undulations of the channel through which she was glancing.

“This is a good boat, and a fast boat too,” observed Jack Tier, after he had luffed up several minutes, in order to make sure of his proximity to the reef; “and it might carry us all safe enough to Key West, or certainly back to the Dry Tortugas, was we inclined to try our hands at either.”

“I cannot quit my aunt,” said Rose, quickly, “so we will not even think of any such thing.”

“No, ’twould never do to abandon the missus,” said Biddy, “and she on the wrack wid us, and falin’ the want of wather as much as ourselves.”

“We three have sartainly gone through much in company,” returned Jack, “and it ought to make us friends for life.”

“I trust it will, Jack; I hope, when we return to New York, to see you among us, anchored, as you would call it, for the rest of your days under my aunt’s roof, or under my own, should I ever have one.”

"No, Miss Rose, my business is with the Swash and her captain. I shall stick by both, now I've found 'em again, until they once more desart me. A man's duty is *his* duty, and a woman's duty is *her* duty."

"You same to like the brig and her captain, Jack Tier," observed Biddy, "and there's no use in gain-saying such a likin'. What *will* come to pass, must come to pass. Capt. Spike is a mighty great sailor, anyway."

"He's a willian!" muttered Jack.

"There!" cried Rose, almost breathless, "there is a rock above the water, surely. Do not fly by it so swiftly, Jack, but let us stop and examine it."

"There is a rock, sure enough, and a large piece it is," answered Tier. "We will go alongside of it, and see what it is made of. Biddy shall be boat-keeper, while you and I, Miss Rose, explore."

Jack had thrown the boat into the wind, and was shooting close alongside of the reef, even while speaking. The party found no difficulty in landing; the margin of the rock admitting the boat to lie close alongside of it, and its surface being even and dry. Jack had brailed the sail, and he brought the painter ashore, and fastened it securely to a fragment of stone, that made a very sufficient anchor. In addition to this precaution, a lazy painter was put into Biddy's hands, and she was directed not to let go of it while her companions were absent. These arrangements concluded, Rose and Jack commenced a hurried examination of the spot.

A few minutes sufficed to give our adventurers a tolerably accurate notion of the general features of the place on which they had landed. It was a considerable portion of the reef that was usually above water, and which had even some fragments of soil, or sand, on which was a stinted growth of bushes. Of these last, however, there were very few, nor were there many spots of the sand. Drift-wood and sea-weed were lodged in considerable quantities about its margin, and, in places, piles of both had been tossed upon the rock itself, by the billows of former gales of wind. Nor was it long before Jack discovered a turtle that had been up to a hillock of sand, probably to deposit its eggs. There was enough of the sportsman in Jack, notwithstanding the business he was on, to turn this animal; though with what object, he might have been puzzled himself to say. This exploit effected, Jack followed Rose as fast as his short legs would permit, our heroine pressing forward eagerly, though almost without hope, in order to ascertain if Mulford were there.

"I am afraid this is not the rock," said Rose, nearly breathless with her own haste, when Jack had overtaken her. "I see nothing of him, and we have passed over most of the place."

"Very true, Miss Rose," answered her companion, who was in a good humor on account of his capture of the turtle; "but there are other rocks besides this. Ha! what was that, yonder," pointing with a finger, "here, more toward the brig. As I'm a sinner, there was a flashing, as of fire."

"If a fire, it must be that made by Harry. Let us go to the spot at once."

Jack led the way, and, sure enough, he soon reached a place where the embers of what had been a considerable body of fire, were smouldering on the rock. The wind had probably caused some brand to kindle momentarily, which was the object that had caught Tier's eye. No doubt any longer remained of their having found the very place where the mate had cooked his supper, and lighted his beacon, though he himself was not near it. Around these embers were all the signs of Mulford's having made the meal, of which Jack had seen the preparations. A portion of the turtle, much the greater part of it, indeed, lay in its shell; and piles of wood and sea-weed, both dry, had been placed at hand, ready for use. A ship's topgallant-yard, with most of its ropes attached, lay with a charred end near the fire, or where the fire had been, the wood having burned until the flames went out for want of contact with other fuel. There were many pieces of boards of pitch-pine in the adjacent heap, and two or three beautiful planks of the same wood, entire. In short, from the character and quantity of the materials of this nature that had thus been heaped together, Jack gave it as his opinion that some vessel, freighted with lumber, had been wrecked to windward, and that the adjacent rocks had been receiving the tribute of her cargo. Wrecks are of very, very frequent occurrence on the Florida Reef; and there are always moments when such gleanings are to be made in some part of it or other.

"I see no better way to give a call to the mate, Miss Rose, than to throw some of this dry weed, and some of this lumber on the fire," said Jack, after he had rummaged about the place sufficiently to become master of its condition. "There is plenty of ammunition, and here goes for a broadside."

Jack had no great difficulty in effecting his object. In a few minutes he succeeded in obtaining a flame, and then he fed it with such fragments of the brands and boards as were best adapted to his purpose. The flames extended gradually, and by the time Tier had dragged the topgallant-yard over the pile, and placed several plank, on their edges, alongside of it, the whole was ready to burst into a blaze. The light was shed athwart the rock for a long distance, and the whole place, which was lately so gloomy and obscure, now became gay, under the bright radiance of a blazing fire.

"There is a beacon-light that might almost be seen on board!" said Jack, exulting in his success. "If the mate is anywhere in this latitude, he will soon turn up."

"I see nothing of him," answered Rose, in a melancholy voice. "Surely, surely, Jack, he cannot have left the rock just as we have come to rescue him!"

Rose and her companion had turned their faces from the fire to look in an opposite direction in quest of him they sought. Unseen by them, a human form advanced swiftly toward the fire, from a point on its other side. It advanced nearer, then hesitated, afterward rushed forward with a tread that caused the two to turn, and at the next moment, Rose was clasped to the heart of Mulford.

[*To be continued.*

EVELYN GRAHAME.

A TALE OF TRUTH.

BY ELLEN MARSHALL.

IT was at the beginning of my third year at boarding-school, that—being at the time a parlor-boarder—I was called down one day into the drawing-room, to be introduced to a new scholar, who had just arrived. Upon entering, I perceived a young girl of apparently sixteen or seventeen years of age, seated upon an ottoman, and weeping bitterly. She did not raise her head until Madame B——, calling me by name, introduced the stranger to me, as Miss Grahame. The poor girl, whose parents I found had just left her, merely removed her handkerchief from her face, and bowed slightly, without looking at me.

"Ellen," said Madame B—— to me, "Miss Grahame will share your room; perhaps she would like to be shown to it now."

I approached, and taking the young girl's unresisting hand, whispered a few words of encouragement, and led her up stairs to my little sanctum, where, after having assisted her in removing her hat and shawl, I left her, judging by my own experience that she would prefer being alone for a short time. About two hours after, as I was walking in the garden, I heard a soft, sweet voice call me by name. I turned, and saw my new room-mate, who, approaching, extended her hand, and said, in a trembling tone, "You must have thought me very rude, when you were so kind to me; but, indeed, I never was so unhappy before. I feel better now, and have come to ask pardon, and hope to be taken into favor." It was impossible to resist her sad, winning look, and, with my usual impetuosity, I flung my arms around her, and pressed her to my bosom. From that moment we were sworn friends.

Evelyn was just sixteen; and never did a sweeter face, or a warmer heart, animate a lovely form. Her features were not regularly beautiful, but the expression of almost angelic purity which pervaded her countenance, when in repose, made her more beautiful than the most studied regularity of feature could have done. The extreme gentleness of her manners, the half-reluctant, half-confiding way she had of speaking of herself, made me think her weak and timid, until I knew her better. She was never gay, but always cheerful; and never did I see her polished brow ruffled by a frown. She was the only child of fond and wealthy parents, residing in Mobile; and the fame of Madame B——'s school had induced them to leave her in New York for a year, in order that she might finish her education.

Six months passed away, and Evelyn and myself were still inseparable. We unfolded to each other every secret of our hearts; and I often smile now to think with how much importance we treated a thousand trifling things. We would sit hours together by the window in our little room, laying plans for the future—that future so short and sad to my sweet friend. Beloved Evelyn, dear companion, thine was a sad lot, born to all that could make life joyous, yet doomed to so cruel a fate.

In one of our confidences, not long after her arrival, she spoke to me of one very dear to her—a cousin, a passed-midshipman in the navy. He had spent several months with her family, and had sailed on a short cruise to Brazil only a few days before she left home; but ere they parted, he had won her consent to an engagement, which was to be kept a secret from all until her return from school. "He will be home just about that time," said she in conclusion; "he will then tell father all, and we shall be so happy!"

Oh! how often does her image come before me, as she stood and blushingly told me of her joyful hopes. What a blessed thing it is that we know not the trials the mysterious future may have in store for us. We can at least be happy in anticipation; and if our bright dreams are dissipated by a dark and mournful reality, memory can still lessen the gloom of many a lonely hour by recalling those pleasant visions.

Six months, as I have said, passed away, each day only endearing Evelyn Grahame more to my heart. About this time she received letters from home, announcing the death of Mrs. Grahame's only sister, Mrs. Dutton; and, also, that the latter's eldest child, a daughter, one year older than Evelyn, had been adopted by her aunt. Mrs. Grahame wrote in the most flattering manner concerning Sarah Dutton; and from the letters the young girl herself wrote Evelyn, I was led to entertain a high opinion of her mind and heart. Evelyn had often visited her aunt, and therefore knew her cousin well. She often spoke to me in the warmest manner of Sarah's beauty and amiability.

In the meantime, Arthur Noel, Eva's lover, remained at sea; but the time was drawing near when he would return. The months rolled swiftly by; and as the period approached for her leaving school, Evelyn became more impatient each day. She was expecting her father to come on for her, when a letter arrived, telling her that it was impossible for him to leave his business, and that she would be obliged to remain at school for a few weeks longer, until some good opportunity offered for her to reach home.

Eva was very much distressed at this. She felt sure that Arthur would reach Mobile before her, and she had promised to meet him there. But she was forced to submit; and after some little persuasion, consented to accompany me to my father's summer residence on the North River. She was charmed with the scenery of the Hudson, and arrived in much better spirits than I expected at "Lily Grove"—the fanciful name my dear mother had bestowed upon our dear, beautiful home. The day after our arrival, Evelyn received a letter, which had been forwarded to her from school, where it was directed. It was from Arthur Noel, the first she had ever

received from him. How brightly her eyes beamed as she read it. Fourteen months of separation had failed to erase her image from his heart. He was at Pensacola, and thinking she would soon be on her return home, designed meeting her in Mobile.

"O, Ellen!" she exclaimed, when she had finished reading the precious missive, "I never felt before how truly, how devotedly I am his." Poor Evelyn! she loved with a woman's first, deep, passionate love—a love that either makes or mars her happiness—a love that rude neglect may chill, but naught but death destroy.

The next week brought my dear Eva another tender letter. Arthur had reached Mobile, and though much disappointed at not meeting her there, felt obliged, he said, to smother his desire to fly to New York for her, as so sudden a move, before he had visited his own family, would cause "very unpleasant remarks." Evelyn was chagrined at this, and so was I. We had both yet to learn how little of the world's opinion a man is willing to sacrifice for the sake of the one he pretends to love. My friend said little upon the subject, however; but I saw that she anxiously awaited the coming of the following week, when she felt sure of hearing again from her lover. The week came, but brought disappointment—there was no letter. Three weeks more of great anxiety were passed, and still Evelyn heard nothing from home. She was beginning to be seriously alarmed, when one morning, at the beginning of the fourth week, I flew to her room with a letter that the servant had just brought from the village post-office. She grasped it eagerly—the superscription was Arthur's. She broke the seal, but, as if a sudden presentiment of evil had come over her, she laid it down, and sinking into a chair, burst into tears. "Ellen," said she, "you must read it first—I have not courage; I feel as if it contained bad news." I laughed at her, but she insisted upon my reading it first. I took it up, opened it, and silently read as follows: —

Mobile, May 20, 18—.

DEAREST EVA,—You will be surprised upon receiving this, to find that I am still in your city instead of being with my own family in New Orleans. But you will, I fear, be pained to learn the object that detains me. Oh, Eva! would to God we had never met; or rather, would that I had died, ere I strove to win your fond, pure heart to myself. But, Eva, I know you well; beneath a gentleness which angels might covet, you bear a proud, firm spirit; and I know further, that you would rather learn the truth now, painful as it may be, than some time hence, when it would be too late to repair the evil. I came here, my Eva, with a heart full of love and joy at the prospect of seeing you again. I was disappointed, most sincerely so, at not meeting you. But another filled your place in the family circle—our orphan cousin, Sarah. I will not say aught in her praise, for you have seen and loved her; but—must I confess it—day after day found me lingering at her side, listening to the music of a voice that I have never heard equaled; and, ere long, I learned to know how sadly I had mistaken my feelings toward you, Evelyn. Condemn me, curse me, if you will—I love,

madly love, Sarah! Oh, Evelyn! what words to write to you my own, noble-hearted cousin; but you may, perhaps, thank me for my candor. As yet, I have not committed myself to Sarah—all rests with you. To you I owe all my duty and my hand; say but the word, dear Eva, and it is yours forever. I do not ask you to release me from my engagement; but, having told you all, shall most anxiously expect your answer. My heart is breaking, dear Eva, at the thought of the pain this may cause you; but with your own brave spirit, cast from you the image of one who is unworthy of you; one who has so traitorously repaid your love.

ARTHUR NOEL.

The letter had evidently been penned in a state of great agitation. I thought it the wildest thing I had ever read, but at the moment, indignation mastered every other feeling. I continued silent for some moments after I had finished reading it—for I was too much distressed to speak. I did not know how to break the matter to my friend. I knew she had been watching my face for some seconds, and my feelings must have revealed themselves very strongly; for when she saw me standing so long silent, she said, "Tell me what that letter contains, to move you thus." Her voice trembled as she spoke, but seeing me still silent, she sprung toward me, and grasping my hand, exclaimed, "have mercy on me, Ellen. Tell me what it is; I can bear all, any thing, so that Arthur is well!"

"He is well, Evelyn," said I; "it would be better for you, poor girl, if he were dead."

"Oh! say not that," she again exclaimed, "you would have me think him false; but that cannot be. Arthur loves me; oh, God! say that he loves me still."

She sunk at my feet as she said this, and burying her face in my dress, sobbed violently.

"Evelyn," I cried, endeavoring at the same time to raise her, "Evelyn, you have a hard trial before you, but one which I know your woman's pride will enable you to bear with fortitude. I will leave you; read that letter yourself, and when I come again in an hour, let me find that my friend has been true to herself." I gently disengaged my dress from her clasp, placed the letter in her hand, kissed her cheek, and left the room.

I retired to my own room, and there wept for my friend, as I had never wept for myself. I trembled for the consequences that might ensue. I knew how deeply Arthur was beloved; and I could not but fear that even Eva's firm spirit would not bear the blow with fortitude.

In an hour I knocked at her door, and called her by name. "Do not come in yet," she said, but in a voice so hoarse and hollow, that I could scarcely believe it hers; "do not come in yet, I am not what you wish to see me."

Once again that morning I attempted to see her, but she still refused to admit me;

and it was not until eight o'clock in the evening that my maid came and told me that Evelyn wished to see me.

Never, never shall I forget the look with which she received me. Her color was more brilliant than I had ever seen it, but her eyes were dull and fixed, and a ghastly smile played round her mouth, as she bade me enter; but the expression of her forehead, if I may use such a term, shocked me more than all else. It seemed to have grown old—twenty years in advance of the rest of her face. It was wrinkled, and literally old, with the agony of thought she endured.

"Ellen," said she, in the same hollow tone with which she had addressed me at the door, "Ellen, I have sent for you, to ask you where is now all my boasted firmness; where my pride, my dignity? Ah, Ellen! I was never tried before. You think me calm—despair makes me so. I did not arrive at despair even without a hard struggle; and now, my heart, full freighted as it was with the fondest hopes girl ever cherished, lies crushed and dying beneath the waves of that gloom which will henceforth be my portion in life." She ceased, and for a moment stood silent; then suddenly looking up, she said in a calmer voice, "I am very silly to talk in this way to you. Do not weep, dear Ellen; you see I can bear my sorrow without weeping. Read my answer, and tell me how you like it." Mechanically I took the paper she handed me. Through my tears I read the following concise letter: —

> "Miss Grahame presents her compliments to Mr. Noel, and is extremely happy that she has it in her power to gratify him. Mr. Noel might have spared himself any anxiety on the occasion, as, had he known Miss Grahame better, he would have felt sure that she would never have laid a serious claim to a midshipman's promise, made to a thoughtless school-girl. He will, therefore, accept Miss Grahame's congratulations on the prospect of felicity before him; and believe that no better wishes will follow him and his bride to the altar than will be offered by her.
>
> "*Lily Grove, June 2d.*"

And this was the letter. Not one word of the breaking-heart; not a word of the anguish that had so wrung her gentle spirit that day. Ah, Evelyn! I did not mistake you, noble girl. I have since entertained a different opinion of that letter. It was sent, and for a day or two Evelyn was as cheerful, apparently, as usual; but I saw the effort with which she concealed her grief, and anxiously watched her. Gradually, however, her calmness left her, and she would sometimes give way to bursts of grief, fearful to behold. This continued until she received letters from home, urging her return, as Sarah and Arthur were soon to be married. There was no scorn on her lips as she read Sarah's account of her approaching nuptials; but the words were perused again and again, and she seemed to drink in every syllable as if it were her last draught of happiness.

I must now hasten to the close of my sad tale. A friend of Mr. Grahame called

on us a few days after Evelyn had received the letters urging her return, and informed her that he was about starting for Mobile, and would be pleased to act as her escort home. To my surprise, she excused herself by saying she still hoped her father would come on, and she would prefer waiting for him. When the gentleman left, she said to me, “Ellen, I do not wish to go until all is over, I can then meet them calmly, but now it would be impossible.”

Sarah was married without her, for Arthur had his own reasons for urging the matter. It will be remembered that no one but myself knew of Eva’s unfortunate attachment, and therefore there was no restraint in the letters she afterward received, giving a description of the wedding, and the happiness of the newly married pair. Alas! could one of them have seen the change that had come over Evelyn, happiness must have fled. A few weeks of misery had made sad havoc among the roses of her cheeks. She was now pale and drooping, her step had lost its lightness, and she seldom smiled.

As soon as the news of the marriage reached her, she made preparations for her return, and an opportunity offering shortly afterward, she left me, promising to write as soon as she reached home. I remember looking after her as she walked down the lawn, and wondering if I should ever see her again. Little did I then think how and where I should see her. I never received the promised letter from her, but one from her mother informed me of what I am about to relate. Arthur Noel had expected to leave for New Orleans a few days after his marriage; but an unexpected summons to attend as witness on a court-martial, then in progress in Mobile, detained him; and he and his wife were still at Mrs. Grahame’s when Eva arrived. She had not been expected until the next day. The family were all assembled in the drawing-room, when the door was thrown open, and the old negro porter exultingly announced, “Miss Evelyn.” All sprung forward, except Arthur, and he stood spell-bound. Evelyn advanced hastily into the room, but as soon as her eye fell upon him, her early, her only loved—a shriek, so wild, so shrill, burst from her lips, that none present ever forgot it. With one bound she was at his side, and looking into his face with an expression of wo impossible to describe, she faltered out his name, and sunk senseless on the floor, for Arthur had no power to move. It was no time now for Mrs. Grahame and Sarah to inquire into the meaning of this. Arthur was aroused to lend his aid in placing the prostrate girl on a sofa. A physician was sent for, but she lay insensible for many hours; and when she did awake, it was only to make those who loved her so fondly, more wretched. Reason, which for weeks had been tottering on her throne, had fled forever—and Evelyn Grahame, the lovely, the idolized daughter, was a raving maniac!

It was in the Spring of ——, two years after the events related above, that, with a party of friends, I visited the city of ——. The morning after my arrival, the servant brought me up a card, and said a gentleman was waiting in the drawing-room to see me. I read the name—it was “Arthur Noel, U. S. Navy.” I started, and

almost fainted. *That* name! how vividly it recalled the past. Eva, my never-forgotten friend, stood again before me in all her pride of beauty, and then—I shuddered, and dared not end my reflection. A hope, however, soon rose in my breast that Arthur might bring me cheering news; and with a lighter heart I descended the stairs. I had never seen Mr. Noel, but Evelyn had often described him to me; and I expected to see a very handsome man. What was my astonishment, therefore, when I entered the room, to behold a tall, pale, haggard-looking man, with a countenance so sad, that I almost trembled as I looked at him.

"Miss M——, I presume," said he. I bowed, and requested him to be seated.

"I arrived here this morning," continued he, "from Norfolk, and seeing your name upon the register, have taken the liberty to call and ask a great favor of you." He paused, and seemed to be endeavoring to suppress some violent emotion. He then resumed, in a faltering tone, "You were Evelyn Grahame's dear friend."

"Oh, yes!" I exclaimed, "what of Evelyn—how is she—where is she?"

His voice was stern, as he replied, "she is still what my baseness made her. Where she is, I will show you, if you will go with me. I must go—but I cannot go alone."

I rang the bell, sent for my hat and shawl, and we went out together. I could not help shuddering, as I saw that my companion led the way to the Lunatic Asylum. As we walked along, I ventured to ask after his wife.

"She is dead," said he; "she died in giving birth to a little girl, whom I have named Evelyn. Oh! Miss M——, if Eva could only be restored! It is the harrowing thought of my conduct toward her, that has made me what I am—a gloomy, forlorn man. I shun mankind, and feel unworthy to look my little daughter in the face. But the physician who attends dear Eva, has given me a hope that the sight of me might cause a reaction, which would give a favorable termination to her malady. Your presence at the same time may assist this."

"God grant it!" I fervently ejaculated; and at that moment we entered the court-yard of the Asylum. The matron met us at the door, and Arthur, having given her a note from Dr. ——, she immediately led us to Eva's apartment.

"She is asleep now," said the good woman, "but you can go in, and wait until she awakes; she is perfectly gentle, and will give you no trouble."

We entered the small, but very neat room, and approached the bed, whereon lay all that remained of Evelyn Grahame. I felt as if my heart would burst as I looked upon her. She lay upon her side, one arm supporting her head. Her breathing was soft and gentle as an infant's. Her beautiful hair had long been cut away, and the exquisitely shaped head was fully exposed. Her beauty had all fled. She looked forty years old; and the contraction of the muscles about the mouth, peculiar to lunatics, gave her face so stern an expression, that I could scarcely believe she was the gentle Evelyn of happier days. My tears flowed fast, while Arthur stood and gazed intently upon her, his arms folded, and a look of settled misery on his face. We had stood at

her side about ten minutes, when she suddenly started up—"Mother!—Arthur!" she cried.

"I am here, Eva, my own!" exclaimed Arthur, throwing his arm around her. Her face instantly flushed up, her eyes kindled; she leaned eagerly forward, and gazed upon him; it was but for a second—her head fell back, and she fainted.

Assistance was immediately called, and she soon opened her eyes, looked around, then closed them again. But that look was enough. We saw that reason had again assumed its empire. The wildness of the eyes was gone, and the mouth looked natural. Involuntarily Arthur and myself fell upon our knees. My heart was full of thankfulness, and I prayed; but he, burying his face in his hands, sobbed aloud. The noise roused Evelyn. She again opened her eyes, passed her hand across her brows, and then raising herself with an effort, said faintly, "Where am I—where have I been. Arthur! and you, too, Ellen! what does this mean; quick, some water! Oh, God! I am dying."

Arthur sprung to his feet, and let her head droop upon his arm. She took his hand in hers, then motioning me nearer, grasped mine also; and for some moments did not move. She then looked in my face, and whispered, "I remember all, now; but Arthur—dear Arthur! I do not blame you. I hope you are happy—I soon will be. I feel that I am dying. Surely, Sarah would not grudge me the happiness I feel in breathing my last in your arms."

"Oh, Evelyn!" cried Arthur, while his sobs almost choked his utterance, "you must not, you shall not die. You must live to forgive me, and let me make some reparation for the wrong I have done you. Speak to me, Eva! tell me that you will live."

The poor girl made an effort to speak, but it was in vain—one grasp of the hand—a short sigh—and the pure spirit of Evelyn Grahame had fled to a brighter sphere.

Arthur Noel still lives, a poor, broken-hearted victim of remorse.

REALITY VERSUS ROMANCE,

OR THE YOUNG WIFE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE H. BUTLER.

CHAPTER I.

WITH the engagement of Rupert Forbes and Anna Talbot, started up a host of scruples and objections among the friends of the parties—not only manifested in the ominous shakings of very wise heads upon several very respectable shoulders, in prophetic winks and upturned eyes—but also found vent in speeches most voluble and fault-finding.

Rupert Forbes was a young physician in moderate circumstances, yet in good practice, established in a pleasant country village, some two hundred miles from the metropolis. Anna Talbot, the youngest of the four unmarried daughters of a wealthy citizen; a pet, a beauty, and a belle, who had been educated by a weak, fashionable mother to consider all labor as humiliating, and to whom the idea of waiting upon one's self had never broken through the accustomed demands upon man-servants and maid-servants, who from her cradle had stood ready at her elbow, so that there seemed to be after all some ground upon which the discontent of friends might justifiably rest.

"To think of Anna's throwing herself away upon a country physician, after all the expense we have lavished upon her dress and education—it is absolutely ungrateful!" said Mrs. Talbot, stooping to caress a little lap-dog reposing on the soft cushion at her feet.

"To give up the opera and the theatre for the psalm-singing of a country church—horrible!" exclaimed Belinda, humming the last new air.

"So much for mama's bringing Miss Anna out at eighteen, just to show her pretty face, instead of waiting, as was *our* right!" whispered Ada to Charlotte. "Had she kept her back a little longer, we might have stood some chance."

"*We!*" cried Charlotte, contemptuously. "I thank you, I am in no such haste to be married—do you think *I* would stoop so low for a husband! For my part I am glad Anna will be punished for all her airs—she was always vain of her beauty—see how long it will last! If she has been such a simpleton as to snap up the first gudgeon her beauty baited, why, let her take the consequences!"

"To be forever inhaling the smell of pill-boxes—*pah*!" said Ada.

“Instead of a heavenly serenade stealing upon one’s blissful dreams—to be roused with, ‘Ma’am, the doctor’s wanted—Mrs. Fidget’s baby is cutting a tooth,’ or ‘Deacon Lumpkin has cracked his skull!’” added Belinda.

“And then such a host of low, vulgar relations—in conscience I can never visit her!” quoth Charlotte.

“Well, well, girls, I’m not sure after all but Anna has done wisely,” said Mr. Talbot. “Forbes is a fine young fellow, and will make her a good husband. Poor thing! she will have many hardships, I don’t doubt—on that account only, I wish her affections had been given to some one better able to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed.”

“I consider it, Mr. Talbot, a perfect sacrifice of her life!” said his good lady.

Such were a few of the remarks on the lady’s side, while on the part of the gentleman was heard:

“How foolish to marry a city girl! A profitable wife she’ll make, to be sure!” cried one.

“Why couldn’t he have married one of his own folks, I should like to know!” said a second.

“Well, one thing is pretty certain; Rupert Forbes never will be beforehand—he has got to be poor enough all his days, and it is a pity, for he is a clever lad!” exclaimed a third.

“And I warrant she will hold her head high enough above her neighbors,” chimed in a fourth.

“Pride must have a fall—that’s one comfort”—added another, “and I guess it wont be long first, either!”

In addition to which charitable speeches, Rupert received many long lectures, and many kind letters, warning him against the fatal step he had so unwisely determined upon.

Opposition is often suicidal of itself, by bringing about the very event it most deprecates. In the present case, certainly, it did not retard the anticipated nuptials, for upon a certain bright morning in May, Rupert bore off his lovely young bride from her gay, fashionable home to his own quiet little nook in the country.

When Anna exchanged her magnificent satin and blonde for a beautiful traveling dress, had any one demanded what were her ideas of the new life she was now entering upon, she would have discoursed most eloquently upon a cottage *ornée*, buried amid honeysuckles and roses, where, on the banks of a beautiful stream, beneath the shadow of some wide-spreading tree, she could recline and listen to the warbling of the birds, or, more delightful still, to the music of Rupert’s voice, as he chanted in her ear some romantic legend of true love—from this charming repose to be aroused only by a summons from some blooming Hebe, presiding over the less fanciful arrangements of the cottage, to banquet, like the birds, upon berries and flowers!

Had the same inquiry been made of Rupert, as he looked with pride and love upon the young creature at his side, he would have traced a scene of calm domestic enjoyment, over which his lovely Anna was enthroned both arbitress and queen. To grace his home all her accomplishments were to be united with her native purity and goodness—her good sense was to guide, her approbation inspire his future career, and her sympathy alleviate all the "ills which flesh is heir to!"

This was certainly expecting a great deal of a fashionable young beauty, whose life might be summed up in the simple word—pleasure; and whose ideas of country life were gathered from very romantic novels, or perhaps a season at Saratoga! But then Rupert was very much in love—walking blindfolded, as it were, into the snares of Cupid!

One thing certainly the fair young bride brought to the cottage, along with her accomplishments—viz., a large trunk, filled with the most beautiful and tasteful dresses which fashion could invent—laces, handkerchiefs of gossamer texture, gloves the most delicate, fairy slippers, brooches, bracelets, rings, shawls, mantles, not omitting a twenty dollar hat, with bridal veil of corresponding value. Such was the *trousseau* of the young physician's wife!

Anna herself had no idea that such costly and fanciful articles were not perfectly proper for her new sphere, and if her mother thought otherwise, as most probably she did, her desire to impress the "*country people*" with a sense of her daughter's importance, and of the great condescension it must have been on her part to marry a country doctor, overcame her better judgment.

———

CHAPTER II.

"Look, my dearest Anna, yonder is our pleasant little village!" exclaimed Rupert, pointing as he spoke to a cluster of pretty houses, nestling far down in the green valley below, now for the first time visible as the carriage gained the summit of a hill, while here and there the eye caught bright glimpses of a lovely stream winding along the luxuriant landscape.

"What an enchanting spot!" cried Anna, pressing the hand of her husband to her lips—"how romantic!"

"It is indeed lovely, Anna—but remember ''tis distance lends enchantment;' a nearer view may destroy some of its present beauty," said Rupert.

"Yet it will be lovely still, dear Rupert, for our home is there!" exclaimed Anna.

No wonder the heart of the happy husband bounded with delight at such words from such beautiful lips!

"Now you can discern the church through those venerable elms, which were planted by hands long since mouldering in the dust," said Rupert. "And see, dear Anna, as we draw nearer, how one by one the cottages look out from their leafy

screens, as if to welcome you."

"O it is all perfectly charming, Rupert! Now which of these pretty dwellings is to be our abode?" inquired Anna.

"Just where the river bends around yonder beautiful green promontory; do you see two large trees whose interlacing branches form as it were an arbor for the little cottage reposing in the centre? There, my beloved Anna, there is your future home!"

"O it is a perfect beauty spot—how happy, how very happy we shall be!" exclaimed Anna with enthusiasm.

"May your bright anticipations, my dear one, be realized," said Rupert. "Sure I am that if the tenderness and devotion of a fond heart can secure you happiness, it will be yours—yet as on the sunniest skies clouds will sometimes gather, even so may it be with us, and our brilliant horizon be darkened."

"No, no, talk not so gravely, Rupert," cried Anna, "depend upon it, no clouds but the most rosy shall flit o'er our horizon! But do order the coachman to drive faster—I am impatient to assume the command of yonder little paradise."

The carriage soon drew up within the shadow of those beautiful trees which Rupert had already pointed out to his fair young bride, and in a few moments Anna found herself within the walls of her new home, and clasped to the heart of her happy husband, as he fondly impressed upon her brow the kiss of welcome.

Like a bird, from room to room flitted the gay young wife, so happy that tears of tenderness and joy trembled on her beautiful eyelids. True, here were no costly mirrors to throw back the form of beauty—no rich couches of velvet inviting repose—the foot pressed no luxurious carpet, nor did hangings of silken damask enshroud the windows; yet the cool India matting, the little sofa covered with snowy dimity, the light pretty chairs, and thin muslin curtains looped gracefully over windows looking out upon a charming shrubbery, were all infinitely more agreeable to Anna. No doubt, accustomed as she had ever been to all the elegancies of life, the very novelty of *simplicity* exerted a pleasing influence—still affection must claim its due share in her gratification. When at length every nook and corner had felt her light footstep, and echoed with her cheerful tones, they returned to the little sitting-room, and while the soft evening wind stole through the honeysuckles, and twilight deepened into darkness, the happy pair traced many golden-hued visions, stretching far into the dim future.

Professional duties summoned Rupert from home early the following morning, and Anna was left to her own disposition of time. While the dew-drops yet quivered on the fresh, green grass, she had tripped through the orchard, the meadow, and garden, inhaling the pure morning air, and listening with unspeakable delight to the music of the birds. To her uninitiated view the scene was perfectly Arcadian, where all her visions of rural felicity were to be more than realized. Anna was, perhaps, "born to love pigs and chickens," for each in turn received a share of attention worthy even the heroine of Willis, and neither did the faithful dog, or more

wheedling grimalkin escape her notice.

Somewhat tired at length with her rambles, she returned to the house, and now, for the first time, faint shadows of reality rested upon love's romance. She was surprised to find the rooms in the same disorder she had left them—her trunks were yet unpacked, and the chamber strewed with all the litter of traveling. She wondered if the maid would never come to arrange things—it was certainly very shocking to have no place to sit down, properly in order. She looked for a bell—she might as well have looked for a fairy wand to summon the delinquent housemaid. That she could do any thing toward a more agreeable *at-home-ness* was a fact which did not occur to her; so she threw herself upon the sofa, resolving to wait patiently the appearance of the servant. In the pages of a new novel she had already lost her chagrin, when the door was suddenly thrown wide open, and a tall, strapping girl—how unlike the Hebe of her imagination!—putting her head into the room, exclaimed, —

"Well, aint you coming to get up dinner, I should like to know; the pot biles, and *he*'ll be here in a minute, for it's e'en a'most noon!"

"Who are you speaking to?" said Anna.

"You must be smart, *Miss* Forbes, to ask that! Why, I guess, I'm speaking to you; I don't see nobody else. Maybe you don't know it's washing-day; and I aint used to cooking and doing every thing on such days, I can tell you!"

Anna had good sense enough to know that the girl did not mean to be impertinent, so she answered mildly, "Very well, I will come." And putting down her book, she followed her into the kitchen.

Kitty immediately resumed her station at the wash-tub, leaving her young mistress to solve alone the mysteries of that glowing fire-place, and heedless of her presence, struck up a song, pitching her voice to its highest key, and in the energy of her independence, splashing and swashing the glittering suds far above her head.

Poor Anna looked around despairingly. What was *she* to do—what *could* she do! There was the pot boiling, fast enough, to be sure; so fast that the brown heads of the potatoes came bobbing up spitefully against the lid, as if determined to break through every obstacle in the way of their rising ambition. There, too, was a piece of meat, raw and unseemly, stretched out upon a certain machine, ycleped a gridiron, by old housekeepers, yet of whose use or properties Anna was sadly at fault. To extricate herself from her embarrassment she knew she must first crave light, so feeling as if about to address some pythoness of those mysterious realms, she humbly demanded, —

"Well, Kitty, what can I do?"

"Do—I guess you'd better lift off that pot pretty quick, *Miss* Forbes, or the 'taters will be all biled to smash!"

Lift off that pot—that great, heavy iron pot! *She! Anna!* whose delicate hands had never scarcely felt a feather's weight! Anna was confounded.

“I wish you would do it for me,” she said.

“Well, I guess I aint going to crock my hands when I’m starching the doctor’s shirts!” quoth Kitty, with a toss of her head.

After many awkward attempts, poor Anna at length succeeded in *tilting* the huge pot from off the hook which held it suspended over the crackling flames, though not without imminent danger of scalding her pretty feet.

“Sakes alive, what a fuss!” muttered the girl, “and a nice grease spot, too, for me to scour up!”

The mildness and patience of Anna, however, at length overcame the stubbornness of Kitty—so true it is that the most obstinate natures will yield to kindness and gentleness. Wiping her sinewy arms upon her apron, which she then took off and threw into a corner, she came forward, evidently rather ashamed of herself, to the assistance of the perplexed young housekeeper.

“I guess, *Miss* Forbes, if you’ll just set the table in there, before *he* comes, I’ll do the steak, and peel the ’taters; maybe you aint so much used to this sort of work.”

Anna, gladly yielding up her place, proceeded to prepare the little dining table, which she managed with more tact, yet keeping a watchful, inquiring eye upon the movements of Kitty, that she might be more *au fait* to business another time. Still the high-bred beauty, as she continued her employment, missed many things which she had always considered indispensable—inquired for silver forks—napkins—and even puzzled poor Kitty’s brain by demanding where the finger-glasses were kept.

“Silver forks!” cried Kitty, “I never heard of such a thing. Do tell, now, if city folks be so proud! Napkins! I guess you mean towels. Why *he* always wipes on that are roller in the back *pizaz*. Finger-glasses! Sakes alive!—what does the woman mean? *Finger-glasses!* Well, that beats all creation, and more too!” and with a hearty laugh, she slapped the steak upon the platter just as the gig of Rupert stopped at the gate.

The happy wife, now forgetting all annoyances, flew to meet her beloved husband, and while partaking of their simple dinner, greatly amused him by her artless details of that morning’s experience.

But Rupert was obliged to go out again immediately, leaving Anna once more solitary. She had, however, learned a lesson; and knowing it would be vain to look for Kitty’s assistance, she herself unpacked her beautiful dresses, feeling sadly at a loss for commodious bureaus and extensive wardrobes to contain her splendid paraphernalia. To hang up those rich silks and satins on wooden pegs against a white-washed wall, seemed desecration; so these she refolded, and placed once more in her trunk, determining in her own mind that Rupert must at once supply those essential articles, which she was very sure it would be impossible to do without. Countless bareges, cashmeres, and mousselines, however, cast their variegated tints through the chamber, and the one bureau, and the little dressing-table were loaded with finery.

After arranging every thing in the best manner she could, Anna exchanged her white morning negligée for a light silk, and drawing on a pair of gloves, went below to await the return of Rupert.

Hardly had she sat down, when she perceived several ladies coming up the walk, while a loud knocking at the street-door almost immediately, as certainly announced them to be visiters. Supposing, of course, Kitty would obey the summons, she remained quietly turning over a book of engravings. The knocking was several times repeated, and Anna beginning to feel uneasy at the delay, when —

"*Miss* Forbes!" screamed Kitty, from the kitchen, "why on arth don't you let them folks in! I guess I aint a going to leave my mopping, and my old gown all torn to slits!"

For a moment indignation at the insolence of her servant crimsoned Anna's brow. This was, indeed, an episode in the life of a city belle—to be ordered by a menial to attend the door—to appear before strangers in the capacity of a waiter.

Happily, the unceremonious entrance of the ladies relieved her perplexity. She received her visiters with that ease and grace of manner so peculiarly her own, at once placing the whole party upon the footing of old acquaintances, and *almost* disarming even the most prejudiced, by her affability and sweetness. To have wholly done so would have been a miracle indeed, so much were many of her new neighbors for doubting that any good or usefulness could pertain to one brought up amid the frivolities of the city.

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CHAPTER III.

The little village of D—— was primitive in its tastes and habits. Remote from any populous city or town, it was neither infected by their follies, nor rendered more refined by association. Railway speed had not there conquered both time and space; the journey to the city was yet a tedious one of days, over high hills and rocky roads, consequently, an event not of very frequent occurrence. Yet, however these "dwellers of the valley" might lack for refinement, or the high-bred polish of fashionable society, there was a great deal of honest worth and intelligence among them—true hospitality, and genuine benevolence both of precept and practice.

True, scandal here, as elsewhere, found wherewith to feed her craving appetite; and busy-bodies, more at home in their neighbor's kitchens than their own, walked the streets inspectingly; yet, as the same may be said of almost every place, let not our little village be therefore condemned.

In the course of a week almost every person in the town had called to see Anna, from various reasons, no doubt; some from real neighborly kindness, others solely out of regard for the young doctor, and not a few from curiosity; yet as they carried not these motives in their hands, Anna, of course, could not determine by their

pressure, whose welcome was the most hearty and sincere, and therefore extended to all the same courteous reception. Also, in the same short space of time, her work-basket was filled with all sorts of odd recipes for all sorts of odd things—candles, cake, bread, bruises, beer, puddings, pickles, pies, and plasters, soap and sausages, as gratuitous aids to the young, ignorant housekeeper, by her well-meaning neighbors.

The opinion, by the by, which Anna's new acquaintances formed of her, may, perhaps, be best gathered from a colloquy which took place one afternoon at Mrs. Peerabout's, over a social cup of tea.

"Well," exclaimed that lady, who from her bitterness was generally considered as the *aloes* of the neighborhood, "well, I, for one, have been to see the bride, as you call her, and of all the affectedest rigged up creatures I ever see, she beats all."

"She certainly has one of the sweetest faces I ever saw," said another. "Don't you think, Mrs. Peerabout, she is very pretty?"

"No, indeed, I don't! 'handsome is that handsome does,' I say. Pretty! why I'd rather look at our Jemima's doll, that her Aunt Nancy sent her from Boston. Gloves on!—my gracious! At home in the afternoon, a sitting down with *gloves* on, looking at pictures! A useful wife she'll make Rupert Forbes, to be sure!"

"And they say, too," said Miss Krout, "she can't even cook a beefsteak, and almost cried because she had not a silver fork to eat her dinner with."

"Yes," added Mrs. Peerabout, "so she did, and could not even put on a table-cloth without help, Kitty says!"

"Well, but, Aunt," interposed a pretty girl, "Kitty also said that she was so pleasant, and spoke so pretty to her, that she really loved to help her."

"And what beautiful eyes she has!" exclaimed another.

"Well, I have not said any thing against her eyes, but just look at her rigging, Susan," put in Mrs. Peerabout, draining her fourth cup.

"You must remember, Mrs. Peerabout," said Mrs. Fay, the lawyer's wife, "that Mrs. Forbes has never lived in the country, and has probably always been accustomed at home to dress just as much, if not more. You must excuse me if I say I really think you judge her too hard. For my own part, I confess myself favorably impressed by what I have seen of her. Recollect, she is entirely ignorant of our ways."

"Then she had better have stayed in the city," interrupted Miss Krout, spitefully; "for my part, Mrs. Fay, I don't like such mincing fol de lol ways as she has got!"

"But she will learn," said Mrs. Fay mildly, "she will conform to our customs I do not doubt."

"*Learn!* I guess so—a sitting with gloves on and curls below her girdle—I aint a fool, Mrs. Fay!" said Aloes.

CHAPTER IV.

Although Anna was really much pleased with the majority of her new acquaintances, their manners and conversation, as also their style of dress, so entirely different from what she had been accustomed to, did not escape her criticism, yet, for the sake of her husband, she was resolved to overcome her prejudices, if so they might be called.

Speaking of them one day to Rupert, she said:

"No doubt they are very excellent, worthy people, but it does not appear to me *now* that I can ever really learn to take any pleasure in their society—yet I hope I shall always treat them with perfect politeness, and kindness too, for they are very warm friends of yours, Rupert."

"Thank you, Anna—they are indeed good friends of mine, and so will they be, too, of yours, when they know you better; and you also, my dearest, will find that beneath their plain exterior and homely speech they have warm hearts, and minds far above many of those who figure largely in what is termed the *best society*."

"I do not doubt it, Rupert," replied Anna. "Well, I must try to conform myself to their habits, I see, and for your sake I hope they will love me, for it is very plain to me, from some words which one of the good ladies accidentally let fall, that they consider me now a most useless, unprofitable wife—a mere image for a toy-shop, and that I shall prove a perfect stumbling-block in the way of my dear husband's advancement. Now tell me," she continued, and tears filled her beautiful eyes, "what can I do to gain their friendship, and convince them that I prize my dear Rupert's respect and affection too highly not to exert myself to be worthy of them—tell me, Rupert, what I can do?"

"Act yourself, my darling wife," said Rupert, kissing her, "be as you ever are, kind and lovely. It is true many of my best friends do not approve of my choice, but do not trouble yourself about their approbation—only act in your new sphere as your own good sense and native kindness prompts you, and you will be sure of it. I sometimes think it was cruel in me to woo you away from your home of splendor to this retired, uncongenial spot. I fear you can never be really happy here, and in spite of your love for me, will often sigh for the luxuries you so cheerfully gave up for my sake."

"O say not so, dear Rupert—I shall be most happy here, indeed I shall—with your love and approbation how can I be otherwise—they will stimulate me to conquer many false notions, inherent from my cradle. I will not deny," continued Anna, "for I scorn evasion, and will make a clean breast of my follies, that I have already *fancied* the necessity of many things to render me even comfortable—you smile, Rupert, and there have been moments of *ennui*, when I have felt almost contempt for things around me—I have even given way to anger at what I at first

supposed insolence in Kitty. She is, to be sure, a rough, unmannerly girl, but it is because she has never been taught better; I know she has a kind heart, and that with a little management I shall soon be able to convince her of the impropriety of many things she now does from ignorance—not willfulness."

"You must be cautious, Anna—Kitty will take umbrage at the slightest hint, and be off without a moment's warning."

"No, I think better of her," said Anna. "We shall see. I have been thinking," she continued, "how much many mothers are to be blamed for not better preparing their daughters for the duties of domestic life—that sphere where a woman's usefulness and influence are most felt. There is no denying that almost before little Miss slips her leading-strings, she is taught to regard marriage as the chief aim of her life—she is taught to sing and dance—she has drawing-masters and music-masters, French and Italian—and for what reason? Why is she kept six hours at the piano, and scarcely allowed to speak her mother tongue?—why, that she may get married! That object cared for—the *future* is left a blank—"

"Yes," interrupted Rupert, "very much like rigging out a ship with silken sails and tinseled cordage, and then sending her forth on a long voyage without provisions!"

"Exactly, Rupert. To my mind housekeeping in all its branches should be considered as much of an accomplishment in the education of young ladies, as a perfect knowledge of music or any of the fine arts! Had my parents spent one quarter the time and expense upon my acquirements as a *wife*, which they did to render me fashionable and agreeable in the fastidious eyes of *their* world, how much better satisfied I should feel—how much more confidence that I have not imposed upon your affection by a total unfitness for the duties of a wife—indeed, my dear Rupert," said Anna, smiling, "you ran a great risk when you fell in love with me!"

We will not trace the daily walk of our heroine further, but leave it to the reader to fancy from what has already been said, how thickly the thorns mingled with the roses on her path of new married life!

But at the close of one year mark the result—one year of patient trial to our young wife! Many vexations, both real and imaginary, had been hers, yet she loved her husband, and resolved to overcome all the errors of her education, that she might be to him the helpmate—the friend—the beloved companion she felt he deserved. Where there is a will, it is said, there is always a way, and Anna bravely conquered the difficulties which at first presented themselves. Even those who most criticised her first attempts at housekeeping might now have taken lessons themselves from the neatness and order which reigned throughout her establishment.

The rebellious Kitty yielded gradually to the gentle dominion of her charming mistress. Miss Krout sweetened her vinegar visage, and even presented Anna with a jar of pickles of her own preparation, while Mrs. Peerabout acknowledged that the "Doctor's city wife was wonderful—*considerin'*!"

May my simple story encourage the young wife to meet those trials in her domestic path, from which none are wholly exempt, with patience and meekness—let her remember that "*Love considereth not itself*," and

"That if ye will be happy in marriage,
Confide, love, and be patient: be faithful, firm, and holy."

THOU ART COLD.

Anna! methought thou wert a raptured saint,
Like those who loved and worshiped here of old,
In whom the fire of heaven and earth were blent:
But—thou art cold!

I dreamed thou wert an angel sent to me,
With radiant countenance, and wings of gold
All glowing with the tints of yon warm sky:
But—thou art cold!

An angel sent to breathe upon this heart,
Crushed and still quivering with pangs untold.
To soothe its anguish with some heavenly art;
But—thou art cold!

No pain responsive moves thy snowy breast —
No blushes dye thy cheek of Phidian mould —
No thoughts of love disturb thy dreamless rest;
Alas! thou'rt cold!

The flashes of thy deep and changeful eye,
The music from thy lips that trembling rolled,
The burning thoughts that rapt my soul on high;
These seemed not cold.

But rubies with a crimson lustre gleam;
Diamonds within them seem a fire to hold;
And the dank forest breathes its wand'ring flame: —
Like them thou'rt cold.

Oh fate! that one so beautiful and bright,
So fit t'inspire the meek, to daunt the bold.
To nerve ambition to its loftiest flight,
Should still be cold!

And yet, I love thee, Anna; in my heart,
As in a shrine, thine image I'll enfold;
I'll love thee, marble goddess as thou art,

Divine, though cold.

Then hie thee to thy far-off mountain dell!
Its roses long thy coming to behold,
They’ll lend their hues to make thy cheek less pale,
And seem less cold.

S.

Painted by E. Corbould. Engraved by A. B. Walter.

THE SPANISH LOVERS.

THE SPANISH LOVERS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

Swing, lady, swing! the birds do swing
  Upon the boughs above,
As, swayed by breezes soft and warm,
  They sing their songs of love.
A fairer and a purer thing,
  And far diviner, thou.
Swing, swaying to thy lover's hand,
  Beneath the greenwood bough!

The winter cold may come ere long,
  And soon the autumn rain,
But saddened ne'er the birds' gay song
  With thought of future pain.
So love, which hath its summer time,
  Its winter too may know,
But quaff thou, lady, present bliss,
  Nor dream of future wo.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Homes and Haunts of the Most Eminent British Poets. By William Howitt. The Illustrations Engraved by H. W. Hewett. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Harpers have issued this charming book in a form of appropriate elegance. The paper, printing, binding, and illustrations are all that could be desired. Few volumes have been published during the season more worthy of a place upon the parlor table. The title of the book hardly conveys an idea of its full contents. It is in fact biographical and critical as well as descriptive, and portrays the poets in their homes and haunts, giving copious extracts from their writings, illustrative of their personal character, and tracing the history of their minds as they were influenced by events and circumstances. It must have cost the author much time and labor. Facts and anecdotes have been carefully culled from a wide variety of books, and England, Scotland and Ireland have been personally explored in search of the "homes and haunts." The latter are described from the author's own observations. Much interest is given to this portion of the work by a detail of the curious little adventures which occurred to the author in his wanderings, and the strange sort of prosers he found domesticated among places and scenes consecrated by song.

In criticising the writings and character of his band of poets, Howitt is often acute and sympathizing, but occasionally allows his own passions and prejudices to pervert his view. The chapter on Southey is an instance. Howitt is a liberal of the extreme school, and is consequently much of a bigot in politics and religion. Many uncharitable judgments, much heedless invective, and some mean malice, deform his volumes. We should judge him, in spite of his Quaker coat, to be proud and revengeful, and very impudent. The latter quality is as manifest in his praise as denunciation. Were we unfortunate enough to be a living poet, and Mr. Howitt unfortunate enough to include us in his collection, we should have a strange inclination to "insert" a dagger into him, or contrive in some way to break his neck. There is no delicacy in his personal references. Those qualities which make the book piquant to the reader, must be very offensive to the objects of its blame or eulogy. Mr. Howitt tells a great many things and hazards a great many conjectures, in regard to the personal character of late and living poets, which are at once exceedingly interesting and impertinent. To read these portions of his volumes is like getting information from a spy. We devour the narrative and despise the narrator.

The book contains chapters on Chaucer, Spenser, Shakspeare, Cowley, Milton,

Butler, Dryden, Addison, Gay, Pope, Swift, Thomson, Shenstone, Gray, Goldsmith, Burns, Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Byron, Coleridge, Scott, Mrs. Hemans, Campbell, Southey, Wordsworth, Wilson, Moore, Rogers, Elliott, Landor, Tennyson, and some dozen others. It will be seen that the work is large in its subject, and that the materials are ample. It would not be fair to test the book by its value as literary history or criticism, though these are largely mixed up with the descriptive portions; but considered as a brilliant series of sketches, half way between familiar chat and refined delineation, it has very great merits, and is full of interest. Some of the anecdotes are excellent. At Stratford, Mr. Howitt saw in a country school a little boy of ten years old, who turned out to be a descendant of Shakspeare's sister Joan. The father of the lad was wretchedly poor, and kept a low dram shop. Mr. Howitt gave the boy sixpence, and told him he hoped he would make as great a man as his ancestor. The money created a strong sensation in the school, and young Will became a lion. When Howitt was seen in the streets afterward, he was pointed out by the boys as "that gentleman who gave Bill Shakspeare sixpence."

The chapter on Crabbe is well done. There is one anecdote given about Lord Thurlow, which had escaped our memory. When he presented Crabbe a couple of livings in the church, he accompanied it by the characteristic remark—"By —, you are as like Parson Adams as twelve to a dozen." The account of Coleridge is replete with anecdotes of his earlier life and his family. His father, an Episcopal clergyman, was a miracle of absent mindedness. His wife once directed him, when he went on a journey, to put on a clean shirt every day. He followed her orders literally, but forgot to remove the one underneath. He came back six-shirt deep. In his sermons he gained vast reputation among the poor and ignorant by quoting Hebrew liberally, they thinking themselves especially favored in hearing "the very words the Spirit spoke in." For his successor, who addressed them in simple English, they entertained a kind of contempt. At school young Coleridge was very miserable. The author of Cristobel was there a martyr to the itch. His appearance as a boy is indicated by the opinion expressed of him by his master after a whipping. "The lad was so ordinary a looking lad, with his black head, that I generally gave him at the end of a flogging an extra cut; for," said he, turning to Coleridge, "you are such an ugly fellow." Coleridge's first attempt at verse was in commemoration of his maladies at the age of ten:

> O Lord, have mercy on me!
> For I am very sad!
> For why, good Lord! I've got the itch,
> And eke I've got the tad!

Tad is schoolboy*ese* for ringworm.

When Coleridge left college he enlisted as a common soldier in the dragoons, under the name of Silas Tomken Comberbache. "Do you think," said the examining officer, "you could run a Frenchman through the body?" "I don't know," replied Coleridge, "as I never tried; but I'll let a Frenchman run me through before I'll run

away." "That will do," was the answer of the officer. He was so bad a horseman that the drill-sergeant had continually to warn the members of his squad—"Take care of that Comberbache! take care of him, for he will rids over you!"

In the chapter on Wordsworth there is a very ingenious attempt to prove the poet a Quaker, both in the doctrine and spirit of his poetry. This is altogether the best thing in the book, and to a high-churchman, like Wordsworth, must be very gratifying. Howitt makes out a good case. At the end he asserts that the writings of the old Quakers "are one mass of Wordsworthianisms." In some particulars, it is asserted Wordsworth hath not reached the moral elevation of his masters; as in regard to war, "he is martial, and thinks Slaughter God's daughter. They, very sensibly, set Slaughter down as the daughter of a very opposite personage."

It would be easy to quote a hundred anecdotes from these volumes, interesting either in themselves, or from their relation to interesting persons. We must, however, refer the reader to the book itself, and can guarantee him a large fund of enjoyment from its perusal.

Poems. By George H. Calvert. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

The best of these poems are but of average ability, and together they make but an indifferent volume. They are deficient in fancy, imagination, melody and originality—four qualities of some importance to the reader, if not to the writer. Mr. Calvert is a scholar, a traveler, has studied the best writers of England, Germany and Italy, has had every advantage of mental culture, and yet has committed the impropriety of publishing a volume which would give no reputation to the poet of a village newspaper. Better things than he has included in his collection are born and forgotten every day. The most readable pieces in the volume are the translations from Goethe. We give a few specimens:

One says—"I'm not of any school;
No living master gives me rule:
Nor do I in the old tracks tread;
I scorn to learn ought from the dead."
Which means, if I have not mistook,
"I am an ass on my own hook."

—

For what is greatest no one strives,
But each one envies others' lives:
The worst of enviers is the elf
Who thinks that all are like himself.

—

But do what's right in thy affairs,
The rest's done for thee unawares.

—

Divide and rule—strong words, indeed,

But better still—unite and lead.

Mr. Calvert has given a few epigrams of his own. The following has point:

Philosophers say, in their deep-pondered books,
It were well if each man found his level.
Sage sirs, this is not quite so good as it looks,
For 'twould send a whole host to the devil.

Here is a hit at "great statesmen," a kind of sharp-shooting very popular with literateurs, who are unable to manage men as they can words and verses:

Like plummet in mid ocean sounding,
Like him who crystals would be rounding,
Are they who rule and fashion laws—
Things that are chiefly made of flaws.
And yet men dub them great; the while
Angels or weep or pitying smile.
But why, blind as they are, why rail about them?
The world's so bad, it cannot do without them!

If a reviewer were malicious, he might turn the reasoning in the last line against the author, and conclude that the philosophy it so concisely expresses, made him hope that the world could not do without his own poems.

The Orators of France. By Viscount de Cormenin. Translated by a Member of the New York Bar. With an Essay by J. T. Headley. Edited by G. H. Colton. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1 vol. 12mo.

The popularity of this book in France has been very great. The present translation is from the fourteenth Paris edition, and shines with the author's last polishing touches. The introductory essay by Headley, on the rise of French Revolutionary eloquence, and the orators of the Girondists, contains much information which the reader of the sketches will find useful. Mr. Colton has ably edited the work, and supplied some fifty pages of biographical addenda.

The work itself is written in sharp, snapping style, each sentence exploding like a percussion cap, and abundantly charged with French enthusiasm and French affectation. The translator has happily seized the spirit of the book, especially its tone of military precision and authoritativeness. The work is comprehensive in its subjects, sketching the prominent orators of the Constituent Assembly, the Convention, the Empire, the Restoration, and the Revolution of July. The portraits of Mirabeau, Danton, Napoleon, M. de Serre, General Foy, Constant, Royer Collard, Manuel, Sauzet, La Fayette, Odillon-Barrot, Dupin, Berryer, Lamartine, Guizot and Thiers, are exceedingly interesting, as introducing us to men who are familiar to everybody by name, but of whose personal appearance and style of

oratory few readers have had an opportunity of knowing much, from the descriptions of an independent eye and ear witness. The volume is very readable in spite of its affected conciseness and elaborate rhodomontade, and we have little doubt conveys many accurate impressions of the French politicians and orators whose merits it discusses. We know of few volumes better calculated to give the reader a notion of the modern French mind. Where the author, however, criticises politicians to whom he is opposed in principle, he falls generally short of his mark. He has little notion of the meaning of wisdom as applied to action.

The Life of Wesley; and Rise and Progress of Methodism. By Robert Southey, L.L.D. Second American Edition, with Notes, &c. By the Rev. Daniel Curry, A. M. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

This is an excellent edition of a most valuable and fascinating biography. Its diction has all the charm of Southey's fluent and graceful style, and the subject is made intensely interesting by the singular felicity of its treatment. No person who has in his nature the slightest religious feeling can read the book without instruction and delight. The present edition is enriched with the notes and observations which Coleridge penciled in his copy of the work. They are exceedingly characteristic, and worth all the rest of the notes put together. The American editor's remarks are often presumptuous and out of place. They serve no good purpose, except in a few instances where they correct some mistake in matters of fact. As a whole, however, the edition is a very good one, and may be said to supplant all others. It will doubtless have a vast circulation, not merely among the Methodists, but among all classes, literary and sectarian. We will guarantee that no reader who once commences the book can leave it unfinished. It is as interesting as one of Scott's novels.

The Horse and his Rider. By Rollo Springfield. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is a captivating little volume, half way between a book for men and a book for boys. It is full of information and interesting anecdotes, contains a number of elegant illustrations, and is written in a style of much simplicity and clearness. The author almost exhausts the subject for the general reader. That portion devoted to the turf is especially racy. The intelligence and humanity of the noble animal have full justice done to them. The volume might be called a voice from the animal kingdom.

Notes on the Early Settlement of the North-Western Territory. By Jacob Burnet. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

The author of this volume is one of those who write history, not from books or hearsay, but from direct observation of events, or from a connection with the actors. The work has, therefore, great value and great freshness. To all who are interested in the vast region to which it relates, it presents strong claims to attention.

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.

Le Follet, *Mantille de* Violard, ==> *Mantilles de* Violard,
Le Follet, *Mouchoirs* L. Chapron & Dubois, ==> *Mouchoirs de* L. Chapron & Dubois,
Le Follet, *Ombrelle* Lemaréchal, ==> *Ombrelle de* Lemaréchal,
page 65, "*coleur de rose*," ==> "*couleur de rose*,"
page 73, affectionately in her dark ==> affectionately into her dark
page 73, His kinds words ==> His kind words
page 87, which had got lose, ==> which had got loose,

[The end of *Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXI, No. 2 (August 1847)* edited by George R. Graham]