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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXI. October, 1847. No. 4.

Contents

Fiction, Literature and Articles

Poetry, Music and Fashion

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

Anaïs Toudouze

LE FOLLET

Boulevart S^{t}. Martin, 61

Coiffure de F. Hamelin, *pass. du Saumon, 21—Chapeau de M^{me}*. Baudry, *r. Richelieu, 87;*

Plumes et fleurs de Chagot—*Robes de* Palmyre—*Dentelles de* Violard, *r. Choiseul, 2bis;*

Mouchoirs de L. Chapron & Dubois, *r. de la Paix, 7;*

Eventail de Vagneur Dupré, *r. de la Paix, 19—Chaussures de* Baptiste, *b^{t}. S^{t}. Denis, 4.*

Graham's Magazine.

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VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, OCTOBER, 1847. No. 4.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LEONARD MYERS.

"HEAVENS! what is this?" exclaimed, with one accord, several personages who were assembled in the dining-room of the castle of Burcy.

The Countess de Moncar had just inherited—by the death of an uncle, who had lived at a great distance, and was little regretted by her—an old castle which she had never even seen, although it was scarcely fifteen leagues from her own summer residence. Madame de Moncar, one of the most elegant, perhaps one of the prettiest women in Paris, was not very fond of the country. Leaving Paris in the end of June and returning in the beginning of October, she usually took with her to Morvan some of the companions of her winter amusements, and some gallants chosen from the most attentive of her partners in the dance. Madame de Moncar was married to a man much older than herself, and one who very seldom favored her with his company. Without abusing the liberty allowed her, she was charmingly coquettish; could trifle admirably, and be made happy by a compliment, a tender word, or the success of an hour; loving the dance for the pleasure of making herself agreeable, loving the very love she inspired, to see the flower which had fallen from her bouquet handed to her, and when occasionally some sober old relation mildly remonstrated with her, "*Mon dieu*," she would reply, "let me laugh and live gayly, it is at least less dangerous than to remain in solitude listening to the beatings of one's own heart—as for me, I scarcely know whether I possess one." The fact is, the Countess de Moncar had never thought about the matter at all; it was all important for her that she should remain in doubt on the subject, and she found the most prudent method was never to allow herself time for reflection.

One beautiful morning, then, in the month of September, she and her guests started on a visit to the unknown castle, intending to spend the day. A cross-road, which had been represented to them as passable, would reduce their journey to twelve leagues, and was therefore resolved on. The cross-road was shockingly bad, they lost their way in the woods, one of the coaches broke down, and it was not until mid-day that our travelers, overcome with fatigue, and little enraptured with the picturesque beauties of the route, reached the castle of Burcy, the appearance of which was not calculated to console them for the troubles of their journey.

It was a large structure, with blackened walls, in front of the steps a kitchen-garden, then uncultivated, sloped from terrace to terrace, for the castle being almost buried in the sides of a wooded hill had no level space around it. Craggy mountains begirt it on every side, and the trees springing up amid the rocks lent a sombre verdure that was sad to look upon. Its forsaken condition added still more to the disorder of its natural wildness. Madame de Moncar stood riveted in amazement on the threshold of this old castle.

“This looks very little like a party of pleasure,” said she. “I could weep at the melancholy aspect of the place. Nevertheless, here we have fine trees, stupendous rocks, and a roaring torrent—there is no doubt a degree of beauty in all this, but it is all too serious for me,” she added, smiling. “Let us enter and look at the interior.”

“Yes, yes,” replied the hungry guests, “let us see if the cook, who left yesterday to prepare for us, has arrived more successfully than ourselves.”

They were soon made aware of the joyful fact that a plentiful breakfast would be served in all haste, and meanwhile set about reconnoitering the castle. The antiquated furniture, with well-worn linen covers, chairs with only three feet, rickety tables, and the discordant sounds of a piano which had lain neglected for twenty years, furnished a thousand subjects for pleasant jokes. Their gayety returned, and it was agreed that instead of fretting at the inconveniences of their uncomfortable abode, they would laugh and joke at every thing. Besides, for this young and thoughtless company, this day was an event, a campaign, almost a perilous one, the originality of which began to appeal to the imagination. A fagot had been lighted in the large hall chimney, but puffs of smoke filling every nook, they made their escape into the garden. Here, too, the aspect was strange: the stone seats were covered with moss, the walls of the terraces in many places crumbling in, had left space between the ill-joined stones, where a thousand wild plants were growing, now shooting up straight and tall, now bending over to the ground like flexible vines; the walks were hidden beneath the green turf, and the parterres reserved for cultivated flowers had been invaded by wild ones, which spring up wherever the skies let fall one drop of rain or the sun sheds a ray. The white convolvulus twined round and choked up the monthly rose, the wild mulberry mingled with the red fruit of the currant, and the long fern, the sweet-scented mint, and the prickly thistle grew by the side of some long forgotten lilies. The minute the party entered the garden, innumerable little insects, frightened at the unusual noise, took refuge under the

grass, and birds quitting their nests flew from branch to branch. The silence which had reigned for so many years in this peaceful spot gave place to the hum of voices and merry bursts of laughter. None of them appreciated this solitude, none even meditated on it, it was disturbed, profaned without respect. Numerous anecdotes were related of the different episodes of the most pleasant of their winter *soirées*, anecdotes mingled with agreeable allusions, expressive glances, hidden compliments; in fine, with all those thousand nothings that accompany the conversation of such as seek to be pleased, not yet claiming the right to be serious.

The steward, after having vainly searched high and low through the whole castle to find a bell which might be heard at some distance, at last decided on calling out from the top of the steps, that breakfast was served up, while the half smile accompanying his words, showed that he, as well as his superiors, had made up his mind for that day at least to dispense with his ordinary habits of etiquette and propriety. They sat gayly down to table. The old castle was forgotten, the deserted condition in which they had found it, and the sadness that reigned around. All spoke at the same time, and they drank to the health of their hostess, or rather of the fairy whose presence alone made of that decayed habitation an enchanted palace. Suddenly every eye was turned toward the dining-room window.

“Heavens! what is this?” they exclaimed.

Before the castle windows a small cariole of osier, painted green, with large wheels, as high as the body of the vehicle itself, was seen to drive up and stop; it was drawn by a short gray horse, whose eyes seemed to be endangered by the shafts of the cabriolet, and were constantly turned upward. The drawn curtains of the cabriolet only disclosed a pair of arms covered with the sleeves of a blue surtout, and a whip that tickled the ears of the gray horse.

It was this singular arrival which caused the exclamation of surprise related in the commencement of our story.

“Gracious! ladies,” said Madame de Moncar, “I had forgotten to tell you that I was absolutely forced to invite the village doctor to breakfast with us; he is an old man who formerly rendered services to my uncle’s family, and whom I have seen once or twice. But be not alarmed at this new guest, he is very silent. After a few words of common politeness we may act as though he were not here—besides, I do not think he will stay long.”

At this period the door opened and Doctor Barnabé entered. He was a little feeble old man, with a mild and calm countenance. His white hair was tied behind in a queue of the old style. A sprinkling of powder covered his temples as well as his forehead, which was furrowed with wrinkles. He wore a black coat, and breeches with steel buckles. On one arm hung a great-coat, lined with puce colored taffeta. The other hand held a large cane and his hat. The *toute-ensemble* of the toilette of the village doctor gave evidence that he had that day taken great pains with his dress; but his black stockings and coat were covered with large splashes of mud, as though the poor old man had fallen into some ditch. He stopped short on the

threshold of the door, astonished at finding himself in so large a company. A slight embarrassment was depicted for a moment on his features, but he recovered himself and bowed without speaking. At this strange entrance the guests were seized with a great desire to laugh, which they repressed as well as they could. Madame de Moncar alone, who could not, as the mistress of the house, be wanting in politeness, remained serious.

“Goodness! doctor, have you been upset?” she asked.

Doctor Barnabé, before answering, glanced at the company around him, and however plain and naïve his countenance might be, it was impossible for him not to detect the hilarity caused by his arrival. He answered tranquilly,

“I was not upset. A poor wagoner had fallen under the wheels of his car, I was passing by and assisted him.”

And the doctor made toward the chair which had been left empty for him. He took his napkin, unfolded it, passed one end through the button-hole of his coat, and spread the rest over his breast and knees.

At this *début*, numerous smiles played on the lips of the guests, and some titters broke the silence. This time the doctor did not raise his eyes, perchance did not notice.

“Are there many sick in the village?” said Madame de Moncar, whilst the new comer was being helped.

“Yes, madame, many.”

“The country, then, is unhealthy?”

“No, madame.”

“But from what do these diseases proceed, then?”

“From the great heat during the harvests, and the cold and damp in winter.”

Here one of the guests, assuming great gravity, mingled in the conversation. “Then, sir, in this healthy place they are sick all the year round?”

The doctor raised his eyes to his questioner, looked at him, hesitated, and seemed to be suppressing or seeking for an answer. Madame de Moncar kindly came to his assistance.

“I know,” said she, “that you are the savior here of all who suffer.”

“O! you are too good,” the old man replied, and he appeared deeply occupied in a slice of *paté* he had just helped himself to.

Doctor Barnabé was now left to himself and the conversation went on as before.

If their eyes fell by chance on the peaceful old man, it was to glance a slight sarcasm, which, coupled with the conversation, might, they thought, pass unnoticed by him who was the object of it; not that these young persons were habitually impolite, and possessed no goodness of heart; but the occasion itself, the journey, the preparation for breakfast, their meeting, the smiles which commenced with the

events of the day, all led to an unseasonable gayety, an infectious spirit of ridicule, which rendered them relentless to the poor victim whom chance had thrown in their path. The doctor appeared to eat tranquilly, without raising his eyes, without even seeming to listen, or uttering a word; they began to treat him as one deaf and dumb, and the breakfast was finished without restraint.

When they rose from the table Doctor Barnabé stepped back a little, allowing each gentleman to choose the lady he wished to escort to the parlor. One being left alone he timidly advanced and offered her, not his arm, but his hand. The young lady's fingers were scarcely grazed by those of the doctor, who, with an inclination of respect, proceeded with measured steps to the parlor. New smiles awaited this entrance, but no frown was seen on the old man's brow, and they now declared him blind as well as deaf and dumb.

Dr. Barnabé, leaving his partner, sought the smallest and plainest chair in the room. He drew it apart from the rest of the party, seated himself, placed his cane between his knees, crossed his hands upon the pommel of the cane, and leaned his chin on his hands. He remained silent in this meditative posture, and from time to time closed his eyes, as though a sweet sleep which he neither courted nor shunned was about to overcome him.

"Madame de Moncar," said one of the party, "you surely do not intend to reside among these ruins?"

"No, indeed, that is not my intention; but here are tall trees and dense forests. M. de Moncar might easily be tempted to pass some months here in the game season."

"But then you would have to pull down, rebuild, and clear away."

"Come, we will think of a plan," said the countess, "let us go out and trace the future garden of my domains."

The pleasure party, however, seemed doomed to ill luck. At that moment a heavy cloud burst overhead, and a fine thick rain beginning to fall, it was impossible for them to go out of doors.

"Gracious! what are we to do?" said Madame de Moncar, "our horses need several hours rest—it will evidently rain for some time—the grass is so wet that we cannot walk a step for a week—the wires of the piano are all broken—there is not a book to be obtained for miles round, and this parlor is as chilly and gloomy as death. What will become of us?"

In truth, the company but late so merry was imperceptibly losing its cheerfulness. Titterings and laughter gave way to silence. They went to the windows and looked at the sky, which remained dark and cloudy. All hopes of a walk were now put an end to. They seated themselves as well as they could on the old furniture —they tried to revive the conversation, but there are thoughts which, like flowers, need a little sun, and droop when the sky is dark. Those young heads seemed bent by the storm, like the garden poplars which we see wave before the wind. An hour passed tediously away.

Their hostess, a little discouraged by the failure of her pleasure party, leaned languidly against the balcony of a window, and gazed on the country before her,

"There," said she, "down there on the top of the hill is a small white house which I shall have pulled down, it obstructs the view."

"The white house!" exclaimed the doctor. For more than an hour Doctor Barnabé had remained motionless in his seat. Joy, listlessness, the sun and the rain had followed each other without exciting one word from him. His presence had been entirely forgotten; so that when he pronounced those three words, "the white house!" all eyes were immediately turned upon him.

"What interest have you in this house, doctor?" the countess asked.

"*Mon dieu!* madame, do not mind what I said. It will be torn down, doubtless, since such is your wish."

"But why do you regret this decayed old building?"

"Because—alas! because it was inhabited by those I loved, and—"

"And do they intend to return to it, doctor?"

"They are dead—long since, madame—they died when I was young."

And the old man gazed sadly at the white house, which rose from the woods on the hill like a daisy springing mid the grass.

There were some moments of silence.

"Madame," said one of the party, aside to Madame de Moncar, "there is a mystery in this: see how sad our Esculapius has grown; some pathetic drama has taken place down there; a youthful love perhaps. Let us ask the doctor to tell us the story."

"Yes, yes," was whispered on all sides, "let us have the narrative. A tale, a tale, and if there is no interest in it, we shall have the eloquence of the orator to amuse us."

"Not so, gentlemen," Madame de Moncar answered, in a low tone, "if I ask Dr. Barnabé to tell the story of the white house, it is on condition that no one shall laugh."

Each having promised to be polite and attentive, Madame de Moncar drew near Doctor Barnabé.

"Doctor," said she, seating herself near him, "I perceive some remembrance of former times is connected with this house, which is dear to you. Will you tell it to us? I should be very sorry, indeed, to cause you a grief that it lay in my power to spare you. I will allow the house to remain if you will tell me why you cherish it."

Doctor Barnabé appeared astonished, and was silent. The countess drew still nearer to him, and said—

"Dear doctor, see what bad weather it is, how dull every thing looks; you are older than any of us, tell us a tale, that we may forget the rain, the fog and the cold."

The doctor seemed more astonished than ever.

“This is no idle tale,” he said. “That which transpired in the white house is very simple, and can have no interest for any one but myself. Strangers would not credit such a story. And then I cannot descant at length when there are listeners. Besides, what I have to recount is sad, and you have come here to be amused.”

And the doctor again leant his chin on his cane.

“Dear doctor,” returned the countess, “the house shall stand if you will only narrate to us what has caused your love for it.”

The old man seemed moved; he crossed and uncrossed his legs, felt for his snuff-box, replaced it in his pocket unopened, and turned to the countess.

“You will not tear it down,” he said, pointing with his thin and trembling hand to the dwelling which was seen in the horizon.

“I promise it you.”

“Well, be it so then. I will do this much for them—I will preserve the house where they were happy. Ladies, I am no orator, yet I think the least learned may make himself understood, when relating that which he has seen. I tell you beforehand the story is not gay. We call a musician when we would dance or sing, a doctor when we are suffering or about to die.”

A circle was formed round Doctor Barnabé, who, with his hands still crossed over the head of his cane, calmly began the following narrative, in the midst of an auditory that all the while fully intended to laugh at his recital.

It was long ago, it happened when I was young, for I too have been young—youth is a possession that all enjoy, the rich and poor, but which remains to no one. I had just passed my examination, having become a doctor; and well persuaded that, thanks to me, men would now cease to die, I returned to my native village to display my great talents. My village is not far from here. From my little chamber window I saw this white house, on the opposite side from that you are now gazing on. My village would certainly have no great beauty in your eyes, but to me it was superb. I was born there and loved it. Each one sees in his own particular manner the things he loves, and adapts himself to continue this love. The Almighty permits us at times to be somewhat blind, for he knows that to see every thing clearly in this lower world is not always desirable. This country then appeared smiling and animated to me, for I could live happily here: the white house alone, each day when I rose and opened my shutters, struck disagreeably on my sight—it was always closed, noiseless and sad, like a deserted thing. Never had I seen its windows open and shut, its door ajar, or the garden-gate give entrance to any one. Your uncle, who had no use for a dwelling by the side of his castle, endeavored to let it, but the price was rather high, and there was no one near wealthy enough to reside in it. Thus it continued tenantless, whilst in the village, at the slightest noise which made the

dogs bark, the forms of two or three happy children might be seen at every window, putting aside the branches of the gilly-flower to look into the street. But one morning on awaking I was agreeably surprised at seeing a ladder against the walls of the white house, a painter was painting the window-shutters green; a servant was cleaning the panes of glass, and a gardener digging the garden.

"So much the better," I said, "a good roof like that sheltering no one is so much lost."

From day to day the house changed its appearance, boxes of flowers concealed the nakedness of the walls; a parterre was laid out before the steps, the walks, cleared of their weeds, were graveled, and muslin curtains, white as the driven snow, glittered in the sun when his rays shone in the windows. Finally, one day a post-chaise passed through the village and stopped before the enclosure of the little house. Who were these strangers? none knew, though every one in the village was longing to ascertain. For a long time nothing was known of what took place within the dwelling, but the roses bloomed and the green grass on the lawn grew. How many conjectures were made on this mystery—they were adventurers who were concealing themselves, perhaps a youth and his mistress; in fine, every thing was guessed but the truth. The truth is so plain that often we do not think of it; for when once the imagination is set to work, it seeks right and left, nor dreams of looking straight forward. As for me, I troubled myself but little about it.

What matters it, thought I, who they are, they are human beings who must undergo sickness before long, and then I shall be sent for. I waited patiently.

In reality, one morning I was sent word that Mr. William Meredith desired to see me. So I dressed myself with great care, and endeavoring to put on a gravity fitting my station, I passed through the whole village, not a little proud of my importance, and many envied me that day, they even stood at their doors to see me pass, saying, "he is going to the white house;" and I, to all appearance disdaining a vulgar curiosity, walked slowly along, nodding to my neighbors, the peasants, with an "*au revoir*, my friends, I will see you again later on; this morning I have business on hand." And in this manner I reached the abode there on the hill.

When I entered the parlor of this house I was pleased at the sight that presented itself; all was at once plain and elegant. The handsomest ornaments of the house were the flowers, which were so artistically arranged that gold could not have adorned it better. White muslin festooned the windows, and there were white coverings on the arm-chairs, this was all—but there were roses and jessamines, and flowers of every kind, as in a garden. The light was softened by the window curtains, the air was filled with the delicious perfume of flowers, and reclining on a sofa a young girl, or rather a young woman, fair and fresh as all that surrounded her, welcomed me with a smile. A handsome young man, who was seated on a stool near her, rose when Dr. Barnabé was announced.

"Sir," said he, with a strongly marked foreign accent, "your skill is so highly spoken of here that I expected to have seen an old man."

“Sir,” I replied, “I have studied deeply, and am convinced of the importance of my station. You may place reliance in me.”

“Very well,” said he, “I commit my wife to your care, her present situation calls for some advice as well as precaution. Born far from here, she left home and friends to follow me, and I to guard and repay her have nothing but love—no experience. I rely upon you, sir, to keep her if possible from every suffering.”

And the young man as he spoke cast on his wife a look so full of love that her large blue eyes glistened with tears of gratitude. She dropped a child’s cap she was embroidering, and with both hands pressed the hand of her husband.

I beheld them, and should have found that their lot was enviable, but did not. I had often seen persons weep and called them happy. I saw Mr. Meredith and his wife smile, and yet could not repress the thought that they had their sorrows. I took a seat near my charming patient. Never have I seen aught as beautiful as that face covered with the long ringlets of her fair hair.

“How old, are you, madame?” I asked.

“Seventeen years.”

“And this distant country in which you were born, is the climate there very different from ours?”

“I was born in America, at New Orleans. Oh! the sun is brighter there.”

And fearing, doubtless, that she had expressed a regret, she added—

“But every country is beautiful when it is the abode of one’s husband, and we are near him, expecting the birth of his child.”

Her eyes sought those of William Meredith, then, in a language I did not understand, she spoke some words, in so sweet a tone, they must have been of love. After a short stay I left, promising to return soon.

I did return—and at the end of two months was almost a friend for this young couple. Mr. and Madame Meredith had no selfish happiness, they could still spare the time to think of others. They could understand that a poor village doctor, having no other society than that of peasants, would deem an hour well spent that was passed in listening to polished conversation. They attracted me to them, told me of their travels, and soon, with the frank confidence that characterizes youth, they related to me their story. It was the young wife who spoke—

“Doctor,” she said, “beyond the seas I have a family, father, sisters and friends, whom I long loved till the day when I loved William; but then I closed my heart against those who spurned my friend. William’s father forbade him to love me, because he was too noble for the daughter of an American planter; my father forbade me to love William, for he was too proud to give his daughter to a man whose family would not have welcomed her with love. They would have separated us—but we loved! For a long time we implored, wept, asked forgiveness of those to whom we owed obedience, but they were inflexible—and we loved each other! Doctor, have you ever loved? I hope so, that you may be indulgent to us. We were

privately married and fled toward France. Oh! how beautiful the sea appeared to me the first days of our love! It was hospitable for the two fugitives. Wandering in the midst of the waves, we passed happy hours seated in the shade of the large sails of the vessel, dreaming of the pardon of our parents, and seeing nothing but joy in the future. Alas! it did not come to pass thus: they wished to pursue us, and by the aid of some irregularity of form in our clandestine marriage, William's ambitious family harbored the cruel idea of separating us. We have taken refuge in these mountains and woods, under an assumed name, and live unknown. My father did not pardon me, no, he cursed me! this is the reason, doctor, why I cannot always be gay even with William by my side."

Good God! how they loved. Never have I known a soul given to another, like that of Eva Meredith to her husband. Whatever employment she chose, she always placed herself where she might see William on raising her eyes. She read no book but that he read: with her head reclining on her husband's shoulder, her eyes would follow the same lines that his traced; she even wished they both might have the same thoughts at the same time; and when I crossed the garden to reach the house, I could not sometimes refrain from smiling at seeing on the sand the traces of Eva's little feet beside the foot prints of William. What a difference, ladies, between that solitary old house you see before you, and the pretty dwelling of my young friends —how flowers covered the walls and bouquets rested on all the tables, how many pleasant books of love tales resembled their love, and blithe birds sung around them. Oh! it was something to live and be beloved by those who loved so well. But mark how much reason we have in saying that our happy days are not long on this earth, and that God, who creates happiness, bestows but little here.

One morning Eva Meredith seemed to be in pain. I questioned her with all the interest I felt for her, but she said hastily—

"Hold, doctor, do not seek so far for the cause of my affliction, do not feel my pulse, it is my heart which beats too quick. Ascribe it to what you will, but I am vexed this morning. William is about to leave me, he is going to the next village, on the other side of the mountain, to receive some money sent to us."

"And when will he return?" I asked.

She smiled, blushed slightly, and then with a look that seemed to say, do not laugh at me, answered, "this evening."

I could not help smiling, in spite of her imploring look.

At this moment a servant brought to the steps the horse that Mr. Meredith was going to ride. Eva rose, went down into the garden, approached the horse, and playing with his mane, leaned her head on the animal's neck, perhaps to hide her tears. William came, and springing on his horse, gently raised his wife's head.

"Child," he said, whilst he fondly gazed on her and kissed her forehead.

"William, it is because we have not yet been separated so many hours together."

Mr. Meredith bent forward, and again impressed a kiss on her forehead; he then

put spurs to his horse and rode off at full speed. I am confident he, too, was somewhat affected. Nothing is so contagious as the weakness of those we love; tears beget tears, and he has self command, indeed, who can look on a weeping friend and resist their influence.

I left the spot and entered my own little chamber, where I began to think of the great happiness of loving. I put the question to myself whether an Eva would ever partake of my humble dwelling. I did not consider if I was worthy of love. Good heavens! when we look on beings devoted to each other, we can easily see that it is not on account of certain reasons and things they love so well—they love because it is necessary for them, inevitably so; they love on account of their own heart, not that of others. Well, this happy chance, which brings together souls that have need of love, I sought to find, even as in my morning walks I would seek for a scented flower. And thus I dreamed, although it is a culpable feeling which, on seeing the happiness of others, makes us regret our own want of it. Is it not partly envy? And if joy could be stolen, like gold, should we not be tempted to possess ourselves of it?

The day slipped away, and I had just finished my frugal supper, when a message came from Madame Meredith, imploring me to come to her house. In five minutes I was at the door of the white house. I found Eva still alone, seated on a sofa, unemployed, without even a book, pale and flurried. “Come in, doctor, come in,” she said, in her sweet manner; “I cannot stay alone any longer. See how late it is; he should have been here two hours ago, and he has not yet returned.”

I was surprised at the protracted stay of Mr. Meredith, but in order to cheer his wife, I answered, without evincing any emotion, “What can we know of the time necessary to transact his business in when he reached the town? He may have been compelled to wait, or perhaps the notary was absent; papers may have had to be drawn and signed, and—”

“Ah, doctor! I knew you would speak consoling words to me. I did not hesitate to send for you. I needed to hear some one tell me it was foolish in me to tremble thus. How long the day has been. Great God! are there persons who can exist alone? Do they not die at once, as though you were to take from them one half the air they breathed. But it is striking eight.”

In truth it was eight o’clock. I could not understand why William had not returned. At all events I answered;

“Madame, the sun is barely gone down; it is still daylight, and the evening is beautiful; let us inhale the sweet scent of your flowers; let us go to the spot where we are likely to meet him—your husband will then find you on his path.”

She leant on my arm, and slowly walked toward the garden-gate. I endeavored to draw her attention to surrounding objects. She answered me at first as a child obeys, but I felt that her thoughts were far away. She gazed uneasily on the green gate which still remained half open as when William left, and leaning against the trellis, listened to me with now and then a smile of acknowledgment, for in proportion as it grew later did she lose the courage to answer me. Her eyes watched

in the heavens the setting sun, and the gray tints that followed the brilliancy of its rays, gave certain evidence of the progress of time. Every thing grew dark around us. The turnings of the road, which till then had been visible through the woods, now disappeared beneath the shade of the lofty trees, and the village clock struck nine. Eva trembled; as for me, every stroke seemed to reach my heart. I felt for the sufferings of this poor young creature.

"Remember, madame," I said, (she had not spoken to me, but I read her uneasiness in every feature,) "remember that Mr. Meredith can only return slowly; the roads through the woods are continually over rocks, which do not admit of a quick passage."

I spoke thus to remove her apprehensions; but the truth was, I could no longer account for William's absence. I, who was so well acquainted with the distance, knew that I could have been twice to the town and back since he had left. The evening dews began to moisten our clothes, and especially the thin muslin that Eva wore. I drew her arm within mine, and led her toward the house. Hers was a gentle disposition—all submission, even her grief. Slowly she walked, her head bowed down, her eyes riveted on the marks which her husband's horse had left on the sand. Good heavens! it was sad, returning thus at night, and still without William. In vain did we listen, all was silent—that grand silence of nature, which, in the country, at nightfall, nothing disturbs. How every feeling of restlessness is increased at such a time. The earth looked so sad; in the midst of the obscurity, it seemed to remind us that in life, likewise, all at times becomes clouded. It was the sight of this young woman which caused these reflections; had I been alone, they never would have entered my mind.

We re-entered the house. Eva sat down on the couch, and remained motionless, her hands clasped on her knees, and her head sunk on her breast. A lamp had been placed on the mantle, and the light fell full on her face. Never shall I forget its expression; she was pale—pale as marble; her forehead and cheeks of the same deathly hue; the dampness of the evening had lengthened the curls of her hair, which fell in disorder over her shoulders. Bright drops trembled beneath her eye-lids, and the quivering of her livid lips, but too plainly betrayed the effort to restrain her tears. She was so young that her countenance seemed rather that of a child forbidden to weep.

I began to feel disturbed, and did not know how to conduct myself toward her. Suddenly I recollected (it was truly a doctor's idea) that amid her grief Eva had taken no nourishment since the morning; and the situation she was in rendered it imprudent to prolong this privation of all food. At the first mention I made of it, she raised her eyes reproachfully to mine, and this time the motion of her eye-lids caused two hot tears to course down her cheeks.

"For your child, madame," I said, respectfully.

"Ah! it is true!" she murmured; and she rose and went into the dining-room. But in the dining-room there were two plates on the little table; this, for the moment,

appeared to me so afflicting, that I stood still without uttering a word. The uneasiness that was creeping over me made me quite awkward. I was not even skillful enough to say things which I did not believe. The silence continued; and, nevertheless, I would say to myself, I am here to console her—it was for this she sent for me. There are, doubtless, a thousand reasons that might explain this delay; let me think of one—but I sought, and sought in vain. I then remained silent, inwardly cursing the little wit of a poor village doctor.

Eva did not eat any thing, but leaned on her hands. Suddenly she turned toward me, and bursting into sobs, said,

"Ah, doctor! you also are disturbed, I see it."

"No, madame, no, indeed," I replied, speaking at random; "why should I be uneasy? He has, no doubt, stopped to dinner with the notary. The country is safe, and beside, no one knows that he has money with him."

One of my presentiments had thus unconsciously escaped me. I knew that a company of strange reapers had passed through the village that very morning, on their way to a neighboring district.

Eva gave a shriek.

"Robbers! there are robbers, then. Oh! I never thought of that danger."

"But, madame, my only mention of them was to tell you there were none."

"Oh! you would never have thought of it, doctor, had you not supposed this misfortune possible. William! my William! why did you leave me!" and she wept.

I stood there, vexed at my blunder, hesitating before every thought, stammering out some disconnected words, and feeling that to cap my misfortune, my eyes were filling with tears. At last a thought struck me.

"Madame Meredith," said I, "I cannot see you thus, and stay by your side without a consoling word. I will go in quest of your husband; I will, at all risks, take one of the roads leading through the woods; I will search every where, will call him by name, and go, if necessary, as far as the town itself."

"Oh, thanks! thanks, my friend!" Eva cried; "take with you the gardener and the servant, search in every direction."

We quickly returned to the parlor, and Eva rung the bell loudly several times. All the residents of the little house hurried into the room.

"Follow Dr. Barnabé," said Madame Meredith.

Just then, the gallop of a horse was distinctly heard on the gravel walks. Eva uttered a cry of happiness that reached every heart. I can never forget the divine expression of joy which instantly lit that face, still bedewed with tears.

We both rushed to the steps. The moon at this moment broke forth from the clouds, and shone full on a horse, covered with foam, and riderless, whose bridle dragged the ground, whilst the empty stirrups beat against his dusty sides. Another cry this time, a dreadful one, burst from Eva's lips. She then turned toward me, her

eyes fixed, her lips parted, and her arms dropping listless by her side.

"My friends," I said, to the frightened domestics, "light torches, and follow me. Madame, we will return soon, and, I trust, with your husband, who may be slightly hurt—a stumble, perhaps; do not despond, we will soon return."

"I will follow you," murmured Eva Meredith, in a choking voice.

I told her that it was impossible. "We must go swiftly," I said, "perhaps a great distance; and in the state you are in, it would be risking your own life as well as your child's."

"I will follow you," she replied.

O! then I felt how sad was the loneliness of this woman. If a father or mother had been there they would have commanded her to stay, they would have detained her forcibly; but she was alone on earth, and to my earnest entreaties, she still answered hoarsely, "I will follow you."

We set out, but clouds now hid the moon; there was no light in the heavens, nor on the earth, and we could scarcely grope our way by the unsteady blaze of our torches. The servant led the way, and waved the torch he held from right to left, to light the ditches and streams by the road-side. Behind him Madame Meredith, the gardener, and myself watched the glare of light, seeking with anguish for some object to present itself. From time to time we raised our voices, and called on William Meredith, and after us a stifled sob murmured the name of William, as though her heart depended on the instinct of love to make her sobs heard sooner than our shouts.

We reached the woods. The rain began to fall, and the drops pattering on the leaves sounded so mournful, it seemed that all was weeping around us.

The thin garments Eva wore were soon saturated by the cold rain. The water streamed from the hair and forehead of the poor young woman. She bruised her feet against the stones in the road, and frequently tottered, and was on the point of falling; but she sustained herself with all the energy of despair, and continued on her way.

It was a mournful sight. The red glare of our torches lit in turn each rock and leafless trunk. Occasionally, at a bend in the road, the wind would almost extinguish this light, and we stopped, lost in darkness. We had called on William Meredith till our voices became so tremulous that we ourselves shuddered at them. I did not dare to look at Eva; in truth I feared she would fall dead before me. At last, at a moment when worn out and discouraged we were moving silently along, Madame Meredith suddenly pushed us aside, and darting forward, sprung across a heap of brush. We followed—as soon as we could raise a torch to distinguish objects, alas! we saw her on her knees beside the body of William; he lay stretched on the ground motionless, his eyes glazed, and his forehead covered with the blood that trickled from a wound on the left side of his head.

"Doctor?" said Eva.

That single word said—does he still live?

I leaned forward and felt his pulse; I put my hand on his heart, and stood silent. Eva had watched every movement I made, but when I continued silent, the awful truth flashed upon her—she spoke no word, she uttered no cry, but fell in a swoon on the dead body of her husband.

"But, ladies," said Doctor Barnabé, turning to his audience, "see, the sun is shining; you can now go out. Let us leave this mournful story."

Madame de Moncar drew near the old man; "Doctor," said she, "pray be good enough to finish. Look at us, and you will not doubt the interest with which we have listened to you."

And it was so, there were no more smiles of derision on those young faces that were gathered round the village doctor. Perhaps even tears could have been detected in some of their eyes. He resumed his narrative.

Madame Meredith was carried home, and lay for several hours senseless on her bed. I felt that it was at the same time a duty and a cruelty to lavish on her the assistance of my art to recall her to life. I dreaded the heart-rending scenes that would follow this state of immobility; and I bent over her, bathing her temples with cooling water, and anxiously awaiting the grievous, but happy moment when I should see the breath of life issue from her lips. I was deceived in my anticipations, for I had never before seen a terrible misfortune. Eva opened her eyes, and closed them again instantly; the lids were not even moistened by a tear. She lay cold and silent, without motion; and I should have thought her dead, had I not felt her heart begin to throb beneath my hand. How mournful it is to witness a grief we know to be beyond all consolation. I felt that to remain silent seemed a want of pity for this unhappy woman, but that to speak consolingly were not to appreciate the depth of her sorrow. I, who was unable even to soothe her uneasiness—how could I hope to be more eloquent in the face of such an affliction. I adopted the safest plan, that of a complete silence. I said to myself that I would remain and take care of the physical evil; so I stood by her side as a faithful dog would have couched at her feet. My resolution once taken, I was calmer. In the course of a few hours I put a spoonful of a beverage that I deemed necessary to her lips. Eva slowly turned her head to the other side. In a few minutes I again attempted it.

"Drink, madame," I said; and I gently raised the spoon to her lips, but they continued closed.

"Madame, for your child," I said, in a low voice.

Eva opened her eyes, and raising herself with difficulty, rested on her elbow, leaned over toward the drink I presented, and took it; she then fell back on her pillow.

"I must wait till another life is separated from mine," she murmured.

From that time Madame Meredith spoke no more, but she followed my prescriptions mechanically. Stretched on her bed of grief, she seemed to sleep

eternally; but whenever, in my lowest tone, I said to her, “raise yourself and drink this,” she obeyed at the first word, which proved to me that the soul was ever awake in that body, and found no moment of forgetfulness or repose.

There was no one but myself to attend to William’s funeral. Nothing positive was ever known as to the cause of his death. The money that he was to have brought from the town was not found upon him; perhaps he had been robbed and assassinated; perhaps this money, given in notes, had fallen from his pocket at the time when his horse might have stumbled, and as they never thought of looking for it till some time afterward, it was not impossible that the rain had buried it in the muddy ground and wet grass. Some inquiries were instituted, but without result, and all search was soon given over.

I endeavored to learn from Eva Meredith if it was not necessary to write some letters to inform her family, or her husband’s, of what had taken place. It was difficult to obtain an answer from her; but I succeeded at last in finding out that I had only need to acquaint their agent with it, and he would do all that was requisite. I hoped, then, that from England at least some news would come to decide the future of this unfortunate young woman. But days passed on and no one on earth appeared to know that the widow of William Meredith was living in utter solitude in a poor country village. Soon after this, in order to recall Eva to the feeling of existence, I expressed a desire that she would rise. The next morning I found her risen, and dressed in black; she was but the ghost of the beautiful Eva Meredith. Her hair was parted over her pale forehead; she was seated near a window, and remained motionless as when she had been in bed.

And thus I passed long evenings near her. Each day I would accost her with words of condolence; but her only answer was a look of thanks, and then we sat still without speaking. I patiently waited for some opportunity to exchange a few thoughts with her; but my awkwardness and respect for her misfortune either could not find one, or if it occurred, let it pass by. By degrees I became accustomed to this absence of all conversation, to this reserve; and beside, what could I have said? It was of consequence she should feel that she was not absolutely alone in the world; and the support that was left her, humble though it might be, was still a consolation. I only visited her to say by my presence—I am here.

It was a strange episode in my life, and had a great influence on the rest of my destiny. Had I not evinced to you so much regret at the thought of the white house being torn down, I would quickly pass to the conclusion of this recital; but you wished to know why this house was to me a consecrated place. It is necessary, then, for me to tell you that which I thought and felt beneath its humble roof. Ladies, you will excuse some serious reflections; it does the young no harm to be made sad at times, for they have plenty of time before them to laugh and forget.

The son of a rich farmer, I had been sent to Paris to complete my studies. During the four years that I lived in that great city, I retained my awkwardness of manner, and my simplicity of style, but I had rapidly lost the ingenuousness of my

sentiments. I returned to these mountains almost learned, but at the same time nearly incredulous as to every thing calculated to make us live happily beneath a thatched roof, surrounded by a family, with the prospect of the grave before us.

When Eva Meredith was happy, her felicity began to afford me useful lessons. “They deceived me there,” I said. “There *are* true hearts, then; there are souls as pure as these children. The pleasure of a moment is not every thing in this life of ours; there are feelings which do not expire with the year; we can love for a length of time, perhaps forever.”

And whilst I contemplated the love of William and Eva, I recovered my former artless peasant’s nature. I began to dream of a virtuous, sincere woman; one who was industrious, and would adorn my home by her diligence and solicitude. I saw myself proud of the sweet firmness of her countenance, disclosing the faithful and even austere wife. Certes, these were not my dreams at Paris, at the end of a boisterous evening passed with my comrades. But a terrible misfortune had fallen like a thunderbolt upon Eva Meredith, and this made me slower in understanding the great lessons each day unfolded to me.

Eva always sat near the window with her eyes sadly fixed on the heavens. This position, which is peculiar to those who indulge in reveries, attracted my attention but little at first, but before long it created a deep impression. Whilst my book lay open on my knees, I watched Madame Meredith, and being sure that her eyes would not detect me, I observed her closely. Eva gazed up to heaven, and my eyes followed the same direction as hers. “Ah!” I said, with a half smile, “she thinks that she will rejoin him above!” and I would turn to my book, thinking how happy it was for the weakness of woman, that such fancies came to the aid of her grief.

As I told you, my sojourn in the midst of students had filled my head with notions of an evil tendency. But each day I saw Eva in the same attitude, and each day my reflections were recalled to the same subject. By degrees I began to think that hers was a pleasant dream; and I even regretted that I could not believe it a true one. The soul, heaven, an eternity, all that my curate had formerly impressed on me, passed through my mind, as I sat at eve before the open window, and I said, “What the old curate taught me is more consoling than the cold realities which science discloses;” and then I would look on Eva, who still gazed on the heavens, whilst the bell of the village church sounded in the distance, and the rays of the setting sun shone brightly upon the cross of the steeple. And often did I return and sit near that poor widow, firm in her grief as in her holy hopes.

What! thought I, is so much love no longer attached but to a little dust already mingled with the earth; do these sighs all tend to no good?

William is gone, in the flower of his youth, and with him his strong affections, and his heart where all was still in bloom; she loved him but a year, one little year, and all is told. There is naught above us but the air—love, that feeling so deep within us, is but a flame placed in the dark prison of our body, where it shines and burns, but dies away when the frail wall around it crumbles! A little dust is all that

remains of our loves, our hopes and thoughts and passions, of all that breathes and moves and elevates within us!

And there was a long silence in my breast.

In truth, I had ceased to think. I was as one stupefied, between that which I no longer denied nor yet believed. At last, on a beautiful starlight evening, when Eva clasped her hands in prayer, I could not account for it, but my hands too closed, and my lips opened to breathe a prayer. Then, through a happy chance, for the first time, did Eva Meredith see what was passing around her, as if a secret instinct had warned her that my soul was united in harmony with her own.

"Thanks," said she, extending her hand to me, "remember him, and pray for him sometimes."

"Oh! madame," I cried, "may we all find a better world, whether our lives be long or short, happy, or sorely tried."

"The immortal soul of William is on high," she said, in a grave tone; and her gaze, at once sad and bright, was again fixed on heaven.

Since that day, in accomplishing the duties of my profession, I have often seen men die, but to them who survived, I have ever spoken consoling words of a better life—and those words I truly felt.

A month after these silent events, Eva gave birth to a son. When, for the first time, they brought the child to her, the widowed mother pronounced the name "William," and tears, ready tears, too long refused to her grief, gushed in torrents from her eyes. The infant bore the beloved name of William, and its little cradle was placed close by the bed of its mother. Then Eva's gaze, which had been directed to heaven, returned once more to earth. She now looked on her son as she had on heaven. She would bend over him to trace the likeness to his father, for God had permitted a perfect resemblance between William and the son he was never destined to see. A great change took place. Eva, who had consented to live till her babe was born, I could see wished still to live, since she felt how much it needed the protection of her love. She passed whole days and nights by its cradle, and when I came to see her, O! then she spoke to me, questioned me as to the duties requisite for her son; when he suffered told me of it, and asked me what ought to be done to spare him the smallest pain. She feared for the babe the heat of a ray of the sun or the cold of the least breeze. She would hug him to her bosom and warm him with her caresses; once I even thought I perceived a smile on her lips, but she never would sing to him while rocking the cradle—she called the nurse and told her to sing his lullaby, during which time her tears would flow over her darling William. Poor babe! he was beautiful, mild, tractable, but, as though his mother's grief had even before his birth had an effect on him, he rarely cried and never smiled. He was calm, and calmness at that age makes us think of suffering. It seemed to me that the tears shed over his cradle had chilled his little soul. I wished that his caressing arms should already be thrown round his mother's neck; I could have wished him to return the kisses lavished on him. But what am I dreaming? thought I, can one

expect that this little creature, scarcely a year old, should have an idea that it was born to love and console this woman?

It was, I assure you, ladies, a touching sight to look upon, this young mother, pale, exhausted, having renounced all the future for herself, returning as it were to life for a little infant which could not even say “thanks, mother.” What a mystery is the human heart! that of so little it can make so much! Give it but a grain of sand, it will raise a mountain; or in its last throb show it an atom to love, and it again commences to beat; it does not cease its pulsations forever till nothing is left around it but space, and even the shadow of what was dear to it has fled from earth!

Eva placed her child on a rug at her feet, then looking at it, she would say to me —“Doctor, when my son is grown up I wish him to become distinguished, and when once taught I will choose for him a noble career. I will follow him everywhere —on the sea if he is in the navy, in India if in the army: he must win glory and honors; and I will lean on his arm and proudly say—I am his mother! Will he not let me follow him, doctor? a poor woman who needs but silence and solitude that she may weep, can incommode no one, is it not so?”

And then we would discuss the different pursuits to be chosen; we placed twenty years on that infant’s head, both of us forgetting that those twenty years would make us old. But, alas! we rarely dwell on ourselves, and never think of being otherwise than young and happy, when youth and happiness abide within us.

In listening to those bright anticipations, I could not help regarding with fear the child on whom another’s existence so materially depended. An indefinable dread crept over me in spite of myself; but, thought I, she has shed tears enough, and God, whom she implores, owes her some happiness.

Things were in this situation when I received a letter from my uncle, (the only surviving relation I had.) My uncle, a member of the faculty at Montpellier, sent for me that I might in that learned city perfect myself in the secrets of my profession. This letter, worded like a request, was in fact a command, and I was forced to go. The next morning, with a heart swelling at the thought of the isolation in which I should leave the widow and orphan, I repaired to the white house, to bid adieu to Eva Meredith. When I told her that I was about to quit her for a long time, I scarcely know if a shade of sadness passed over her features, her beautiful face since William’s death had worn a look of such deep melancholy, that it was impossible ever to trace on it more than the faintest smile; as for sadness, it was always there.

“Are you going to leave us,” she said, “your services were so beneficial to my child!”

The poor woman had no word of regret for her only friend who was leaving her, the mother alone grieved for the doctor so useful to her son; I did not complain. To be of use is the sweetest recompense for our devotion to others.

“Farewell,” she said, giving me her hand. “Wherever you may be, may God bless you; and if at any time it is his will that you should be unhappy, may He

provide you a heart as compassionate as your own." I bent my forehead to her hand and retired deeply affected.

The child lay sleeping on the lawn before the steps, I took him in my arms and embraced him over and over again; I gazed on him for a long time attentively, and sadly, and a tear dimmed my eye. "Oh! no, it cannot be, I am deceived," I murmured, and hurried from the house.

"Heavens! doctor," simultaneously exclaimed all the listeners of the village doctor, "what then did you fear for this child?"

"Allow me, ladies," replied the doctor, "to finish this narrative in my own manner—every thing shall be told in its place; I am relating the events in the order in which they happened."

[*Conclusion in our next.*

BRAIN WORK AND HAND WORK.

BY CHARLES STREET.

In a garret cold and dreary
Sat a laborer deep in thought,
And his brow looked worn and weary.
As though hardly he had wrought;
And I watched his throbbing brain,
Like a wild bird to be free,
Struggling to fly back again
To its cageless liberty —
And the muscles and the fibres,
And the flesh upon the bone,
Like a mass of burning embers
Self-consumingly they shone.

And I turned my vision backward
To the scenes of other days,
While the sword within the scabbard
Of the mind yet feebly lays;
Ere the boy, grown into manhood,
Felt the cravings of his soul,
Ere keen hunger shivering stood
On his threshold crying *fool*!
For the midnight oil he'd wasted
Scanning books o'er page by page,
For neglect of luxuries tasted
In this money-making age.

And I saw an infant sleeping,
Softly pillowed by the side
Of a widowed mother weeping,
Fearing death might take its guide,
And to stranger hands and cold
Leave the darling of her heart;
To the swearer—to the scold—
'Mid the rocks without a chart—

God of mercy! help the helpless,
Teach them how to earn their bread;
Oh to trust alone—'tis madness—
To the labor of the head.

By the willing arm that fails not,
By the workings of the hand,
In this free and hallowed spot,
In this great and mighty land,
Where before us rivers deep,
Forests wide and mountains high,
Where, beneath the rocky steep,
Treasures all exhaustless lie,
By a will of stern resolve,
Making all things own his sway,
Man may thus the mystery solve
How to live—while live he may.

Not to fling away existence,
Toiling early—toiling late—
Not to succumb for subsistence,
Calling penury your fate.
Brain alone will not support thee—
Trace the history of the past—
Study well and study deeply,
You will find the truth at last.
Brain and Hand and Hand and Brain,
Let each urge the other on,
And—*the dollars* shall again
Reward thee when thy work is done.

THE GENERAL COURT AND JANE ANDREWS' FIRKIN OF BUTTER.

BY SEBA SMITH, THE ORIGINAL AUTHOR OF MAJOR DOWNING.

THE fame of "blue laws," does not belong to Connecticut alone; nor is her claim to the title of "land of steady habits," so pre-eminent over her neighbors, as to throw them entirely in the shade. Were the early judicial records of the old Bay State, and even of her daughter, Maine, while she was a young province, duly examined, they would afford ample evidence of enactments as numerous, and as strong, and as rigidly enforced in favor of good order and decorous deportment, as those which have conferred everlasting honor upon the early character of good old Connecticut.

We beg leave here to quote a few examples in proof of our position.

1654. "The Court doth order that Jane Berry is to acknowledge that she hath done goodman Abbit wrong, in dealing without witness. And that Sarah Abbit is to acknowledge that she hath done goodwife Berry wrong in evil speeches."

1655. "The Grand Jury do present Thomas Furson, for swearing 'by God,' and cursing his wife, and saying, 'a pox take her.' Sentenced to pay ten shillings, and to be bound unto his good behavior in a bond of ten pounds."

"The Grand Jury do present the wife of Matthew Giles for swearing, and reviling the constabell when he came for the rates, and likewise railing on the prudenshall men and their wives. Sentenced to be whipped seven stripes, or to be redeemed with forty shillings, and to be bound to her good behavior."

"The Grand Jury do present Jane Canney, the wife of Thomas Canney, for beating her son-in-law, Jeremy Tibbets, and his wife; and likewise for striking her husband in a canoe, and giving him reviling speeches. Admonished by the Court, and to pay two shillings and sixpence."

"The Grand Jury do present Philip Edgerly for threatening his wife to break her neck if she would not go out of doors; that for fear she came into goodman Beard's house in the night on the Lord's day, as she complained to William Beard the next morning. Sentenced to be bound to his good behavior in a bond of forty pounds."

1657. "Thomas Crowlie is presented for calling constable Alt, constable rogue; is admonished by the Court, and to pay fees two shillings and sixpence."

1670. "The Grand Jury present Thomas Taylor for abusing Capt. Francis Rayns, being in authority, by *theeing and thouing of him*, and many other abusive speeches."

“The Grand Jury present Mrs. Sarah Morgan for striking of her husband. The delinquent to stand with a gag in her mouth half an hour at Kittery, at a public town-meeting, and the cause of her offence writ and put upon her forehead, or pay fifty shillings to the Treasurer.”

“Richard Gibson, for striking Capt. Frost at the head of his company, is appointed to receive twenty-five stripes on the bare back, which were given him this day in presence of this court.”

“The Grand Jury do present Charles Potum, for living an idle, lazy life, following no settled employment. Major Bryant Pembleton is joined with the Selectmen of Cape Porpus, to dispose of Potum according to law, and to put him under family government.”

Small chance was there, in the primitive times of which we speak, for any rogue or knave to escape punishment for his offences. There was no complaint then “of the law’s delay.” Justice was meted out with certainty and despatch. Could this great and wicked city of New York be blest with an administration of justice as prompt, as searching, and as effective, what a world of crime might be prevented. Now, in the multiplied refinements of law and legislation, there are a thousand chances for the culprit to escape the punishment he deserves. The labor of government is now so much divided and subdivided, that the villain, before he meets with his deserts, has to go through almost as many hands as a brass pin does in being manufactured; and it is ten to one if he does not slip through the fingers of some of them, and escape at last.

In the first place we must have a Legislature to make up a batch of laws to keep on hand ready for use, for the regulation of society, and the punishment of wrong-doing. After that, the Legislature has no more care over the laws than the ostrich has over her eggs, but leaves them to hatch out as they may. Then we must have a judiciary; and the culprit who has committed a crime or misdemeanor, must be carried into court for trial. After the matter is clearly proved out, fair and square, the court hunts up the laws that the Legislature has made, and if there is one that exactly applies to the case in every point and tittle, the fellow may stand some chance of being punished. If the law does not so apply, he is told he may go. When the law suits the case, the court orders the delinquent to be punished; and he is then handed over to another set of officers, who belong to the executive branch of the government; and if these all happen to do their duty throughout, and no mistake, punishment after a while follows the crime.

Two hundred years ago, in the New England colonies, things were not left at such loose ends. Then the work of government was bound up in a snug bundle. The legislative, judicial, and executive powers were all vested in the same body, who, of course, always knew what they had to do, and could always tell when that work was done. This omnipotent body in a number of instances was styled the General Court; an appellation which is applied to the legislative department in the old Bay State unto this day.

When a fellow was found committing depredations of any description whatever upon his neighbor, or upon the peace and good order of society, he was taken before the court, and the witnesses were examined; and if the thing was proved, and there was no law at hand that told how the fellow should be punished, the court instantly made one on the spot, and ordered its officers to carry it into execution.

It may not be amiss in this place to go a little more into detail, and trace one of these General Courts from its origin, and show how it was constituted and made up.

After the failure of Sir Walter Raleigh's attempts to colonize Virginia, during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the spirit of discovery and settlement of the New World was greatly revived under the reign of King James. In the year 1606, that monarch granted two charters to companies of gentlemen, who united for the purpose, dividing the country into two districts, called North and South Virginia. The limits of the northern district were within thirty-eight and forty-five degrees of north latitude. This charter was granted to gentlemen of Plymouth and other towns in the west of England, who were denominated the Plymouth Company, and afterward, under a new modification of their charter, "The Council of Plymouth."

Some of the first attempts by this company to colonize New England were very unsuccessful; the company soon grew discouraged, and were inactive a number of years. One member of the company, however, Sir Ferdinando Gorges, never "gave up the ship." He alone remained undiscouraged by their ill success, and when the company would do nothing, he kept at work upon his own hook. He sent out vessels several times at his own expense, to explore the coast of New England with a view of making settlements. In 1616, one of his vessels, under the command of Richard Vines, wintered on the coast at the mouth of Saco river in Maine. The harbor which gave them shelter was afterward called Winter Harbor.

In 1620, the Plymouth Company received a new impulse. Their charter was renewed, their powers enlarged, and their boundaries extended from the fortieth to the forty-eighth degree of north latitude, and from sea to sea. This year the first permanent settlement was commenced in Massachusetts by the pilgrim band at Plymouth.

In 1622, the Council of Plymouth, as the company in England was now styled, made a grant to their active member, Sir F. Gorges, in company with John Mason, of all the territory between the Merrimac and Kennebec rivers, and under their auspices settlements now began to be scattered along the coast. In 1629, Mason and Gorges divided their possessions, and, like Abraham and Lot, one went to the right and the other to the left. Mason took that portion of the territory lying west of the Piscataqua river, to which he gave the name of New Hampshire, while the country east of the Piscataqua remained in the possession of Gorges, and was called for some years New Somersetshire, and afterward the Province of Maine.

After this, various grants were made along the coast of Maine to different individuals and companies, and the limits of these grants, often being very indefinite, led to many long and bitter controversies. In 1635, Gorges attempted to

establish a General Court for the government of his province, and sent over commissions to several persons for that purpose. Understanding, however, that affairs were not well managed, a year or two after he sent over an order to the authorities of Massachusetts Bay "to govern his province of New Somersetshire, and to oversee his servants and private affairs."

The authorities of Massachusetts Bay, however, declined interfering in the matter, and the province remained without a good and efficient local government till 1640, when Sir Ferdinando commissioned the following persons to be his counsellors for the administration of the government of his province: viz. "his trusty and well beloved cousin, Thomas Gorges, Esq., Richard Vines, Esq., his steward-general, Francis Champernoon, his loving nephew, Henry Jocelyn and Richard Bonython, Esqrs., and William Hook and Edward Godfrey, gentlemen."

These persons constituted a General Court, with legislative, judicial, and executive powers, and in the name of "Sir Ferdinando Gorges, Knight, Lord Proprietor of the Province of Maine," exercised entire control over all the affairs of the province. The first court was held at Saco, on the 25th of June, 1640; and another was holden in September following.

Among the earlier weighty matters that came under the cognizance of this court was the affair of Jane Andrews and her firkin of butter. The General Court was in session, and the judges, or the counsellors, as their commissions styled them, were seated round a long table, looking over some accounts that were in dispute between two neighbors, when Mr. Nicholas Davis came in, with a look and air of unusual agitation. He stood for a minute looking round the room, which was pretty well filled with spectators, and then he looked at the judges with an earnestness that showed he had something uncommon on his mind.

Mr. Davis was a short, thick man, inclined to be fleshy; the day was warm, and large drops of sweat stood upon his face. He drew a checked cotton handkerchief from his pocket and wiped and rubbed his face till it was as red as a boiled lobster. Then he stepped up to one of the judges and began to whisper in his ear. Presently the judge rolled up his eyes and looked astonished. Mr. Davis put his hand down into his right-hand coat pocket and pulled out a stone as large as his two fists. And then he drew another from his left-hand pocket, a little larger, and handed it to the judge. And then they whispered together again. The people looked wild, and the rest of the judges impatient. At last the judge turned round and whispered to the rest of the court for the space of two minutes. And then they called Mr. Constable Frost and told him to show Mr. Davis into the room with the grand jury.

After Mr. Davis had retired into the jury-room, the court seemed restless and unfitted to go on with business. One of the judges got up, and putting both hands into his coat pockets, walked gravely back and forth from one end of the table to the other. Two more sat whispering very earnestly to each other; and the rest were tipped back in their chairs, with a settled frown upon their brows, and looking unutterable things upon the multitude in the court-room. The people in low whispers

began to speculate upon the mysterious business of Mr. Davis in the grand jury-room.

One guessed somebody "had been throwing stones at him, and he was going to bring 'em up to the ring-bolt." Another "didn't believe but what somebody had been breaking his windows, and if they had, they'd got to buy it." And some guessed that "somebody had been stoning his cattle; and if they had, they'd got to hug it, for there was nothing would rouse Mr. Davis' dander quicker than that, for he was very particular about his cattle." In all their speculations, however, the imaginations of none of them reached the height of the enormity that had occurred.

After the lapse of about half an hour, the door of the grand jury-room was opened, and Mr. Davis walked out and took a seat on a bench in front of the court. In about three minutes more the grand jury came out in a body, with long and solemn faces, and arranging themselves upon the benches appropriated for their use, the foreman rose with a piece of paper in his hand and read as follows:

"We present Jane, the wife of John Andrews, for selling of a Firkin of Butter unto Mr. Nic. Davis; that had two stones in it, which contained fourteen pounds, wanting two ounces, in weight."

This came upon John Andrews, who was sitting there right in the middle of the court-room with the rest of the folks, like a heavy thunder-clap. Everybody turned and looked at him, and in half a minute his face turned as red as a coal of fire.

"Mr. Andrews," said the first judge, "is your wife at home?"

"Well—ah—I don't know," said John; "yes, I believe she is; I'll go and see;" and he rose to leave the court-house.

"No, you needn't go and see," said the judge; "come back to your seat again." John returned to his seat.

"How far is it to your house?" said the judge.

"About four miles," said John.

"It is too far," said the judge, "to bring her into court this afternoon. Which will you do, come under bonds of ten pounds to bring her into court to-morrow morning for trial, or have two constables go and take charge of her to-night?"

"I'll come under bonds to bring her into court, if she'll come," said John.

"But you must bring her, whether she will come or not," said the judge; "or else the officers must go after her immediately, and put her into confinement to-night."

"Well, then," said John, "I'll come under bonds; rather than have the constables going to the house to frighten the children."

The bonds were accordingly taken, in the sum of ten pounds, and acknowledged by John, and he was ordered to have his wife in court the next morning at nine o'clock. Mr. Nicholas Davis was ordered to be present at the same hour with his witnesses.

After adding up a few more accounts, the court adjourned till next morning. In

the meanwhile John Andrews went home to break the matter to his wife.

"Now, Jane," said he, "here's a pretty kettle of fish we've got to fry. What under the sun could induce you to put them stones into the firkin of butter you sold to Mr. Davis?"

"Hang his old picter," said Jane, "I don't know any thing about the stones."

"Now, what's the use of denying it?" said John; "you know you did it. You know I see you putting of 'em in once, and made you take 'em out again and throw 'em away. And you went and put 'em in again afterward, I know, or else he'd never gone into the General Court about it, and swore to it."

"He haint been into the Gineral Court though?" said Jane, rolling up the white of her eyes.

"I guess you'll find he has though, by to-morrow," said John; "and you've got me into as bad a scrape about it as can be, and yourself into a worse one."

"But if there was stones in the butter," said Jane, "he can't prove that I put 'em in, and he can't swear that I put 'em in."

"Well, he can swear that he had the butter of you, and that he found the stones in it; and that'll be enough to fix your flint for you. And you've got to go to court to-morrow morning and have your trial."

"I swow I wont go into court," said Jane, "for nobody; if he wants to settle it he may come here."

"But he wont come here," said John; "he has carried it into court, and the grand jury has presented you, and the judges say you must be there to-morrow morning at nine o'clock for your trial."

"I don't care for the grand jury, nor none of 'em," said Jane; "I wont go to court; I'll go off into the woods first, and stay a week, or stay till the court is over."

"But you can't do that," said John. "I'm under bonds of ten pounds to carry you to court to-morrow morning."

"You under bonds!" said Jane; "I should like to know what business you have to be under bonds to carry me to court?"

"I had to," said John, "or else the constables were coming right over here to take you and put you into confinement to-night. So I had to give a bond of ten pounds that you should be there to-morrow morning."

"Well, I can't go," said Jane; "you may pay the ten pounds."

"But I can't pay it," said John; "I could not raise it any way in the world."

"Well, what'll they do if you don't pay it?" said Jane, "and I don't go to the court?"

"They'd put me in jail," said John, "till it was paid; and that would be longer than I should want to stay there. So you've got to go to court to-morrow morning, and that's a settled pint."

When John said any thing was “a settled pint,” Jane always knew the thing was fixed, and it was no use to have any more words about it. So she sat down and gave herself up to a hearty crying spell.

When morning came, John tackled up his wagon and took Jane in and carried her to the General Court. When he arrived, the court-room was already full of spectators; the judges were seated by the long table, and Mr. Davis was there with his wife and daughter and hired girl. The case was immediately called, and the prisoner, being put to the bar, was told to hearken to an indictment found against her by the grand jury.

The clerk then read the indictment, and ended with the usual question; “Jane Andrews, what say you to this indictment, are you guilty thereof or not guilty?”

“I don’t know nothin’ at all about it, sir,” said Jane, “any more than the child that’s unborn; as for that are firkin of butter that I sold to Mr. Davis, if there was any stones in it, they must be put in by somebody’s else hands besides mine, for I packed it all down myself, and—”

“Stop, Mrs. Andrews,” said the first judge, “you must not talk; you must give a direct answer to the question; are you guilty or not guilty?”

“I’m as innocent as the man in the moon,” said Jane; “I never was accused before; I can bring folks to swear to my character ever since I was a child; I think it is too bad—”

“Stop,” said the judge; “if you don’t give a direct answer to the question immediately, you shall be sent to prison; are you guilty or not guilty?”

“No, I aint guilty,” said Jane.

“She pleads not guilty,” said the judge; “now let the witnesses be sworn. Mr. Davis, you take the stand, and tell the court and the jury what you know about this affair.”

Mr. Davis was sworn and took the stand.

“Whereabouts shall I begin?” said he, hesitating, and rubbing his sleeve over his face to brush away the perspiration.

“Tell the whole story just as it happened,” said the judge, “from first to last: that is, what relates to this particular transaction about the firkin of butter.”

“Well, it was a week ago last Saturday mornin’,” said the witness, putting one foot up upon the bench that stood before him, “I’d been down to the mill with my wagon, and was going home, I should say about nine o’clock in the mornin’; it might be a little more, and it might be a little less, but I should say it wasn’t much odds of nine o’clock, judging from my feelin’s, for I hadn’t been to breakfast; I generally go to mill before breakfast, when I go, and I commonly get back about nine o’clock; but I judged I was about half an hour later that mornin’ than common, owing to a kind of warm dispute I got into with the miller about his streakin’ the toll-dish. I told him he ought to streak it with a straight stick, but he always would take his hand to streak with, and always kept the roundin’ side of his hand up, and

that made the dish a little heapin'—"

"But I don't see what all this has to do with the tub of butter, Mr. Davis," said the judge; "you must confine yourself to the case before the court. What was this transaction about the tub of butter?"

"Well, I was coming along to it byme by," said the witness.

"But you must come along to it now," said the judge; "relate what you know about the case presented by the grand jury, and not talk about any thing else."

"Well," said Davis, "I should judge it wasn't much odds of nine o'clock, when I come along up by Mr. Andrews' house, and I see Miss Andrews out to the door feedin' the chickens; and says I, 'good mornin', Miss Andrews;' and says she, 'good mornin', Mr. Davis;' and says I, 'how's all to home?' and says she, 'middlin'; how does your folks do?' "

"But that isn't coming to the butter," said the judge, with an air and tone of great impatience.

"Yes 'tis," said Davis, "I'm close to the butter now; for then says I, 'Miss Andrews, have you got another firkin of butter to sell?' And says she, 'yes.' I said another firkin, because I bought one of her last winter, that weighed about twenty pounds, and it turned out to be a very good firkin of butter, though it was rather hard salted; but I think that's a good fault in butter; it makes it spend better, and I like the taste of it full as well, though my wife doesn't. That firkin of butter lasted us—"

"No matter how long it lasted," said the judge; "that is not the firkin with which we have to do now. You must come right down to the particular firkin that was the cause of this trial."

"Well, I'm jest agoing to take hold of that now," said Davis; "and so, says I, 'Miss Andrews, have you got another firkin of butter to sell?' And says she, 'Yes, I have.' And says I, 'How big is it?' Says she, 'It weighs thirty-six pounds, and the firkin weighs six pounds, and that leaves thirty pounds of butter.' And says I, 'How much is it a pound?' Says she, 'Tenpence.' So, after I went in and looked at it, I agreed to take it. It come to one pound five, and I took out the money and paid her, and put the firkin in my wagon and carried it home. Well, we never mistrusted there was any thing in the butter; and we went right to using of it; I guess we had some of it on the table that very night for supper; didn't we, Judy?" turning to his wife.

"You needn't ask your wife any questions," said the judge. "Tell what you know yourself about the matter, and then she may tell what she knows about it."

"Well, what I know myself about the butter is, we eat out of it about a week, and then Judy comes to me, and says she, 'Mr. Davis, the first layin' is all out.' Says I, 'It can't be out so quick, it aint but a week since we had it.' 'Well, 'tis out,' says she, 'every morsel of it; but the layin' wasn't more than half as thick as it was in t'other firkin.' 'Well,' says I, 'Judy, if the first layin' is out, you must dig into the second, that's all.' So off she went to get some butter for supper, and we was jest a setting down to the table, and byme by back she comes, all in a fluster, her eyes

staring out of her head half as big as saucers, and she sot a plate on to the table with a great stone in it, half as big as my head; and says she, ‘there, Mr. Davis, if you’re a mind to eat such butter as that, you’re welcome to, but I shall wait till I get a new set of teeth before I try it.’ Says I, ‘Judy, what do you mean? where did that stone come from?’ Says she, ‘It came right out of the middle of the butter tub.’ ”

“You may be a little particular along here,” said the judge, “for you are getting into the very marrow of the subject now. What happened next?”

“Well, says I, ‘Judy, I should like to see the hen that lays such eggs as that; let’s go and look at it.’ So we went to the firkin, and, sure enough, there was the hole in the middle of the butter where she took the stone out. Says I, ‘Judy, I guess it’s best to probe that are wound a little more, as the doctors say.’ So I took a knife and run down into the butter a little further, and struck on another stone; and we went to work and dug that out; and after we cut round enough to be satisfied there wasn’t any more, we took the two and weighed ’em, and found they weighed fourteen pounds lacking two ounces. ‘Well,’ says I, ‘Judy, this matter aint agoin’ to stop short of the Gineral Court.’ She thought I better hush it up, cause it would hurt Miss Andrews’ feelin’s; but I told her no, honesty’s the best policy, and fair play’s a jewel, and if Miss Andrews isn’t old enough to know that yet, it is time she was larnt it, and if I don’t carry her into the Gineral Court, it’s because my name isn’t Nicholas Davis. And that’s pretty much all I know about it.”

“The case is every way clear,” said the first judge; “it seems to be hardly worth while to go any further. But Mrs. Davis may take the stand a few minutes; the court would like to ask her a few plain questions.”

Mrs. Davis was accordingly sworn, and took the stand.

“How do you know,” said the judge, “that the stones were not put into the butter after the tub was brought to your house?”

“Because they couldn’t be,” said Mrs. Davis. “I didn’t do it, and Hannah didn’t do it, and Polly didn’t do it; and there wasn’t nobody else that could do it.”

“Well, how do you know that Mrs. Andrews did it?” said the judge.

“Because,” said Mrs. Davis, “it’s jest like her. She loves fine clothes, and fine clothes costs money; and so she always will have money; and so I know as well as can be she did it.”

“Very true,” said the judge, “this love of finery is the cause of a world of crime. You may describe a little more particularly how you first found the stones.”

“Well, we sot down to the table; I guess the sun was about an hour high, we commonly eat supper this time of year about an hour before sunset; Mr. Davis always wants his supper airly, because he don’t think it’s healthy to eat jest before going to bed; he says it gives him the nightmare. Well, Mr. Davis he looks round upon the table, and says he, ‘Judy’—he always calls me Judy, ever since we’ve been married, which I don’t think is exactly the thing for a person of my age, but he seems to like it, so I don’t make a fuss about it—says he, ‘Judy, here isn’t butter

enough for supper on the table, you better get some more.' Says I, 'I hate to disturb that are second layin' to-day, it's packed down so nice.' But he insisted upon it, there wasn't enough on the table for supper—Mr. Davis eats a good deal of butter, and he doesn't like to see a scanty plate of it on the table. So I took a knife and a plate and went into the buttery, and took the kiver off the firkin and sot it down on the floor; and then I was een a most a good mind to go back without any, when I see how smooth the second layin' looked, for I do hate to cut into a new layin', it seems to go away so soon. But I knew Mr. Davis would have some, so I took the knife and begun to cut down into the middle of the butter, and instead of cutting through, as it did in the first layin', it come down chuck on to a stone. And that's the way I found it."

"It's a very clear case," said the judge. "It is unnecessary to proceed any further with witnesses."

And then he turned to the jury and charged them, that the guilt of the prisoner was fairly made out, and they had nothing to do but bring in a verdict of guilty. Accordingly the jury retired, and having staid out just long enough to count noses and see that they were all present, came in with a verdict of guilty.

The court then went into deep consultation with regard to the sentence; and after a half hour's whispering, and talking, and voting, the first judge rose and pronounced the sentence as follows:

"The court doth order, that Jane Andrews shall stand at the public town-meeting which is to be held on Monday next, and in the most conspicuous part thereof till two hours time be expired, with her offence written in capital letters and fastened upon her forehead."

This sentence was duly executed, according to the letter and spirit thereof, on the following Monday. But it must be left to the imagination of the reader to portray the scenes that occurred on that occasion. We may simply hint, however, that the meeting was unusually thronged, being more, numerously attended than any town-meeting in the place for three years previous. Some old people, who had not been out on any public occasion for half a dozen years, came now several miles to see the crime of Mrs. Andrews justly and properly punished.

Everybody, as they went into the town-house, turned square round, and stood and looked Mrs. Andrews in the face several minutes, and read the inscription on her forehead. Old Deacon White, who was rather long-sighted, put on his spectacles and stood facing her, about a yard off, and read the inscription over three times, loud enough to be heard all over the room. And long-legged, razor-faced Peter Johnson, who was very short-sighted, put on his spectacles and stood so near her to read the inscription, that his nose almost touched hers, causing some rather rude and irreverent laughs among the younger portion of the multitude. In short, the punishment was effectual, and the sin of selling stones for butter was not repeated again by the housewives of New Somersetshire during the life-time of that generation.

THE INVALID STRANGER.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

BY MISS MARY E. LEE.

I ne’er had seen her face before, and yet
’Twas difficult to own that she was but
A common stranger; till a little while
I gave my fancy freedom, and was pleased
To shadow out some former spirit-sphere,
Where we had held companionship, and twined
A subtile link of sympathy and love.
Where lay her secret spell? What charm of hers
Thus played upon the harp-string of my mind,
Stirring it up to music? I knew not!
The maiden was all loveliness, and wore
Her beauty like a queenly robe, but yet
It was not that which won my lingering gaze,
And made me yearn to ask her tale of life,
And tell it out in poetry. ’Twas strange!—
Yet, though I studied long, I could not learn
The color of her eye, that seemed to change
Beneath the ivory lid, from brilliant black
To liquid hazel, then to full, soft gray,
Fast melting into violet: Nor the hue
Of her loose curls, to which each passing breeze
Gave some new shaping; making them appear
Within the shade, pale auburn; but when stirred
In sunny light, like sprinkling gleams of gold
Within a silken tissue. More than all,
Were I an artist, it were needless task
To seek to match the tinting of her cheek,
One moment wan to sickliness, and then
Trying which best became it, the pure snow
Of the white lily, or the delicate blush
Of the pale, perfumed wild-rose. I was blind

To all this touching beauty, and looked not
Upon the outward temple, for my mind
Had caught some glimpses of the shrine within,
And gave *that* all my worship. It was *soul*.
High, holy, living, intellectual soul,
That lit her perfect features, like a lamp,
That burns in alabaster; or some star
Whose rays vibrating through the ether's space,
Transmit its *softened image* from afar.
Yes! this it was that made me read her face,
E'en as one reads the language of a book,
With a forgetful earnestness, until
The secret fountains of my heart were moved,
Unto the Giver of all good for her,
And oh! may it be answered.
God of Love!
Lend, for her sake, to winter's frosty sky,
A genial influence, till the prisoned bird
Of health shall flatter fearlessly beyond
The narrow bars of sickness, and with life
Sparkling and clear, as diamond newly set,
The graceful stranger safely may return
Unto the fitting casket of her home!

WAS SHE A COQUETTE?

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PIERSON.

LETTERS FROM MISS LUCY LEE TO MRS. KATE KING.

Cincinnati, Ohio, June 4.

DEAR KATE,—Here we are, all safe and sound. Mother has arranged her furniture, and set her new house in order. Father has entered on the duties of his office, and I am fast forming a circle of elegant acquaintances. I fancy we shall be very happy in this fine city. Father and mother seem delighted with every thing; and as I brought my whole heart with me, I shall have no cause for home-sickness. Some very wise people have said that I am destitute of a heart, but I do not put any faith in such sayings; and yet a heart is no very desirable possession, if one may be allowed to judge from what one sees of its demonstrations—it invariably makes a woman a fool, and a man ridiculous. For instance, there is Harry Brown, who was moping, and sighing, and rhyming, on my account, during the last six months of my stay in our dear native city—did he not make himself supremely ridiculous? I could laugh at his folly, but for a feeling of contempt, that turns mirth to bitterness. I received yesterday a dolorous letter from aunt Alice, accusing me of having broken his heart, and rendered him miserable for life, and all that. But, dear Kate, I don't believe in broken-hearts. There was Fred Gay, who used to "worship" me, when I was a baby of fourteen. I do not know why it was, but I felt an insuperable aversion to him. I was miserable in his company, and my very hand shrunk instinctively from his touch; yet as he visited at our house, common politeness obliged me to treat him civilly, which was all the encouragement I ever gave him. At length he found opportunity to propose. I, of course, rejected him at once; but he was resolved not to take no for his answer, he pleaded, and promised, and lamented, and wept, and said he was undone forever, and took the most solemn oath that he would never, *never* marry any other woman living. Well, I did pity him very much, but I could not say him yes; yet I wept myself sick on his account, and was verily afraid that I had done wrong. So I made a confidant of my dear mother, and she said to me, you have done right, Lucy; never marry a man whom you do not love. Still I was troubled, and felt that if he was, indeed, undone, I should never know happiness. Well, what followed? Why, in less than a year, he married that old, ugly, ill-natured, Ann Bear; and I had the consolation of knowing that such a woman had consoled him for my loss. Next came Charles Grant. I did like Charley; but after a while I heard that he said he would win me if possible, but if he could not get me, there was one he could

have. So, on inquiry, I found that he had been paying very particular attentions to Miss May for a long time, and that they were said to be engaged. I told him what I had heard. He denied any affection for her, said he had given no occasion for such reports, either to her or others, and protested all manner of fine things to me. However, I did not credit his avowals, and dismissed him; and, lo! in three weeks he became the husband of Miss May. This affair also gave me much pain. Then there was Robert Austin; I did think that he would win me. I had a real regard for him, but one evening as we sat together, he playfully bade me kiss him. I refused. He insisted earnestly that I should do it. I told him seriously that I would never kiss any man except my husband. Instead of respecting this resolve, he became the more importunate. I still refused, and at length he told me, in a pet, that such stubbornness was a lovely sample of my disposition. I was hurt and offended—and so we parted. He huffed a long time; and when he thought that he had punished me sufficiently, he came and asked me, in the most smiling and affectionate manner, if I would not give him a right to that exclusive kiss. But I had seen too much of his tyrannical nature to put my neck into his yoke; so I was forced to endure his lamentations and reproaches. By this time I was branded *a coquette*. Now, Kate, was not that unjust? Should I have married Fred, disliking him as I did? If I had been as weak as many such young girls are, and sacrificed myself out of pity to him, should we not both have been inevitably miserable? And what would have shielded my heart in after years from that sympathy with a congenial mind, which, under such circumstances, might have led to guilt and ruin? When I permitted the attentions of Charles Grant, I did not know that I was allowing him to wrong one to whom his faith was plighted, if not by word, by the stronger language of actions. Yet if I had become his wife, the voice of the world would have laid the blame on me, and Ellen May would have cursed me as a traitor. I did sincerely purpose to become Mrs. Robert Austin, but he gave me a specimen of his temper too soon for his own peace; for it does seem that he is still unhappy. As for Harry, though the censors say I coqueted with him, I declare I am innocent. I never gave him any encouragement, unless it be so to treat a visiter at your father's house with decent civility. What can a young lady do? Must she say to every gentleman that calls on her, don't presume to fall in love with me, for I do not know as I shall like you on further acquaintance? The world is a fool on the subject of coquetry. I am sick to death of all the ridiculous cant, and milk-and-water stories about coquettes. After all, what does it amount to? Simply that a young lady is attractive, and much admired; that she has sense enough to discriminate between good and evil, and firmness of character sufficient to enable her to reject those whom she cannot love, however worthy; and those she can love when they prove themselves unworthy. If a young lady is so destitute of all attractions, as to have no expectation of ever finding a lover, she may possibly fall into the arms of the first man who professes to love her, with a yes, and thank you, too; and she is a woman with a heart, and no *coquette*. Now don't get angry, though you did accept the first offer, that first offer was every way worthy of acceptance—and your heart felt it to be so. If such had been my fortune, I should not have been a coquette

either. Aunt Alice exhorts me not to resume my old business of breaking hearts here in my new location. We shall see. I certainly will not hunt, or trap, or angle for them, neither will I immure myself like a Turkish maiden, nor put on repulsive airs to frighten them; nor will I promise to accept the first or second offer that I may receive. I have grown too old a bird to be decoyed by chaff. I shall not marry lightly, for I do not think that a single life is so much to be dreaded. On the contrary, I must receive an equivalent for the careless freedom of girlhood, and the friends from whom I must be severed, as well as a balance for the inevitable sorrows, and fears, and pains, and humiliations of woman's lot. Now I am free, my own mistress, and many are happy to do me homage. If I become a wife, I accept a master, whom it must be my study to please. I must not only defer to all his opinions and wishes, but I must make this deference my pleasure; and for the *homage* of the scores who now kneel at my feet, I must be content to receive the commendation of "well done, good and faithful servant." Knowing all this, my husband, if I have one, must be one whom I can love and honor. Now if I am pleased with a gentleman's exterior, I shall not attribute to him all mental excellence, and so take him on trust, but shall endeavor to become thoroughly acquainted with him. If this acquaintance shall develop qualities which I cannot approve of, I shall certainly dismiss him; and if this is coquetry why I am a *determined* coquette. I am not seeking perfection, but I will have truth, honor, a good temper, and real love. When these offer, I shall be found weak, and like another man (woman.) I know, dear Kate, that you will laugh at all this, and shake your wise head, with your old remark—a woman's love makes any man perfect. But now I must say good-by, and write myself

Your loving,
LUCY LEE.

Cincinnati, Sept. 9.

KATE, DEAR KATE!—I almost begin to think that I really have no heart. Here is a gentleman who, to all that I require in a husband, adds a very handsome and commanding person, a high and acknowledged genius, and a large fortune; and yet, Kate, I do not love him. He attached himself to me, on our very first acquaintance, and still continues his assiduities. My father is anxious to call him son, and all my friends urge me to accept him. I have received several magnificent presents from him. I could not reject them without rejecting him; and, indeed, I would like to be his wife, if I could but love him. Aunt Alice says I am a fool; that not one woman in a hundred loves her husband before marriage. Ah, Kate, if it is so, no wonder there is so much domestic misery and conjugal infidelity in the world. I do not understand how woman can endure her lot, unsupported by love; and, certainly, it is not wonderful that man should seek elsewhere the sunshine of affectionate sympathy, which is not his at home. Kate, I am half inclined to become Mrs. Melwin, but when I think seriously about it, my very heart shudders. Oh, Kate! there is a yearning for something which I have not found, a sympathy that could draw me into its very

heart, with all my feelings and failings undisguised, and fearless of reproach. To stand at the altar, *fearing* that he to whom you pledge your vows will discover the perjury of your heart—for is it not perjury to promise to love one whom you feel you cannot love? And yet, perhaps, my notions of love are all romance, never to be realized. Perhaps I love Mr. Melwin as well as I can ever love any man. Perhaps I had best accept his hand. Ah, me! what shall I do? I wish I could know myself. With him I certainly should have no cause of sorrow which did not spring from my own bosom. I am almost resolved to accept him. Do advise me, my dear, wise Kate, and save me from all these distracting doubts, and the fears of self-reproach, that now torment almost to distraction.

Your poor, wavering,
LUCY LEE.

Cincinnati, Jan. —.

KATE! KATE!—I have a heart, a warm, confiding, loving heart! Strange that it has slept so long. But it is awake now. I have met one at whose feet I am willing to lay down the sceptre of my pride, for whose love I am ready to forego all my girlhood's treasures. He loves me, and I shall be his wife. Ah! dear Kate, if you could know how I am tormented now, when my heart is so happy. Father calls me a fool, an unaccountable simpleton; mother sighs whenever her eyes rest on me, and she calls me a perverse child. My friends ridicule me; and Mr. Melwin—oh, Kate! I wish he had never seen me—I believe he takes a malicious pleasure in upbraiding me whenever he can find opportunity. I tell him honestly that I could not be his, because I could not love him. Then he asks why I coqueted with him? Coqueted! Now is not that provoking. I endured his attentions, because he was every way an excellent man, and I thought that if I could learn to love him, I should be most happy as his wife. How did I know that I could never love him until I tested my feeling by being much in his society? It does seem that the world is resolved to take from woman her only prerogative—that of *choosing* whom she will serve. Kate, love! am I not right? Since woman, on her wedding-day, loses her identity, and is thenceforth merged—name, honor, fame, fortune, every thing in him to whom she plights herself—does it not become her to be cautious to whom she thus resigns herself. Since our only freedom is this privilege of choosing a husband, should we not be suffered to exercise it? And yet if we reject one, two, or three suitors, we are heartless, and coquettes. If there were more such coquettes in the world, there would be infinitely less misery. I am of Aunt Alice's opinion, that most girls marry before they know any thing of love. You will see a vain child, just from boarding-school, tricked out in all the pride of fashion, and introduced to the *world* at some splendid ball or party. Of course, she is flattered, and admired, and complimented—she has made a splendid *début*. Presently some gentleman pays her marked attentions. She is flattered by his preference. She has imbibed the prevalent opinion that the end of all woman's duties and aspirations is an eligible marriage. Her admirer is an

unexceptionable man. She will accept him; and then, oh, how she will queen it as a bride, at the head of a splendid establishment. Her friends encourage her, applaud her choice, and she is married. Afterward, her husband discovers with astonishment, that in place of a meek, loving woman, he has got a selfish, arrogant, proud, and petulant child to manage as he best may. But then she never was a coquette! But to return. When I asked Mr. Melwin if he could desire me to give him my hand without love, he invariably replies, if you could not love me, why did you not tell me so, before I had centered in you all my hopes, and braided you in every strand of my future life! Dear me! how could I tell him before I knew it myself? I did wish to love him, and try to love him; and if I had been a silly child of fifteen, should doubtless have laid the foundation of our future misery by becoming his—shall I say wife? But, you will ask, who and what is the man of my choice? He is Horace Glynn, a young lawyer, scarcely older than myself, and, of course, unknown to fame or worldly honor. I will not say that he is handsome, and he is not rich; but he has genius, a lofty sense of honor, and unblemished character, and a heart full of all the sweet and gentle sympathies. More than all, he loves me, just as I always longed to be beloved. I feel that my pulse can echo his; that all my feelings and opinions blend and flow in the current of his. In short, that I am ready to resign my own will, and yield him a cheerful deference, and forsaking all that my young heart has known, or loved, follow him, and minister to him until death. I am so thankful that I did not marry until I felt this sweet devotion. The world will say—"Well, Lucy Lee, like all other incorrigible coquettes, has, after rejecting half a dozen excellent offers, thrown herself away upon a poor young fellow, infinitely beneath her other suitors." But I shall be blest with a whole heart happiness, and home will be my world. Oh, Kate! am I not happy!

LUCY LEE.

JENNY LOW.

BY C. M. JOHNSON.

WHEN first I pressed thy cheek, love,
'Twas in the month of May,
You chidingly rebuked me,
Yet bid me longer stay—
And gave me back my kiss, love,
Before I went away.

And when I met thee last, love,
Beneath the trysting-tree,
Before I went away, love,
Beyond the roaring sea,
That dewy kiss at parting
Was a priceless gem to me.

They wrote me of thy death, love,
How could it ever be!
And that those lips in dying
Were whispering for me—
The very lips that I had pressed
Beneath the trysting-tree.

O! all the wealth I've hoarded
I'd freely give away,
Could I that day live o'er again,
In the pleasant month of May;
And could I but renew that kiss
I'd give my life away.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

THE Indian race is rapidly becoming extinct; even now some tribes that once numbered their thousand warriors no longer exist, and those that still have a name are degraded and debased both in mind and body, and are fast vanishing away, "like snow-wreaths in a thaw." Not three centuries have elapsed since the white man landed on our shores, and begged as a gift, or bought for a trifle, from the rightful owners of the soil, a small tract of land; and *now* he owns it all, and noble cities and thriving villages stand on the loved hunting-grounds and burial-places of the red man. In a few years more the race will have passed away, and the place that once knew them will know them no more forever.

Yet we shall never forget them, for our country is full of monuments to their memory; we have Indian names for our towns, villages and rivers—and there are Indian legends attached to almost every high hill, every dark, dismal cave, or bold, bare rock. These legends are always thrilling, and often painfully so, for they show vividly the strongly marked characteristics of the Indian race, their endurance and contempt of hardship, their stoical indifference to suffering and death, their lasting remembrance of kindness received, and, above all, their deadly revenge of injuries.

In the present county of La Salle, and state of Illinois, there is a rock some forty or fifty feet high, standing out boldly from the bank of the Illinois river. The summit is level, perfectly destitute of vegetation, and is attained only by a narrow and difficult foot-path. In that prairie land, the rock is very notable, as being the only elevation for miles around; its bold, jagged and nearly perpendicular lines on the river-side seem to swell its height and increase its frightfulness, while the dull gray color of the rock itself, and its scathed appearance, contrast strangely with the "smoothness and sheen" of the river and the verdant prairie.

That rock was, in days long gone by, the scene of an Indian tribe's extinction, and is called in reference to the event, the "Starved Rock;" and the white settlers of that region believe and tell the legend as it has been gathered from Indian tradition.

In the vicinity of "Starved Rock"—so the legend runs—there once lived two small tribes of Indians, the Coriaks and Pinxies. They were friendly toward each other, and often leagued together for mutual defence, or to destroy some common foe. On the return of the warriors of both tribes from an expedition in which they had proved victorious, and had taken an unusual number of prisoners, a feast was given by the Coriaks, to celebrate the event; and the braves of each tribe met to dance about their victims, to throw with unerring aim their sharp-pointed arrows into their defenceless bodies, and to drown the death-song of expiring foes in unearthly shouts and loud boasts of their own bloody deeds. At this feast Canabo, one of the Pinxie braves, saw and loved the beautiful Anacaona, who was to be the

wife of Wyamoke, a chief of her own (the Coriak) tribe, as soon as he had with his own hand obtained deer-skins enough to furnish his wigwam, and a sufficient number of scalps to ornament his girdle.

Anacaona, or the “Golden Flower,” as her name signified, was tall, graceful and dignified—her dark, brilliant eyes were shaded by drooping lids and long silken lashes—her long, black, glossy hair fell over her smooth neck and shoulders; indeed the stream that flowed past her wigwam door never reflected from its bright bosom so lovely an object as it did when the “Golden Flower” looked in its depths and dressed her hair. Canabo joined in the feast, the wild song and the dance, but he thought only of the beautiful Anacaona; his keen eye soon detected the love glances that passed between her and Wyamoke—he saw the color deepen in her cheek when that brave approached—he saw that her eye flashed and her head was thrown back with pride when he sang of the victims he had slain, and the captives he had made; and there sprung up in his heart, and grew side by side, the deadly night-shade of hate and the sweet flower of love—hate, never ending hate, of his rival; and love, deep and wild, for the Indian girl.

Canabo felt that it would be in vain to try and win away her love with daring deeds or soft winning words, for Wyamoke was bold and brave as himself, and his voice was gentle and sweet as the sighing wind when he spoke to Anacaona, and called her his wild rose-bud, or his gentle fawn.

The feast was ended, and Canabo, who with true Indian cunning had refrained from the mention or exhibition of his love or his hate, returned with his tribe to their own camp.

It was the close of a beautiful summer day when Anacaona left her lodge, and with stealthy steps took her way through the tangled wood; now and then she paused in a listening altitude, as if she expected to hear some other sound than the humming of the insects or the singing of the birds. At last a slight sound reached her ear—it was as if a withered branch broke beneath the tread of a foot. Her own loved Wyamoke had been absent three days—he was to return that night. Anacaona was sure it was her lover’s step, and with a wild silvery laugh that rung through the forest, and which the echoes caught up and repeated, she bounded forth to meet him. It was indeed a step she heard, and soon, alas! too soon, she was clasped, not in the arms of Wyamoke, but in those of the wily Canabo. Instantly he placed one hand over her mouth to stifle her cries, and raised her lightly in his arms, and picking his way carefully, stepping only on things that revealed no foot-print, till he gained the bank of the river, he removed the blanket from the now insensible girl, and threw it into the stream, and then stepping into the water himself, commenced walking rapidly but cautiously up the river. The next morning Anacaona’s blanket was found, but there were no traces of her, and her lover and tribe mourned her as dead. Canabo reached his own camp late at night—no one saw him come in—no one knew aught about the girl he had brought with him save his brother, whom he had trusted with his secret. He placed Anacaona in his lodge, and though he would not

force her to be his wife, he kept her alone day after day, in hopes she would weary of her solitude and consent. At length the autumn hunting season came on, and Canabo, as chief of his tribe, was obliged to accompany them to the hunt; and after giving his brother strict charge to guard the young girl with his life, he departed.

All was quiet and still in that Indian camp—the smoke curled gracefully but slowly up from the almost extinguished fires of those who remained to guard the village of the Pinxies; some few children were playing about, and one or two old squaws were weaving baskets beside their huts, but there was only one man visible, and he might easily have been mistaken for a statue, so motionless did he lie stretched out before the door of one of the principal lodges of the camp. The clear note of a whippowil sounded through the wood, and the Indian moved—again it sounded, and he half rose from his recumbent posture; it sounded nearer and clearer and the young Indian sprung to his feet, just as the laughing face of a girl peered out from the side of the lodge. She was slight and childlike in her form, and her hair, which was fastened back with a wreath of bright red flowers, fell almost to her feet; she held her bow and arrows in one hand, and in the other a dead bird. She called him in a sweet, musical voice to come and see the bird, but he pointed to the door of the lodge before which he stood, and shook his head. Nainee was vexed, and turning her back to him, she began to shoot her arrows at every thing she saw, and finally tossing her little head, and throwing back her hair, she moved away; but curiosity conquered pride, and just as her lover began to wish he had detained her, she returned, and taking a flower from her hair, pressed it to her lips and threw it on the ground before her lover. He moved from his post to get the flower, and as he bent down, Nainee placing her hand on his shoulder, bounded by him, and ere the astonished Indian could prevent her, she had lifted the skin that served for a door, and passed into the lodge. A low laugh escaped from the Indian; he knew that Nainee could be trusted; that the secret was still safe—and he was pleased with her daring and cunning; she could hit a bird on the wing—she could outrun the deer, and now she had cunningly foiled him. “Yes, Nainee was indeed worthy of a brave Indian’s love.”

Anacaona was reclining on a pile of furs, her face buried in her hands, and so engrossed in her own sad thoughts that she was unconscious of the entrance of the visiter, until Nainee uttered an exclamation of surprise. She looked up—the sight of her beautiful face filled Nainee with jealousy, and her eyes flashed with unnatural brilliancy; but Anacaona sprung up eagerly, and leading her to the place she had vacated, compelled her to be seated. Then she told her who she was, and the story of her capture, and begged her in soft, plaintive tones to aid her, and restore her to her lover and her tribe. All jealousy vanished from Nainee’s heart, as she listened, and throwing her arms about Anacaona’s neck, when she had ended the story, she promised to help her, and kindly kissing her hand, drew aside the deer-skin door and in a moment stood without at the Indian’s side. But he seemed not to heed her presence, and she threw herself down beside him, and taking some long grass in her hand, she commenced braiding it together, while the words of an impromptu song

burst from her lips. She sang of Anacaona's desolate home—of her broken-hearted mother and brave lover who mourned her loss—of the lone captive girl who longed to look once more on the greenwood, and whose proud spirit pined to be free. Nainee paused a moment to note the effect, and then commenced a low recitation of the former noble bearing and brave deeds of Canabo: He had been called "magnanimous," and his name was the "Eagle," but, alas! he had wronged his friend, disgraced his tribe, and had, like the hawk, stolen a dove from its nest; then, turning suddenly to the young Indian, Nainee raising her voice said,

"You will save Canabo—send the girl away—bid her swear by the Great Spirit never to tell where she has been, and let her go to her own people. Canabo will soon forget her, and you will have kept your brother from dishonor."

But the Indian was true, and would not betray his trust.

The shadows of evening gathered thick about that Indian camp, and the rippling of the river, and the occasional bark of some watchful dog, were all the sounds that were heard, as Nainee took her way to Anacaona's lodge. Soon the two beautiful girls, followed by the young Indian, were walking side by side along the banks of the Illinois, the moon and the bright stars lighting their way. Anacaona knew that the same stream flowed past her own loved home, and she broke off a branch from one of the trees near by, and throwing it upon the water, bade it take her farewell to her lover. It was late ere they returned. Nainee had brought some bark and paints—these she gave to Anacaona to amuse herself with, and promising to come again the next evening, she took her leave. All the next day Anacaona busily employed herself in making a small bark canoe, on the bottom of which she painted a rude picture of herself, with her hands bound, in token of her captivity; and on the side there was an eagle's feather, the badge of Canabo's tribe. At night she went forth again to walk, and under her blanket was hid the little canoe. She watched the moon, and when a cloud shut out its light, she bent down to the river, as if to bathe her face, and slid her canoe into the stream; her heart beat almost audibly—she feared the Indian might see and get it, and then, she knew, her only hope of escape would be blighted; but he did not notice it, and soon it was carried so far down by the current that in the pale moonlight it could not be seen.

On their return, Nainee entered the lodge, and told Anacaona that she would come the next night and engage the Indian's attention, and while thus engaged, Anacaona could push aside a log of the lodge that was loose, and escape—"The heart of the Golden Flower is strong," said Nainee, "and to her the night and the lone woods have no terrors; her heart, too, is true and kind, and she will not seek revenge, or cause harm to fall on Nainee's tribe."

Anacaona pressed the girl to her bosom, and vowed for her sake to remember only the kindness and forget the wrong. Love, deep and pure, for each other had sprung up in their hearts, and they grieved that they were to part—but they were Indian girls, and no tears were shed, no words wasted; the deep waters of the heart were troubled, but the surface was calm and unruffled, and seemingly unmoved they

parted forever.

The next night Anacaona made her escape, and for hours she fled, following the banks of the river. As morning began to dawn, the weary girl threw herself down on the grass, and fell asleep. She knew not how long she slept, but when she awoke, it was with a cry of terror, for the wild whoops of the Indians were ringing in her ears, and she knew that the tribe of her captor were on her track. She listened a moment, but there were no friendly sounds mingling with the savage yell. She looked around, but there was no aid, no refuge near—and on she fled. A huge rock was before her; she saw at a glance that the ascent was difficult, but nothing daunted the fearless girl, and up its steep and rugged side she pushed. The horrid yells of the savages fell more and more distinctly on her ear, and when she reached the summit of the rock, they were close behind. There was no escape, and Anacaona stretching out her arms to heaven, uttered a shriek of despair, and leaped off into the foaming river beneath. Alas! for the unfortunate Anacaona! Had she delayed one moment, she would have heard her father's and her lover's loud cry. Her little canoe had fulfilled its mission, and the wild wood was full of armed braves thronging to deliver or avenge her. Wyamoke and his tribe from afar had seen Anacaona's fatal leap, and all the fierce passions of their nature were stirred within them. Canabo and his warriors were between them and the rock, and were driven up on to it with terrible slaughter. The Coriaks posted themselves at its base in force, and for days and days besieged their foes. Every sortie was successfully opposed, and individual attempts at escape foiled. Cooped up on that rock, starvation stared the Pinxies in the face—despair reigned among them; some of the warriors, resolving both to end their lives and take revenge, rushed down the rock—notwithstanding their efforts they were slain; others sang their death-song, and threw themselves off into the river and perished; others, with Indian calmness, laid themselves down to die of starvation.

On the evening of the fourth day, a young Indian girl came to Wyamoke. She told him she had been kind to Anacaona, and assisted her to escape, and in return she only asked to join her lover on the rock. Way was made for her to pass, and Nainee wound her way up the difficult path, amid the dead and dying of her tribe. Her young lover saw her coming, and met her. They looked over the sad scene and talked mournfully together, she leading him toward the edge of the rock; the brave hesitated a moment—then clasping her in his arms, leaped off into the stream; and the two beautiful Indian girls, Nainee and Anacaona, slept beneath the same bright waters.

Days passed away, and one by one Canabo's tribe, parched by thirst, wasted by famine, or self-destroyed passed into the spirit-land, till none were left but one old man. He, the last of his tribe, as the Coriaks crowded up the rock to finish their work of revenge, raised his shout of boasting and defiance, and died. No remnant of the tribe was left, even their name is lost, except in the terrible tradition that commemorates their extinction at Starved Rock.

M.

LINES FOR MUSIC.

In golden dreams my night goes by,
And sweet the life of sleep to me;
For, moon-like ’mid the starry sky,
My brightest dream is still of thee.

And as the moonlight stirs the deeps
Of ocean with her gentle sway,
So to thy glance my spirit leaps,
And thrills beneath the trembling ray.

G. G. F.

THE LAY OF THE WIND.

BY LILIAS.

I ROVE at my pleasure, all gayly and free,
O'er the wide spreading land and the loud roaring sea,
I'm at home 'mid the bright sunny bowers of the South,
And at home on the wild frozen wastes of the North;
While I whisper sweet things to the flowers in their bloom,
And breathe a sad strain round the aisle and the tomb.

When Winter all sternly comes forth from his cave,
To still the glad streamlet and fetter the wave,
I howl, as the tempest sweeps by in its wrath,
Or scatter the snow from the icy king's path,
And chant, in the midnight all lonely and still,
A dirge for the fallen, by valley and hill.

And Spring, lovely maiden! Oh what would *she* be
Without her mild breezes on land and on sea?
And what would awaken the sweet-scented flowers
To burst in their beauty in lone forest bowers?
Did *I* not bend o'er them and joyfully sing—
"A loved one is coming, the maiden is Spring."

Gay Summer, bright Summer, all joyous and fair,
Gives life to the desert, perfume to the air,
But the rays of her sun are too scorching and bright,
The lovely flowers languish and droop ere the night:
Then stealing at twilight from out my lone cave,
I wander along o'er the cool starry wave,
To fan Flora's gems with my magical wing,
And low, while the dew-drops are falling, to sing.
Then hie me away to a child in its dreams,
And whisper of fountains and cool running streams.

When Autumn steals on, clad in purple and gold,
The mountains and woods in his robe to enfold,

And flowers, as they gaze on the dull, paling sky,
Grow weary of life and so bow them to die;
When forest-leaves gently are falling to earth,
And gay singing waters forgetting their mirth,
O'er vale and o'er upland I breathe a sad lay,
For the fair and the lovely all passing away.

My hours are ne'er stolen by sorrow or sleep,
When weary of forests I fly to the deep;
My course is *to-day* amid sunshine and bloom,
To-morrow, it may be with tempests and gloom;
But though I ne'er linger, I'm joyous and free,
If sighing 'mid blossoms, or sweeping the sea,
For my way is right on through the long-coming years,
And I turn not aside for your hopes or your fears.

ECHO.

BY JOHN S. MOORE.

SWEET Echo, dweller in cavernous mountains,
Amid dark forests by abounding fountains,
  Much loved that self-adoring boy,
    The fair son of Cephisus,
And chased his footsteps with consuming joy,
    Crying aloud “Narcissus!”

But vain were all her cries and all her wooing;
The youth replied not to the nymph pursuing,
  But fled from her desiring gaze,
    Filling her heart with anguish;
  Then, like a flower scorched by the sun’s hot rays,
    Echo began to languish.

Afar, in deepest solitudes reclining,
She hid her from the woodland maids, repining,
  Wasting the day with idle plaint—
    With unavailing sorrow,
  And every day her beauty grew more faint,
    More pale by every morrow.

At last, out-worn by grief and passion violent,
Sweet Echo died within her grottoes silent,
  Leaving her story unto fame.—
    Her voice will never perish;
  The prattling rocks still rattle with her name,
    The hills her memory cherish.

SONNET TO ——.

WRITTEN AFTER A MIDNIGHT WALK.

BY R. H. BACON.

AN arrow tipped with solar fire should write
Upon the tablet of a cloudless sky
Its burning characters, so that the bright
And glowing fancies of my soul could lie
Faintly portrayed before thee, were the high,
Unwonted thoughts that thrill my wondering heart
Fitly expressed. Alas! I have no art
To body forth emotion; nor to lay
Upon the edge of words a fringe of fire:
Day turns to night, and night gives place to day.
While I am baffled in my vain desire!
Yet, haunted by the memory of the moon
And mystic stars that walk night's gentle noon,
I string again my long-neglected lyre.

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

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

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

(*Continued from page 145.*)

PART XII.

But no—he surely is not dreaming.
Another minute makes it clear,
A scream, a rush, a burning tear,
From Inez' cheek, dispel the fear
That bliss like his is only seeming.
WASHINGTON ALSTON.

A MOMENT of appalled surprise succeeded the instant when Harry and Rose first ascertained the real character of the vessel that had entered the haven of the Dry Tortugas. Then the first turned toward Jack Tier and sternly demanded an explanation of his apparent faithlessness.

"Rascal," he cried, "has this treachery been intended? Did you not see the brig and know her?"

"Hush, Harry—*dear* Harry," exclaimed Rose, entreatingly. "My life for it, Jack has *not* been faithless."

"Why, then, has he not let us know that the brig was coming? For more than an hour has he been aloft, on the look-out, and here are we taken quite by surprise. Rely on it, Rose, he has seen the approach of the brig, and might have sooner put us on our guard."

"Ay, ay, lay it on, maty," said Jack, coolly, neither angry nor mortified, so far as appearances went, at these expressions of dissatisfaction; "my back is used to it. If I

didn't know what it is to get hard raps on the knuckles, I should be but a young steward. But, as for this business, a little reflection will tell you I am not to blame."

"Give us your own explanations, for without them I shall trust you no longer."

"Well, sir, what good would it have done, *had* I told you the brig was standing for this place? There she came down, like a race-horse, and escape for you was impossible. As the wind is now blowin' the Molly would go two feet to the boat's one, and a chase would have been madness."

"I don't know that, sirrah," answered the mate. "The boat might have got into the smaller passages of the reef, where the brig could not enter, or she might have dodged about among these islets, until it was night, and then escaped in the darkness."

"I thought of all that, Mr. Mulford, but it came too late. When I first went aloft, I came out on the north-west side of the lantern, and took my seat, to look out for the sloop-of-war, as you bade me, sir. Well, there I was sweeping the horizon with the glass for the better part of an hour, sometimes fancyin' I saw her, and then givin' it up; for to this moment I am not sartain there isn't a sail off here to the westward, turning up toward the light on a bowline; but if there be, she's too far off to know any thing partic'lar about her. Well, sir, there I sat, looking out for the Poughkeepsie, for the better part of an hour, when I thought I would go round on t'other side of the lantern and take a look to windward. My heart was in my mouth, I can tell you, Miss Rose, when I saw the brig; and I felt both glad and sorry. Glad on my own account, and sorry on your'n. There she was, however, and no help for it, within two miles of this very spot, and coming down as if she despised touching the water at all. Now, what could I do? There wasn't time, Mr. Mulford, to get the boat out, and the mast stepped, afore we should have been within reach of canister, and Stephen Spike would not have spared *that*, in order to get you again within his power."

"Depend on it, Harry, this is all true," said Rose, earnestly. "I know Jack well, and can answer for his fidelity. He wishes to, and if he can he *will* return to the brig, whither he thinks his duty calls him, but he will never willingly betray *us*—least of all *me*. Do I speak as I ought, Jack?"

"Gospel truth, Miss Rose, and Mr. Mulford will get over this squall, as soon as he comes to think of matters as he ought. There's my hand, maty, to show I bear no malice."

"I take it, Jack, for I must believe you honest, after all you have done for us. Excuse my warmth, which, if a little unreasonable, was somewhat natural under the circumstances. I suppose our case is now hopeless, and that we shall all be soon on board the brig again; for Spike will hardly think of abandoning me again on an island provisioned and fitted as is this!"

"It's not so sartain, sir, that you fall into his hands at all," put in Jack. "The men of the brig will never come here of their own accord, depend on that, for sailors do

not like graves. Spike has come in here a'ter the schooner's chain, that he dropped into the water when he made sail from the sloop-of-war, at the time he was here afore, and is not expecting to find us here. No—no—he thinks we are beating up toward Key West at this very minute, if, indeed, he has missed us at all. 'Tis possible he believes the boat has got adrift by accident, and has no thought of our being out of the brig."

"That is impossible, Jack. Do you suppose he is ignorant that Rose is missing?"

"Sartain of it, maty, if Mrs. Budd has read the letter well that Miss Rose left for her, and Biddy has obeyed orders. If they've followed instructions, Miss Rose is thought to be in her state-room, mourning for a young man who was abandoned on a naked rock, and Jack Tier, havin' eat something that has disagreed with him, is in his berth. Recollect, Spike will not be apt to look into Miss Rose's state-room or my berth, to see if all this is true. The cook and Josh are both in my secret, and know I mean to come back, and when the fit is over I have only to return to duty, like any other hand. It is my calculation that Spike believes both Miss Rose and myself on board the Molly at this very moment."

"And the boat; what can he suppose has become of the boat?"

"Sartainly, the boat makes the only chance ag'in us. But the boat was riding by its painter astern, and accidents sometimes happen to such craft. Then we two are the wery last he will suspect of having made off in the boat by ourselves. There'll be Mrs. Budd and Biddy as a sort of pledge that Miss Rose is aboard, and as for Jack Tier, he is too insignificant to occupy the captain's thoughts just now. He will probably muster the people for'ard, when he finds the boat is gone, but I do not think he'll trouble the cabins or state-rooms."

Mulford admitted that this was *possible*, though it scarcely seemed probable to him. There was no help, however, for the actual state of things, and they all now turned their attention to the brig, and to the movements of those on board her. Jack Tier had swung to the outer door of the house, as soon as the Swash came in view through it, and fortunately none of the windows on that side of the building had been opened at all. The air entered to windward, which was on the rear of the dwelling, so that it was possible to be comfortable and yet leave the front, in view from the vessel, with its deserted air. As for the brig, she had already anchored and got both her boats into the water. The yawl was hauled alongside, in readiness for any service that might be required of it, while the launch had been manned at once, and was already weighing the anchor, and securing the chain, to which Tier had alluded. All this served very much, to lessen the uneasiness of Mulford and Rose, as it went far to prove that Spike had not come to the Dry Tortugas in quest of them, as, at first, both had very naturally supposed. It might, indeed, turn out that his sole object was to obtain this anchor and chain, with a view to use them in raising the ill-fated vessel that had now twice gone to the bottom.

"I wish an explanation with you, Jack, on one other point," said the mate, after all three had been for some time observing the movements on board and around the

Swash. “Do you actually intend to get on board the brig?”

“If it’s to be done, maty. My v’y’ge is up with you and Miss Rose. I may be said to have shipped for Key West and a market, and the market is found at this port.”

“You will hardly leave us *yet*, Jack,” said Rose, with a manner and emphasis that did not fail to strike her betrothed lover, though he could in no way account for either. That Rose should not wish to be left alone with him in that solitary place was natural enough; or, might rather be referred to education and the peculiar notions of her sex; but he could not understand why so much importance should be attached to the presence of a being of Jack Tier’s mould and character. It was true, that there was little choice, under present circumstances, but it occurred to Mulford that Rose had manifested the same strange predilection when there might have been something nearer to a selection. The moment, however, was not one for much reflection on the subject.

“You will hardly leave us yet, Jack?” said Rose, in the manner related.

“It’s now or never, Miss Rose. If the brig once gets away from this anchorage without me, I may never lay eyes on her ag’in. Her time is nearly up, for wood and iron wont hold together always, any more than flesh and blood. Consider how many years I have been busy in hunting her up, and how hard ’twill be to lose that which has given me so many weary days and sleepless nights to find.”

Rose said no more. If not convinced, she was evidently silenced, while Harry was left to wonder and surmise, as best he might. Both quitted the subject, to watch the people of the brig. By this time the anchor had been lifted, and the chain was heaving in on board the vessel, by means of a line that had been got around its bight. The work went on rapidly, and Mulford observed to Rose that he did not think it was the intention of Spike to remain long at the Tortugas, inasmuch as his brig was riding by a very short range of cable. This opinion was confirmed, half an hour later, when it was seen that the launch was hooked on and hoisted in again, as soon as the chain and anchor of the schooner were secured.

Jack Tier watched every movement with palpable uneasiness. His apprehensions that Spike would obtain all he wanted, and be off before he could rejoin him, increased at each instant, and he did not scruple to announce an intention to take the boat and go alongside of the Swash at every hazard, rather than be left.

“You do not reflect on what you say, Jack,” answered Harry; “unless, indeed, it be your intention to betray us. How could you appear in the boat, at this place, without letting it be known that we must be hard by?”

“That don’t follow at all, maty,” answered Jack. “Suppose I go alongside the brig and own to the captain that I took the boat last night, with the hope of finding you, and that failing to succeed, I bore up for this port, to look for provisions and water. Miss Rose he thinks on board at this moment, and in my judgment he would take me at my word, give me a good cursing, and think no more about it.”

“It would never do, Jack,” interposed Rose, instantly. “It would cause the

destruction of Harry, as Spike would not believe you had not found him, without an examination of this house."

"What are they about with the yawl, Mr. Mulford?" asked Jack, whose eye was never off the vessel for a single moment. "It is getting to be so dark that one can hardly see the boat, but it seems as if they are about to man the yawl."

"They are, and there goes a lantern into it. And that is Spike himself coming down the brig's side this instant."

"They can only bring a lantern to search this house," exclaimed Rose. "Oh! Harry, you are lost!"

"I rather think the lantern is for the light-house," answered Mulford, whose coolness, at what was certainly a most trying moment, did not desert him. "Spike may wish to keep the light burning, for once before, you will remember, he had it kindled after the keeper was removed. As for his sailing, he would not be apt to sail until the moon rises; and in beating back to the wreck the light may serve to let him know the bearings and position of the reef."

"There they come," whispered Rose, half breathless with alarm. "The boat has left the brig, and is coming directly hither!"

All this was true enough. The yawl had shoved off, and with two men to row it, was pulling for the wharf in front of the house, and among the timbers of which lay the boat, pretty well concealed beneath a sort of bridge. Mulford would not retreat, though he looked to the fastenings of the door as a means of increasing his chances of defence. In the stern-sheets of the boat sat two men, though it was not easy to ascertain who they were by the fading light. One was known to be Spike, however, and the other, it was conjectured, must be Don Juan Montefalderon, from the circumstance of his being in the place of honor. Three minutes solved this question, the boat reaching the wharf by that time. It was instantly secured, and all four of the men left it. Spike was now plainly to be discerned by means of the lantern which he carried in his own hands. He gave some orders, in his customary authoritative way, and in a high key, after which he led the way from the wharf, walking side by side with the Señor Montefalderon. These two last came up within a yard of the door of the house, where they paused, enabling those within not only to see their persons and the working of their countenances, but to hear all that was said; this last the more especially, since Spike never thought it necessary to keep his powerful voice within moderate limits.

"It's hardly worth while, Don Wan, for you to go into the light-house," said Spike. "Tis but a greasy, dirty place at the best, and ones clothes are never the better for dealin' with ile. Here, Bill, take the lantern, and get a filled can, that we may go up and trim and fill the lamp, and make a blaze. Bear a hand, lads, and I'll be a'ter ye afore you reach the lantern. Be careful with the flame about the ile, for seamen ought never to wish to see a light-house destroyed."

"What do you expect to gain by lighting the lamps above, Don Esteban?"

demanded the Mexican, when the sailors had disappeared in the light-house, taking their own lantern with them.

"It's wisest to keep things reg'lar about this spot, Don Wan, which will prevent unnecessary suspicions. But, as the brig stretches in toward the reef to-night, on our way back, the light will be a great assistance. I am short of officers, you know, and want all the help of this sort I can get."

"To be sincere with you, Don Esteban, I greatly regret you *are* so short of officers, and do not yet despair of inducing you to go and take off the mate, whom I hear you have left on a barren rock. He was a fine young fellow, Señor Spike, and the deed was not one that you will wish to remember a few years hence."

"The fellow run, and I took him at his word, Don Wan. I'm not obliged to receive back a deserter unless it suits me."

"We are all obliged to see we do not cause a fellow creature the loss of life. This will prove the death of the charming young woman who is so much attached to him, unless you relent and are merciful!"

"Women have tender looks but tough hearts," answered Spike, carelessly, though Mulford felt certain, by the tone of his voice, that great bitterness of feeling lay smothered beneath the affected indifference of his manner; "few die of love."

"The young lady has not been on deck all day; and the Irish woman tells me that she does nothing but drink water—the certain proof of a high fever."

"Ay, ay, she keeps her room if you will, Don Wan, but she is not about to make a dupe of me by any such tricks. I must go and look to the lamps, however, and you will find the graves you seek in the rear of this house, about thirty yards behind it, you'll remember. That's a very pretty cross you've made, señor, and the skipper of the schooner's soul will be all the better for your setting it up at the head of his grave."

"It will serve to let those who come after us know that a Christian sleeps beneath the sand, Don Esteban," answered the Mexican, mildly. "I have no other expectation from this sacred symbol."

The two now separated, Spike going into the light-house, a little in a hurry, while Don Juan Montefalderon walked round the building to its rear in quest of the grave. Mulford waited a moment for Spike to get a short distance up the stairs of the high tower he had to ascend, when placing the arm of Rose within his own, he opened the door in the rear of the house, and walked boldly toward the Mexican. Don Juan was actually forcing the pointed end of his little cross into the sand, at the head of his countryman's grave, when Mulford and his trembling companion reached the spot. Although night had shut in, it was not so dark that persons could not be recognized at small distances. The Señor Montefalderon was startled at an apparition so sudden and unexpected, when Mulford saluted him by name; but recognizing first the voice of Harry, and then the persons of himself and his companion, surprise, rather than alarm, became the emotion that was uppermost.

Notwithstanding the strength of the first of these feelings, he instantly saluted the young couple with the polished ease that marked his manner, which had much of the courtesy of a Castilian in it, tempered a little, perhaps, by the greater flexibility of a Southern American.

"I *see* you," exclaimed Don Juan, "and must believe my eyes. Without their evidence, however, I could scarce believe it can be you two, one of whom I thought on board the brig, and the other suffering a most miserable death on a naked rock."

"I am aware of your kind feelings in our behalf, Don Juan," said Mulford, "and it is the reason I now confide in you. I was taken off that rock by means of the boat, which you doubtless have missed; and this is the gentle being who has been the means of saving my life. To her and Jack Tier, who is yonder, under the shadows of the house, I owe my not being the victim of Spike's cruelty."

"I now comprehend the whole matter, Don Henrique. Jack Tier has managed the boat for the señorita; and those whom we were told were too ill to be seen on deck, have been really out of the brig!"

"Such are the facts, señor, and from *you* there is no wish to conceal them. We are then to understand that the absence of Rose and Jack from the brig is not known to Spike."

"I believe not, señor. He has alluded to both, once or twice to-day, as being ill below; but would you not do well to retire within the shade of the dwelling, lest a glance from the lantern might let those in it know that I am not alone?"

"There is little danger, Don Juan, as they who stand near a light cannot well see those who are in the darkness. Beside, they are high in the air, while we are on the ground, which will greatly add to the obscurity down here. We can retire, nevertheless, as I have a few questions to ask, which may as well be put in perfect security, as put where there is any risk."

The three now drew near the house, Rose actually stepping within its door, though Harry remained on its exterior, in order to watch the proceedings of those in the light-house. Here the Señor Montefalderon entered into a more detailed explanation of what had occurred on board the brig, since the appearance of day, that very morning. According to his account of the matter, Spike had immediately called upon the people to explain the loss of the boat. Tier was not interrogated on this occasion, it being understood he had gone below and turned in, after having the look-out for fully half the night. As no one could, or would, give an account of the manner in which the boat was missing, Josh was ordered to go below and question Jack on the subject. Whether it was from consciousness of his own connection with the escape of Jack, and apprehensions of the consequences, or from innate good-nature, and a desire to befriend the lovers, this black now admitted that Jack confessed to him that the boat had got away from him while endeavoring to shift the turns of its painter from a cleet where they ought not to be to their proper place. This occurred early in Jack's watch, according to Josh's story, and had not been reported, as the boat did not properly belong to the brig, and was an incumbrance rather than

an advantage. The mate admired the negro's cunning, as Don Juan related this part of his story, which put him in a situation to throw all the blame on Jack's mendacity in the event of a discovery, while it had the effect to allow the fugitives more time for their escape. The result was, that Spike bestowed a few hearty curses, as usual, on the clumsiness of Jack Tier, and seemed to forget all about the matter. It is probable he connected Jack's abstaining from showing himself on deck, and his alleged indisposition, with his supposed delinquency in this matter of the boat. From that moment the captain appeared to give himself no further concern on the subject, the boat having been, in truth, an incumbrance rather than a benefit, as stated.

As for Rose, her keeping her room, under the circumstances, was so very natural, that the Señor Montefalderon had been completely deceived, as, from his tranquillity on this point, there was no question was the case with Spike also. Biddy appeared on deck, though the widow did not, and the Irish woman shook her head anxiously when questioned about her young mistress, giving the spectators reason to suppose that the latter was in a very bad way.

As respects the brig and her movements, Spike had got under way as soon as there was light enough to find his course, and had run through the passage. It is probable that the boat was seen; for something that was taken for a small sail had just been made out for a single instant, and then became lost again. This little sail was made, if made at all, in the direction of the Dry Tortugas, but so completely was all suspicion at rest in the minds of those on the quarter-deck of the Swash, that neither Spike nor the Mexican had the least idea what it was. When the circumstance was reported to the former, he answered that it was probably some small wrecker, of which many were hovering about the reef, and added, laughing, though in a way to prove how little he thought seriously on the subject at all, "who knows but the light-house boat has fallen into their hands, and that they've made sail on *her*; if they have, my word for it, that she goes, hull, spars, rigging, canvas, and cargo, all in a lump, for salvage."

As the brig came out of the passage, in broad day, the heads of the schooner's masts were seen, as a matter of course. This induced Spike to heave-to, to lower a boat, and to go in person to examine the condition of the wreck. It will be seen that Jack's presence could now be all the better dispensed with. The examination, with the soundings, and other calculations connected with raising the vessel, occupied hours. When they were completed, Spike returned on board, run up his boat, and squared away for the Dry Tortugas. Señor Montefalderon confirmed the justice of Jack Tier's surmises, as to the object of this unexpected visit. The brig had come solely for the chain and anchor mentioned, and having secured them, it was Spike's intention to get under way and beat up to the wreck again as soon as the moon rose. As for the sloop-of-war, he believed she had given him up; for by this time she must know that she had no chance with the brig, so long as the latter kept near the reef, and that she ran the constant hazard of shipwreck, while playing so near the dangers herself.

Before the Señor Montefalderon exhausted all he had to communicate, he was interrupted by Jack Tier with a singular proposition. Jack's great desire was to get on board the Swash; and he now begged the Mexican to let Mulford take the yawl and scull him off to the brig, and return to the islet before Spike and his companions should descend from the lantern of the light-house. The little fellow insisted there was sufficient time for such a purpose, as the three in the lantern had not yet succeeded in filling the lamps with the oil necessary to their burning for a night—a duty that usually occupied the regular keeper for an hour. Five or six minutes would suffice for him; and if he were seen going up the brig's side, it would be easy for him to maintain that he had come ashore in the boat. No one took such precise note of what was going on, as to be able to contradict him; and as to Spike and the men with him, they would probably never hear any thing about it.

Don Juan Montefalderon was struck with the boldness of Jack Tier's plan, but refused his assent to it. He deemed it too hazardous, but substituted a project of his own. The moon would not rise until near eleven, and it wanted several hours before the time of sailing. When they returned to the brig, he would procure his cloak, and scull himself ashore, being perfectly used to managing a boat in this way, under the pretence of wishing to pass an hour longer near the grave of his countryman. At the expiration of that hour he would take Jack off, concealed beneath his cloak—an exploit of no great difficulty in the darkness, especially as no one would be on deck but a hand or two keeping the anchor-watch. With this arrangement, therefore, Jack Tier was obliged to be content.

Some fifteen or twenty minutes more passed, during which the Mexican again alluded to his country, and his regrets at her deplorable situation. The battles of the 8th and 9th of May, two combats that ought to, and which will reflect high honor on the little army that won them, as well as on that hardly worked, and in some respects hardly used, service to which they belong, had been just fought. Don Juan mentioned these events without reserve, and frankly admitted that success had fallen to the portion of much the weaker party. He ascribed the victory to the great superiority of the American officers of inferior rank; it being well-known that in the service of the "Republic of the North," as he termed America, men who had been regularly educated at the military academy, and who had reached the period of middle life, were serving in the stations of captains, and sometimes in that of lieutenants; men who, in many cases, were fitted to command regiments and brigades, having been kept in these lower stations by the tardiness with which promotion comes in an army like that of this country.

Don Juan Montefalderon was not sufficiently conversant with the subject, perhaps, else he might have added, that when occasions *do* offer to bestow on these gentlemen the preferment they have so hardly and patiently earned, they are too often neglected, in order to extend the circle of vulgar political patronage. He did not know that when a new regiment of dragoons was raised, one permanent in its character, and intended to be identified with the army in all future time, that, instead

of giving its commissions to those who had fairly earned them by long privations and faithful service, they were given, with one or two exceptions, to strangers.

No government trifles more with its army and navy than our own. So niggardly are the master-spirits at Washington of the honors justly earned by military men, that we have fleets still commanded by captains, and armies by officers whose regular duty it would be to command brigades. The world is edified with the sight of forces sufficient, in numbers, and every other military requisite, to make one of Napoleon's *corps de armée*, led by one whose commission would place him properly at the head of a brigade, and nobly led, too. Here, when so favorable an occasion offers to add a regiment or two to the old permanent line of the army, and thus infuse new life into its hope-deferred, the opportunity is overlooked, and the rank and file are to be obtained by cramming, instead of by a generous regard to the interests of the gallant gentlemen who have done so much for the honor of the American name, and, unhappily, so little for themselves. The extra-patriots of the nation, and they form a legion large enough to trample the "Halls of the Montezumas" under their feet, tell us that the reward of those other patriots beneath the shadows of the Sierra Madre, is to be in the love and approbation of their fellow citizens, at the very moment when they are giving the palpable proof of the value of this esteem, and of the inconstancy of popular applause, by pointing their fingers, on account of an inadvertent expression in a letter, at the gallant soldier who taught, in our own times, the troops of this country to stand up to the best appointed regiments of England, and to carry off victory from the pride of Europe, in fair field-fights. Alas! alas! it is true of nations as well as of men, in their simplest and earliest forms of association, that there are "secrets in all families;" and it will no more do to dwell on our own, than it would edify us to expose those of poor Mexico.

The discourse between the Señor Montefalderon and Mulford was interesting, as it ever has been when the former spoke of his unfortunate country. On the subject of the battles of May he was candid, and admitted his deep mortification and regrets. He had expected more from the force collected on the Rio Grande, though, understanding the northern character better than most of his countrymen, he had not been as much taken by surprise as the great bulk of his own nation.

"Nevertheless, Don Henrique," he concluded, for the voice of Spike was just then heard as he was descending the stairs of the light-house, "Nevertheless, Don Henrique, there is one thing that your people, brave, energetic, and powerful as I acknowledge them to be, would do well to remember, and it is this—no nation of the numbers of ours can be, or ever was conquered, unless by the force of political combinations. In a certain state of society a government may be overturned, or a capital taken, and carry a whole country along with it, but our condition is one not likely to bring about such a result. We are of a race different from the Anglo-Saxon, and it will not be easy either to assimilate us to your own, or wholly to subdue us. In those parts of the country, where the population is small, in time, no doubt, the Spanish race might be absorbed, and your sway established; but ages of war would

be necessary entirely to obliterate our usages, our language, and our religion from the peopled portions of Mexico."

It might be well for some among us to reflect on these matters. The opinions of Don Juan, in our judgment, being entitled to the consideration of all prudent and considerate men.

As Spike descended to the door of the light-house, Harry, Rose, and Jack Tier retired within that of the dwelling. Presently the voice of the captain was heard hailing the Mexican, and together they walked to the wharf, the former boasting to the latter of his success in making a brilliant light. Brilliant it was, indeed; so brilliant as to give Mulford many misgivings on the subject of the boat. The light from the lantern fell upon the wharf and he could see the boat from the window where he stood, with Spike standing nearly over it, waiting for the men to get his own yawl ready. It is true, the captain's back was toward the dangerous object, and the planks of the bridge were partly between him and it; but there was a serious danger that was solely averted by the circumstance that Spike was so earnestly dilating on some subject to Don Juan, as to look only at that gentleman's face. A minute later they were all in the yawl, which pulled rapidly toward the brig.

Don Juan Montefalderon was not long absent. Ten minutes sufficed for the boat to reach the Swash, for him to obtain his cloak, and to return to the islet alone, no one in the vessel feeling a desire to interfere with his imaginary prayers. As for the people, it was not probable that one in the brig could have been induced to accompany him to the graves at that hour, though every body but Josh had turned in, as he informed Mulford, to catch short naps previously to the hour of getting the brig under way. As for the steward, he had been placed on the look-out as the greatest idler on board. All this was exceedingly favorable to Jack Tier's project, since Josh was already in the secret of his absence, and would not be likely to betray his return. After a brief consultation, it was agreed to wait half an hour or an hour, in order to let the sleepers lose all consciousness, when Don Juan proposed returning to the vessel with his new companion.

The thirty or forty minutes that succeeded were passed in general conversation. On this occasion the Señor Montefalderon spoke more freely than he had yet done of recent events. He let it be plainly seen how much he despised Spike, and how irksome to him was the intercourse he was obliged to maintain, and to which he only submitted through a sense of duty. The money known to be in the schooner, was of a larger amount than had been supposed; and every dollar was so important to Mexico, at that moment, that he did not like to abandon it, else, did he declare, that he would quit the brig at once, and share in the fortunes of Harry and Rose. He courteously expressed his best wishes for the happiness of the young couple, and delicately intimated that, under the circumstances, he supposed that they would be united as soon as they could reach a place where the marriage rite could be celebrated. This was said in the most judicious way possible; so delicately as not to wound any one's feeling, and in a way to cause it to resemble the announcement of

an expectation rather than the piece of paternal advice for which it was really intended. Harry was delighted with this suggestion of his Mexican friend—the most loyal American may still have a sincere friend of Mexican birth and Mexican feelings, too—since it favored not only his secret wishes, but his secret expectations also.

At the appointed moment, Don Juan Montefalderon and Jack Tier took their leave of the two they left behind them. Rose manifested what to Harry seemed a strange reluctance to part with the little steward; but Tier was bent on profiting by this excellent opportunity to get back to the brig. They went, accordingly, and the anxious listeners, who watched the slightest movement of the yawl, from the shore, had reason to believe that Jack was smuggled in without detection. They heard the familiar sound of the oar falling in the boat, and Mulford said that Josh's voice might be distinguished, answering to a call from Don Juan. No noise or clamor was heard, such as Spike would certainly have made, had he detected the deception that had been practiced on himself.

Harry and Rose were now alone. The former suggested that the latter should take possession of one of the little bed-rooms that are usually to be found in American dwellings of the dimensions and humble character of the light-house abode, while he kept watch until the brig should sail. Until Spike was fairly off, he would not trust himself to sleep; but there was no sufficient reason why Rose should not endeavor to repair the evil of a broken night's rest, like that which had been passed in the boat. With this understanding, then, our heroine took possession of her little apartment, where she threw herself on the bed in her clothes, while Mulford walked into the air, as the most effective means of helping to keep his eyes open.

It was now some time past ten, and before eleven the moon would rise. The mate consequently knew that his watch could not be long before Spike would quit the neighborhood—a circumstance pregnant with immense relief to him at least. So long as that unscrupulous, and now nearly desperate, man remained any where near Rose, he felt that she could not be safe; and as he paced the sands, on the off, or outer side of the islet, in order to be beyond the influence of the light in the lantern, his eye was scarcely a moment taken away from the Swash, so impatiently and anxiously did he wait for the signs of some movement on board her.

The moon rose, and Mulford heard the well-known raps on the booby-hatch, which precedes the call of "all hands," on board a merchant-man. "All hands up anchor, ahoy!" succeeded, and in less than five minutes the bustle on board the brig announced the fact, that her people were "getting the anchor." By this time it had got to be so light that the mate deemed it prudent to return to the house, in order that he might conceal his person within its shadows. Awake Rose he would not, though he knew she would witness the departure of the Swash with a satisfaction little short of his own. He thought he would wait, that when he did speak to her at all, it might be to announce their entire safety. As regarded the aunt, Rose was much relieved on her account, by the knowledge that Jack Tier would not fail to let Mrs. Budd know

every thing connected with her own situation and prospects. The desertion of Jack, after coming so far with her, had pained our heroine in a way we cannot at present explain; but go he would, probably feeling assured there was no longer any necessity for his continuance with the lovers, in order to prevail on Rose to escape from Spike.

The Swash was not long in getting her ground-tackle, and the brig was soon seen with her top-sail aback, waiting to cast the anchor. This done, the yards swung round and the top-sail filled. It was blowing just a good breeze for such a craft to carry whole sail on a bowline with, and away the light and active craft started, like the racer that is galloping for daily exercise. Of course there were several passages by which a vessel might quit the group of islets, some being larger, and some smaller, but all having sufficient water for a brigantine of the Molly's draught. Determined not to lose an inch of distance unnecessarily, Spike luffed close up to the wind, making an effort to pass out to windward of the light. In order to do this, however, it became necessary for him to make two short tacks within the haven, which brought him far enough to the southward and eastward to effect his purpose. While this was doing, the mate, who perfectly understood the object of the manœuvres, passed to the side of the light-house that was opposite to that on which the dwelling was placed, with a view to get a better view of the vessel as she stood out to sea. In order to do this, however, it was necessary for the young man to pass through a broad bit of moon-light; but he trusted for his not being seen, to the active manner in which all hands were employed on board the vessel. It would seem that, in this respect, Mulford trusted without his host, for as the vessel drew near, he perceived that six or eight figures were on the guns of the Swash, or in her rigging, gesticulating eagerly, and seemingly pointing to the very spot where he stood. When the brig got fairly abeam of the light, she would not be a hundred yards distant from it, and fearful to complete the exposure of his person, which he had so inadvertently and unexpectedly commenced, our mate drew up close to the wall of the light-house, against which he sustained himself in a position as immovable as possible. This movement had been seen by a single seaman on board the Swash, and the man happened to be one of those who had landed with Spike only two hours before. His name was Barlow.

"Capt. Spike, sir," called out Barlow, who was coiling up rigging on the forecastle, and was consequently obliged to call out so loud as to be heard by all on board, "yonder is a man, at the foot of the light-house."

By this time, the moon coming out bright through an opening in the clouds, Mulford had become conscious of the risk he ran, and was drawn up, as immovable as the pile itself, against the stones of the light-house. Such an announcement brought everybody to leeward, and every head over the bulwarks. Spike himself sprang into the lee main-chains, where his view was unobstructed, and where Mulford saw and recognized him, even better than he was seen and recognized in his own person. All this time the brig was moving ahead.

“A man, Barlow!” exclaimed Spike, in the way one a little bewildered by an announcement expresses his surprise. “A man! that can never be. There is no one at the light-house, you know.”

“There he stands, sir, with his back to the tower, and his face this way. His dark figure against the white-washed stones is plain enough to be seen. Living, or dead, sir, that is the mate!”

“*Living* it cannot be,” answered Spike, though he gulped at the words the next moment.

A general exclamation now showed that everybody recognized the mate, whose figure, stature, dress, and even features, were by this time all tolerably distinct. The fixed attitude, however, the immovable, statue-like rigidity of the form, and all the other known circumstances of Harry’s case, united to produce a common and simultaneous impression among the superstitious mariners, that what they saw was but the ghostly shadow of one lately departed to the world of spirits. Even Spike was not free from this illusion, and his knees shook beneath him, there where he stood, in the channels of a vessel that he had handled like a top in so many gales and tempests. With him, however, the illusion was neither absolute nor lasting. A second thought told him it could scarcely be so, and then he found his voice. By this time the brig was nearly abreast of where Harry stood.

“You, Josh!” called out Spike, in a voice of thunder, loud enough to startle even Mrs. Budd and Biddy in their berths.

“Lor’ help us all!” answered the negro, “what *will* come next t’ing aboard dis wessel! Here I be, sir.”

“Pass the fowling-piece out of my state-room. Both barrels are loaded with ball; I’ll try him, though the bullets *are* only lead.”

A common exclamation of dissatisfaction escaped the men, while Josh was obeying the order, “It’s no use.” “You never can hurt one of them things,” “Something will befall the brig on account of this,” and “It’s the mate’s sperit, and sperits can’t be harmed by lead or iron,” were the sort of remarks made by the seamen, during the short interval between the issuing the order for the fowling-piece and its execution.

“There ’tis, Capt. Spike,” said Josh, passing the piece up through the rigging, “but ’twill no more shoot *that* thing, than one of our carronades would blow up Gibraltar.”

By this time Spike was very determined, his lips being compressed and his teeth set, as he took the gun and cocked it. Then he hailed. As all that passed occurred, as it might be, at once, the brig even at that moment was little more than abreast of the immovable mate, and about eighty yards from him.

“Light-house, there!” cried Spike—“Living or dead, answer or I fire.”

No answer came, and no motion appeared in the dark figure that was now very plainly visible, under a bright moon, drawn in high relief against the glittering white

of the tower. Spike dropped the muzzle to its aim and fired.

So intense was the attention of all in the Swash, that a wink of Harry's could almost have been seen, had he betrayed even that slight sign of human infirmity at this flash and the report. The ball was flattened against a stone of the building, within a foot of the mate's body; but he did not stir. All depended now on his perfect immovability, as he well knew, and he so far commanded himself as to remain rigid as if of stone himself.

"There! one can see how it is—no life in that being," said one. "I know'd how it would end," added another. "Nothing but silver, and that cast on purpose, will ever lay it," continued a third. But Spike disregarded all. This time he was resolved that his aim should be better, and he was inveterately deliberate in getting it. Just as he pulled the trigger, however, Don Juan Montefalderon touched his elbow, the piece was fired, and there stood the immovable figure as before, fixed against the tower. Spike was turning angrily to chide his Mexican friend for deranging his aim, when the report of an answering musket came back like an echo. Every eye was turned toward the figure, but it moved not. Then the humming sound of an advancing ball was heard, and a bullet passed, whistling hoarsely, through the rigging, and fell some distance to windward. Every head disappeared below the bulwarks. Even Spike was so far astonished as to spring in upon deck, and, for a single instant, not a man was to be seen above the monkey-rail of the brig. Then Spike recovered himself and jumped upon a gun. His first look was toward the light-house, now on the vessel's lee-quarter; but the spot where had so lately been seen the form of Mulford, showed nothing but the glittering brightness of the white-washed stones!

The reader will not be surprised to learn that all these events produced a strange and deep impression on board the Molly Swash. The few who might have thrown a little light on the matter were discreetly silent, while all that portion of the crew which was in the dark, firmly believed that the spirit of the murdered mate was visiting them, in order to avenge the wrongs which had been inflicted on it in the flesh. The superstition of sailors is as deep as it is general. All those of the Molly, too, were salts of the old school, sea-dogs of a past generation, properly speaking, and mariners who had got their notions in the early part of the century, when the spirit of progress was less active than it is at present.

Spike himself might have had other misgivings, and believe that he had seen the living form of his intended victim, but for the extraordinary and ghost-like echo of his last discharge. There was nothing visible, or intelligible, from which that fire could have come, and he was perfectly bewildered by the whole occurrence. An intention to round-to, as soon as through the passage, down boat and land, which had been promptly conceived when he found that his first aim had failed, was as suddenly abandoned, and he gave the command to "board fore-tack;" immediately after his call was to "pack on the brig," and not without a little tremor in his voice, as soon as he perceived that the figure had vanished. The crew was not slow to obey these orders, and in ten minutes the Swash was a mile from the light, standing to the

northward and eastward, under a press of canvas, and with a freshening breeze.

To return to the islets. Harry, from the first, had seen that every thing depended on his remaining motionless. As the people of the brig were partly in shadow, he could not, and did not, fully understand how completely he was himself exposed, in consequence of the brightness of all around him, and he had at first hoped to be mistaken for some accidental resemblance to a man. His nerves were well tried by the use of the fowling-piece, but they proved equal to the necessities of the occasion. But, when an answering report came from the rear, or from the opposite side of the islet, he darted round the tower, as much taken by surprise, and overcome by wonder, as any one else who heard it. It was this rapid movement which caused his flight to be unnoticed, all the men of the brig dodging below their own bulwarks at that precise instant.

As the light-house was now between the mate and the brig, he had no longer any motive for trying to conceal himself. His first thought was of Rose, and, strange as it may seem, for some little time he fancied that she had found a musket in the dwelling and discharged it, in order to aid his escape. The events had passed so swiftly that there was no time for the cool consideration of any thing, and it is not surprising that some extravagances mingled with the first surmises of all these.

On reaching the door of the house, therefore, Harry was by no means surprised at seeing Rose standing in it, gazing at the swiftly receding brigantine. He even looked for the musket, expecting to see it lying at her feet, or leaning against the wall of the building. Rose, however, was entirely unarmed, and as dependent on him for support as when he had parted from her, an hour or two before.

“Where did you find that musket, Rose, and what have you done with it?” inquired Harry, as soon as he had looked in every place he thought likely to hold such an implement.

“Musket, Harry! I have had no musket, though the report of fire-arms, near by, awoke me from a sweet sleep.”

“Is this possible! I had imprudently trusted myself on the other side of the light-house, while the moon was behind clouds, and when they broke suddenly away its light betrayed me to those on board the brig. Spike fired at me twice, without injuring me; when, to my astonishment, an answering report was heard from the islet. What is more, the piece was charged with a ball cartridge, for I heard the whistling of the bullet as it passed on its way to the brig.”

“And you supposed I had fired that musket?”

“Whom else could I suppose had done it? You are not a very likely person to do such a thing, I will own, my love, but there are none but us two here.”

“It must be Jack Tier,” exclaimed Rose suddenly.

“That is impossible, since he has left us.”

“One never knows. Jack understood how anxious I was to retain him with us, and he is so capricious and full of schemes, that he may have contrived to get out of

the brig, as artfully as he got on board her."

"If Jack Tier be actually on this islet, I shall set him down as little else than a conjurer."

"Hist!" interrupted Rose, "what noise is that in the direction of the wharf? It sounds like an oar falling in a boat."

Mulford heard that well-known sound, as well as his companion, and, followed by Rose, he passed swiftly through the house, coming out at the front next the wharf. The moon was still shining bright, and the mystery of the echoing report and answering shot was immediately explained. A large boat, one that pulled ten oars at least, was just coming up to the end of the wharf, and the manner in which its oars were unshipped and tossed, announced to the mate that the crew were man-of-war's men. He walked hastily forward to meet them.

Three officers first left the boat together. The gold bands of their caps showed that they belonged to the quarter-deck, a fact that the light of the moon made apparent at once, though it was not strong enough to render features distinct. As Mulford continued to advance, however, the three officers saluted him.

"I see you have got the light under way once more," observed the leader of the party. "Last night it was as dark as Erebus in your lantern."

"The light-house keeper and his assistant have both been drowned," answered Mulford. "The lamps have been lit to-night by the people of the brig which has just gone out."

"Pray, sir, what brig may that be?"

"The Molly Swash, of New York; a craft that I lately belonged to myself, but which I have left on account of her evil doings."

"The Molly Swash, Stephen Spike master and owner, bound to Key West and a market, with a cargo of eight hundred barrels of flour, and that of a quality so lively and pungent that it explodes like gunpowder! I beg your pardon, Mr. Mate, for not recognizing you sooner. Have you forgotten the Poughkeepsie, Capt. Mull, and her far-reaching Paixhans?"

"I ought to ask your pardon, Mr. Wallace, for not recognizing *you* sooner, too. But one does not distinguish well by moon-light. I am delighted, to see you, sir, and now hope that, with my assistance, a stop can be put to the career of the brig."

"What, Mr. Mate, do *you* turn against your craft?" said Wallace, under the impulsive feeling which induces all loyal men to have a distaste for treachery of every sort, "the seaman should love the very planks of his vessel."

"I fully understand you, Mr. Wallace, and will own that, for a long time, I was tied to rascality by the opinions to which you allude. But, when you come to hear my explanation, I do not fear your judgment in the least."

Mulford now led the way into the house, whither Rose had already retreated, and where she had lighted candles, and made other womanly arrangements for

receiving her guests. At Harry's suggestion, some of the soup was placed over coals, to warm up for the party, and our heroine made her preparations to comfort them also with a cup of tea. While she was thus employed Mulford gave the whole history of his connection with the brig, his indisposition to quit the latter, the full exposure of Spike's treason, his own desertion, if desertion it could be called, the loss of the schooner, and his abandonment on the rock, and the manner in which he had been finally relieved. It was scarcely possible to relate all these matters, and altogether avoid allusions to the schemes of Spike in connection with Rose, and the relation in which our young man himself stood toward her. Although Mulford touched on these points with great delicacy, it was as a seaman talking to seamen, and he could not entirely throw aside the frankness of the profession. Ashore, men live in the privacy of their own domestic circles, and their secrets, and secret thoughts, are "family secrets," of which it has passed into a proverb to say, that there are always some, even in the best of these communities. On shipboard, in the camp it is very different. The close contact in which men are brought with each other, the necessity that exists for opening the heart and expanding the charities, gets in time to influence the whole character, and a certain degree of frankness and simplicity takes the place of the reserve and acting that might have been quickened in the same individual, under a different system of schooling. But Mulford was frank by nature, as well as by his sea-education, and his companions on this occasion were pretty well possessed of all his wishes and plans, in reference to Rose, even to his hope of falling in with the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie, by the time his story was all told. The fact that Rose was occupied in another room, most of the time, had made these explanations all the easier, and spared her many a blush. As for the man-of-war's men, they listened to the tale with manly interest and a generous sympathy.

"I am glad to hear your explanation, Mr. Mate," said Wallace, cordially, as soon as Harry had done, "and there's my hand, in proof that I approve of your course. I own to a radical dislike of a turncoat, or a traitor to his craft, Brother Hollins,"—looking at the elder of his two companions, one of whom was the midshipman who had originally accompanied him on board the Swash—"and am glad to find that our friend Mulford here is neither. A true-hearted sailor can be excused for deserting even his own ship, under such circumstances."

"I am glad to hear even this little concession from you, Wallace," answered Hollins, good naturedly, and speaking with a mild expression of benevolence, on a very calm and thoughtful countenance. "Your mess is as heteredox as any I ever sailed with, on the subject of our duties, in this respect."

"I hold it to be a sailor's duty to stick by his ship, *reverend* and dear sir."

This mode of address, which was used by the "ship's gentleman" in the cant of the ward-room, as a pleasantry of an old shipmate, for the two had long sailed together in other vessels, at once announced to Harry that he saw the very chaplain for whose presence he had been so anxiously wishing. The "reverend and dear sir" smiled at the sally of his friend, a sort of thing to which he was very well

accustomed, but he answered with a gravity and point that, it is to be presumed, he thought befitting his holy office.

It may be well to remark here, that the Rev. Mr. Hollins was not one of the “launch’d chaplains” that used to do discredit to the navy of this country, or a layman dubbed with such a title, and rated that he might get the pay and become a boon companion of the captain, at the table and in his frolicks ashore. Those days are gone by, and ministers of the gospel are now really employed to care for the souls of the poor sailors, who so long have been treated by others, and have treated themselves, indeed, as if they were beings without souls altogether. In these particulars the world has certainly advanced, though the wise and the good, in looking around them, may feel more cause for astonishment in contemplating what it once was, than to rejoice in what it actually is. But intellect has certainly improved in the aggregate, if not in its especial dispensations, and men will not now submit to abuses that, within the recollections of a generation, they even cherished. In reference to the more intellectual appointments of a ship of war, the commander excepted, for we contend he who directs all ought to possess the most capacity, but, in reference to what are ordinarily believed to be the more intellectual appointments of a vessel of war, the surgeon and the chaplain, we well recollect opinions that were expressed to us, many years since, by two officers of the highest rank known to the service. “When I first entered the navy,” said one of these old Benbows, “if I had occasion for the amputation of a leg, and the question lay between the carpenter and the doctor, d—e, but I would have tried the carpenter first, for I felt pretty certain he would have been the most likely to get through with the job.” “In old times,” said the other, “when a chaplain joined a ship, the question immediately arose whether the mess were to convert the chaplain, or the chaplain the mess, and the mess generally got the best of it.” There was very little exaggeration in either of these opinions. But, happily, all this is changed vastly for the better, and a navy-surgeon is necessarily a man of education and experience; in very many instances men of high talents are to be found among them; while chaplains can do something better than play at back-gammon, eat terrapins, when in what may be called terrapin-ports, and drink brandy and water, or pure Bob Smith.[1]

“It is a great mistake, Wallace, to fancy that the highest duty a man owes is either to his ship or to his country,” observed the Rev. Mr. Hollins quietly. “The highest duty of each and all of us is to God; and whatever conflicts with that duty must be avoided as a transgression of his laws, and consequently as a sin.”

“You surprise me, reverend and dear sir! I do not remember ever to have heard you broach such opinions before, which might be interpreted to mean that a fellow might be disloyal to his flag.”

“Because the opinion might be liable to misinterpretation. Still, I do not go as far as many of my friends on this subject. If Decatur ever really said, “our country, right or wrong,” he said what might be just enough, and creditable enough, in certain cases, and taken with the fair limitations that he probably intended should

accompany the sentiment; but, if he meant it as an absolute and controlling principle, it was not possible to be more in error. In this last sense, such a rule of conduct might, and in old times often would, have justified idolatry; nay, it *is* a species of idolatry in itself, since it is putting country before God. Sailors may not always be able to make the just distinctions in these cases, but the quarter-deck should be so, *ir*reverend and dear sir."

Wallace laughed, and then he turned the discourse to the subject more properly before them.

"I understand you to say, Mr. Mulford," he remarked, "that, in your opinion, the Swash has gone to try to raise the unfortunate Mexican schooner, a second time, from the depths of the ocean?"

"From the rock on which she lies. Under the circumstances, I hardly think he would have come hither for the chain and cable, unless with some such object. We know, moreover, that such *was* his intention when we left the brig."

"And you can take us to the very spot where that wreck lies?"

"Without any difficulty. Her masts are partly out of water, and we hung on to them in our boat, no later than the last night, or this morning rather."

"So far, well. Your conduct in all this affair will be duly appreciated, and Capt. Mull will not fail to represent it in a right point of view to the government."

"Where is the ship, sir? I looked for her most anxiously, without success, last evening; nor had Jack Tier, the little fellow I have named to you, any better luck; though I sent him aloft, as high as the lantern in the light-house, for that purpose."

"The ship is off here to the northward and westward, some six leagues or so. At sunset she may have been a little further. We have supposed that the Swash would be coming back hither, and had laid a trap for her, which came very near taking her alive."

"What is the trap you mean, sir?—though taking Stephen Spike alive is sooner said than done."

"Our plan has been to catch him with our boats. With the greater draught of water of the Poughkeepsie, and the heels of your brig, sir, a regular chase about these reefs, as we knew from experience, would be almost hopeless. It was, therefore, necessary to use head-work, and some man-of-war traverses, in order to lay hold of him. Yesterday afternoon we hoisted out three cutters, manned them, and made sail in them all, under our luggs, working up against the trades. Each boat took its own course, one going off the west end of the reef, one going more to the eastward, while I came this way, to look in at the Dry Tortugas. Spike will be lucky if he do not fall in with our third cutter, which is under the fourth lieutenant, should he stand on far on the same tack as that on which he left this place. Let him try his fortune, however. As for our boat, as soon as I saw the lamps burning in the lantern, I made the best of my way hither, and got sight of the brig just as she loosened her sails. Then I took in my own luggs and came on with the oars. Had we continued

under our canvas, with this breeze, I almost think we might have overhauled the rascal."

"It would have been impossible, sir. The moment he got a sight of your sails he would have been off in a contrary direction, and that brig really seems to fly, whenever there is a pressing occasion for her to move. You did the wisest thing you could have done, and barely missed him as it was. He has not seen you at all, as it is, and will be all the less on his guard against the next visit from the ship."

"Not seen me! Why, sir, the fellow fired at us twice with a musket; why he did not use a carronade is more than I can tell."

"Excuse me, Mr. Wallace; those two shots were intended for me, though I now fully comprehend why you answered them."

"Answered them! yes, indeed; who would not answer such a salute, and gun for gun, if he had a chance! I certainly thought he was firing at us, and having a musket between my legs, I let fly in return, and even the chaplain here will allow that was returning 'good for evil.' But explain your meaning."

Mulford now went into the details of the incidents connected with his coming into the moon-light, at the foot of the light-house. That he was not mistaken as to the party for whom the shots were intended, was plain enough to him, from the words that passed aloud among the people of the Swash, as well as from the circumstance that both balls struck the stones of the tower quite near him. This statement explained every thing to Wallace, who now fully comprehended the cause and motive of each incident.

It was now near eleven, and Rose had prepared the table for supper. The gentlemen of the Poughkeepsie manifested great interest in the movements of the Hebe-like little attendant who was caring for their wants. When the cloth was to be laid, the midshipman offered his assistance, but his superior directed him to send a hand or two up from the wharf, where the crew of the cutter were lounging or sleeping after their cruise. These men had been thought of, too, and a vessel filled with smoking soup was taken to them by one of their own number.

The supper was as cheerful as it was excellent. The dry humor of Wallace, the mild intelligence of the chaplain, the good sense of Harry, and the spirited information of Rose, contributed, each in its particular way, to make the meal memorable in more senses than one. The laugh came easily at that table, and it was twelve o'clock before the party thought of breaking up.

The dispositions for the night were soon made. Rose returned to her little room, where she could now sleep in comfort, and without apprehension. The gentlemen made the disposition of their persons that circumstances allowed, each finding something on which to repose that was preferable to a plank. As for the men, they were accustomed to hard fare, and enjoyed their present good-luck to the top of their bent. It was quite late before they had done "spinning their yarns" and "cracking their jokes" around the pot of turtle-soup, and the can of grog that succeeded it. By

half past twelve, however, every body was asleep.

Mulford was the first person afoot the following morning. He left the house just as the sun rose, and perceiving that the “coast was clear” of sharks, he threw off his light attire, and plunged into the sea. Refreshed with this indulgence, he was returning toward the building, when he met the chaplain coming in quest of him. This gentleman, a man of real piety, and of great discretion, had been singularly struck, on the preceding night, with the narrative of our young mate; and he had not failed to note the allusions, slight as they were, and delicately put as they had been, to himself. He saw at once the propriety of marrying a couple so situated, and now sought Harry with a view to bring about so desirable an event, by intimating his entire willingness to officiate. It is scarcely necessary to say that very few words were wanting to persuade the young man to fall into his views; and as to Rose, he had handed her a short note on the same subject, which he was of opinion would be likely to bring her to the same way of thinking.

An hour later, all the officers, Harry and Rose, were assembled in what might be termed the light-house parlor. The Rev. Mr. Hollins had neither band, gown, nor surplice; but he had what was far better, feeling and piety. Without a prayer-book he never moved; and he read the marriage ceremony with a solemnity that was communicated to all present. The ring was that which had been used at the marriage of Rose’s parents, and which she wore habitually, though not on the left hand. In a word, Harry and Rose were as firmly and legally united, on that solitary and almost unknown islet, as could have been the case had they stood up before the altar of mother Trinity itself with a bishop to officiate, and a legion of attendants. After the compliments which succeeded the ceremony, the whole party sat down to breakfast.

If the supper had been agreeable, the morning meal was not less so. Rose was timid and blushing, as became a bride, though she could not but feel how much more respectable her position became under the protection of Harry as his wife, than it had been while she was only his betrothed. The most delicate deportment, on the part of her companions, soon relieved her embarrassment, however, and the breakfast passed off without cause for an unhappy moment.

“The ship’s standing in toward the light, sir,” reported the cockswain of the cutter, as the party was still lingering around the table, as if unwilling to bring so pleasant a meal to a close. “Since the mist has broke away, we see her, sir, even to her ports and dead-eyes.”

“In that case, Sam, she can’t be very far off,” answered Wallace. “Ay, there goes a gun from her at this moment, as much as to say, ‘what has become of all of my boats.’ Run down and let off a musket; perhaps she will make out to hear that, as we must be rather to windward, if any thing.”

The signal was given and understood. A quarter of an hour later, the Poughkeepsie began to shorten sail. Then Wallace stationed himself in the cutter, in the centre of one of the passages, signalling the ship to come on. Ten minutes later still, the noble craft came into the haven, passing the still burning light, with her top-

sails just lifting, and making a graceful sweep under very reduced sail, she came to the wind, very near the spot where the Swash had lain only ten hours before, and dropped an anchor.

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[1] In the palmy days of the service, when Robert Smith was so long Secretary of the Navy, the ship's whisky went by this familiar *sobriquet*.

[*To be continued.*

THE STRATAGEM.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

BY MRS. ALFRED H. REIP.

CHAPTER I.

" 'Tis as the book of God before thee set,
Wherein to view his wondrous works."

On a warm afternoon, in the summer of 1843, a solitary horseman might have been seen advancing along a sylvan road not far from the Washington House, in the neighborhood of the White Mountains. Our traveler was apparently very young, and had quite a prepossessing appearance. His figure, though well knit, was delicate, and he rode his spirited steed with graceful ease. Suddenly the road emerged from the woodlands, and he found himself in one of those bright green valleys with which our beautiful land is embellished. He involuntarily drew in his rein, and stopped to gaze on the landscape. On one side the view presented the White Hills, with their mighty peaks, stupendous and grand. On the other side, in the distance, swelled up a gentle elevation, covered with green fields and clumps of forest. Immediately before him a streamlet went purling on its course, warbling its murmuring music, seeming the spirit of peace whispering "all's well."

After a few minutes the young man put spurs to his horse, and in a gallop dashed down the road with unabated speed until he arrived at the Washington House, kept by Horace Fabyan, which lay concealed in the lap of the mountain, like the modest violet nestling in a quiet nook. After refreshing himself, our hero, whom we shall call Harry Thatcher, urged on by his enthusiastic love of nature, and contrary to the advice of his landlord, who thought it rather late to make the attempt alone, resolved to gain the summit of Mount Deception. From the beginning the ascent led through winding ravines, thickets, and a rough broken path; but surmounting these difficulties without much fatigue, he at length found himself standing alone on the "mountain's silent brow." Here his spirit drank in the intensity of sublimity on which he gazed. On all sides a vast pile of mountains met his eye, with Mount Washington towering above the rest with frowning majesty in all its "azure somberness." Solitude and silence reigned. No sound came up from beneath, and the breeze was too gentle to be heard. The wooded summits of the adjacent hills were bathed in a flood of golden radiance, which pierced the thickets of underwood, and

revealed many a nook of vernal beauty. Our hero had chosen a situation where he could view the setting sun, and catch the zephyrs that played lightly in its dying beam, and then swept on where the ferns, the mosses, and the wild flowers grow. The gazer might well call up a dream of romance, and forget for a time the plodding, busy world, for here was plenty of food for romantic rumination,

> "Beneath, around, above,
> Earth, water, air, seemed full of love."

The place seemed the very Eden for Cupid's votaries, the silence and solitude the very sanctuary for love's impassioned confessions, and Harry wondered if there were no legend connected with the spot. Whilst musing upon the scene, a solitary bird came floating along leisurely, balancing its way in the air, and took its station on the bough of a tree near him. The stillness was interrupted; for it commenced gayly to warble its evening lullaby. Harry had lingered without observing the thick mass of clouds that hovered over him, at first almost imperceptible, but now gradually assuming a threatening aspect, whose portentous appearance gave signs of bursting into storm; and twilight, which in a mountainous country is so rapidly succeeded by darkness, was fading away beneath the sable veil of night. The wind commenced sighing along the ground in low, sullen murmurs, then all at once rushing into a gust, swept like the roar of artillery through the trees, bending and tearing off their topmost branches. To seek the nearest shelter was the first impulse of our hero, as the quick splashing sound of rain-drops fell upon the ground, and sharp flashes of lightning, followed by the loud thunder, began to chase each other through the black clouds that now seemed to cover the boundless expanse of heaven. He paced rapidly along the single narrow precipitous path, nearly overgrown with thorns and bushes, and had progressed but a short distance, when he found he had mistaken his way, for the passage became impregnable; rocks seemed piled one upon another, and innumerable clusters of wild vines and thistles were so thick as to defy intrusion. It was growing intensely dark, and the rain commenced falling in torrents. The rumbling sound of the water as it dashed down the mountain —the angry whistle of the wind as it swept along in destruction and fury, while the arrowy bolts of lightning lighted up the darkness, and the deep thunder that rocked the earth, like a tremendous cannonading, as clash after clash rent the clouds, blended with the low muttered growls of the wild beasts, made it an awful night, and would have sent a chill through the stoutest heart. An awe as of some mighty presence fell upon the spirits of Harry as he watched the progress of the terrific storm. Presently a bolt of lightning more vivid than the rest flashed near him, like the spirit of destruction, tearing a large tree to atoms. He sunk back appalled, and a sickening sensation of loneliness and dread came over him, as he strained his sight in vain to catch, through the thick and almost impenetrable gloom, a glimpse of some opening by which he could leave this fearful spot. Presently he thought he heard the report of a gun, and assuming a listening altitude, he distinctly heard, during the lulls of the now fast subsiding storm, a succession of firing. Although

aware of the proximity of friends, yet it was difficult to ascertain their locality, for the distance between them prevented intercourse with the voice. But to his great relief he soon heard his own name repeatedly called, and answered to the call with shouts which echoed from rock to rock. Footsteps were also approaching, and as they drew nearer, the forms of three men were indistinctly seen emerging from a thicket of brushwood.

"Never were the forms of mortals so welcome to the sight as yours are to mine, my good friends," exclaimed Harry, grasping their hands in his delight.

"Mr. Fabyan, fearing you had lost yourself among these intricate windings, sent us to search for you, and guide you safely down," replied one of the three.

"Thank you! you are all very kind!" said Harry, "and but for your assistance I might have had a perfect Radcliffe adventure; for I verily believe this is the haunt for gnomes, witches, and all the dread family of evil spirits, who would choose such a night as this to walk abroad."

Under the guidance of these men, Harry descended the declivity; first ascending a rough and almost imperceptible path, which a thick hedge of laurels hid entirely from view, until they came to the footway which led below. The descent was tedious, and would have been, without the escort of one thoroughly acquainted with the path, totally impracticable in the darkness.

Harry Thatcher was a Virginian by birth. His health had been delicate for some time, and a tour north had been recommended by his physicians, with a view to his entire recovery. Already he had visited Saratoga, Niagara Falls, Canada and the Lakes, and was now taking a homeward route through New England. Wherever he went the hand of friendship was extended to him, and a sigh of regret was heaved at his departure, for he inherited from nature all those qualities which, properly cultivated, can render a man esteemed.

It would prolong this story too much to detail all his voyages of discovery over the summits of this exceedingly picturesque and wild "Alpine region." It was to the end full of interest and excitement. The Willey house, which has been celebrated by the catastrophe which happened in 1826, when a whole family were swept from a living world into eternity, particularly interested him, as also did the far-famed Notch, which is a "sundering of the mountains" supposed to have been caused by a convulsion of nature.

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CHAPTER II.

Here, too, dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty.

THOMSON'S SEASONS.

Harry was much pleased with the New England people—there seemed some

peculiar traits about them, some habits of thought, which denoted the source from which they sprung, and which told of the pilgrim band who sought here refuge from oppression. Though their step and songs of praise were heard no more in the land, and the neat villages, with their pretty churches, spoke of the refinement of taste, still there appeared a vestige of the pilgrims' spirit, and the pilgrims' feelings broadly marked on her sons and daughters. In Boston Harry met an old acquaintance, Mr. Pluribusi, who was very attentive to him, kindly showing him all the *lions* in the city and around the neighborhood. One afternoon Mr. Pluribusi and he were taking their customary drive, when they found themselves upon one of those gentle elevations from which a fine view of the surrounding scenery may be obtained. The landscape was beautiful beyond description. In the distance lay the city of Boston, clothed by the bright rays of Phœbus in a glorious robe of golden light. The clear waters of its noble bay rolled on in silent grandeur, whilst gallant vessels, with every sail set, went careering, all life and bravery, before the wind, and tiny barks were glittering upon its polished surface; some drawing nearer, others lost in the distant expanse of ocean; opposed to this, neat and beautiful villages, with their modest church steeples, diversified with such signs of life as in a rural prospect the eye delights to meet; cattle grazing in the meadows, or wending homeward, children playing before the cottage-doors, laborers at work in the field, or with hearty steps and cheerful faces advancing to the reward of their day's toil.

The New England landscape has invariably been admired and praised by travelers, but its sentiment is very often overlooked. Its chief charm exists in its calm tranquillity—in the air of repose, happiness and assured security it breathes. All is perfect serenity, and the gazer feels that he is in the land of freedom and plenty; even the busy bee, as heavily laden he journeys homeward, lights on the flowers in seeming sport, as if he knew there was no danger of disturbance. The height on which Harry and his friend had stopped, was clothed with summer verdure, and adorned with rows of handsome houses, each having a beautiful garden attached to it, where countless flowers of various dyes peeped forth, amid innumerable shrubs and creeping, clinging ivy, or were so shaded by the bending willow and graceful hazel, that the summer sun in its mid-day glory could only enter here and there in a few broken coquetish beams. Struck with the extreme beauty of one of those gardens, Harry gazed wistfully into the cultivated enclosure.

"What a beautiful garden," exclaimed he, in undisguised admiration. "And look! oh look, Mr. Pluribusi, what a sweet, pretty girl there is in it, too!"

Mr. Pluribusi seemed amused, for he laughed as Harry continued to give utterance to his admiration.

"Why she is a perfect beauty—how like a fairy-shape she flits among the roses—can any thing so glorious be earthly? Oh! how I wish I knew her."

Never, indeed, was there a more beautiful picture than that young girl as she glided about, with the mellow sunlight falling around her sylph-like form. Her hair, which was a rich and shining black, was gathered into a knot behind, and laid in soft

bands over her pure and polished brow. Her eyes were of that deep, full blue which is so rare, large and bright, and full of fire and spirit. The star of intellectuality beamed from her animated countenance, and spoke of a soul within that admitted of no influence to thwart its loftiness of purpose, or sully its innocence and purity. She was twining a garland of rose-buds, heliotrope and mignonette, and more than once was she seen to press the flowers to her ruby lips, while a peculiar witchery played over her features.

"Would that I knew her," repeated Harry.

"Well, I will introduce you, for, to tell you the truth, I came here for that very purpose," replied his companion; "but beware!" he added, shaking his finger, "for I begin to suspect that wicked urchin, Cupid, intends playing some of his mischievous pranks here."

"Indeed, the place seems a fitting one for his votaries," returned Harry, earnestly, as they entered the gateway.

Miss Bryarly, who was introduced to our hero as the niece of Mr. Pluribusi, received him with a soft, enchanting grace, which completed his fascination. This passage of Moore came into his mind, for he felt —

> As if his soul that moment caught,
> An image it through life had sought;
> As if the very lips and eyes,
> Predestined to have all his sighs,
> And never to forget again,
> Sparkled and smiled before him then.

Miss Bryarly was not one of those who pass the time within doors, when the light, the air, and the glorious sunshine tempted her abroad. She invited her guests to take a stroll through the grounds, and pointed out the most beautiful spots, with an animated face glowing with enthusiasm; and Harry's eyes sparkled with delight, as he listened to the eloquent tones of her low, sweet voice. There were here groves of lofty trees, with winding avenues between them, and shrubbery of the rarest and most beautiful kinds, with flowers of every hue and fragrance, which loaded the air with odorous sweets, and lawns which looked like velvet. A stream of water, pure as crystal, wound along with gentle murmurs, and served to impart an Eden-like aspect to the place. Their walk was prolonged until after sunset had lent its golden light to beautify the scene; then a summons to the tea-table was almost reluctantly obeyed. It was late when Harry tore himself away, charmed with Mr. Bryarly, and completely fascinated by his daughter. His enthusiastic nature afforded a striking contrast to the calm, dignified temper of Mr. Bryarly, and, as it frequently happens in such cases, they were mutually pleased with each other. Mr. Bryarly liked Harry's frankness and warm-heartedness, while Harry was delighted with the cordial kindness, the strong good sense, and the deep insight into human nature which he found in his new friend. It is unnecessary to expatiate upon our hero's gratification at finding himself invited to partake of the hospitality of Mr. Bryarly,

or to say that he took full advantage of it. A few days glided swiftly by, each one finding him at Mary Bryarly's side, studying the changes of her sweet face, which appeared to him like a volume of "unwritten poetry," which no one could read but himself. Sometimes they walked together, and often he would read passages from his favorite authors to her; then, in return, she would point out the beauties, and explain the character and qualities of her various plants; and the interest he seemed to take in her tastes and pursuits, gave them new importance in her eyes. "With her conversing he forgot all time;" but at length a letter from his father recalled him to Virginia.

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CHAPTER III.

"Put money in thy purse."

Harry Thatcher was poor, that is, he had only his inborn energies to carry him through the world. When very young he had been seized with poetic inspiration, and had sometimes even dreamed of immortality. He wrote with ease and beauty. Page after page came from his prolific pen, almost without an effort; and many of his productions were published and circulated. The world applauded them, and inquiries were made, in the hope of discovering the author, but vainly; for, wrapped in the veil of impenetrable obscurity, he merely listened to the voice of praise. His thirst for fame had been gratified; and he now began to yearn for the companionship of the other sex, to share with him the laurels he had won. Though he had often pictured to himself the felicity of being beloved by a beautiful and intellectual being, on whom he could pour all the treasured feeling which lay hushed in repose, he had never met with such a creature until he had seen Miss Bryarly; for so exalted had been his conceptions of the woman whom he could love, that all he had hitherto met fell far below the standard he had erected in his own mind. He now loved, yet he could never hope to obtain the object of his choice, while his position in life remained undefined, and his fortunes uncertain; he would not offer a portionless hand to one who might choose a suitor from the wealthiest of the land. He knew he had talents which, if properly used, would lead to distinction, and gain competency —but how were they to be profitably employed? To toil for such a woman would be nothing; but then the time required would be a great trial. He pondered long on the subject, but definitely made up his mind to engage in mercantile business, and abandon the classic shades in which he had hitherto wandered, until images of beauty filled his soul. He was not without friends, who were both able and willing to assist him in his claims upon fortune. An advantageous offer was made him, which he accepted, though it involved the necessity of banishment from his native home to a far distant state.

The labors of the intellect—which rarely bring fortune, but which are to the

scholar a delightful pastime—were now put aside for the musty ledgers of a dingy counting-room. He had chosen for his motto, “hope on—hope ever;” and he did not despair of success. He was now no longer the light-hearted boy to whom life was but a scene of enjoyment and preparation for future struggles—he had but one object, and but one hope; to labor that he might acquire a competency, was accomplishing the first, then to seek and win Mary, would fulfill the second.

He soon acquired a knowledge of commerce, and devoted himself with a degree of zeal and perseverance that could not but command success. Though he had never told his love, it cannot be said that concealment had “preyed on his damask cheek;” the only change effected in that damask was a more healthful color caused by constant exercise. Even during the excitement of his daily duties, and the engrossing study of all that could tend to the fulfillment of his designs, time seemed to wear but slowly away, though, indeed, the hours were often beguiled of their weariness when meditating on the loveliness and grace of Mary.

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CHAPTER IV.

“Methinks I feel this youth’s perfection.
Steal with an invisible and subtile stealth,
To creep in at mine eyes.”

Miss Bryarly was idolized by both her father and uncle, and her education and accomplishments had been their joint care. The indulgence of the latter toward her knew no bounds; the expensive presents he lavished upon her, silently attested how well he loved her.

Mr. Pluribusi had never married. He was a man of a firm mind, of a generous spirit, and would face danger, and stand up against oppression as readily on behalf of others as himself; and at the bottom of all he had a tenderness and delicacy of feeling which must not be passed by without at least our humble commendation.

One day Mary and her uncle were sitting alone; he held a book in his hand, and was apparently reading, while she had given herself up to one of those thoughtful dreams, half joy, half sadness, in which she had frequently indulged since the departure of Mr. Thatcher. She was aroused by her uncle, who laughingly said,

“Well, Mary, can you tell me now what this passion of love is, that you and I read and hear so much about?”

“Oh, uncle, how should I know?” replied she, blushing crimson.

“I am pretty sure,” said he, still laughing, “you will never again ask, ‘Uncle, what is love?’ You want no explanation now—no, no, not you; you can now teach me what it is.”

“Nay, dear uncle, you know I am perfectly unacquainted with the passion.”

“Perfectly, my dear; and you are perfectly unacquainted with a certain tall, good-looking young man, who was here a few weeks since, watching your every motion with so enamored a spirit, and so beseechingly imploring a repetition of that sweet, enchanting air, called Puritani, which you are never tired—no, not you—of singing, since he so rapturously praised it. You did not see who was laughing behind you all the time.”

“How can you be so ridiculous?” said Mary, half pouting, half laughing.

“And how can you treat such a discreet and trust-worthy personage as your own uncle in this way, and make your heart, like the prison-house of the ghost of Hamlet, the abode of untold secrets?”

“I don’t understand you, further than you think yourself very clever—the very Newton of philosophers in the discovery of nothing.”

“Mercy on us!” exclaimed Mr. Pluribusi, with pretended surprise; “how can you be so unamiable—you know that you have been attacked with that particular malady called love, which you have so often wished me to explain that—”

Here Mary ran to her piano and played an extempore prelude of crashing chords, which completely drowned his voice, though it did not silence him. She then sang, with a sweet voice, the saucy air of “cease your funning.” Mr. Bryarly, who had entered during this colloquy without being observed, now approached, and taking Mary’s hand, said, seriously,

“Let us have done with this ‘funning.’ Mary, I wish you to marry; and Harry Thatcher I have deemed to be the hero of your destiny, graced as he is with every quality to win and wear a maiden’s heart.”

The soft blush that had hitherto colored the cheek of our heroine was pale to the crimson that now dyed its surface.

“Father,” said she, “you are rather precipitate. Pray allow Mr. Thatcher to choose for himself.”

“I am certain he loves you, Mary,” said her father.

“He never told me so.” She spoke the truth literally in her reply; he had never told her so in words; but there is a language which speaks—the language of feeling, of intuition, and the force of such communication had made its impression upon her—and she carried with her a conviction of the conquest she had made of his heart.

“But he has told me so,” said Mr. Pluribusi; “and when industry and economy win fortune, you will be the object of his choice, as you now are of his love.”

“Why, uncle, do you, too, advocate marriage?” exclaimed she, feigning surprise. “I thought you wished me to resemble you in every thing.”

“In every thing but remaining unmarried, Mary,” returned he.

“But you have been very happy—quite an enviable person.”

“I have never been exactly happy since they called me old bachelor,” replied he, a little impatiently.

“Indeed!” exclaimed his niece with real surprise. “But did not you tell me some three or four weeks ago that this passion which is ycleped love, sometimes produces unhappiness as well as happiness?”

“That I also told you depended on the dispositions of the persons under its influence. If they have sufficient common sense to avoid the many dangers that intersect the way to happiness, they will find the passion truly delightful; but should they overstep the limits marked out by prudence, they will ultimately find they have pursued a shadow which has ended in disappointment or blighted hopes.”

“Dear me! but, father, what do you say on the subject?”

“That the *parterre*, among which the most beautiful flowers blossom, often conducts to a bed of thorns, if we deviate from the correct path.”

“It is surprising, then, dear father, that you should wish me to travel a road so perilous.”

“Avoid the perils, daughter.”

“But what are they, father?”

“They consist of some of those errors of disposition that often produce the misery of mankind—false-pride, want of confidence, anger, jealousy—”

“But what is jealousy?” asked she, interrupting her father.

“Decidedly the greatest evil of the whole—’tis the bane to all happiness. It is a want of that confidence which, did we not deny its sway, would give to love a permanence that we seldom find on earth.”

“Dear me! I am sure I shall never be jealous,” said Mary.

“Never suspect the truth and constancy of the individual in whose hands you are willing to place your happiness. Let nothing induce you to think that another shares his affection.”

“I never will. I may love, as it seems, such a universal thing if it be only to please you and uncle Pluribusi, but I can never be jealous.”

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CHAPTER V.

“Bright blown hopes dispersed in air.”

What is there more beautiful than the first love of a young heart? every thought is fresh and pure, the poetry of life has not yet been crushed out of the soul—then it is we love with an intensity such as we never feel again. It was thus that our heroine loved. Every thing Harry had done, and every thing he had said, had been treasured, and had become, as it were, unquestioned oracles with her. The flowers he had loved, now possessed a fragrance hitherto undiscovered; and the landscape he had praised, appeared more elegant than it had ever done before. The poetry he had read

to her, she now read so often, that she could repeat every line. Sometimes she questioned her heart, why it turned so instinctively toward one who was comparatively a stranger, for the gratification of all its cherished feelings. She was perfectly sure that love had no share in what she felt, notwithstanding uncle Pluribusi's hints to the contrary, or her father's wishes that it might be so—love was entirely out of the question, for he had never spoken of love to her, and she could never love unbidden; though, to be sure, his eyes had often spoken a language far more expressive than his lips could have done.

The summer months passed away; the green leaves fell from the trees, and the bleak sea-breeze swept through the deserted garden, yet Mary had never received tidings of Harry. Then came winter, spreading over nature its wings laden with frosts and storms.

The winter of life resembles the winter of the year—both have their withering storms, and both take the place of sweet summer, of roses and hopes, and the dreams of youth.

Mary now awakened from her dream. She found that she had built up a fairy palace, and that the scene of thrilling enchantment was dissolving away. But where the scene had been, there appeared every prospect of a ruin. She who had hitherto bloomed in freshness and beauty, now withered in the blast; for she felt that she was utterly forgotten, at the same time the startling consciousness of what was really the truth, that she had given her love unsought, had burst upon her. Her smile lost its brightness, her step its elasticity. At times she would rouse herself, and assume a gayety she was far from feeling, especially if the eye of her father or uncle rested upon her; but this artificial manner passed away like the dew before the morning sun. About this time Mary received a letter from a friend in Albany, inviting her to spend some weeks with her. Her father, thinking scenes of festivity and pleasure would have a charm for her, hurried her away, and Mr. Pluribusi accompanied her.

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CHAPTER VI.

"I love, and shall be beloved! O, life!
At last I feel thee!"

No locomotive that was ever invented could prevent old time from traveling in his own way, and at his own pace; and thus it was that some six months passed away on leaden wings—at least so thought our young aspirant for fortune's favor. He was becoming very impatient for the return of summer, and the dull business months, that he might take another trip to New England. Just at this juncture, he, to his great delight, received a letter from Mr. Pluribusi, dated from Albany. It commenced with —

"Where, in the name of wonder, have you been hiding? Mr. Bryarly has long been expecting you to visit this part of the world again. How unsought and how unmerited do the favors of fortune fall into the caps of some men who do not even give themselves the trouble to hold it out to receive them. Here has Mary been asking again and again, what had become of you. Now, tell me—how was I to answer these questions, when I knew nothing about you, absolutely nothing, except that you had changed your residence from Virginia to New Orleans? My niece and I are spending a few weeks in Albany; and a gay time we have here, too. Mary's health has been somewhat delicate, but I am happy to say it is much improved. But here she comes—and having found out that I was writing to you, she insists upon reading my letter; but as I intend she shall not always have her own way, I refused. She is much amused at what she calls my obstinacy, and stands laughing at me—the witch! She has made me forget all I was going to say. I will write again to you, when I hope to be free from such interruption.

Your friend,
P. PLURIBUSI."

After reading this letter, as may be supposed, Harry was not long in determining what course to pursue. After a few hurried preparations, he started for Albany.

The weather was intensely cold; the snow lay on the ground, and the sun beamed on the icicles which hung from the houses, retaining, probably, their fantastic pendules by the keen easterly wind which seemed to penetrate through every crevice. It was St. Valentine's day. Mr. Pluribusi, his niece, and Miss Medford, the daughter of the lady with whom they were staying, were wending their way to a fair, which was gotten up by the ladies of Albany for the benefit of a missionary cause—and many of the most beautiful and fashionable took a deep interest in the matter. Some furnished articles for sale, and others acted as sales-women on the occasion. Among the latter our heroine shone conspicuous for grace and beauty; her table was soon surrounded by a crowd of admirers, who pressed forward in every direction to catch a word or a look from one so celebrated. Mary, however, did not appear to take much interest in the group around her, but ever and anon she cast, by stealth, her dark eyes over the room, apparently endeavoring to discover if she recognized among any of the faces, that of an old acquaintance, (for her uncle had told her that Mr. Thatcher was in the city, and would visit the fair that day,) but she could see nothing to repay the effort.

"I declare, this is an Arabian desert," said she, sighing, as she split one of her white kid gloves in pulling it on.

"Why, Mary, they look like the best French kid," answered Miss Medford, who misunderstood her.

"My dear," said her uncle, "do not you see an old admirer of yours sauntering

about the room in the most lounging, lazy style?"

"Which of your admirers, Mary?" asked Miss Medford.

"Pray, Miss Bryarly, have you got your list in your pocket?" inquired one of the danglers at her side.

"Not at all—she left it at home," said Miss Medford, finding Mary did not answer.

"How unfortunate!" observed the young man.

Mary was becoming actively engaged in tossing over all sorts of merchandise. In a few moments Harry approached through the crowd, and stood before her. She crimsoned as her ear drank in the tones of his voice, and his heart thrilled, and his cheek burnt, when he met her glance of recognition.

"What a beautiful color your friend has, Mary," whispered Miss Medford; "and, I declare, you are blushing, too."

Poor Mary's color deepened; she stood with a trembling heart, and downcast eye, fancying every one was looking at her—every one guessing her treasured secret, with scarcely the power to answer the remarks of her companions.

Their mutual emotion supplied the gossips of Albany with material for a week's talk.

It was a relief to both when Mr. Pluribusi proposed a walk around the room. Harry remained with our party until late at night, and repeatedly testified his happiness in the enjoyment of Mary's society by all those little ingratiating attentions which appeal so silently but effectually to the human heart.

I will not linger over the happy hours the lovers spent together. They flew away rapidly, each winged with bliss—for happiness lends wings to time. Harry accompanied Mr. Pluribusi and Mary home. Every evening he intended to depart, and every morning he changed his intention.

The limits we have allotted to this narrative will not admit of a minute detail of circumstances; let it suffice to know that the attachment which existed between the lovers had grown and strengthened, and now twined, like the tendrils of a vine, around the tree which supports it, closer and closer around them, until they felt that parting would be like severing the very chords of existence.

One evening they sat at a window; the silvery beams of the pale moon, which fell on objects around, lent their softening influence to the feelings of the lovers. They both became silent from some overpowering emotion—for at such a moment mirth seemed sacrilege. The hour was growing late, and its quiet was unbroken, save by the distant rumbling of carriage-wheels. We do not know how it happened, except her conscious heart lent a deep flush to her cheek, and a softer light to her dark eye, but Mary never looked so lovely. Harry gazed upon her until he could no longer contain the emotions of his soul; the time, the place, favored his wishes—and words which, when heart responds to heart are never breathed in vain, were now uttered—that hour witnessed their betrothal.

CHAPTER VII.

What plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil.
MERCHANT OF VENICE.

The lovers had promised to write to each other, and as Harry was to commence the correspondence, he did not long delay to fulfill the delightful task; and letters were received from him, filled with the overflowings of a boundless and fervent love, and her answers were full of affection, tender thoughts, and gentle fancies.

As time progressed, Harry became more assiduously engaged than ever in the pursuits of commerce, and was deemed by merchants one of the most promising of his young countrymen, steadfastly pursuing a course of upright integrity and untiring industry, that was adding to his reputation, and fast gaining independence. With the fair sex he was becoming an idol. Parties were made, and nosegays offered him; but he behaved exceedingly ill to them, being blind, and deaf, and hard-hearted to an intolerable degree, neither seeing sweet glances, nor hearing balmy sighs. Miss Martin was rich, and would gladly have made him so. Miss Brown was highly accomplished, and would have done the honors of his house so gracefully. Miss White was very domestic, and would have made him such an economical wife. Then there were many amiable and warm-hearted creatures who particularly grieved to see the lonely condition of such a rising young man. There was, literally, "much ado about nothing;" for he rarely accepted their innumerable and pressing invitations. Sometimes, indeed, after business hours, he might have been seen promenading, or spending the evening with some pretty girl, whom he regarded with friendly feelings; but these friends were not selected from among those who so freely lavished their adulation.

During his last visit to Boston, he had been introduced to a Mrs. Webster, who resided in the vicinity of that city. Mrs. Webster had an only son, who was heir to a property which had accumulated, during his long minority, to a fortune unusually large; and she had long resolved in her mind that the young heir should be the husband of Mary Bryarly; and so adroitly had she manœuvered, that the parties had been thrown constantly together previous to the appearance of Mr. Thatcher. Even her son almost considered it a matter of course that he was to marry her. Mary, not conscious of these machinations, regarded young Webster as a youth of high promise, and treated him as an especial favorite. Mrs. Webster soon discovered that the presence of Harry threatened destruction to all her plans—so she determined to destroy his power, even at the expense of shameful falsehood. She was now in New Orleans, and had been two or three times thrown into the society of our hero. On such occasions, she had watched him closely, and smiled with delight if any thing

approximating toward intimacy was observable in his intercourse with any of the fair sex. To apprise Mary of his delinquency was a duty; and she was at no great loss to imagine how so desirable an object could be accomplished without involving herself in any difficulty.

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CHAPTER VIII.

To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions.

OTHELLO.

A quiet happiness was now Mary's—a happiness "which passeth show." Heaven had blessed her, she believed, beyond her dearest hopes. But, alas! the joys of the heart are more fleeting than the days of spring. Where is the mortal that can secure to himself the cup of happiness without alloy? It dwells not under a regal canopy—for a diadem often makes the head ache. Nor with the conqueror, however great his glory in the battle-field—the mangled bodies—the reeking blood—the groans of the dying would prevent it. The poet, then—all his happiness consists in being very miserable. The learned—nay, all they acquire makes them but the more dissatisfied with themselves—and self-dissatisfaction, every one knows, tends not to the promotion of happiness. Then the lover, with the draught in his hand, cannot say it will reach his lips. A something may come between him and his bliss, and the cup may pass away. The cup that Mary had longed to drain to the bottom, was about to be dashed away. The glory that brightened the sky of her being was beginning to darken—and the storm threatened to crush the flower of her affections, even in its happiest moment of existence.

One day she received a letter, written in an unknown hand; she opened it carelessly, but soon became absorbed as she read the following:

> MISS BRYARLY,—Believing you to be the affianced wife of Mr. Thatcher, I take the liberty of writing to you to admonish you of his conduct. If his engagement with you is not broken off, he must either be a villain, or he is acting like one. I have had a watchful eye on him for some time, during which he has been paying the most constant and devoted attention to Miss Morton; so far, indeed, has he gone, as to induce her family to believe that he is about to make proposals for her hand. One of her brothers so expressed himself to me a few days since. I hope you will inform your father of these facts, that he may use every precaution against the duplicity of one who would have deeply injured you.
>
> A FRIEND.

"This letter I pronounce a base falsehood," said she, handing it to her father, "and its author a calumniator, who, like an assassin, seeks darkness to cover his evil

deeds, for he has not dared to sign his name."

Mr. Bryarly also regarded the letter as a vile calumny, not worthy of notice. Confiding in the truth of her lover, Mary had ceased to think of its contents, when an insinuation to his discredit was again breathed in her ear; then came a report that he was a confirmed flirt—a gay deceiver; and as bold slander loses nothing in its busy progress, the rumor was magnified until the seeds of discontent were sown in Mary's heart—and she was now absolutely jealous. That which she had once imagined so repulsive as to scoff at the mere possibility of her own actions ever being ordered by such a feeling, triumphed—and she was unable to conquer the "green-eyed monster." One evening she was evidently very melancholy. In vain had she tried to elicit harmony from the keys of her piano, and becoming weary of the fruitless effort, she threw herself languidly on a sofa, and sighed deeply.

"Mercy on us! that was a terribly long and sentimental heigh-o! I wonder which way it went! Ah! I see it now; it floats like a gossamer on that glorious sunbeam, and goes in the direction of New Orleans," laughed Mr. Pluribusi.

"You are growing poetical, uncle; it is really charming to listen to you—pray go on."

"Mary," said her father, who had been also observing her, "any one would suppose all your perceptions were obscured by a thick, ugly, green cloud."

"Oh, father!" was all she could say.

"You know," he continued, "there is nothing on earth so disagreeable to me as a jealous woman—"

"Except, indeed, a prudish one," chimed in Mr. Pluribusi.

"I have great cause, father, to be unhappy; for all the reports I have heard, have been confirmed by Mrs. Webster since her return home."

"My opinion is, that you are wasting an immense amount of sorrow, all for nothing," answered her father; "for with the characters of the truest and most upright slander will sometimes be busy. Entertain not so mean an opinion of your betrothed husband, as to believe he is capable of change. The brightest part of love is its confidence. It is that perfect, that unhesitating reliance, that interchange of every idea and every feeling; and that perfect community binds two beings together as closely as the holiest of human ties. It is only that confidence, that community of all the heart's secrets, and the mind's thoughts, that can give us permanent happiness."

"Oh, father! could you but convince me that my doubts are unfounded."

"I think I can settle the matter to your entire satisfaction, Mary," quietly observed her uncle.

"How, uncle?" asked she, eagerly.

"You must consent to use a little stratagem," replied he.

"If you think it right, and father sanctions it, I am willing to do any thing you propose," she said, looking at her parent.

"Do as you think proper," answered Mr. Bryarly.

"Have you answered Harry's last letter?" inquired Mr. Pluribusi.

"How could I?—I am three deep in his debt."

"So much the better for my plan, which is to arouse the demon of jealousy in his bosom. Write to him immediately, and give him but the shadow of a cause for distrust, and if he is not at your feet as soon as the power of steam can bring him, why, then I will no longer believe in the constancy of man."

"And then I should no longer doubt his affection. But, uncle, what shall I say to him?"

"Write a glowing description of me; dwell on the pleasant time we spend together; then, if he does not yield a most loyal and ready obedience to the 'green-eyed monster,' I will say he cares for another."

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CHAPTER IX.

"Why writes she so to me?"

The next mail bore Harry the following letter from his own Mary:

> My Dearest Harry,—I have no excuse to offer for my protracted silence, other than I have been so very much engaged. But I know your kind heart will readily forgive my remissness when you hear all I have to say to you; therefore I must hasten to tell you, first premising that you must not be jealous. Both father and Uncle Pluribusi say that is a most detestable passion—and you know I so dislike any thing that is ugly and disagreeable.
>
> But to my confession. There is a friend of mine at present sojourning here—a kind of relative; and a splendid fellow he is, dear Harry. In both form and face he is eminently handsome; then he is so merry—and polite to the highest degree of refinement. His discourse is a perpetual series of neat repartee, elegant compliment, bright thoughts, and happy expression. He has a beaming smile, and a pleasant word for every one; but he anticipates my thoughts, knows the meaning of every glance, and ministers to my every wish before it is formed. Is he not a very paragon? I know you will like him so much, when you become as well acquainted with him as I am. I often tell him he is second in my heart's best affections. This seems to please him greatly; and he expresses his delight by snatching a kiss. Now, Harry, don't be shocked! remember, he is a very old and dear friend. Although his very soul seems to be the seat of joyousness, I verily believe he possesses a tolerably large portion of

sentiment; and you must not be surprised if you hear I have made a conquest of his heart. I assure you my manner toward him has been free from any thing like coquetry, but I do enjoy his society. The perpetual summer of his mind imparts a corresponding glow and animation to his manner, a lively and genial warmth to all his actions; and his very look seems to say, "Come, let us laugh at a world that only laughs at us." Would you believe it, Harry? with him for my partner, I often find myself whirling round at some gay party, in the delicious delirium of the waltz. I know you will be charmed to hear this; for you have so often expressed a wish that I should become perfect in that delightful accomplishment. My friend is somewhat in my confidence, and knows that I am engaged to somebody; but this knowledge has not in the least changed his attention to me. He says matrimony is at best but a "divine comedy." I suppose I have thought of it too seriously. I have promised to ride with him this afternoon, and—hark! I hear the horses at the door now; dear me! he is always so early, he will never give me time to write a letter even to you.

What delight there is in a wild gallop. I am an expert equestrian now, and often execute some daring exploits. In your absence these delightful excursions form the chief pleasure of my life; and to me there is more melody in our horses' hoofs, as they "tramp, tramp along the land," than I could thump out of my piano this morning. Forgive the brevity of this; I am sure you will, for this is the second time I have been interrupted by "the horses are waiting, Mary."

You see how my time is occupied; I have scarcely an hour that I can call my own.

Having every faith in your constancy and truth, I bid you farewell.

Your ever faithful,

MARY.

An indescribable emotion racked the whirling brain of our hero, as, word by word, this epistle seemed tearing the very fibres of his heart. How like an endless night came down the shadows of despair, as throwing it down he murmured, "Lost—lost to me forever, I fear!"

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CHAPTER X.

But ties around this heart were spun,
That would not, could not, be undone.
CAMPBELL.

One day Mary said to her father, "My head does really ache so badly."

"Go into the garden—a walk and the fresh air will revive you," replied he.

She followed his advice, and rambled about for a long time, but neither her flowers nor the beauties of nature could fix her attention—her thoughts ran on an absent one; she had suffered herself to be persuaded that Harry would surely come, immediately after receiving her letter—and she had been looking for him for some hours. If the wind moved the branches—she started, or a bird flew rustling through the leaves, as if their accustomed sounds were the harbingers of coming footsteps. She was unwilling to acknowledge, even to herself, the disappointment that weighed upon her spirits; but not finding in her walk the exhilarating influence she anticipated, she was turning her steps homeward, when a sudden crashing among the boughs interrupted her progress, and the object of her thoughts bounded into the path, his face glowing with the rapidity of his motions; her eyes flashed with their wonted joy, and forgetting every thing but the delight she felt in meeting him, with a sudden impulse she rushed forward and threw herself into his out-stretched arms.

"I feared that I might be forgotten," exclaimed he, tenderly; "but I see I have wronged you."

"I could never forget you, Harry," was the whispered reply.

"But why did you write that terrible letter, Mary? Anguish pierced my heart when I read its contents. Oh! if you had ever felt the torture of jealousy, you would have spared me that."

A thrill of delight penetrated Mary's heart; now she was convinced that she was beloved as well as ever.

"Have I no cause to reproach you?" asked she, looking up into his face as if she would read his very soul.

"If I deserve upbraiding from you, I am totally unconscious; but tell me, dear Mary, how have I offended?"

"Rumor has been busy spreading reports that you have been addressing another; and it says that you did not address her in vain. But now, Harry, I do not believe one word of what I have been told."

"But you have doubted me, Mary," said he, mournfully. "There is but one sun in heaven—there is but one Mary to my eyes on earth!"

"Forgive me, Harry? Mrs. Webster confirmed all these reports when she returned."

"Mrs. Webster is not my friend, Mary; and I suspect all those reports have come from her. I have long known her disregard of truth, as well as her design on you."

"I now begin to penetrate a plot, and believe her to be the inventor of all the base charges against you. Alas! the inborn wickedness of the human heart."

"Now, tell me of the letter, Mary, that aroused me, for a time, from the sweetest and brightest dream that ever gladdened the heart of man?"

"Oh!" said she, laughing, "my very dear friend was no other than Uncle Pluribusi."

“Then you have been romancing a little, to be revenged on me?” inquired he, archly.

“I believe I must plead guilty.”

“I am impatient to meet my fascinating rival, that we may enjoy together a hearty laugh over our ‘Comedy of Errors.’ ”

Gentle reader, this is but a plain, unvarnished tale. It is true, I might have drawn upon my imagination for adorning it. I might have presented you with hair-breadth escapes, and crushing reverses; but I could not do so without detracting from its perfect truthfulness—for the incidents on which the foregoing pages are founded, are literally true.

I regret exceedingly that I am unable to wind-up with a marriage; but for the gratification of my youthful readers, I must not forget to add, that this event will take place immediately on the return of Mr. Thatcher from Europe, whither he has been unexpectedly called to transact some important business for the firm of Thatcher & Co.

ODE TO TIME.

BY WM. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF “YEMASSE,” “GUY RIVERS,” ETC.

I.

GRAY monarch of the waste of years,
Mine eyes have told thy steps in tears,
Yet yield I not to feeble fears,
  In watching now thy flight;
The neck, long used to weighty yoke,
The tree, long shivered by the stroke,
The heart, by frequent torture broke,
  Need fear no second blight.

II.

Oh! mine has been a mournful song—
My neck has felt the burden long—
My tree was shivered—weak and strong,
  Beneath the bolt went down:
My heart—enough—thou canst not prey
On many in this later day;
The old, the young, were torn away,
  Ere manhood’s wing had flown;
I saw the noble sire, who stood,
Majestic, as in crowded wood
The pine—and after him the brood—
  All perish in thy frown!

III.

So, count my hopes, and know my fears,
And ask what now this life endears,
To him who gave, with many tears,
  Each blossom of his love;
Whose store in heaven, so precious grown,
He counts each earthly moment flown,

As loss of something from his own,
In treasures stored above!
Denied to seek—to see—his store,
Yet daily adding more and more,
Some precious plant, that, left before,
The spoiler rends at last.
Not hard the task to number now,
The few that live to feel the blow;
The perished—count them on my brow—
With white hairs overcast!

IV.

White hairs—while yet each limb is strong,
To hold the right and crush the wrong;
Ere youth, in manhood's struggling throng,
Had half pursued his way:
Thought premature, that still denied
The boy's exulting sports—the pride,
That, with the blood's unconscious tide,
Knew but to shout and play!
Youth, that in love's first gush was taught
To see his fresh affection brought
To tears, and wo, and death—
While yet the fire was in his eye,
That told of passion's victory—
And, in his ear, the first sweet sigh,
From beauty's laboring breath.

V.

And manhood now—and loneliness—
With, oh! how few to love and bless,
Save those, who, in their dear duresse,
Look down from heaven's high towers:
The stately sire, the gentle dame,
The maid who first awoke the flame,
That gave to both a mutual claim,
As fresh and frail as flowers!—
And all those dearest buds of bloom,
That simply sought on earth a tomb,
From birth to death, with rapid doom,
A bird-flight winged for fate:

How thick the shafts, how sure the aim!
What other passion wouldst thou tame,
O! Time, within this heart of flame,
    Elastic, not elate?

VI.

Is't pride?—methinks 'tis joy to bend;
My foe—he can no more offend;
My friend is false—I love my friend;
    I love my foeman, too.
'Tis man I love—nor him alone—
The brute, the bird—its joy or moan
Not heedless to my heart hath gone—
    I feel with all I view.
Wouldst have me worthy?—make me so;
But spare on other hearts the blow;
Spare, from the cruel pang, the wo,
    The innocent, the bright!
On me thy vengeance!—'Tis my crime
That needs the scourge, and, in my prime,
'Twere fruitful of improving time,
    Thy hand should not be light.

VII.

I bend me willing to thy thrall,
Whate'er thy doom, will bear it all—
Drink of the bitter cup of gall,
    Nor once complain of thee!
Will poverty avail to chide,
Or sickness bend the soul of pride,
Or social scorn, still evil-eyed—
    Have, then, thy will of me!
But spare the woman and the child;
Let me not see their features mild,
Distorted—hear their accents wild,
    In agonizing pain:
Too much of this! I thought me sure.
In frequent pang and loss before;
I still have something to endure—
    And tremble, and—refrain!

VIII.

On every shore they watch thy wing—
To some the winter, some the spring,
Thou bring’st, or yet art doomed to bring.
  In rapid—rolling years:
How many seek thee, smiling now,
Who soon shall look with clouded brow,
Heart filled with bitter doubt and wo,
  And eyes with gathering tears!
But late, they fancied—life’s parade
Still moving on—that not a shade
Thou flung’st on bower and sunny glade,
  In which they took delight:
Sharp satirist! methinks I see
Thy glance in sternest mockery—
They little think, not seeing thee,
  How fatal is thy flight;
What feathers grow beneath thy wing—
What darts—how poisoned—from what spring
Of torture—and how swift the sting—
  How swift and sure the blight!

IX.

Enough!—the feeling has its way,
As thou hast had;—’tis not the lay
Of vain complaint—no idle play
  Of fancy, dreaming care:
A mocking bitter, like thine own,
Wells up from fountains, deep and lone,
From core and spirit, soul and bone—
  I’ve felt thee every where!
Thou’st mocked my hope and dashed my joy,
With keen rebuke and cold alloy;
The father, son, the man, the boy,
  All, all! have felt the rod!
Perchance not all thy work in vain,
In softening soul, subduing brain,
If suffering, I submit to pain—
  That minister of God!

A WINTER'S NIGHT IN THE WILDERNESS.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

'TWAS night; and hoary Winter walked abroad,
Howling like hungry wolves amid the wild;
Moon there was none—and every star seemed awed,
And shrinking, trembled like a frighted child!
Through all the woods the dreary snow was piled,
Or like a shroud it lay, the ridgéd fold
Showing the shape beneath—above, beguiled
By Sorrow, swayed the pines; through wood and wold
The wild winds to and fro went sighing unconsoled.

A cabin stood upon the wooded slope—
From many a crevice fitful firelight streamed,
Making the blackness denser, like the hope
Which from the settler's broken spirit gleamed,
Only to show the dark!—then, where it beamed,
Died, leaving all its ashes on his heart!
And now he gazed into the fire and dreamed
Of home, of native mountains wrapt apart,
The village and afar the large and steepled mart.

He saw the haze lay o'er the landscape green,
Where, like a happy thought, the streamlet flowed
The fields of waving grass and groves between.
Afar the white and winding turnpike glowed—
The peopled coach rolled down the dusty road.
The shining cattle through the pasture grazed;
And all the air seemed trembling with a load
Of melody, by birds and children raised:
But now, a voice—a groan—he started—stood amazed.

Hark! was't the wind which eddied round the place,
Or mournful trees by wailing tempests tossed?
Or was't a moan from that pale, wasted face
Which from the bed gleamed like a sleeping ghost?

Or Hunger worrying Slumber from his post
Amid the little ones? He only heard
The heave of breasts which unknown dreams had crossed,
Such dreams as stir the lips but make no word,
And heard his own heart beat like an o'er-wearied bird!

A noise—a tramp amid the crisping snow—
Startled his ear! A large, imploring eye
Gleamed at the window with unearthly glow!
Was't the grim panther which had ventured nigh?
Or ghost condemned—or spirit of the sky?
To grasp the gun his hand contained no force—
His arm fell trembling and he knew not why!
He ope'd the door—there stood a shivering horse,
While clung upon his mane a stiff and muffled corse.

Oh Death! who calls thy aspect terrible?
Is't he who gazes on the gentle maid
Wrapped in her careful shroud; for whom a knell
Steals o'er the village like a twilight shade;
And on whose breast and in whose hands are laid
White violets and lilies of the vale,
Gems which bloom downward? Or, like them arrayed,
Beholds the child as its own pillow pale,
And hears the father's groan and mother's piercing wail?

Who calls thy aspect terrible? Do they
Who gaze on brows the lightning stoops to scathe?
Or darker still, on those who fall a prey
To jealousy's unsmotherable wrath?
Or they who walk in War's ensanguined path
And hear the prayers and curses of distress?
These call thy aspect terrible! oh Death!
More terrible, by far, let those confess,
The frozen rider in that frozen wilderness!

THE MAN WITH THE BIG BOX.

BY G. G. FOSTER.

MR. ROBERT SHORT—or, as he was called for shortness, Bob Short—was a genius. He could write a passable poem, and on one occasion—perhaps I should say two—had imprinted a sonnet upon each virgin sole of a pair of stainless satin slippers, kindly loaned him by the fair owner who was to trample upon his mounting aspirations. But some, who accidentally read the verses in the evening—ladies' slippers *will* come off and get passed round the room, you know—asserted that Bob had put his foot into it more completely than the lady. And then the pretty excuses he made for the minuteness of the hand, or rather foot writing—"they were really so very small he could scarcely crowd his rhymes upon them, in any character!" It was quite charming and irresistible! Mr. Short rose cent. per cent. in moral and social stature, and eventually swelled to the size of a lion. Don't be alarmed, ladies—we mean a New York lion—not a real king of the forest, with yellow mane, eyes of fire, and a roar like Niagara Falls; but that much more harmless and docile animal, a civil, social lion—the lion of ladies in want of distinction, the lion of the *bas bleu*, the lion of Waverley Place and other high latitudes.

But, with all his numerous and admirable qualifications, Mr. Short had no genius for packing big boxes. Indeed, he had no genius for packing at all; and when his wife sent him packing, during his first courtship, he wouldn't stay packed, but came back and plagued her so with his attentions that at length she fairly married him to get rid of him—and a very good way it is, too, to get rid of a man's society, as many wives have proved. Mr. Short turned out, as might have been expected, any thing but an efficient housekeeper. He could cut a pigeon-wing, but was incapable of carving a chicken; he could wheedle the Muses, but was invariably cheated by the market-women; he could make *bon mots*, after a fashion, but bargains not at all. Although his verses were eminently mechanical, his manual dexterity extended to no useful purpose. As for putting up a bedstead, he could no more do it than he could have built a gallows and hung himself with the bed-cord; and he was obliged to wear gaiters all winter from lack of sufficient ingenuity to construct a boot-jack.

But Bob loved his wife, and felt ashamed of his utter inefficiency about the house. When his first child was born, therefore, he determined to reform, and see if he could not acquire some of the faculties in which he found himself so lamentably deficient. So he quit sonneteering and conundrum-making and betook himself to his study, where he passed day and night in profound meditation. His wife thought he

was only a little more crazy than usual; but the neighbors contended that he was calculating the centre of gravity. The result, however, upset every body's gravity, and all their calculations. Bob had invented a cradle! Such a cradle! If I had the pencil of Darley or Martin I could show you something of an idea of this wonderful cradle—but you must imagine. In form it was a happy combination of Cleopatra's barge and the tub of Diogenes; while in convenience and "general utility" it was at least equal to the Chinese junk at the Battery, or the walking gentleman at the —— theatre. Proud of his baby—for which he was indebted to his wife—he was still prouder of his cradle—which was entirely his own. No sooner was the grand idea perfected than he rushed to the cabinet-maker, who, after anxious reflection on the subject, informed him that it would require a month to give form and mahogany to his magnificent conception. Meanwhile, what was to be done with Baby? He could not, of course, possibly think of sleeping and being rocked in a common cradle—no, that would be rank sacrilege. The father had an idea—Baby should sleep in a champagne-basket, until the cradle was finished. It would be so cool and pleasant—champagne was cool and pleasant—and so promotive of sleep, for were not its contents originally of the pop-py variety? So it was settled that the little Short should take the place of a whole dozen of champagne, and be packed in a basket. Had it been the third, or even the second child, Mrs. Short would have taken the management of affairs more decidedly into her own hands; but young mothers are so tender and yielding!

Mrs. Short was one of those "magnificent creatures" about which newspaper people and dandies "go on so," in their respective cities throughout Yankeedoodledom; and having taken a husband merely to please Mr. Short, she concluded that she had a perfect right to choose a lover to please herself. Mrs. Short was a tall, majestic woman, with an almost military precision and elegance of carriage. She was one of those sartorial equivoques which the great tailor Nature sometimes suffers to go out of the shop—a full suit of regimentals made up into frock and petticoats. Her complexion was as pure and spotless as a French flower; her hair curled as gracefully about her—curling-tongs—as the young spring tendril round the vine; and her very particular friend was Lieutenant Long of the City Guard. The lieutenant was the exact counterpart of the lady—a military man apparently got up with starch and rice-paper, out of the remnants of a milliner's shop. But he was not deficient in impudence, and made a pretty income from his thriving trade of trunk-maker. This necessarily brought him more or less acquainted with the invaluable stores of his country's unread literature, and he even at length managed to get himself on good terms with some of the unappreciated authors and hangers-on of the press. A few suppers at Windust's, judiciously applied to the reporters, and a thick cotton poultice, applied with equal judgment to each leg, made our hero pass with the public for "that excellent soldier and gallant officer, Lieut. Long," and in society for a very useful and presentable man.

Mr. Short loved his wife—doted on his baby—and worshiped his cradle. The latter had even exceeded his most sanguine expectations, as is the case of General Tom Thumb with a remarkable number of editors; while, for my own part, that celebrated individual did not come up to my anticipations by several inches. Thus completely occupied, how was it to be expected that Mr. Short should be jealous? If any one had stolen his child—but that's all humbug—people's children, especially poor people's, never *are* stolen!—or if the model of his new-fashioned cradle had been pirated, he might indeed have been aroused. But while these were all right, the one within the other, and both in their right places, was he not infinitely obliged to Lieutenant Long for his civilities to Mrs. Short? He detested Shakspeare (*he* supposed that the old humbug still kept his place upon the stage!) and abominated the opera, while his wife was *enchantée* with both. How very obliging, therefore, of his dear friend, Lieutenant Long, to take her so frequently to these places!—he even insisted upon paying for the tickets!

It was now spring, and Mrs. Short had indicated to her husband the propriety of taking another house and "moving." The poor man—who entertained the keenest sense of his anti-packing deficiencies—was aghast at the bare idea. It was some time before he could recover the power of speech. When he did, the first use he made of it was to remonstrate.

"But, my dearest Julia, why should we move? Are we not so comfortable and happy here? We have such a nice garden, you know, and then we have just had the Croton put in, and the door-bell mended, and the blowers to all the grates painted black—why does my paragon wish to move?"

"Why? Why, because, because—I'm sure, Mr. Short, you're very—because, doesn't every body move? Besides, I'm determined I wont live stuck away in this vulgar part of the town any longer. I declare I'm quite ashamed to tell any body where I live—No. — Madison Street. Nobody lives west of Broadway."

"Now, my dear angel—"

"Never mind your nonsense—you can save all that, Mr. Short, for little Miss Prim."

[*Mem.* Ladies fond of flirting are always particularly jealous of their husbands.]

"My dear Julia, what do you mean about Miss Prim? I never spoke to her but twice in my life."

"I don't care—she's a minx—and you don't love me."

"Be calm! I do love you—I swear it by every thing I hold dear—by my child—our child, Julia! by my—by his—cradle!"

"You may go to sea in your stupid old cradle, if you like, and the baby too. I was a fool for ever having either of you."

Mr. Short was thunderstruck. Such a triple-armed denunciation from the lips of that wife upon whom his very soul doted, was too much—it was annihilation. She boasted that she cared nothing for him—that was dreadful, but he felt that, were it

alone, the blow could have been borne. She declared her indifference for his child, his darling, in whose sweet face he was fain to trace, day after day, the mingling beauties of mother and father, softened and purified by the light of infancy. This was awful! But, worse than this, than these, than all—she had actually abused his cradle! she had called it "that stupid old cradle!" Horror! At first he was too overwhelmed to act, or scarcely to think; while the lady kept pinning and unpinning a splendid lace *berta* around her still more splendid shoulders, and humming a bar of Benedetti's *Tu che a Dio spiegasti l'ali*. At length Mr. Short determined to be indignant, and assert the supremacy of outraged manhood. So, swallowing a tremendous mouthful of air, and putting his hands ominously into his trowsers' pockets, he began,

"Mrs. Short—"

But at the instant her name was uttered, the magnificent creature, throwing aside the slight covering of her beautiful neck, as if by an impulse of spontaneous grace, turned round in a majestic attitude and fixed her eyes, whose fathomless fountains gleamed mysteriously beneath their willowy lids, full upon him.

Reader, have you ever gone a deer-hunting? Well, the first time you took your stand by the "station" where the older sportsmen told you the game was about to pass—you waited with cocked gun and beating heart. At length a rustle—a bound in the bushes, and another in your bosom—you turn, and the noble creature stands directly before you, looking calmly into your very eyes. Well, reader, did you shoot that deer?

Mr. Short took a house the next day in Dishwater Place.

In other cities one day in the year answers for the anniversary of fools, but in Gotham it would seem to require two—and the first of May has come to be infinitely more celebrated for its orgies to Folly than its illustrious predecessor, the first of April. I am not about to attempt its history. Wrecks are its records; strewed along the curb-stones and side-walks that encompass the great ocean of metropolitan life, they beacon with the phosphoric light of decaying wash-stands, and the bleaching bones of dislocated bedsteads, the way to ruin. Suffice it that Mr. Short must "move" on the first of May, simply because every body moved. He had as yet no distinct notion of what he was about to undergo, but it hung over him like a vague, terrible, dark cloud. He counted the days and nights like a criminal waiting the day of his execution, or an undetected bankrupt for the maturity of his first note. He grew thin with apprehension and a kind of nameless terror, which, I have no doubt, furnished Bulwer the hint for his "Dweller of the Threshold."

At length came the eventful day. Mr. Short had at first tried to escape the horror of moving when every body else was moving, by precipitating his departure from Madison Street—but it was impossible. The house in Dishwater Place was not to be "vacated" until twelve o'clock on the first of May; and at that precise hour, so his

landlord informed him, he must “vacate” the premises in Madison Street. Only think of it! Two hundred thousand people turned simultaneously out of house and home, with bed and baggage, on the striking of the clock, and each rushing madly about through a wilderness of fugitive furniture and cracked crockery, in search of a place to lay his head and set down his kettles and bandboxes!

Mr. Short had spent several anxious and sleepless nights. In his waking dreams had passed and repassed in grim procession every article of furniture the house contained, from the mantel-clock to the scrubbing-pail. Ghosts of clamorous cartmen mustered around his pillow, and horrid noises, like the shrieking of broken furniture, blew aside his curtains. A dozen times, in his excited fancy, he packed and re-packed every thing upon the cart. The beds were to be piled thus—the bureaus stood up end-wise in this manner—the looking-glasses, the clock, the carpets, the stoves, the crockery, were all disposed of, at last, and poor Mr. Short, like another great man who don’t know how to pack big boxes, breathed freer and deeper. But then, what was to be done with all the minor utensils, the household “traps,” as they are not inappropriately styled! Where should ride the flat-irons, the preserve-jars, the centre-table ornaments, the lamp-shades, the——he had another idea! He would have a big box, and stow them all safely away in it. Mr. Short was getting to be decidedly a man of mechanical ideas! So the box was ordered and sent home—a gigantic thing, reaching from the door-step to the middle of the street. It was a public wonder. Little niggers played hide and seek around the corners; newsboys cracked jokes against its barn-like sides, and beggars with six children made shelter beneath its shade. Men stared and wondered as they hurried by, and women pointed at it with their parasols, and examined it all round, as if they mistook it for a house to rest, and were curious to see how many rooms there were in the third story.

At last every thing was gone except the big box. Mr. Short had persuaded Mrs. Short to ride out on the Avenue with Lieutenant Long, so as to be out of the way of the racket, and had undertaken to do every thing himself. He had indeed performed wonders. He seemed to have become possessed of a real household inspiration. Like Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista, he was here and there and every where at once, reinforcing every body all round. Up stairs, down cellar, in the box, each hand filled with movables, and a looking-glass, perhaps, under each arm, Mr. Short that day performed prodigies of skill and valor, and actually went far in retrieving the reputation of the family. At the last moment, however, when he was congratulating himself on his brilliant and somewhat unexpected exploits, and, hammer in hand, was preparing to nail down the box, down ran Bridget with the startling announcement,

“Oh, Mr. Short—you like to have forgot the cradle!”

“Good God! so I did! Bring it down in an instant.”

The cradle came, all nicely packed and tucked in with its beautiful white quilt—and in Mr. Short popped it into the box—nailed down the cover with a flourish of triumph, and left it to the tender mercies of the cartman—thoroughly exhausted, and

sick with his unusual exertions and the reaction of the tremendous excitement of the day. Knowing that it would be some hours before his wife and the lieutenant would reach home, he strolled, or rather tumbled, into an oyster-cellar, and ate his first meal that day. A glass of punch followed the oysters, and Mr. Short, quite refreshed, emerged from his subterranean paradise, just as the sun stepped across the Hudson and lay down for a nap in the Elysian Fields. Hastening to his new home in Dishwater Place, to see whether his wife and the big box had arrived in safety, he found Bridget busy as a certain personage in a gale of wind, patting things "to rights" in the most notable manner; but neither box nor wife had arrived.

"Well, Bridget, how do you get along?"

"Oh, purty well, I thank ye, Mister Short—but the cartman's been here, and says the box is stuck fast in Chatham Street, and can't be got out till morning. And here's a letter, sir, came this few minutes gone."

The letter is short, but will materially assist in conducting us to the end of our short story. It was as follows:

> "My Dear Sir,—You know I never loved you, and you will not be surprised, therefore, to hear that I have concluded to accept the protection of Lieutenant Long through life. Pursuit will be quite in vain.
>
> Yours, truly,
>
> Julia."
>
> "P. S. Remember me to Baby—take good care of the precious darling for my sake."

"The baby! Heavens and earth! Where *is* the baby then? Bridget, didn't your lady take the baby with her this morning?"

"Oh no, sir—she took somebody she likes a great deal better than him, sir, I'm thinking."

"But where is the dear creature? tell me this instant!" shouted the now infuriated man.

"Mercy, mercy, yer honor's glory! But as I'm a livin' sinner, it's in the cradle, packed in the big box, that he is!"

MIDNIGHT, AND DAYBREAK.

BY MRS. JOSEPH C. NEAL.

I.—MIDNIGHT.

I HAD been tossing through the restless night—
Sleep banished from my pillow—and my brain
Weary with sense of dull and stifling pain—
Yearning, and praying for the blessed light.
My lips moaned thy dear name, beloved one;
Yet I had seen thee lying still and cold,
Thy form bound only by the shroud's pure fold,
For life with all its suffering was done.
Then agony of loneliness o'ercame
My widowed heart—night would fit emblem seem
For the evanishing of that bright dream:
The heavens were dark—my life henceforth the same.
No hope—its pulse within my breast was dead.
No light—the clouds hung heavily o'erhead.

II.—DAYBREAK.

Once more I sought the casement. Lo! a ray,
Faint and uncertain, struggled through the gloom,
And shed a misty twilight on the room;
Long watched-for herald of the coming day!
It brought a thrill of gladness to my breast.
With clasped hands, and streaming eyes, I prayed,
Thanking my God for light, though long delayed—
And gentle calm stole o'er my wild unrest.
"Oh, soul!" I said, "thy boding murmurs cease;
Though sorrow bind thee as a funeral pall,
Thy Father's hand is guiding thee through all—
His love will bring a true and perfect peace.
Look upward once again, though drear the night;
Earth may be darkness—Heaven will give thee light."

PIONEERS OF WESTERN NEW YORK.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

High was the homage senates paid
To the plumed conquerors of old,
And freely at their feet were laid
Rich piles of flashing gems and gold.
Proud History exhausted thought—
Glad bards awoke their vocal reeds,
While Phidian hands the marble wrought
In honor of their wondrous deeds:
But our undaunted pioneers
Have conquest more enduring won,
In scattering the night of years,
And opening forests to the sun:
And they are victors nobler far
Than the helmed chiefs of other times,
Who rolled their chariots of war
In other lands, and distant climes.
Earth groaned beneath those mail-clad men,
Bereft of beauty where they trod—
And wildly rose, from hill and glen,
Loud, agonizing shrieks to God.
Purveyors to the carrion-bird,
Blood streamed from their uplifted swords,
And while the crash of states was heard
Swept on their desolating hordes.
Then tell me not of heroes fled—
Crime renders foul their boasted fame!

While widowed ones and orphans bled,
They earned the phantom of a name.
The sons of our New England sires,
Armed with endurance, dared to roam
Far from the hospitable fires,
And the green, hallowed bowers of *home*.

Distemper, leagued with famine wan,
Nerved to a high resolve, they bore;
And flocks, upon the thymy lawn,
Ranged where the panther yelled before.
Look now abroad! the scene how changed
Where fifty fleeting years ago,
Clad in his savage costume, ranged
The belted lord of shaft and bow.
No more a woody waste, the land
Is rich in fruits and golden grain,
And clustering domes and temples stand
On upland, river-shore and plain.
In praise of Pomp let fawning Art
Carve rocks to triumph over years—
The grateful incense of the heart
Give to our glorious pioneers.
Almighty! may thy stretched-out arm
Guard, through long ages, yet to be,
From tread of slave, and kingly harm
Our Eden of the Genesee!

J.F. Lewis A.L. Dick

THE SPORTSMAN.

Engraved expressly for Graham’s Magazine

THE SPORTSMAN.

OR MY FIRST DAY'S SNIPE SHOOTING AT CAMBRIDGE.

BY FRANK FORESTER, AUTHOR OF "THE WARWICK WOODLANDS," ETC.

MY first day's snipe shooting at Cambridge! Alas! alas! how many reminiscences, bitter and bleak as the cold north-eastern storm that, even while I write, is bellowing without, fall heavy on my heart, as I indite those simple words, How many, many long years wasted; how many generous aims and lofty aspirations blighted; how many kindly deeds and goodly feelings, written on sand, to be effaced as soon; how many faults and follies, recorded upon brass, perennial; how many warm hearts changed to sad, chill ashes; how many friends—dead, faithless, or forgetful! Alas! for those young days, and young feelings, flown forever, before there was a furrow on the brow, or a gray hair on the head, before disappointment had wrought agony, and agony been mother to the dark twins, distrust and despondency, near akin to despair.

That morning—I remember it as well as if twenty long and sorrowful years had not lagged along since it dawned gay with anticipated pleasure—so well do I remember it, that not a small detail of the room in which we met before our start, not a picture or trinket, nay, not the very colors of breakfast china have faded from my memory; and I believe that my tongue could re-word our whole conversation, and my steps retrace our whole walk, though I doubt not many a rare fen has been drained, and many an acre sown and harvested, across which on that day we picked our way from bog to bog, or waded ankle-deep in coffee-colored water, with now a snipe's shrill whistle, and now a mallard's harsh qua-ack—qua-ack saluting our delighted ears, making our youthful hearts beat hard and hurriedly, and drawing rash, unsteady trigger-pulling from our yet inexperienced hands. That morning was a bright, calm, beautiful October's dawning, as ever awoke sportsmen, too young and ardent to be sluggards, from college beds too hard and narrow to be very tempting, long ere the earliest cock had crowed, or the last loitering reveler ceased from vociferating to something, which he deemed a tune, most redolent of hot milk-punch or fiery bishop,

> "We wont go till morning, we wont go home till morning,
> Till daylight does appear."

I had refused an invitation to a supper party, at which a dozen jovial hearts now

scattered over this world, or passed from it, were to discuss broiled bones and deviled kidneys, diluted by hot gin-punch of the strongest—refused it on the score of keeping my hand steady, and my nerves braced for the morrow, and had supped quietly in my own rooms, with my companion of the day to be recorded, on poached eggs, Edinburgh ale, and a single bottle of Carbonell's best port, brewed into negus.

With my companion of the day to be recorded—Alas! poor George Gordon! Ours was a strange introduction, whence arose an entire and uninterrupted friendship, unbroken by a single angry word, a single unkind feeling, proof against time and undissolved by distance, but severed long ago by the insatiate hand of the cold fiend, consumption.

We were both from the north, freshmen on our way to Cambridge. I from the West Riding of Yorkshire, he from the Highland Hills of Aberdeenshire; and in the old Highflyer we traveled all the way from Ferrybridge, two hundred mortal miles and eighteen weary hours, the only inside passengers to Cambridge. Each of us took the other for an old collegian, neither of us being exceeding verdant, and both cognizant of that excessive college etiquette, which will not suffer a man to save a classmate, unintroduced, from drowning, not a word passed between us; we both wished to be cruel knowing—both proved, in that respect at least, to be cruel green. It was by odds the dullest and most tedious journey I ever have experienced—though I have traveled since over the half of two hemispheres, and though traveling, like misery, makes us acquainted with strange bedfellows.

I never shall forget how glad I was when the coach stopped at the Harp Hotel, and I got out, trusting that I should never again encounter that stiff, stately Don, who could not even speak to a fellow, because he was a freshman.

And he, it seems, was all the while putting up the like orisons against all future meetings with myself, Frank Forester.

Six hours later we were sworn friends, and never were, and now never can be, hap what hap, aught else in this world.

It so happened that I was not acquainted with a single man of my own college, when I went up to the university, all my old brother Etonians being either Johnians or Trinity men, while I had entered at Caius. I had the blues, therefore, most awfully; felt as if I was alone in a new and perilous world; a shipwrecked mariner left all among the cannibals "a-galloping ashore;" and, when dinner-time arrived, it was only by a mighty exertion of energy and pluck that I put on, for the first time, those singularly unbecoming habiliments ycleped cap and gown, and sallied forth to brave, as I supposed, alone, unknown and unsupported, the criticisms and witticisms, and impertinent comments of my there-after to be classmates.

After inquiring carefully of my *gyp* the way into *hall*, the particular table at which I was to sit, and all the etiquettes, not to be conversant with which is to a freshman the very fiend's arch mock—after taking especial care not to put on my trencher wrong side before, and to arrange my gown in what I imagined to be a very devil-may-care fashion, forth I went, with about as pleasant a prospect as the

gallows before me, but without the despairing pluck which enables the poor culprit to face that prospect manfully.

On I went, with my courage screwed to the sticking place, but I must confess with my heart thumping against my ribs prodigiously, when immediately under the low-browed archway—I have not seen it these twenty years and better; yet there it stands as palpable before me as if it were not a trick of memory—the low-browed archway giving access by an ascending stair to the hall redolent of six year old mutton, and by a descending flight to the college butteries and cellars, redolent of audit ale, and that most cloud-compelling compound, of hot ale, sherry, brandy, cloves, nutmegs, toast and cinnamon, which gods call nectar, and college men Caius copus—when under that low-browed archway, I say, of what should I become aware, but of my tall friend of the Highflyer, arrayed like myself in a cap and gown, which testified by their resplendent newness that he too was a freshman.

No words can, I believe, adequately describe the mutual delight of that recognition. He, it appears, was in precisely the same predicament with myself! He, like myself, had remained ensconced in his own *rooms*, not daring to stir out and meet the animadverting eyes of junior and senior sophomores, until the summons of the dinner-bell, and the yet more imperative commands of an esurient stomach had driven him out, as they have many a hero both before and since, to do and dare the worst.

Instead then of a morose and stately Don, steeped to the lips in scorn of verdant youngsters, each of us had before him an innocent, and equally imperilled, brother freshman. Confound all etiquette! there was no one near to see! so out went both our hands at once!

"Believe I had the pleasure of traveling from the north—"

"Think we came up together in the Highflyer—"

"Devilish little pleasure about it, however," said I, Frank Forester, mustering a little of the spice of the original fiend that possesses me.

"Deuced dull work it was, certainly, but, my dear sir, I took you for a Don."

"And I you—and for a mighty stiff one too."

"To tell you the truth," said the North Briton, "I have been thanking Heaven all the morning that I should never see that sulky little fellow again."

Little! confound his picture! I stand five feet ten in my stockings, and measure thirty-eight inches over the chest—but, sure enough, *little* I was beside *him*; for he was in truth a very son of Anak. Six feet four without his shoes, and yet so exquisitely fashioned, and in so perfect proportion, that unless there stood some one near him, against whom to institute a comparison, you would not have taken him for a six-footer. Alas! that very prematureness of perfect size and stature had perhaps sapped already the foundations of that noble piece of architecture, and foredoomed it to decay as speedy and untimely as its growth had been unduly rapid.

But no such thought as this at that time thrust itself upon us—we were young,

bold, self-confident, free, fearless of the future, and dreamed of any thing, in our proud aspirations after all that was great and noble, rather than of that which was so soon to befall us—untimely death the one, the other, long, long years of weary wandering.

"My name is George Gordon," said the Highland giant, "of Newton, near Old Raine, in Aberdeenshire."

"And mine, Frank Forester, of Forest Hall, near Wetherby, in the West Riding."

"Well, Mr. Forester, seeing that we now know one another, suppose we eat our first mutton, side by side, in this hall of Caius, and send the Dons to the devil!"

"Agreed, Mr. Gordon, provided that the mutton ended, you will take your *port* with me, at No. 12 in the Fellows' Court. It is some of Carbonell's purple, and by no means to be despised, I assure you. It is a present from John L—, of fox-hunting celebrity in Yorkshire, whom you may perhaps have heard of, even so far as Aberdeenshire."

"Jack L—! who has not heard of him, I should like to know. I shall be too happy, Mr. Forester, the rather that my wine has not yet made its appearance."

"By the way, don't you think we might just as well drop the Mister?"

"And be—George Gordon?"

"And Frank Forester. And make these Caius snobs—I have no doubt they *are* snobs, if they were ten times Dons—believe that we have known each other these ten years."

"Agreed!"

"Agreed!"

And we shook hands again upon it, and went into hall, and discussed the six year old mutton, undaunted by the observation of the oldsters, and astonishing the youngsters by the offhand way in which *he* talked of Kintore and Kennedy, and stalking royal harts with cupped horns on Braemar or in Glen Tilt; and *I* of Paine, of Selby, and Harry Goodrich, and brushing at bullfinches, and switching twenty-five feet brooks; while the pale snobs about us, with tallow faces and sleek hair, short, seedy trousers and black gaiters, were deep in the discussion of the Pons Asinorum, or exchanging experiences concerning tutors and morning lectures, chapels, and deans and proctors.

That evening, I will not say that we got fou', but this I will say, that my squinting gyp, old Robson, reported six fellow-commoners—*id est*, empty bottles—on the hearth the next morning—and that neither of us went to evening chapel that night, or to morning chapel the next day; which cost each of us the writing of an imposition of 600 lines of Virgil, or rather three half-crowns paid to old Dick, the barber, for writing it in our stead.

Thenceforth were we sworn friends forever. Thenceforth, eschewing hall, which we voted very slow and bad feeding, we dined alternate days each in the other's

room, the standing order being, soup, chops, or steaks, game, Stilton cheese and walnuts, and ever and aye four bottles to be *aired* before the fire.

Thenceforth, were we seen rarely at the lecture-room or chapel, but often at the covert-side, with Handbury, or Charley Newman, of the East Essex, by'r lady, and with Osbaldeston's lady pack, in Northamptonshire, though to accomplish that, we had eighty miles of road-work to do in coming and returning.

Thenceforth did our guns often ring together o'er many a lowland fen, and in after days on many a Highland hill; and this brings me back to the point whence I have so widely wandered.

It was, as I have said, a beautiful, calm October morning, on which, as soon as the skies were well light, I sallied forth from the college gates, and took my way through Trinity street, in front of the proud gate-house in which, above the archway, is still shown the room wherein young Newton dreamed perhaps already of celestial marvels to be made patent soon by his immortal genius—in front of the brick turrets and square casements of dingy-hued St. Johns—turned to the left into Bridge street, and soon reached the snug lodging in which my friend roomed, within college rules, though without the time-honored walls of Caius.

There never was a more complete specimen, than the snuggery into which I was introduced, of a college sportsman's room. It was not, it is true, above fourteen feet square; but into that small space was crowded almost every comfort and convenience that can be conceived. Above the mantel-piece, under the ample arch of which blazed a glorious sea-coal fire, hung a large, handsome looking-glass, between the frame and mirror of which were stuck a profusion of visiting-cards, summons to appear before the dean, buttery bills, and lists of hunting appointments. On each side of the glass was a dog's head, by the inimitable Landseer; and on the right hand wall a large picture of grouse-shooting in the Highlands, by the same prince of modern masters. A large and luxurious sofa ran along the left hand wall, on the crimson cushions of which were cast at random the black gown and trencher cap of the student.

Before the fire-place stood a table, which had once been amply furnished for the morning meal; but now the teapot stood with its lid staring open, guiltless of souchong or bohea; the voiceless urn sent up no spiral wreaths of sweetly murmuring steam; the egg-cups contained only shells; the massive silver dish, with its cover half displaced, showed only now, in lieu of the nobly deviled kidneys and turkey's gizzards, the scent of which "clung to it still," a little ruby-colored gravy, whereon floated a few rings of congealed fatness; the brown loaf was dismantled; the butter-pats had disappeared *in toto*; and the *tout ensemble* read me a lamentable lecture on the vices of procrastination and delay, the burthen of which was still the old college saw of *sero venientibus ossa*—"to the late comer, *bones*!"

Beneath the table, crouched, beautiful spectacle to a thorough-bred sportsman's eye, as superb a brace of setters as ever ranged a stubble, or brushed the dew-drops from the heather of a highland hill.

One of them was a red and white Irish dog, with large, soft, liquid eyes of the darkest hazel, a coal-black nose, palate and lips of the same thorough-bred tint, a stern feathered almost as thickly as a fox's brush, but with hair as soft and lucent as floss silk; his legs were fringed two inches deep with the same glossy fleece, and his whole coat was as smooth and sleekly combed as the ringlets of a highborn beauty. The other was English bred, and in his own way scarce less beautiful; he was jet-black, without a speck or snip of white on forehead, breast, or feet; but legs and muzzle were of the richest and warmest tan. And he, too, showed in his well-ordered coat, bright eye, and cold, moist muzzle, the very perfection of care and science in feeding and kennel management.

Beside the board, alas! for me no longer hospitable, sat the tall sportsman, his blue bird's-eye fogle, his snuff-colored velveteen jacket, his scarlet kerseymere waistcoat, with pearl buttons, the very pattern of a garb for a winter sportsman; but, unaccustomed yet to the wet lowland shooting of the fens, he had arranged his nether man in loose trousers of brown corduroy, a most inconvenient dress for marsh shooting.

He was in the act of putting together his gun, a short, powerful, heavy, double-barreled Manton, built to his own order, of unusual weight and calibre; a weapon of sure execution in safe hands, and of range almost extraordinary. I opened the door and strode in not without some considerable racket, but he never raised his eyes from the lock, which he was just screwing on, until he had accomplished his job; although, perhaps, knowing my step, perhaps guessing who it was from the increased wagging of the setters' tails, thumping the floor in joyous recognition, he said in a quiet voice, not untouched by a sort of dry humor,

"How are you, Frank? In time for once. Well, sit down, and get your breakfast. I suppose you have not fed yet."

"Fed! I should think not, truly. We don't feed in the *night* in my country—none of us, at least, except the woodcocks! and as for sitting down, that I can do well enough, but for the breakfast—"

"Oh! ah! I had forgotten. I ate that," said Master George, looking up very coolly. "Never mind, Frank; I have ordered a capital dinner at eight this evening, and there is a cold pheasant, and a bottle of Duff Gordon's gold sherry in the well of the dog-cart, to say nothing of anchovy sandwiches. You must hold on till two o'clock, and then make up for lost time at luncheon. Next time you'll be punctual."

"The devil take it, man," responded I; "I can no more walk thirty miles without my breakfast, than I can leap a thirty foot fen ditch without a pole. Breakfast—by George! I must have some breakfast, or no snipe to-day. Holloa! Eustace, holloa! I must have prog of some kind—what can you give me?"

"I will find something, Mr. Forester, I'll warrant you," replied the gyp, kicking the door open with his right foot, and pulling it to behind him with his left as he entered, both his hands being occupied in bearing a well-appareled tray—fresh tea, kidneys red-hot, rolls smoking, and, to complete the whole, prawn curry.

"Now, then, be smart, Frank," shouted my comrade, "I hear the gray cob stamping at the door, and I don't keep him waiting over ten minutes—no not for the emperor of all the Chinas!"

Within ten minutes the kidneys had disappeared, the prawn curry was not, the second teapot was empty, no crust or crumb of the hot rolls remained to hint to future generations what they had been; and to wash down the whole, and settle our stomachs for the day, George and I had absorbed a thimblefull a piece of the real mountain-dew of Glenlivet.

The dogs were stowed under the seat; the guns, in their leather cases, strapped to the top-rail of the dog-cart; our sporting toggery concealed from keen eyes of proctors by heavy driving-coats; and, within the given period of ten minutes, the lively little gray was stepping it out gallantly at 12 miles the hour, snatching at its steel curb, and tossing its proud head, as if it had not got some forty stone behind it.

Down Jesus lane we bowled, rattling over the rough cobblestones, and bringing all the helpers out of Sparrow's livery-stable to see what was in the wind, past Stourbridge Common, and up the hill toward Barnwell, hamlet of unclean notoriety, peopled entirely, of men, by dog-fanciers, rat-hunters, pigeon-shooters, and the lowest of that tribe ycleped the fancy; and of women, by those unfortunates, who have to ears polite no appellation. Through that ill den we rattled merrily, heedless of the clamors which followed us, and soon reached Paper-mill Bar, on the Newmarket road, with its high turnpike gates placed on the keystone of a one-arched bridge spanning a deep and turbid stream, flowing from the fens to the Cam in devious curves through the deep meadow-land.

Here Gordon pulled up for the moment, and while he was paying the toll, pointed to a bit of splashy ground, not thirty yards from the road-side to the right hand.

"If you will jump out with your gun, Frank—never mind taking a dog along—you'll flush a couple or two of snipe in that pool. Get a double shot, if you can, but don't wait to follow them. We are behind time, even now."

No sooner said than done. Out I jumped, gun in hand, and walked forward briskly, with both my barrels cocked. I had not in those days attained the cool quickness which enables the sure finger to cock the piece, as it rises to the eye, without delay or hesitancy. Up they jumped, just as I had been warned, two couple close under my nose. Bang, went my first barrel, harmless, discharged before the bird was ten paces distant from the muzzle. *Skeap! skeap!*—away they went, twisting and zigzaging their way up wind, as wild as hawks; but I had rallied already, and fired my second barrel coolly, and with better luck than I had deserved by my first miss.

The bird I shot at was keeled over clean, and quite dead, riddled by the mustard-seed at the true distance—it must have gone like a single ball at the first snipe—and, to my great astonishment, another, which, unseen at the moment when I pulled the trigger, was crossing the same line at some twelve yards further, went down wing-

tipped. That was the first and last time that I ever have killed myself or seen killed by another, two English snipe at one shot.

Well pleased, I jumped again into our dog-cart; and away we rattled five miles further to Dry Water, a large broad brook, along the banks of which is the best shooting in that district, and there, upon the bridge, we found awaiting us, with his fourteen foot jumping-pole, and his capacious game-bag, Jem Carter, the best guide and pole-man of the fens, surnamed *the clean, lucus à non lucendo*, from his exceeding filthiness, together with his brother, a smart, wicked urchin of sixteen. To the guidance of the latter we entrusted the gray cob, to be driven to the Rutland Arms, at Bottisham, and there installed at rack and manger, to await our coming. To the guidance of the former, thorough mud and thorough mire, we committed ourselves. I remember, as I said before, every turn and winding of that long, weary walk, every tussock over which we stumbled, every quagmire in which we stuck fast, every broad dyke into which, jumping short, we blundered; but these things would have small attraction to my readers. Much game we did not kill that day, assuredly; but we have killed *some* since, *sarten*! as Tom Draw says. And for the rest, it is neither for the shooting performed, nor for the miles traversed, but for the memory, never to be forgotten, of old friendship interrupted, and good fellowship ended forever, that I still cherish, and hold dear, in a deep angle of my heart, the recollection of “my first day’s snipe shooting at Cambridge.”

WHEN EYES ARE BEAMING;

OR THE

FAREWELL SONG,

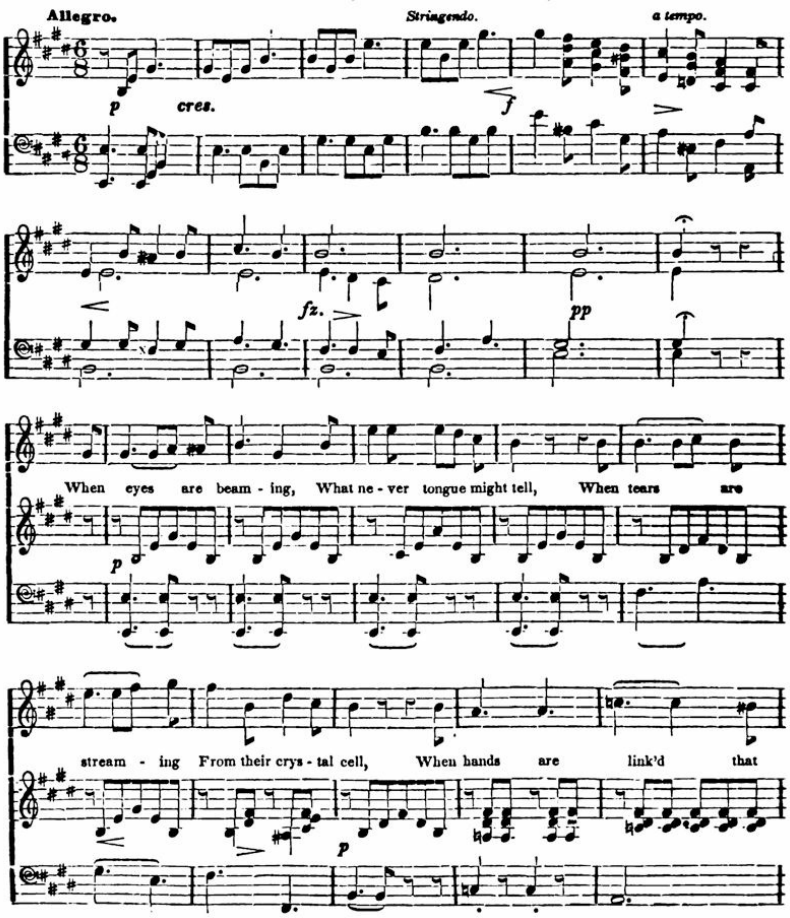
WRITTEN BY HEBER,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO

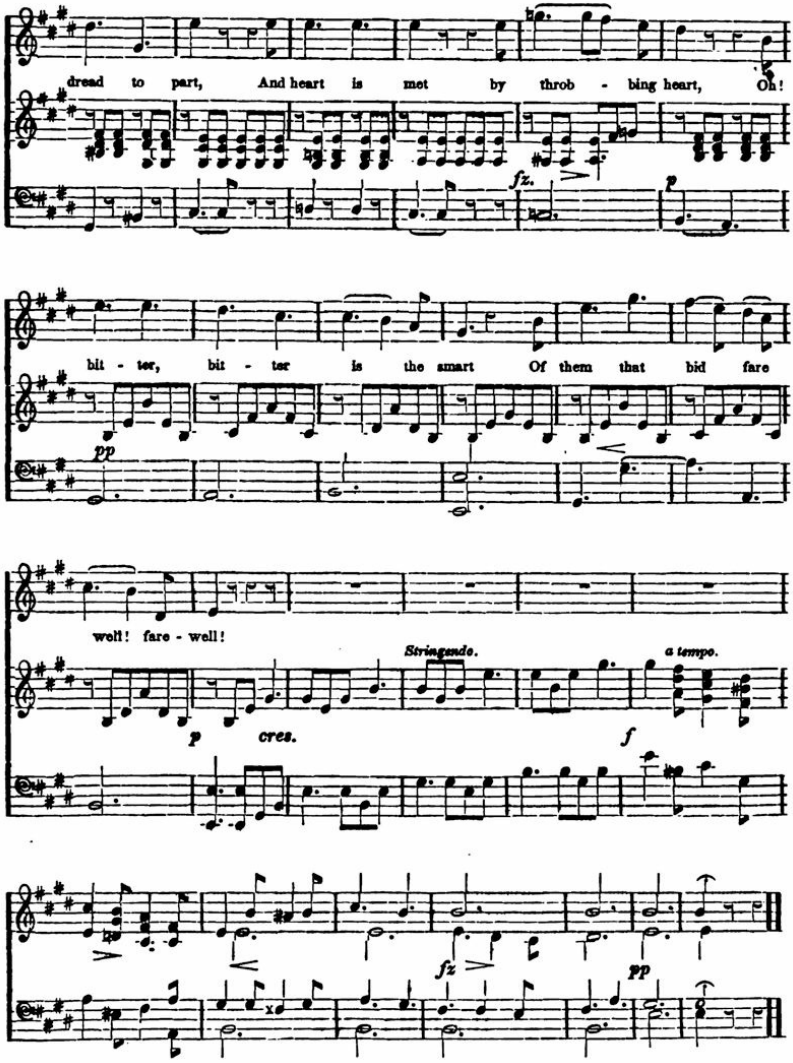
MISS M. BARRY,

BY M. KELLER.

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



When eyes are beaming,
What never tongue might tell,
When tears are streaming
From their crystal cell,
When hands are link’d that



dread to part,
And heart is met by throbbing heart,
Oh! bitter, bitter is the smart
Of them that bid farewell! farewell!

SECOND VERSE.

When hope is chidden
That fain of bliss would tell,
And love forbidden
In the heart to dwell;

When fetter’d by a viewless chain,
We turn and gaze, and turn again,
Oh! death were mercy to the pain,
    Of them that bid farewell!

THE MARINER RETURNED.

BY REV. EDWARD C. JONES.

Come back—come back with your sun-lit eyes—
Oh, sing me your olden melodies—
I have piled the oak on the ingle wide.
And bright is the hall of my boyhood's pride;
I long to gaze on the household throng,
With the blended laugh and the fireside song,
I long to print on my mother's cheek
The kiss, whose feeling no tongue may speak,
I long for a clasp of my father's hand,
And the welcome strain of that sister band,
And the love-lit glance of my brother's eye,
Would waken my soul to ecstasy.
I have sped me back from the India grove,
With the shells and birds that my kindred love;
I have brought the gems for my maiden's hair,
To shine like the silver starlets there,
The pearl from the sea-cave's calm retreat,
I have borne it home, with a footstep fleet,
And the rich-dyed plume of the songster gay,
I have brought as a radiant prize away.
'Tis true my cheek has a dusky shade,
For the southern gale with my locks has played,
'Tis true the seasons that sped away
Have left the marks of the tell-tale gray,
And the plough of time, with a furrow now,
Has come in its turn to my sunburnt brow,
But oh! in my heart unchanged their lies
A throng of reviving memories,
And one touch of love shall awake once more
Each vision bright of the days of yore.
Oh, lone one, come from the far green sea,
That household band cannot come to thee,
For she with the calm and pensive eye,

Who cradled thy head in infancy,
And he whose bosom would bound with joy,
As he joined in laugh with his first-born boy,
And they who watched with a sister's pride
The scion that grew by their parents' side,
And the brother, too, who with joy and grace
Would part the ringlets from off thy face,
They have gone in turn in a shadowy band;
Oh, yes, they have flown to the better land,
They have traced their names on the slab of white:
Go read the line, if it dim thy sight,
And standing there, with their dust beneath,
And the eye of faith on their seraph-wreath,
Oh vow, in the strength of God's blessed Son,
To win the crown that your kindred won,
And then forever each household tie
Will firmly link in the far-off sky,
And each form beloved shall be clasped by thee,
Oh, mariner, come from the sounding sea.

BURIAL OF A GERMAN EMIGRANT'S CHILD AT SEA.

BY J. T. F.

No flowers to lay upon his little breast,
No passing bell to note his spirit home—
We lowered him gently to his place of rest,
Parting with tears at eve the ocean foam.

No turf was round him, but the heaving surge
Entombed those lids that closed so calm and slow,
While solemn winds, with their cathedral dirge,
Sighed o'er his form a requiem sad and low.

Ah! who shall tell the maddening grief of love
That swept her heart-strings in this hour of wo!
Weep, childless mother! but, oh, look above
For aid that only Heaven can now bestow.

Gaze, blue-eyed stranger, on that silken hair,
Weep, but remember that thy God will stand
Beside thee here in all thy wild despair,
As o'er the green mounds of thy Fatherland.

Painted by Brown Engraved by Jackman

HERMIONE.

Graham’s Magazine

HERMIONE.

WINTER'S TALE. ACT V. SCENE III.

Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione; or rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy and grace.
Oh, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands,) when first I wooed her!

——

'Tis time; descend; be stone no more; approach;
Strike all that look upon with marvel. Come,
I'll fill your grave up: stir; nay, come away;
Bequeath to death your numbness, for from him
Dear life redeems you. You perceive she stirs;

(*Hermione comes down from the pedestal.*)

Start not: her actions shall be holy as,
You hear, my spell is lawful; do not shun her;
Until you see her die again; for then,
You kill her double: Nay, present your hand:
When she was young you woo'd her; now in age
Is she become the suitor!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Men, Women, and Books. A Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his Uncollected Prose Writings. By Leigh Hunt. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Hunt, after a long life of petty persecution, and a long struggle with poverty and calumny, seems destined to have his old age crowned with roses, and his books applauded with a universal three times three. He has been pensioned by the government, pensioned by the heir of Shelley, has had complimentary benefits, and is continually having complimentary notices. The present volumes are made up of selections from his contributions to periodical literature, including a few articles written for the Westminster and Edinburgh Reviews. There is considerable variety in the topics, with much individuality running through them all. The portrait with which the first volume is embellished, had better have been suppressed. It is the most decidedly cockney visage we ever saw engraved on steel, and would confirm the worst impressions obtained of him through the critiques of Blackwood's Magazine. It has an air of impudent sentimentality, smirking conceit, and benevolent imbecility, which we can hardly reconcile with our notions of the author of "Rimini," and "Captain Sword and Captain Pen."

These volumes have the characteristics which make all of Hunt's essays delightful to read. They have no depth of thought or feeling, they evince no clear knowledge of any principles, intellectual or moral; but they are laden with fine impressions and fine sensations of many captivating things, and an unctuous good-nature penetrates them all. They are never profound, and never dull. With a gay and genial impertinence the author throws off his impressions of every subject which he meets in his path; and morality itself is made to look jaunty. When his remarks are good for nothing as opinions, he still contrives to make them charming as fancies or phrases. There is hardly an instance in the two volumes where he is not pleasantly wrong, when he has attempted to settle any debated question in morals or metaphysics. The essays in which he is most successful, are those relating to the refinements of literature and minor moralities of society. He is a writer whom we delight to follow when he talks of Suckling, Pope, Lady Montagu, or Madame de Sevigne; but when he touches a man like Milton, or a man like Shelley, the involuntary cry is, "hands off!" The finest thing in the present collection is the exquisite prose translation of Grisset's "Ver-Vert." In such niceties Hunt is unequalled.

The publishers have issued these volumes in a handsome style. In mechanical

execution as in intellectual character, they are well fitted for the parlor table.

Louis the Fourteenth, and the Court of France in the Seventeenth Century. By Miss Pardoe. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

The authoress of this book is well calculated to do her subject justice. She has the requisite industry, and the requisite tact, and the result is a work as instructing as it is attractive. In reading history, where every thing is seen through a certain medium of dignity, few realize the ignoble origin of many remarkable events, and the meannesses to which remarkable personages often descend. A work like the present tears away the flimsy veil which covers both, and enables us to see glory in its night-gown and slippers, government at its toilet, and events in their making. France, under Louis the Fourteenth, with its external grandeur and internal meanness, its great men and its intriguing women, its charlatanrie and harlotonrie, loses much in such a mode of treatment, but the reader gains more than France loses. Miss Pardoe follows with her keen, patient mind, the manifold turns of court diplomacy, and discerns, with feminine sagacity, all the nicer and finer threads of the complicated web of intrigue. As a woman, she is acute to discover the hand and brain of her own sex in every incident where women took a part; and none but a woman could fully unveil many of the events which elevated or disgraced France during the reign of Louis. The sharp and cynical Frederick of Prussia said, years ago, that "the petticoat history of the seventeenth century remained to be written." A considerable portion of Miss Pardoe's work supplies this need as regards France. Her book, full as it is of kings, warriors, statesmen, priests, nobles, artists, poets, is still more laden with women.

The Harpers have issued the work in a style of great elegance and beauty, with illustrative engravings. It cannot fail to attract many readers, not only because it deals with an important epoch in history, but also because its details have the interest of romance.

The Good Genius that Turned Every Thing into Gold, or the Queen Bee and the Magic Dress. By the Brothers Mayhew. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

This is the first number of the "Friends' Library," a series of publications which the enterprising publishers intend to issue in an attractive form. "The Good Genius" comes before us in a most splendid dress, with five engravings, and illuminated covers. It is one of the most interesting of fairy tales, told with all the charms of vivid description, and abounding in allusions to actual life. It shows the fleeting nature of that boundary to man's wishes which he calls *enough*; a boundary which

recedes as he advances; and it beautifully teaches that after a human being has had opportunities to gratify every passion, he finds at last that the only joy of life is in the spirit of patient industry. The main object of the book being to interest the young in those qualities of character which are most important to their happiness and success, the authors have done well in selecting a fascinating story, teeming with wonders, as the medium through which they can best attain their object. The railroad and magnetic telegraph are introduced in a fairy guise with fine effect, and the reader is forcibly struck with the fact, that genius and industry have realized now more that fancy could once imagine. We hope the brothers Mayhew may live long and write often. There are some writers whom we should regret to see inspired by the Genius of industry. The authors of this charming little story are not of that number.

The Complete Angler, or the Contemplative Man's Recreation. By Izack Walton. With Biographical Preface and Copious Notes by the American Editor. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is the best edition of Walton's Angler ever published in England or America. Of the book itself it is almost needless to speak, for it is read wherever the English language is spoken. It is a quaint, humane, practical, poetical, and most delicious volume. For summer reading, under the trees, or by the rocks of the sea-shore, it is almost unmatched. The reader for the time is equal to Walton himself, in "possessing his soul in much quietness." To the angler the book is both a classic and a companion. The person who reads it for the first time is to be envied. The American editor has performed his task of illustration and comment with the spirit both of an antiquary and a lover, and has really added to the value of the original. To all men and women, vexed with cares and annoyances of any kind, we commend this sunny volume. They will feel it as a minister of peace and quiet thoughts.

Fresh Gleanings: or a New Sheaf from the Old Fields of Continental Europe. By Ik. Marvel. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

The title of this work is not more quaint that its mechanical execution. As it is like no other book of travels, so it is printed like no other. It seems as if the author felt that his subject had been so exhausted, that the public would not believe in the epithet "fresh," unless the printing was "fresh" also. We can hardly praise the book more than by saying that the title is true. Almost every page is alive with a fresh, keen, observing, thoughtful, tolerant, fanciful, and sensible mind. The author's manner of writing is characteristic, and, except that it sometimes reminds us of Sterne, is as new as his matter. Even the occasional affectation in his style appears

like something which has grown into his mind, not plastered upon it. Among the many merits of his descriptions and narrations, we have been especially struck with his originality in blending his own emotions with what he describes. He represents objects not only as pictures, but he gives the associations, and the mysterious trains of thought they awaken. There is a certain strangeness, so to speak, in his descriptions, which, without marring the distinctness of objects, adds to them a charm derived from a curious fancy, and a thoughtful intellect.

We suppose that most of our readers are aware that Ik. Marvel is but another name for Donald G. Mitchell.

Notes on the Parables of Our Lord. By Richard Cherevix French, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

A work like this, learned enough for the scholar, and plain enough for the worshiper, has long been wanted. The author has given the subject the most profound study, and examined almost every thing bearing upon it, either directly or incidentally; and has produced a work in which the results of patient thought and investigation are presented in a style of great sweetness and clearness. The diction, considered in respect to its tone rather than its form, reminds us of Newman, one of those masters of composition who are too apt to be overlooked by the mere man of letters, from the exclusive devotion of their powers to theology.

The Crown of Thorns. A Token for the Sorrowing. By Edwin H. Chapin. Boston: A Tompkins. 1 vol. 24mo.

Mr. Chapin is a Boston clergyman, of strong and cultivated intellect, and eloquent both as a writer and speaker. The present little volume is full of deep feeling and fine reflection, and will go right to the hearts of those for whom it was especially written. As a literary production it well sustains the author’s reputation. The style is nervous and animated, the topics are well chosen and well treated, and a tone of earnestness gives meaning and character to every page. A great deal is compressed in a small compass.

The Months. By William H. C. Hosmer. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

We have read this unpretending little volume with great pleasure. Its gifted author unites to a fervid and sparkling imagination a profound and enthusiastic love

of Nature, and a rare and poetical appreciation of its beauties. It is a daring task to undertake the description of the seasons after Thomson; but Mr. Hosmer has succeeded in presenting the distinctive features of our ever changing and ever beautiful American scenery, with a grace and truthfulness that will challenge the admiration of every reader of taste. “Each of the within,” say the neat and modest preface, “is marked by its own distinctive features, clothed in its appropriate garb, and hallowed by the recollection of the events which have occurred during its stay. The year which came with the one closes with the other. There is, in this constant, never-ending change, something congenial to the nature of man, which is stamped on every thing around him. Were our skies to be ever of an azure blue, clear and unclouded, we should soon become wearied with the sameness of their aspect.

> “Who would be doomed to gaze upon
> A sky without a cloud or sun?”

We select, as a seasonable and gratifying specimen of the author’s manner, the following, from his description of October:

> The partridge, closely ambushed, hears
> The crackling leaf—poor, timid thing!
> And to a thicker covert steers
> On swift, resounding wing:
> The woodland wears a look forlorn,
> Hushed is the wild bee’s tiny horn.
> The cricket’s bugle shrill—
> Sadly is Autumn’s mantle torn,
> But fair to vision still.
>
> Bright flowers yet linger—from the morn
> Yon Cardinal hath caught its blush,
> And yellow, star-shaped gems adorn
> The wild witch-hazel bush;
> Rocked by the frosty breath of Night,
> That brings to frailer blossoms blight,
> The germs of fruit they bear,
> That, living on through Winter white,
> Ripens in Summer air.
>
> Yon streamlet, to the woods around,
> Sings, flowing on, a mournful tune,
> Oh! how unlike the joyous sound
> Wherewith it welcomed June!
> Wasting away with grief, it seems,
> For flowers that flaunted in the beams
> Of many a sun-bright day—
> Fair flowers!—more beautiful than dreams
> When life hath reached its May.

The Power of the Soul over the Body, considered in Relation to Health and Morals. By Geo. Moore, M. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 16mo.

Such books as this, if generally circulated, cannot fail to do a vast deal of good. Dr. Moore is well adapted to make the subject he has chosen interesting and intelligible, and the subject itself comprehends topics of great practical importance. In his mode of treating his theme, the author avoids all the technicalities of his profession, addressing the public, not physicians. The style, bating a little effort after rounded sentences, is clear and precise.

O'Sullivan's Love, a Legend of Edenmore; and the History of Paddy Go-Easy and his Wife Nancy. By William Carleton, author of "Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry." Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

Mr. Carleton is one of the most powerful of the many novelists who have aimed to illustrate Irish character. He gives us the true Irishman, in his passions, his blunders, his blarney, and his potatoes. His pathos and humor are both excellent. The present novel well sustains his high and honorable reputation.

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious typesetting and punctuation errors have been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals available for preparation of the eBook.

page 171, story just it happened ==> story just as it happened
page 174, answer, he plead, and ==> answer, he pleaded, and
page 176, looses her identity, ==> loses her identity,
page 211, mountain-dew of Glenlivat ==> mountain-dew of Glenlivet

[The end of *Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXI, No. 4 (October 1847)* edited by George R. Graham]