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VOL. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER, 1847. NO. 5.

REMINISCENCES OF WATERING-PLACES.

BY FRANCIS J. GRUND.

WHATEVER our political independence may be, we are slavish imitators of Europe in every thing appertaining to society. We may boast of being republicans—we may beard England and France, conquer the Mexicans and annex Cuba, but we dare not get up a coat or a pantaloon, or a morning-dress, or a *peignoir* of a lady, without first waiting for the fashion plates of Paris. What is taste but a sense of the fitness of things—the intuition of propriety—and why should we not lay claim to it as well as other nations. John Bull, in that respect, is a much more remarkable man; not only is he stock-English at home, but an Englishman wherever he goes—in Canton and St. Petersburgh, in Constantinople or Paris—wherever he sojourns he founds, or assists in founding, an English colony, governed by English laws, English fashions, English tastes, and all the substantial customs of his foggy and smoky island. Nothing tempts him to forego his Anglicism. He breakfasts on a steak in India, as he does on Ludgate Hill, and has made the establishment of butchers' shops in the Asiatic possessions of England an important item of legislation;—he has established coffee-houses in Paris, where you get, *par excellence*, a *biftec à l'anglaise*—he has established *Hotels d'Angleterre* in every habitable town and village of Europe, and he has colonized the world with English shoemakers, tailors, and other artisans of every description. Let him go where he may, he prefers the productions of his country to every other, and even deals in preference with his countrymen, though he knows they cheat him. He would rather be circumvented by his own countrymen than pay an additional frank to a Frenchman.

Wherever half a dozen English families are congregated, there is a loyal English association for the preservation of the purity of English manners, English patriotism, and the holy and essential connection of Church and State. As a matter of course,

whenever they can afford to pay for a preacher, they have their English chapel, and if a nobleman happens to get among them, they have their English genealogies, their court and their toadies. In former days they were at least obliged, when traveling, to study French, or some other European language, but since English is spoken all over the world, from the lady in the drawing-room to the garçon of the hotel and the *café*, the incoherent monosyllables of which English conversation is usually composed, will answer for an overland journey to Calcutta. Even in this country the English remain attached to their habits and customs, and to the fashions of their own modern Babylon.

Alas! it is not so with us. We imitate the whole world; we are the slaves of fashions set by other people, and yet, we are the only country on earth which has a *written declaration* of independence.

But the worst of it is, that in imitating Europe, we select generally that which is least fit for our use, and omit those laudable customs and manners which, being founded on the experience of centuries, give to the old continent the only real advantage it has over us. We copy aristocratic prudery and exclusiveness, and omit the graceful provenance of the higher orders, wherever their rank or title is not drawn into question, and the agreeable equality which is the essential charm of society. We cannot unbend for a single moment—we carry our personal dignity, our wealth, and our connections into the humblest walk of life, and by that very means deprive ourselves of a thousand little enjoyments which constitute the great aggregate of human happiness.

I will here allude only to one instance—the manner in which we spend our summers. Our summers are, in general, hotter than those of Europe and, in consequence, drive a much larger portion of the population into the country and to the watering-places. The facilities of locomotion, too, are very great, and traveling comparatively cheap; because we are in a habit of doing it in caravans, whether it be by rail-roads[1] or in floating palaces. How delightfully might we not spend the warm season, and the delicious autumn which follows, if we only knew how!

In Europe there are two kinds of watering-places: those where baths are taken or waters drunk for the use of health, and those which, being delightfully situated, attract crowds of visiters merely for the purpose of agreeable pastime. The waters of the Pyrenees, of the Tyrol, and some of the *Brunnens* of Germany, belong to the former class; but by far the greatest number are properly comprised under the head of “Baths of Luxury and Amusement.” And, indeed, it is a luxury to use such baths in such places, and surrounded by such comforts! Among the model waters of the world are those of Germany. They unite in themselves all the advantages of the others, and surpass them in the profundity of thought and research with which they are organized and embellished. There is a high, lofty enthusiasm in that hardy race of Germans, which one would not naturally seek behind those listless blue eyes, flaxen hair, drum heads and quadrangular faces, which have won for them the characteristic appellation of *têtes-carrées*; and yet how beautifully are their classic

lore, their wild romanticism, and their modern merriment, illustrated at their *Brunnens*! They are complete little worlds in themselves—miniature planets, scarcely perturbed by the revolutions of other bodies. In a week you can pass through the whole of them, from Hesse Homburg and Baden-Baden to Wiesbaden, Emms and Langenschalbach, and yet each of these bears a distinct physiognomy, and is complete within itself. Wonderful totality of the Germans—harmonious agreement of taste, fancy and reality, to be found at a German watering-place, and no where else in Germany! The republicanism and philosophy of the Germans, driven from the residences of princes, have taken refuge at the *Brunnens*, where they have established the democracy of high life—the cosmopolitism of education and good breeding, and the individual independence which is sometimes in vain sought in other commonwealths! I will give here, by way of example, a short description of the principal advantages of Baden-Baden—deservedly the most fashionable watering-place now in Europe—to show what a fashionable resort of that land can be made; and of what improvements our own are capable, if people had a mind to be free and easy, at least as long as the thermometer ranges from eighty to a hundred.

I shall not trouble my readers with a description of the various routes that lead to Baden from Paris, London, or any other place they choose to start from. They will find it laid down on every map of Germany, not far from Strasburg and the Rhine, and the postillions in their high-boots, leather inexpressibles, short-jackets and glazed hats, with bright brass bugles dangling to their sides, on which they often charm their horses and annoy their English passengers, are so accustomed to the road that they are sure to carry you there within the time prescribed by law, (4 miles to the hour,) if you will promise not to disappoint them with the *drink-geld*. A German postillion gets money merely for drink, and hence his *douceur* is called drink-money—the English translation of the above idiom. This only I will say: that if you take the rail-road from Carlsruhe to Baden-Baden, you have already a foretaste of the comforts that await you. Of course you take first class cars, balanced on extra steel springs, where, stretched on a rose-wood sofa, carved *à la Renaissance*, with a large looking-glass before you, and an elegant table between, you may either read, take notes, take a collation or enjoy an agreeable *tête-à-tête*, as taste or opportunity may prompt you. These cars are never crowded, and you are in them as in a lady's *boudoir*, treading softly on the carpet. Instead of the shrill whistle, the hunter's, respectively the postillion's bugle, apprises you of your arrival, the door is opened, and the conductor, doffing his cap with the Grand Ducal arms, informs you that you have reached the place of your destination. There is no trouble about the luggage, which is all marked and registered, and sent to your hotel by the *agents of the road*, for another *drink-geld*, regulated by a tariff.

And now as to the hotels, of which there are about twenty or thirty in the place. The first question is: how large an apartment do you want? Do you require two, three, four, five, six or more rooms? with the windows looking into the garden or on the street? There are some rooms higher up with a fine view of the mountains—

some with a balcony, &c. These rooms are not merely places to sleep in; they are as completely furnished as those of your own house, with large glasses, sofas, lounges, *fauteuils*, and every convenience of the town or residence you have just left. You are in the country without missing any of the comforts of the city. There are two excellent *tables d'hôte*, one at an early and one at a late hour, (5 o'clock,) to suit your habits; breakfast in your rooms when you ring; supper from seven or eight in the evening till four or any o'clock the next morning, *à la carte*. Of course when you dine in your room you command your dinner *à la carte* also, but you better leave that to the taste of your host. Every hotel has baths attached to it, which you may command at any hour, and physicians who explain to you their effect on the constitution, and with whom you may advise as to your case. If you dine at the *table d'hôte* you are sure to have a band of music, which has at least the effect of promoting conversation, if it does not refresh your memory with the most popular pieces of the last opera. There is no public parlor; but the accommodations are such that you may receive your friends in your own room. The public parlor is the *Conversation House*, or *Kursaal*, where you see every body—not only "the boarders of your hotel," but the whole society of the place, which meets there twice a day, and is to the visiters of Baden what the capitol in Washington is to strangers in that city. This, of course, prevents the formation of cliques or sets, or coteries that are, for instance, formed at Saratoga, in regard, God save the mark! to the boarding-place you may be at, and enables you to be in good society without being observed; meeting your acquaintances, and yet obliged to recognize none unless you choose to do so. During the season there are some two or three thousand people every day at the Conversation House, which, of an evening, I can compare to nothing better than the levee of our President, with this exception only, that there is less of a jam, and of course less confusion.

The Conversation House itself is a very tasteful and elegant building; and some idea may be formed of the costliness of its furniture, when I state that the painting of the walls of a single saloon in it has cost fifty thousand francs. There are music and dancing, concerts and theatrical representations connected with the Conversation House, and only one marplot, which the government is about to suppress—the gaming-table. The principal games played are *Rouge* and *Noire, or trente et quarante*, *Roulet* and *Hazard*, introduced lately from Crockford's. But it is not considered good taste to gamble, though there is usually a large gallery of spectators; and a lady at the gaming-table is, indeed, a most sorry spectacle. Every body has a right to enter the Conversation House *gratis*, from the time it is opened till it is closed; provided the person, male or female, is properly dressed; and it is the fashion to be dressed as simply as possible, and for the ladies never to wear diamonds. Balls and concerts are given in separate rooms by subscription; but even there it is considered bad taste and absolutely vulgar, to appear in full dress. I have seen Prince Gallitzin waltzing with the Duchess of Béthune, he dressed in a linen jacket, and she wearing red morocco shoes! The only hair-dress which is not absolutely ridiculous in a lady, consists of natural flowers. It is the intention that all

shall enjoy themselves equally, and that nothing shall provoke remarks. The height of vulgarity, in a watering-place, is to be distinguished. It is understood that all social obligations and distinctions are suspended or cancelled at the watering-place, and that no obligation there incurred need be recognized in the city. There is, therefore, no fear of making disagreeable acquaintances, and the agreeable ones must be renewed in town.

But what I have thus far stated is but half the real pleasure enjoyed at a German watering-place, or the comfort that you can find there, if you like to stay there for a season. In that case you had best hire an *étage* (a whole floor of a house, usually from five to ten rooms, with a kitchen, &c.) or a whole house for yourself, all which you find already furnished with kitchen utensils, crockery, silver, in short, every thing that you have left at home, with even servants, if you desire, to wait on you; all by the week, month, or the whole season. In a similar manner may you hire your carriage by the day, week, month, or season, your saddle-horse, or a donkey to ride over the mountains. You are, in fact, surrounded by every convenience of London or Paris, and yet, in half an hour's drive, amidst the peasantry of the most laughing villages of Germany.

Baden is not without its Italian Corso. Every afternoon, that is from 6 o'clock till dark, ladies and gentlemen drive from Baden to Lichtenthal, a distance of not more than two English miles, but which, by art, is so arranged as to convey the idea of a much longer jaunt. You drive all the time through a most beautiful alley of horse-chestnuts; but you are not fatigued with the tiresome monotony of a straight line, and its diminishing perspective. The line you follow is serpentine, with unequal curves on both sides, so as to lengthen your course and still keep you in the valley bounded on both sides by semi-circular mountains. In this manner you enjoy every possible scenery, and every advantageous position to view it. Now the old castle, which you have just left, again bursts on your sight; then the landscape seems to be changed into an open prairie, bound on both sides by craggy rocks; then you find yourself suddenly traversing a flower-garden, traveling along between rose-bushes raised to the height of from eight to ten feet; and all at once you are again, as if by magic, buried within the dark foliage of a dense oak forest. Thus the scenery varies till you have come to the nunnery of Lichtenthal, where you may alight and take some refreshment in the hotel opposite, or if you are fond of clear, mountain streamlets, taste the cool water of the rills that trickle down the mountains; some blowsy children being always ready to present you with a tumbler-full on a waiter, with a bunch of flowers placed by the side of it, for which you are expected to make a small return. Germany is essentially the country of flowers and music, and you can indulge in both of them, during the season, at Baden-Baden. By the side of the alley of horse-chestnuts, which is wide enough for two or three carriages to drive abreast, there is another for cavaliers on horseback, so that ladies and gentlemen can practice all the arts of refined coquetry whilst admiring the beauties of nature, and enjoying the fragrant air with which this romantic valley is constantly blessed. On the left hand, following the gurgling brook which meanders through the valley, is a gravel-

walk, sufficiently near the drive for the promenaders to observe and to be observed, and with its animated groups, much contributing to the variety of the scene. There is no social difference observed between those who drive and those who walk, parties frequently alighting from their carriages to join the pedestrians, and carriages being ready on both ends of the promenade to convey them. Whichever way you turn, social distinctions vanish—the life you lead seems to be all romance; you have left the cares of the world behind you, and are willing to look upon all men as honest and true, and on all women as angels. Neither are you answerable for your doings at the watering-place, except to your own conscience—all that occurs there is a mere episode, you live, as it were, in a parenthesis. What a pretty parenthesis one lives in at Saratoga with a "corps of reporters" at one's elbow to note one's acts, and chronicle one's fancies! But this very freedom from social trammels is often the cause of the most lasting affections, as those trees frequently strike the deepest roots which are early exposed to the blast.

You have now returned from the *Corso* to the Conversation House, which on one side is leaning against the mountains, having in front a rich park, and under the trees numerous stalls, where ladies may indulge in the entertaining vocation of shopping, to ruin either husbands or *gallants*. The shops, however, are now closed; the moon has risen, and with her electro-galvanic power, is silvering the old walls of the castle, perched, like an eagle's nest, on the mountain. As you pass on, her playful light twinkles through the leaves, and paints grotesque figures on ladies' shawls and bonnets, which are not to be imitated either by Nancy or Paris embroidery, and are handsomest when falling on plain gauze or muslin, slightly veiling the sylph-like forms that flit between the trees.

In front of the Conversation House is the orangery, with the golden fruit of Hesperus suspended from its dark green branches; an ocean of light from lamps placed between the trees, gives a magic appearance to the crowd that floats between them; and a scientific orchestra of from twenty-four to thirty instruments, diffuses harmony through the cool evening breeze, till its melodious notes die with faint echo in the mountains.

In that promenade, though not measuring more than six or eight hundred paces, you seem to take an optical trip through Europe. You hear every language spoken, and behold every possible costume, from the straight-laced Englishman to the turbaned Turk and the ample-folded Armenian. The Italian, French, Spanish, English, Russian, German, and Oriental tongues are here mingling with one another without producing the least confusion, or making any one believe that he is not at home. The Englishman, with his two left hands, so manly in public life, and so peevish and awkward in society, almost unbends; the fiery Spaniard forgets his Prado and the dark eyes of Madrid; the mocking Frenchman leaves off his *bons-mots*; the Russian thaws from his icy despotism; and the enthusiastic Italian himself swears that this would have been a scene for the love of Petrarca. But the thoughtful German, with his abstractions and enthusiasm running in rich veins deep beneath

the surface, flies from the throng, and climbing up the footpath of the mountain, carved in the rock by patient taste, breathes soft vows to willingly listening ears, in the sweet solitude of moonlight.

Connected with the Conversation House is a *restaurateur*, who is at the same time a *limonadier* and *glacier*. There is nothing that the *Café de Paris*, the *Maison d'or*, *Tortoni*, the *Rocher de Cancale*, or the *Trois frères Provençaux* can furnish, that you do not find on the *carte* of this practical *epicure*; while instead of the glass-boxes in which you are obliged to dine or sup, in Paris, you are here served in a spacious gallery, ornamented with plants and flowers from the four quarters of the globe, a thousand times reflected in gigantic mirrors. Every thing here seems to be arranged by the hands of a kind fairy, and the repasts themselves are served with a promptitude and a precision as if the spirits attending you were obeying the magic wand of an enchanter.

A reading-room and a circulating library are also connected with the establishment. The latter contains the standard works, and the latest publications in English, French, and German you are sure to find there the best; and there is no club in England that can furnish a greater variety of newspapers, English, French, German, Italian, and Spanish journals, with the New York Herald, and the Courier and Enquirer.

It is long past midnight when you return home, but the hotels, and many private residences, are still lit up, and music, that sweet concomitant of life in Germany, is still greeting you as you wind your way through the crooked streets.

In no part of Europe do you see a British peer dining *table d'hôte*; but the watering-places of Germany make an exception from the rule. I have seen the most aristocratic leaders of the Tory party (that was)—certainly not without a proper train of English toadies—lieutenant-generals in the army of the historical house of S——t, and India nabobs, content with the public ordinary, though the ladies of the party are seldom seen without a *dragon*. "What is a dragon?" will some of my readers ask. I will explain. A dragon, applied to a young English gentlewoman is what an "*elephant*" is applied to a German. It consists of an old maiden aunt, or some other distant relation, whose business it is to superintend the conduct of a young lady that is just "out." Her functions resemble those of the old nurse in Romeo and Juliet, only that she is much more watchful, and seldom or ever to be bribed. If you attempt to corrupt her, you rouse the British lion, or the Dragon of St. George; hence the name, which has been given them by the French. The acerbity of the temper of English dragons renders them generally lean and gaunt; but in Germany, where good nature abounds, they grow fat, though with a dogged obstinacy which is as insulting as it is provoking, they will squat down on the sofa right between you and the lady you wish to entertain; proving a most palpable objection to a *tête-à-tête*, for which reason they are properly called "elephants."

The business of an English dragon at a *table d'hôte* in a German watering-place, is to occupy a seat on that flank of a lady which is threatened with a masculine

invasion. As a further precaution, and a sort of second line of circumvallation, the seat next to the dragon is left unoccupied, because they expect a friend at dinner, who is always invited, but who never comes, and for whom no landlord dares to make a charge, be the table ever so crowded. Thus guarded and fortified, a young Englishwoman of family may defy siege or assault from any quarter; in a watering-place, however, it is best not to feel too secure, and to rely not altogether either on the beasts I have just named, or those which are conspicuously displayed on escutcheons.

While upon this chapter, I may as well allude to the fact, that there is no "match-making" at a German watering-place; and that gentlemen, from the extreme freedom of manners which is tolerated, are not expected to pay the debts of their gallantry. A gentleman, having danced or conversed with a lady, or been introduced to her in every form used in society, does not yet acquire a right to call on her; and having even been invited in the place, has not yet received the privilege of making his bow in town. So, then, society is left to its own good sense, and with no other but individual responsibilities. There is no shrewd distinction between elder sons and Tartars;[2] no forced attention to heiresses, and consequently, no arrogant neglect of "poor beauties." Grace and loveliness enchant by their own charms, and wealth is courted only at the end of the season.

Such is a German watering-place for three months in the year—from the 1st of July to the end of September, though the latter part of that month the place begins to thin; and in the winter these places are nothing but pretty villages, with fine white houses and spacious hotels. A few calculating Englishmen, however, have discovered that living there all the year round would enable them to practice such economy that they might, in the season, cut a very great dash without spending much money in the aggregate. Accordingly, some twenty or thirty families—swallows whose pinions are clipped, and will not admit of yearly migrations—have made their nests there for the winter; and the most forlorn-looking creatures they are, if you get a chance to see them. The men affect to indulge in the chase, and the dowager ladies in a quiet rubber of whist, whilst the young women divide their time between novels and embroidery. No nightingale longs for the return of the seasons as they do; they become true lovers of nature, and prefer the cool evenings of summer to all the gayeties of the carnival.

But I have not yet enumerated all the advantages of German watering-places, and particularly of Baden-Baden. Not only are the drives about the town very handsome, but also those within a circumference of from ten to twenty miles. You may take a drive to the old and the new castle (a new castle in Germany is one which dates from the 16th century) to the Mercury—a sort of watch-tower perched on the summit of the highest mountain in the panorama which surrounds you—to Gernsbach, a delightful village, situated in a romantic valley, through whose apparently quiet bosom a mountain-torrent is rushing, like a wild passion, toward the father of the German streams, old Helvetian Rhine—or to the old chapel—or, if

you are fond of wild scenery, to the craggy cliffs of the Black Forest. All these roads are built at an enormous expense, and with great skill through narrow defiles, over precipices, real and artificial, and in a serpentine manner so as to command a variety of views. The roads are as level as the floor of your parlor; a much more direct footpath, resembling the neatest gravel-walk in your garden, conducts pedestrians to the same places.

Wherever you find a beautiful spot, with a commanding sight, there you will find a bench and one or more oak chairs, where you may rest yourself and enjoy the landscape at your ease. Even on the road for carriages a space is left for turning or halting wherever a commanding view presents itself to the eye. In this careful treasuring up of the wealth of nature, the Germans have no equal in Europe. Theirs are the quiet enjoyment of contemplativeness—the dreams, called forth by an ardent love of the great fountains of inspiration. But who is there deriving happiness from bare realities, without reminiscences of the past, or hopes of the future?

The old castle is a ruin of very ancient date, but several rooms in it have been refitted, of course in the style of the middle ages, with huge massive oak tables and chairs, arched windows, with painted glass, and armorial *frescos*. The old dungeon has been, very properly, transformed into a wine-cellar, the only prisoners being huge casks of hock, and a corresponding number of long-necked bottles. On a writ of *habeas corpus*, any of these will be brought before you, and you may drink the health of the present Grand Duke—a poor devil of a fellow, whose place ought to have been occupied by *Caspar Hauser*—or the memory of his worthy ancestors, in the finest room that is left in their old residence. You will also find an excellent restaurant, and a *cafetier*, who, in the midst of the remnants of past ages, will present you with a *carte*, the very copy of which you may have seen at Mavart's, or at the *Café Anglais*. After dinner you may climb up the old tower, and from the dilapidated loop-holes of the fourteenth century, contemplate the improvements of the nineteenth, as the cars from *Carlsruhe* rattle over the rails.

There is, indeed, a peculiar pleasure in thus scanning, with a single glance, the vestiges of five successive centuries; to view the past and the present, and to lose oneself in the contemplation of the future. You can almost realize immortality in beholding the works of twenty generations, and the undying spirit that produced them, without having lost one atom of its pristine energy or vigor. The world spirit is ever young, though one generation after another dies in its embrace, each cherishing its own fond hope of everlasting life. The contemplation of the future steels men's nerves to patient enterprise and heroic valor; but the retrospective is the true element of poetry. The future, from our limited perception, is necessarily shapeless; but the past, aided by distance, stands out in bold relief, and the colossal figures of history animate the scene. They stand on pedestals, animating or warning examples in all times to come. There is a peculiar species of romanticism connected with the remnants of the middle ages. They are nearer to us than the classical ruins of antiquity, and from their immediate connection create stronger sympathies. The

spiritualism of the middle ages contrasts advantageously with the materialism of the Greeks and Romans, and has a stronger and more direct hold on our imagination. The ruins of Rome, Athens, and Carthage, lead to a train of reflections which leave you comparatively cold; while the turreted castle and time-defying walls of our own immediate ancestors strike us like reminiscences of our own childhood.

Descending the castled mountain, and taking the road toward the Hunter's Lodge, the scenery becomes more and more wild; the habitations of men disappear, and pursuing your route some few hours, you find yourself at once transplanted to the most picturesque scenes of the Alleghanies. You are now in the Black Forest, one of the few spots in Europe where you behold primitive oaks, as yet undesecrated by the woodman's axe, and land which has never been tilled by the ploughman. Here is a little miniature painting, beautifully set in diamond spires and emerald hills on the one side, and the pearly Rhine on the other. Some there are who think the setting more valuable than the picture; but diplomacy has a different opinion on the subject, and has always valued the Black Forest as one of the most important strategical positions of Germany.

There is no sea-bathing in Europe equal in natural grandeur to either Cape May, or Long Branch. The most frequented watering-place of that sort, on the Continent, is Ostende; but the Belgians are the most unpoetical, unamiable people of Europe. With more historic lore than almost any other modern people, their minds are as flat as their soil,[3] and their manners as unsociable as the Spanish hangman, *Alba*, could have made them. Their religion is petrified, their literature stale, and there is nothing of the ideal in them. It is in the bogs of Flanders where the home-sick Swiss mountaineer is most tempted to commit suicide. Ostende, independent of the beach, which does not compare to our own sea-shore, is extremely dreary. Nothing but sand, sand-hills, and morasses, surround it. It is true, these morasses have been cultivated by the extreme patience and industry of the Flemish peasant, but there is a monotony in their fields and parks, and even in their gardens, which can drive you mad. Every thing answers a useful purpose, but to the imagination it is a dreary waste.

Ostende, during the summer season, is nevertheless a picture of Europe in miniature. You can reach it from England in eight hours, from Brussels in six, from Paris in sixteen, from the Rhine (Cologne) in fifteen. Brighton, on the opposite side of the Channel, is nevertheless a paradise to it, if any thing can be called a paradise where, instead of the primitive manners of the first couple, you meet with the exclusive dampness of English society. But nature has blessed that little Island of Great Britain—the Japan of the European sea—with so many gifts, that the strange organization of its society appears to be less the offspring of that peculiar irony which runs through history, than a means of tempering "the envy of less happier lands," and making them comparatively content with their fate. Every Continental watering-place is crowded with Englishmen, who come there to enjoy social freedom; those of England are nothing but epitomes of the concentric circles which

mark the monotonous orbits of the different classes of English society. The elements do not mingle, form no harmonious groups, and have nothing cheering either for the imagination or the heart.

There is great danger that the society of our own watering-places is gradually copying the model, without having the same uniform, and on that account more endurable standard of division. The different coteries of a large city—the necessary consequence of the difference of refinement and education—need not necessarily conflict with each other; but they are intolerable in a small place, where the distinctions are constantly before your eyes, can hardly be kept up without rudeness. Fancy half a dozen coteries dining at the same table, meeting at least three times a day, and then spending the evening together in the same parlor. It must be a perfect little purgatory, from whose pains there is no respite, except by diving in the broad Atlantic.

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[1] I purposely avoid the English dandyism "rail*way*."

[2] Younger sons without fortune.—*Remark of the Editors.*

[3] I, of course, except the people of Liege and the Ardennes, who are descended from the Gauls, and are only politically united with Flanders and Brabant.

THE VILLAGE DOCTOR.

A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY LEONARD MYERS.

(*Concluded from page 167.*)

I ARRIVED at Montpellier, and was well received by my uncle, who informed me that he had obtained for me an honorable situation. A rich Englishman, very old, nervous and gouty, was desirous of having a doctor constantly beneath his roof, an intelligent young man, who might attend to his disease under the direction of another physician. I had been proposed and accepted. We immediately repaired to the residence of Lord James Kysington. We entered a large and handsome mansion, filled with servants, and having passed through a suite of rooms we were ushered into the cabinet of Lord James Kysington.

Lord Kysington was seated in a large arm-chair. He was a very old man, with a chilling and austere countenance. His hair, which was completely white, contrasted singularly with eye-brows that were still of the deepest black. He was tall and thin, at least as well as I could distinguish through the folds of a large linen surtout, fashioned like a dressing-gown. His hands were hidden in the sleeves, and a white bear's fur covered his ailing feet. A table stood near him on which were placed several vials containing potions.

My uncle introduced me. "My lord, this is my nephew, Doctor Barnabé," he said.

Lord Kysington bowed, that is to say, he made an almost imperceptible inclination of his head, as he looked at me.

"He is well instructed," my uncle resumed, "and I doubt not will prove useful to your lordship."

A second motion of the head was the only answer my uncle obtained.

"Besides," added the latter, "having received a good education, he can read to your lordship, or write when you wish to dictate."

"I shall be obliged to him for it," Lord Kysington at last replied, and he instantly closed his eyes, either because he was fatigued or that he wished the conversation to cease there; and my uncle took his departure.

I now had time to look about me. Near the window sat a young woman, very

elegantly dressed, who was working at a piece of embroidery without at all raising her eyes toward us, as though we were not worthy of her notice. On the carpet at her feet a little boy was playing with toys. At first the young woman did not appear to me pretty, because she had black hair and black eyes, and to be handsome, in my estimation, was to be fair, like Eva Meredith; and then, in my inexperienced judgment, I always associated beauty with a certain air of gentleness. That which I found pleasant to look upon was what I supposed to be a goodness of heart—and it was long before I could confess to myself the beauty of this female, whose bearing was so proud, and whose look so disdainful.

She was, like Lord Kysington, tall, thin, and somewhat pale, and there seemed to exist between them a family resemblance. Their dispositions were too much alike for them to agree well, and they lived together scarcely exchanging a word, certainly not loving each other. The child, too, had been taught to make as little noise as possible; he stepped on tiptoe, and at the least creaking of the floor a harsh look from his mother or Lord Kysington would change him into a statue.

It was too late now to return to my village, but there is always time to regret that which we have loved and lost, and my heart beat faster when I thought of my humble home, my native valley, and liberty.

The following was all I could learn relative to the family I was in.

Lord Kysington had come to Montpellier for the restoration of his health, which had been injured by the climate of the Indies. The second son of the Duke of Kysington, himself only lord by courtesy, he owed to his own talents, and not to birth, his fortune and political position in the House of Commons. Lady Mary was the wife of his youngest brother, and Lord Kysington had chosen her son, his nephew, for his heir. I now began to attend to this old man as zealously as I could, fully persuaded that the most likely method of bettering a bad position was to fulfill even a painful duty.

Lord Kysington always behaved to me with the strictest politeness. A nod would thank me for every care, for every action that relieved him. One day when he appeared to be asleep, and Lady Mary was busy with her work, little Harry climbed on my knees, and finding that we were in a distant corner of the room, he asked me some questions with the artless curiosity of his age, and I, in return, hardly aware of what I was saying, interrogated him as to his relations.

“Have you any brothers or sisters?” I asked.

“I have a very pretty little sister.”

“And what is her name?”

“Oh, she has a charming name, guess it, doctor.”

I know not what I was thinking of. In my own village I had only heard the names of peasants, and they would not have been fit for the daughter of Lady Mary. Madame Meredith was the only well-bred lady I knew, and as the child kept repeating, guess, guess, I answered at random,

“Eva, perhaps.”

We were speaking in a very low tone, but the instant the name of Eva had passed my lips, Lord Kysington suddenly opened his eyes and sat upright in his chair, Lady Mary dropped her work and turned quickly toward me. I was stupefied at the effect I had produced, and gazed at them alternately, without daring to speak another word—some moments elapsed—Lord Kysington fell back in his arm-chair and closed his eyes again, Lady Mary resumed her work, and Harry and myself spoke no more.

For a long time I sat reflecting on this singular incident; afterward, all things having sunk into their usual calm, and silence reigning around me, I rose gently, and was about to leave the room. Lady Mary laid aside her embroidery, passed out before me, and motioned with her hand for me to follow her. As soon as we reached the parlor, she shut the door, and standing before me, her head erect, and her whole countenance wearing the imperious air which was the most natural expression of her features. “Dr. Barnabé,” said she, “will you be so kind as never again to pronounce the name you just now uttered; it is one that Lord Kysington should not hear;” and with a slight inclination she returned to the cabinet and shut the door.

A thousand ideas beset me; this Eva, whose name it was forbidden to mention, was she not Eva Meredith? Was she, then, the daughter-in-law of Lord Kysington? And was I living with the father of William? I hoped, yet doubted, for, in a word, although this name of Eva designated but one person to me, to others it might only be a name, perhaps, common in England.

I did not dare to question, but the thought that I was in the family of Eva Meredith, near the woman who was robbing the mother and orphan of their paternal inheritance, engrossed my mind constantly, both day and night. Often in fancy did I picture the return of Eva and her son to this dwelling, and saw myself asking and obtaining forgiveness for them; but when I raised my eyes, the cold, impassible face of Lord Kysington froze all the hopes of my heart I began to examine that face as if I had never seen it; I endeavored to find in those features some motions, some traces, which might disclose a little feeling. I sought for the soul I wished to move; alas! I found it not. But, thought I, what signifies the expression of the countenance, it is but the exterior cover which is seen with the eye—the meanest chest may be filled with gold! All that is within us cannot be guessed at first sight; and whoever has lived, has also learned to separate his soul and his thoughts from the common expression of his features.

I resolved to clear up my doubts—but what method was I to take? To interrogate Lady Mary, or Lord Kysington, was out of the question. To ask the domestics?—they were French, and but newly engaged. An English valet-de-chambre, the only servant who had accompanied his master, had just been sent to London on a confidential mission. It was to Lord Kysington that I must direct my inquiries. From him would I learn all—from him obtain pardon for Eva. The severe expression of his face had ceased to terrify me. I said to myself, “when in the forest we find a tree

to all appearance dead, we make an incision in it to ascertain whether the sap does not still flow beneath the dead bark; so will I test his heart, and try if some feeling be not still within it." I waited for an opportunity. To await patiently will not bring to pass that which we look for; instead of depending entirely on circumstances, we should avail ourselves of them as they occur.

One night Lord Kysington sent for me; he was in pain. After giving him the attentions requisite, I remained by him to watch the result of my prescriptions. The chamber was gloomy. A wax light shone dimly on the objects in the room; the pale and noble form of Lord Kysington was reclining on his pillow. His eyes were closed; it was his custom, when about to suffer, to collect his moral courage; he never complained, but lay stretched on his couch, straight and motionless as the effigy of a king on his tomb. He usually asked me to read to him, perhaps because the thoughts of the book would occupy his mind, or the monotony of a voice might put him to sleep.

That evening he made a sign to me with his bony hand to take a book and read to him; but I looked for one in vain, for the books and papers had been taken down into the parlor, and all the doors leading to it were fastened, so that I could not obtain one without ringing for it and disturbing the family. Lord Kysington made a gesture of impatience, but he resigned himself, and pointed to a chair for me to take a seat near him. We sat thus for a long while without speaking, almost in darkness, the clock alone breaking the silence with the regular ticking of its pendulum. But sleep came not. Of a sudden Lord Kysington unclosed his eyes, and turning to me, said,

"Speak to me; relate something, I care not what."

He shut his eyes again, and lay waiting.

My heart beat violently—the time was come.

"My lord," I said, "I fear I know of nothing that would interest your lordship. I can only speak of myself and the events of my life; and you would wish to hear the history of some great man, or some great event, that might claim your attention. What can a peasant have to descant upon, who has lived content with little, in obscurity and repose? I have scarcely ever been absent from my native village. It is a pretty hamlet in the mountains. Not far off there is a country residence, where I have seen those who were rich, and might have left, and who, nevertheless, stayed there because the woods are thick, the paths covered with flowers, the rivulets clear and dashing over the rocks. Alas! there were two in that house—and soon but one poor, solitary woman remained until the birth of her child. My Lord, this lady spoke the same language as yourself. She was beautiful, as seldom may be seen in England or France; good, as only the angels in heaven can be. She was but eighteen years of age when I left her, fatherless, motherless, and already bereaved of an adored husband; she is weak, delicate, almost sickly, and yet she has need to live—who else will protect her little child?

"Oh! my lord, there are many unfortunate beings in this world. To be

unfortunate in the meridian of life, or when old age is creeping on, is doubtless sad, yet there are then pleasant remembrances which tell us that we have played our part, that we have lived our time, and had our joys. But when tears and sorrow come at eighteen, it is sadder still, for we know full well nothing can revive the dead—all that is left is to weep forever. Poor girl! do we see a beggar by the road-side, it is with cold or hunger that he suffers; we give him charity, and do not think of him with sorrow, since he may be relieved; but the only alleviation that could be tendered to this unhappy being, whose heart is bowed and broken, would be to love her—and there is no one near to do her this charity. Ah! my lord, had you but known the handsome young man who was her husband. Barely twenty-three years old, of a noble form, a high forehead—like your own, intellectual and haughty—with deep blue eyes, somewhat thoughtful—yes, somewhat sad; but I knew the reason—it was that he loved his father, his country, and yet must be banished from both. His smile was full of gentleness. Oh! how he would have smiled on his little child had he lived to see him! Yes, he loved it yet unborn; he even took delight in looking at the cradle destined for it. Poor, unfortunate young man! I saw him on a stormy night, in a dark forest, stretched on the damp ground, motionless, lifeless, his garments covered with mire, and his head crushed with a frightful wound, from which the blood still flowed in torrents. I saw—alas! I saw William—"

"You were present, then, at the death of my son!" cried Lord Kysington, rising like a spectre from the pillows that sustained him, and fixing on me his eyes, so large, so piercing, that I drew back in fear; but in spite of the darkness of the room, I thought a tear moistened the eye-lids of the old man.

"My lord," I replied, "I saw your son dead, and I saw his child born."

There was a moment's silence.

Lord Kysington gazed fixedly on me; at last he made a motion, his trembling hand sought mine and pressed it, his fingers then unclasped, and he fell back exhausted.

"Enough, enough, sir!—I suffer!—I have need of repose. Leave me."

I bowed and withdrew.

Before I left the room Lord Kysington had resumed his accustomed position, his silence, and immobility.

I will not repeat to you, ladies, my numerous and respectful attempts with Lord Kysington; his indecision, his concealed anxiety, and how, at last, his paternal love, awakened by the details of the horrible catastrophe; how the pride of his house, animated by the hope of leaving an heir to his name, ended in the triumph over a bitter resentment. Three months after the scene I have just described, I stood on the threshold of the mansion to receive Eva Meredith and her son, recalled to their family to resume all their rights. It was a joyful day for me.

Lady Mary, who, possessing great command over herself, had dissembled her joy when family dissensions had made her son the future heir of her brother, now

concealed still better her regret and anger when Eva Meredith, or rather Eva Kysington, became reconciled with her father-in-law. Lady Mary's marble-like brow remained without emotion, but how many dark passions lurked within her breast beneath this apparent calm.

I stood, as I have said, at the threshold when the carriage of Eva Meredith (I will continue to call her by that name) drew up in the court-yard. Eva eagerly gave me her hand. "Thanks! thanks, my friend!" she said, and she brushed away the tears that were trembling in her eyes, and taking by the hand her child, a boy three years old, she entered her new home. "I feel afraid," she said to me. She was the same weak woman, broken down by misfortune, pale, sad, and beautiful, scarcely believing in the hopes of earth, and whose only certainty was the things of heaven. I walked by her side, and, whilst still dressed in mourning, she was ascending the first flight of stairs, her sweet face bedewed with tears, her slender and attenuated form leaning on the balustrade, and with outstretched arm she drew along the child, who walked still slower than herself, Lady Mary and her son appeared at the head of the staircase. She wore a robe of brown velvet, splendid bracelets encompassed her arms, and a light gold chain girt that forehead which would have graced a diadem. Her step was firm, her form erect, and her glance one of pride; and thus did these two mothers meet for the first time.

"Welcome, madame," said Lady Mary, as she kissed Eva Meredith. Eva made an effort to smile, and answered in an affectionate manner. How could she have dreamt of hatred, she who only knew how to love.

We proceeded toward Lord Kysington's cabinet. Madame Meredith could scarcely support herself, but she entered first, and advancing several steps, knelt by the arm-chair of her father-in-law. She took her child in her arms and placing him on Lord Kysington's knees, said,

"It is *his* son." And the poor creature wept in silence.

For a long time did Lord Kysington gaze on the child, and as he recognized the resemblance to the features of his lost son, his look became affectionate, and his eyes grew dim with tears. Forgetting his age, the lapse of time, the misfortunes he had experienced, he fancied the happy days were returned when he pressed that son, yet a child, to his heart.

"William! William!" he sobbed. "My daughter!" he added, extending his hand to Eva Meredith.

My eyes were suffused with tears. Eva had now a home, a protector, a fortune. I was happy and wept.

The child, quietly seated on its grandfather's knee, had evinced no signs of fear or joy.

"Will you love me?" said the old man.

The child raised his head, but made no reply.

"Do you not hear me? I will be a father to you."

“Excuse him,” his mother said, “he has always been alone; he is still very young, and so many persons frighten him; he will soon, my lord, understand your kind words.”

But I looked at the child; I examined him attentively; I recalled my sinister alarms. Alas! those forebodings were changed into a certainty; the awful calamity Eva had experienced before the birth of her child, had occasioned sad consequences for her infant; none but a mother, in her youth, and love, and inexperience, could have remained so long in ignorance of her misfortune.

And Lady Mary, too, was watching the child at the same time as minutely as myself.

Never, while life remains, shall I forget the expression of her face; she was standing upright, and her piercing eyes were bent on the little William as though they wished to penetrate his very soul; and as she gazed, lightning seemed to flash from her eyes, her lips parted, as if to smile, her breath came short and oppressed, like that of one anticipating a great joy. She looked with straining eyes—hope, doubt, and eager expectation depicted on every feature; at last her acute hatred guessed the worst, a cry of triumph seemed to have escaped from her inmost heart, but no sound issued from her lips. She drew herself up, cast a glance of disdain on her conquered rival, and once more became impassible.

Lord Kysington, wearied with the emotions of the day, sent us all from his cabinet, and continued alone the whole evening.

The next morning, after a night of disquiet, when I descended to Lord Kysington’s room, all the family were assembled round him; Lady Mary held the little William in her arms—it was the tiger holding its prey.

“The beautiful babe,” said she. “See, my lord, this fair silken hair, how bright the sun makes it look! but, dear Eva, is your son always so silent? He has not the vivacity, nor the gayety belonging to his age.”

“He is always pensive,” said Madame Meredith. “Alas! he could not learn to be gay while near me.”

“We will try to amuse him and make him lively,” returned Lady Mary. “Go, my dear child, and embrace your grandfather, tell him that you love him.”

But William did not stir.

“Do you not know how to embrace? Harry, that’s a good boy, embrace your uncle, and set your cousin a good example.”

Harry sprang on Lord Kysington’s knees, threw his arms about his neck, and said,

“I love you, uncle.”

“Now, my dear William,” said Lady Mary.

But William stood without moving, without even raising his eyes to his grandfather.

A tear stole down Eva's cheek.

"It is my fault," she said, "I have not educated him rightly." And she took William on her lap, while her tears fell fast upon his face; he felt them not, however, but fell asleep on the oppressed bosom of his mother.

"Try," said Lord Kysington, "to make William less shy."

"I will endeavor," she replied, in that child-like tone of submission I had so often heard. "I will try, and perhaps I may succeed, if Lady Mary will tell me what she has done to make her son so happy and gay." And the wo-begone mother looked at Harry, who was playing by Lord Kysington's chair, and her glance returned to her own poor sleeping babe.

"He suffered even before his birth," she murmured. "We have both been very unfortunate; but I will endeavor to weep no more that William may become as other children."

Two days elapsed, two painful days, full of concealed grief, full of a heavy anxiety. Lord Kysington's brow was care-worn, and his eyes would seek mine, as though to question; but I turned away to avoid answering.

The morning of the third day Lady Mary entered the room with playthings of various kinds, which she had brought for the two children. Harry laid hold of a sabre, and ran up and down the room, uttering shouts of joy. William stood still; he held in his little hands the toys that were given him, but made no effort to use them, nor even looked at them.

"Stay, my lord," said Lady Mary to her brother, "take this picture-book and give it to your grandson, perhaps his attention will be attracted by the pictures in it." And she led William to Lord Kysington. The child made no resistance, but walked up to him, then stood still as a statue.

Lord Kysington opened the book, and every eye was turned upon the old man and his grandson. Lord Kysington was sullen, silent, and austere; he turned over several leaves, slowly stopping at every picture, and keeping his eye on William, whose steadfast gaze was not even directed toward the book. Lord Kysington turned over a few more leaves, then his hand became motionless, the book fell from his knees, and a mournful silence prevailed in the room.

Lady Mary approached me, and leant over, as if to whisper in my ear, but said, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all present, "This child is surely an idiot, doctor."

She was answered by a scream. Eva rose like one thunder-stricken, and snatching up her son, whom she clasped convulsively to her breast—"Idiot!" she cried, while her glance for the first time flashed with indignation, "Idiot!" she repeated, "because he has been unfortunate all his life; because he has witnessed nothing but tears from his birth; because he cannot play like your son, who has ever been surrounded by happiness! Come! come, my child," said Eva, and she wept bitterly, "come, let us leave these pitiless hearts, that have nothing but harsh words

for our calamities."

And the unhappy mother took her child in her arms, and quickly ascended to her chamber. I followed her. She placed William on the floor and knelt before that little child. "My son! my son!" she sobbed; William came to her, and leaned his head on his mother's shoulder. "Doctor," she cried, "he loves me; you see it; he comes to me when I call him; he embraces me; his caresses have sufficed for my tranquillity, for my happiness, sad as that happiness is. Good God! is not this enough! Speak to me, my son; comfort me; find a consoling word, a single word to tell thy despairing mother. Until now I have only thought of gazing on those features so like thy father's, and wished for silence that I might weep freely; but now, William, I must have words from thy lips. Dost thou not see my tears, my anguish. Beloved child, so beautiful, so like thy father—speak, oh, speak to me!"

Alas! the child did not heed her, and evinced no emotion, no intelligence; a smile alone—a smile horrible to look upon, played upon his lips. Eva buried her face in her hands, and continued kneeling on the floor, sobbing violently.

O! then I prayed heaven to inspire me with consoling thoughts, which might suggest to this mother a ray of hope. I spoke to her of the future, of a cure to be looked for, of a change that was possible, nay, probable. But hope seldom lends its aid to falsehood; and when there is no longer room for it, it changes to despair. A terrible, a mortal shock had been given, and Eva at last comprehended the whole truth.

From that day but one child descended each morning into Lord Kysington's cabinet; there were two females, but one only seemed to live, the other was silent as the dead; the one said, "my son," the other never breathed her child's name; the one bore herself erect and haughty, the other's head was ever bowed on her bosom, the better to hide her tears; the one brilliant and beautiful, the other pale, and clothed in mourning, the struggle was over—Lady Mary triumphed. Harry was allowed to play beneath Eva's very eyes; this was cruel. Her anguish was never taken into consideration; each day Harry was brought to repeat his lessons to his uncle. They boasted of his progress. The ambitious mother had calculated every thing that could insure success; and whilst she had soothing words and feigned consolations for Eva Meredith, each moment she contrived to torture her heart. Lord Kysington, disappointed in his dearest hopes, relapsed into that coldness which had terrified me so much; the last spark of love had fled from that heart, closed now as firmly as the stone seals the tomb. Though strictly polite to his daughter-in-law, he had for her no affectionate word. The daughter of the American planter could find no place in his heart but as the mother of his grandson, and that grandson he regarded as one dead. He was more silent and gloomy than ever, regretting, no doubt, that he had yielded to my entreaties, and given his old age a severe trial, so painful, and henceforth so useless.

A year rolled by in this manner, when, on a mournful day, Lord Kysington sent for Eva Meredith, and motioned her to take a seat near him. "Listen to me,

madame," he said, "take courage, and listen to me. I wish to act justly toward you and conceal nothing. I am old and ailing, and must now attend to my worldly affairs. They are sad both for you and myself. I will not speak to you of my chagrin at my son's marriage; your misfortune has disarmed me on that point. I sent for you to reside with me; I was desirous to see and love, in your son William, the heir of my fortune; on him were based all my dreams of the future and of ambition. Alas! madame, fate has been cruel to us both. The widow and child of my son shall have all that can obtain them an honorable subsistence, but as the master of a fortune, which I have acquired by my own exertions, I have adopted my nephew; and hereafter shall consider him as my sole heir. I am about to return to London, but my house shall still be your home."

Eva, (so she afterward told me,) for the first time, felt courage take the place of dejection within her; she possessed that becoming strength a noble spirit gives; she raised her head, and if her brow had not the pride of Lady Mary's, it wore at least the dignity of misfortune.

"Depart, my lord," she replied, "go! I shall not accompany you. I will not be a witness to the disinheriting of my son. You have been very hasty, my lord, in condemning forever. What can we know of the future? You have very soon despaired of God's mercy."

"The future," said Lord Kysington, "at my age, is all in the passing hour. If I am to act, there is no time for delay—the present moment is my only certainty."

"Do as you will," Eva replied. "I will return to the house where I was happy with my husband. I will remain there with your grandson, Lord William Kysington; this name, his only heritage, he shall retain; and though the world may never know it till it is inscribed on his tomb, nevertheless your name is that of my son."

Eight days from this time Eva Meredith descended the staircase, still holding her son by the hand as when she first entered that fatal house. Lady Mary was behind, a few steps higher up, and numerous domestics gathered together in melancholy silence, were looking on, and regretting that mild mistress driven from her paternal roof.

In quitting this house, Eva left the only beings whom she knew on earth, the only ones from whom she had the right to claim pity; the world was before her, boundless and void—it was Hagar departing for the desert.

"This is dreadful, doctor!" exclaimed the village doctor's auditors. "Are there, then, lives so completely miserable—and you too have witnessed them?"

"I did witness all," said Doctor Barnabé; "but I have not yet told you all, allow me to finish."

Soon after the departure of Eva Meredith, Lord Kysington started for London. Finding myself once more at liberty, I renounced all desire of improving myself—I possessed enough skill for my native village, and I returned to it immediately.

And again we stood in that little white house, reunited as before this two years'

absence; but the time which had passed had augmented the heaviness of misfortune. We neither of us dared to speak of the future, that unknown time of which we have all so much need, and without which the present moment, if it is joyous, passes by with a transient happiness, if sad, with indelible sorrow.

I have never looked on a grief more noble in its simplicity, more calm in its strength, than that of Eva Meredith. She still implored the God who had stricken her. God was for her the unseen Being who could work impossibilities, near whom we commence to hope once more, when the hopes of earth are fled. Her look, that look replete with faith, which had already attracted my attention so forcibly, was riveted on the brow of her boy, as if awaiting the coming of the soul she so fervently prayed for. I cannot describe to you the courageous patience of that mother, speaking to her son, who heard but understood not. I could tell you all the treasures of love, the thoughts, the ingenious tales she endeavored to instill into that benighted mind, which repeated like an echo the last words of the sweet language spoken to him. She told him of heaven, and God, and of his angels; she joined his hands together that he might pray, but she could never make him raise his eyes to heaven.

She attempted in every possible form the first lessons of childhood; she read to her son, spoke to him, tried to divert him with pictures, and sought from music sounds which, differing from the voice, might attract his attention.

One day, making a horrible effort, she related to William his father's death; she hoped for, expected a tear. That morning the child fell asleep while she was yet speaking to him; tears were shed, but they fell from the eyes of Eva Meredith.

Thus she vainly exhausted every endeavor in a persevering struggle. She labored on that she still might hope; to William, however, pictures were but colors, and words only noise. Nevertheless the child grew, and became remarkably handsome. Any one to have seen him for a moment only, would have called the passiveness of his features' calmness; but this prolonged, this continued calm, this absence of all sorrow, of all tears, had upon us a strange and melancholy effect. Ah! it must be in our nature to suffer, for William's eternal smile made every one say "the poor idiot!" Mothers do not know the happiness which is concealed beneath their children's tears. A tear is a regret, a desire, a fear—in fine, it is the very existence commencing to be understood. William was content with every thing. In the daytime he appeared to sleep with open eyes; he never hastened his steps, nor avoided any danger. He never grew weary, impatient, or angry; and if he could not obey the words spoken to him, he at least made no resistance to the hand which led him.

One instinct alone remained in this nature deprived of all understanding; he knew his mother—he even loved her. He took pleasure in leaning on her lap, on her shoulder—he embraced her. If I detained him for some time from her, he manifested a kind of uneasiness, and when I conducted him to her, without evincing any signs of joy, he became tranquil again. This tenderness, this faint glimmering of reason in

William's heart was Eva's support—her very life. Through this she found strength to attempt, to hope, to wait. If her words were not understood, at least her kisses were. O! how often she pressed his head between her hands, and kissed his forehead again and again, as though she had hopes that her love might kindle that cold and silent heart. How often, when clasping her son in her arms, did she almost look for a miracle.

Oft times, in the village church, (Eva was of a Catholic family,) kneeling on the stones, before the altar of the Virgin, forgetting every thing beside, she would hold her son in her arms, by the marble statue of Mary, and say—"Holy Virgin! my son is inanimate as this thy image, O! ask of God a soul for my child."

She gave alms to all the poor of the village; she supplied them with bread and clothing, saying, "Pray for him." She consoled suffering mothers in the cherished hope that she, too, might be comforted. She dried up the tears of others, that hers also might cease to flow. She was beloved, blessed, venerated by all who knew her; conscious of this, she offered up the blessings of the unfortunate, not in pride, but hope, to obtain grace for her son. She loved to look upon William when he slept, for then he appeared like other children; for an instant, a single moment, perhaps, she would forget the truth, and gazing on those symmetrical features, on that bright hair, on the long lashes which cast their shade on William's rosy cheek, she felt that she was a mother almost joyfully, almost with pride. God is often merciful even toward them whom he has decreed shall suffer.

It was thus that William's first years of childhood were passed. He had now reached his eighth year. Then a sad change came over Eva Meredith, which I could not fail to perceive; she ceased to hope; whether her son's stature (for he had grown tall) rendered his want of intelligence more apparent, or that, like a workman who has labored all the day, in the evening yields to fatigue, the soul of Eva seemed to have renounced the task it had undertaken, and to have become doubly dejected. She now only prayed to Heaven for resignation. She abandoned books, pictures, music, in fine, all the means she had called to her assistance. She became utterly dispirited and silent, but, if possible, still more affectionate to her son. Having ceased hoping that she could afford him the chance of mixing with the world, of acquiring a position in it, she felt that he had now none but her on earth; and she asked of her own heart a miracle, that of augmenting the love she bore him. The poor mother became a slave—a slave to her son; the whole aim of her soul was to keep him from every suffering, from the smallest inconvenience. If a sunbeam shone on him, she would rise, draw the curtains, and produce shade in the place of the strong light which had made him lower his eyes. If she felt cold, it was for William she brought a warmer garment; was she hungry, for William, too, the garden fruits were gathered; did she feel fatigued, for him she brought the arm-chair and downy cushions; in a word, she only lived to guess his every wish and want. She still possessed activity, but no hope. William arrived at the age of eleven, and then commenced a new epoch in Eva's life. William, amazingly large and strong for

his age, had no longer need of the constant cares that are lavished on the first years of life. He was no longer the child, sleeping on his mother's lap; he walked alone in the garden; he rode on horseback with me; he followed me willingly in my mountain trips; the bird, though deprived of wings, had at last quitted its nest.

William's misfortune had in it nothing frightful nor even painful to look on. He was a young boy, beautiful as the day, silent and calm—a calmness not belonging to earth, whose features expressed nothing but repose, and whose face was ever smiling. He was neither awkward, nor disagreeable, nor rude; a being living by your side without a question to ask, and who knew not how to answer one. Madame Meredith had not now, to occupy her grief, that need of activity which the mother, as a nurse, always finds; she again seated herself by the window, whence she could see the hamlet and the village spire, on the very spot where she had mourned so deeply for her first William. She turned her face to the exterior air, as though asking the wind which breathed through the trees to refresh her burning temples also.

Hope, necessary cares, each in turn vanished, and now she had only to be vigilant, to watch at a distance, day and night, as the lamps which burn forever beneath the church vaults.

But her strength was exhausted. In the midst of this grief, which had returned when on the point of being healed, through silence and want of occupation, after having vainly tried every effort of courage and hope, Eva Meredith fell into a consumption. In spite of the resources of my art, I saw her weaken and waste away; for what remedy can be given when the disease is of the soul?

Poor stranger! the sun of her own clime, and a little happiness might have restored her; but there was no ray of either for her. For a long time she was ignorant of her danger—for she had no thought of self; but when she could no longer leave her arm-chair, it became apparent even to herself. I could not depict to you her anguish at the thought of leaving William, helpless, with no friends or protector, among such as could not find an interest in him, who should have been loved, and led by the hand like a child. Oh! how she struggled to live! with what eagerness she drank the potions I prepared for her! and she fondly believed in a cure—but the disease progressed. And now she detained William in the house more frequently; she could not bear him to be out of her sight. "Stay with me," she would say; and William, always contented by his mother's side, seated himself at her feet. She would gaze on him till a torrent of tears prevented her from distinguishing his gentle form, then she beckoned him still nearer, folded him to her heart, and exclaimed in a species of transport, "O! if my soul, when separated from my body, could enter into that of my child, I could die with pleasure!"

Eva could not persuade herself to despair entirely of the divine mercy; and when every earthly hope had vanished, her loving heart had sweet dreams on which she built new hopes. Good God! it was sad to see that mother dying beneath the very eyes of her son—of a son who could not comprehend her situation, but smiled when she embraced him.

“He will not regret me,” she said, “he will not weep for me, perhaps not even remember me.” And she sat motionless, in mute contemplation of her child, her hand then sometimes seeking mine. “You love him, my friend?” she murmured.

And I told her that I would never leave him till he had better friends than myself.

God in heaven, and the poor village doctor, were the only protectors to whom she confided her son.

Truth is mighty! this widowed being, disinherited, dying by the side of a child who could not even appreciate her love, felt not yet that despair which makes men die blaspheming. No, an invisible friend was near her, whom she seemed to depend on, and would often listen to holy words that she alone could hear.

One morning she sent for me early; she was unable to leave her bed, and with her shrunken hand she pointed to a sheet of paper, on which some lines were traced.

“Doctor, my friend,” she said, in her sweetest tone, “I had not the strength to go on, will you finish the letter?”

I took it up, and read as follows—

> “My Lord,—This is the last time I shall ever write to you. Whilst health is restored to your old age, I am suffering and dying. I leave your grandson, William Kysington, without a protector. My lord, this letter is written to remind you of him, and I ask for him rather a place in your affections, than your fortune. Throughout his life he has understood but one thing—his mother’s love; and he must now be deprived of this forever! Cherish him, my lord; he only comprehends affection.”

She had not been able to finish; I added,

> “Lady William Kysington has but a few days to live; what are Lord Kysington’s orders in regard to the child who bears his name?
>
> “Dr. Barnabé.”

This letter was sent to London, and we anxiously awaited the answer. Eva never after rose from her bed. William, seated beside her, held his mother’s hand in his the livelong day, and she sadly endeavored to smile on him. On the opposite side of the bed I prepared draughts to mitigate her pain.

She again began to speak to her son, still in hopes that after her death some of her words would recur to his memory. She gave him every advice, every instruction that she would have lavished on the most enlightened being; and turning to me, she would say—“Who knows, doctor, perhaps some day he will find my words in the depths of his heart.”

Some weeks more slipped by. Death was approaching, and however submitted her soul might be, this moment brought the anguish of separation, and the solemn thought of futurity. The curate of the village came to see her; and when he left her, I

drew near him, and taking his hand, said, “You will pray for her?”

“I asked her,” he replied, “to pray for me.”

It was the last day of Eva’s life. The sun had set, the window near which she had sat so often, was open. She could see in the distance the spots which had become endeared to her. She clasped her son to her heart, kissing his brow, and his locks, and wept.

“Poor child!” said she, “what will become of you?” and with a final effort, while love beamed from her eyes, she exclaimed, “O! listen to me, William; I am dying—your father, too, is dead; you are now alone on earth—but pray to God. I consign you to Him, who provides for the harmless sparrow on the house-top, He will watch over the orphan. Dear child! look on me—speak to me! Try to comprehend that I am dying, that some day you may think of me!” And the poor mother lost her strength to speak, but still embraced her child.

At that moment an unaccustomed noise aroused me. The wheels of a carriage were rolling over the gravel of the garden-walks. I ran to the steps. Lord Kysington and Lady Mary alighted, and entered the house.

“I received your letter,” said Lord Kysington to me. “I was on the point of leaving for Italy, and I have deviated from my route somewhat in order to decide the fate of William Meredith. Lady William?”

“Lady William Kysington still lives, my Lord,” I answered.

It was with a feeling of pain that I saw that calm, cold, and austere man enter Eva’s chamber, followed by that proud woman, who had come to witness an event so fortunate for herself—the death of her former rival.

They went into the little chamber, so neat and plain, so different from the gorgeous apartment of the mansion at Montpellier. They approached the bed, within the curtains of which Eva, pale and dying, yet still beautiful, held her son folded to her heart. They stood on either side of that bed of sorrow, but found no tender word to console the unfortunate being whose eyes met theirs. A few cold sentences, a few disconnected words escaped their lips. Witnesses, for the first time, of the mournful spectacle of a death-bed, they averted their eyes, in the belief that Eva Meredith could not see nor hear; they were only waiting till she should expire, and did not even assume an expression of kindness or regret.

Eva fixed her dying gaze upon them, and a sudden effort seized upon her almost lifeless heart. She now understood that which she never before suspected—the concealed sentiments of Lady Mary, the profound indifference, the selfishness of Lord Kysington. She at last felt that these were her son’s enemies, not his protectors. Despair and terror were depicted on her wan, emaciated countenance. She made no effort to implore the soulless beings before her, but with a convulsive impulse, she drew William still closer to her heart, and gathering her little remaining strength, she cried, while she impressed her last kisses on his lips, “My poor child! thou hast not a single prop on earth; but God above is good. O, God! come to the

assistance of my child!" And with this cry of love, with this last, holiest prayer, her breath fled, her arms unclasped, and her lips remained fixed on William's brow. She was dead, for she no longer embraced her son—dead! beneath the very eyes of those who to the last had refused to protect her—dead! without giving Lady Mary the fear of seeing her attempt, by a single supplication, to revoke the decree which had been pronounced, leaving her a lasting victory.

There was a pause of solemn silence; no one moved or spoke—for death appals the proudest hearts. Lady Mary and Lord Kysington knelt by the bed of their victim.

In a few minutes Lord Kysington rose, and said to me, "Take the child from the room, doctor; I will explain to you my intentions regarding him."

William had now lain two hours on Eva's shoulder—his heart pressed hers, his lips glued to hers. I approached, and without addressing him in useless words, I endeavored to raise him, in order to lead him from the room; but William resisted, and his arms clasped his mother still tighter to his breast. This resistance, the first he had ever opposed to any one on earth, touched me to the heart. Nevertheless, I renewed the effort; this time William yielded, he moved, and turning toward me, I saw his fine face bedewed with tears. Till that day William had never wept. I was deeply affected, and allowed the child to throw himself again on his mother's body.

"Lead him away," said Lord Kysington.

"My lord, he is weeping; Oh! let his tears flow."

I leaned over the child and heard him sob.

"William, my dear William," I anxiously said, taking his hand in mine, "why do you weep?"

William again turned his head toward me, and with a look of the deepest grief, he answered, "My mother is dead!"

No words can tell you what I then felt. William's eyes beamed with intelligence; his tears were sorrowful as though not flowing by chance; and his voice was broken like that of one whose heart suffers. I uttered a cry, and knelt beside the bed of Eva.

"Oh! Eva," I murmured, "you had reason not to despair of the mercy of Heaven!"

Even Lord Kysington trembled, and Lady Mary grew as pale as the corpse before her.

"My mother! my mother!" William sobbed, in accents that filled me with joy; then repeating the words of Eva Meredith—those words which she so truly had said he would find in the depth of his heart, the child continued aloud,

"I am dying, my son—your father is dead—you are alone on earth—but pray to God!"

I placed my hand gently on William's shoulder, to induce him to fall on his knees; he bent down, joined his trembling hands of his own accord, and with a supplicating look to Heaven, replete with animation, he ejaculated, "O, God! pity

me!”

I bent over the form of Eva; I took her cold hand, “O, thou mother that hast suffered so much!” I exclaimed, “dost thou hear thy child? Dost thou look on him from above? Be thrice happy! thy son is saved! poor woman, who has wept so much.”

Eva lay stretched in death at Lady Mary’s feet; but this time, at least, her rival trembled before her—for it was not I who led William from the room, it was Lord Kysington, carrying his child in his arms.

What more need I say, ladies; William had regained his reason, and left in company with Lord Kysington. Soon afterward, restored to his rights, he became the sole heir to his family’s estate. Science has verified some rare examples of an intellect restored by a violent moral shock. Thus the fact, which I have related to you, finds its natural explanation; but the good women of the village, who had taken care of Eva Meredith during her illness, and who heard her fervent prayers, still believe that the soul of the mother had passed into the body of her child, even as she besought her Maker.

“She was so good,” the villagers would say, “that God would not deny her any thing.” This unsophisticated belief is established throughout this part of the country. No one mourned Eva as one dead.

“She still lives,” they would say; “speak to her son—it is she who answers.”

And when Lord William Kysington, who had become the possessor of his grandfather’s estate, each year sent abundant alms to the village which witnessed his birth and his mother’s death, the poor exclaimed—“It is the good soul of Madame Meredith still caring for us! Ah! when she goes to heaven, the unfortunate will have cause to be pitied!”

It is not to her tomb that flowers are brought—they are laid on the steps of the altar of the Virgin, where she had so often prayed to Mary to send her son a soul, and depositing their garlands of flowers, the villagers say to each other,

“When she prayed so fervently, the holy Virgin answered her, in low accents —‘I will give thy son a soul.’ ”

The curate bequeathed to our peasants this touching belief. As for myself when Lord William visited me in this village; when he looked at me with eyes so like his mother’s; when his voice, in accents familiar to my ear, said to me, as Madame Meredith had said—“Doctor, my friend, I thank you!” then—you may smile, ladies, if you will—then I wept, and thought with others, that Eva Meredith stood before me.

This unhappy woman, whose life was a series of misfortunes, left at her death a sweet, consoling remembrance, which had no pain for those who loved her. In thinking of her, we think of the mercy of God; and if there exist a hope within our hearts, we hope the more confidingly.

But it is quite late, ladies, your carriages have been at the door this some while. Excuse this long narrative; at my age one cannot be brief, when speaking of the memories of youth. Forgive the old man for having caused you to smile on his arrival, and weep when you condescended to listen to him.

These last words were spoken in a milder and more paternal tone, and a faint smile played on his lips. They all gathered round him, and began a thousand thanks; but Doctor Barnabé rose from his seat, and brought his great coat, that was lined with puce-colored taffeta, which he had thrown over a chair, and while his young auditors assisted him in putting it on, he said, “Adieu, gentlemen! adieu, ladies! my cabriolet is ready, night is coming on, and the roads are bad; I must take my leave—good night!”

When Dr. Barnabé, in his cabriolet of green osier, and the little gray horse, tickled by the whip, were about starting, Madame de Moncar rose quickly, and placing her foot on the step she leaned over toward the doctor, and said to him in a low tone—so low none else could hear—

“Doctor, I give you the white house, and will have it arranged the same as——when you loved Eva Meredith.” And she hastened away without giving him time to answer; in a few minutes the carriages and cabriolet left in different directions.

THE DESERTED ROAD.

BY THOMAS BUCHANAN READ.

ANCIENT road, that winds deserted
Through the level of the vale,
Sweeping toward the crowded market,
Like a stream with scarce a sail.

Standing by thee, I look backward,
And as in the light of dreams
See the years roll down and vanish
Like thy whitely tented teams.

Here I stroll along the village
As in youth's departed morn;
But I miss the crowded coaches
And the driver's bugle-horn.

Miss the crowd of jovial teamsters
Filling buckets at the wells,
With their wains from Conestoga,
And their orchestras of bells.

To the moss-grown, wayside tavern
Comes the noisy crowd no more,
And the faded sign complaining
Swings unnoticed at the door.

The old toll-man at the gateway
Waiting for the few who pass
Reads the melancholy story
In the thickly springing grass.

Ancient highway, thou art vanquished—
The usurper of the vale
Rolls, in fiery, iron rattle,
Exultations on the gale.

Thou art vanquished and neglected;
    But the good which thou hast done,
Though by man it be forgotten,
    Shall be deathless as the sun.

Though neglected, gray and grassy,
    Yet I pray that my decline
May be through as vernal valleys.
    And as blest a calm as thine.

THE OLD MAN'S COMFORT.

BY LIEUT. A. T. LEE, U. S. ARMY.

I AM old and gray—I am old and gray,
And my strength is failing me day by day;
But it warms my heart when the sun has gone
And her robe of stars the night puts on,
To gaze on the glad ones who gather here,
To breathe their sweet songs on my aged ear.

They bear me back—they bear me back,
To the field of youth and its flow'ry track;
When my step was light, and my heart was bold,
And my first young love was not yet cold;
And I gaze on many a smiling brow,
That sleeps in the still old church-yard now.

It wrung my heart—oh! it wrung my heart,
When I saw them one by one depart;
And they cost me full many a tear of wo,
For my hopes then hung on the things below.
But the visions of earthly joy grow dim,
With the whitening hair and the failing limb.

I am old and gray—I am old and gray,
But I've strength enough left me to kneel and pray;
And morning and evening I bless the power
That 'woke me to light in the midnight hour,
That spared me, to gaze with an aged eye
On a hope that can never fade or die.

I am gliding on—I am gliding on,
Through a quiet night, to a golden dawn:
And the merry hearts that around me play,
Are star-beams to cheer up my lonely way:
And oh! may the waves of life's dark sea,
Deal gently with them, as they've dealt with me.

IDA BERNSTORF'S JOURNAL.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

"AND what is this, Miss Enna?" said my friend, Kate Wilson, one morning, as she sat before the old writing-desk, opening with curiosity the different packages. "What a romantic name," she continued, " 'Letters and Journal of Ida Bernstorf;' letters from Germany long years ago. Come, Miss Enna, do please, stop that tiresome letter, and tell me all about it."

"Read the letters and journal, Kate," I replied, "they tell the story themselves."

"No, no," said the impatient beauty, "that will not do; *you* must tell me the story, and read me the Journal, it will sound so much prettier. I have not disturbed you for more than the hour you asked for. See, my little Geneva monitor will bear witness;" and she held up her tiny watch to prove her assertion. My letter-clasp being filled to overflowing, I had stipulated that morning with Kate, to give me one hour to answer two or three of these letters, that my conscience might feel relieved; that being done, I promised to entertain her to the best of my ability. With playful willfulness she rolled my large chair away from my writing-table, chanting in merry notes—

> "Up, up, my friend, and quit your books,
> Or surely you'll grow double!
> Up, up, my friend, and clear your looks—
> Why all this toil and trouble?"

then taking her favorite seat on a low ottoman beside me, she rested her beautiful head on my lap, its rich fall of ringlets almost sweeping the ground, and with her steady, brilliant eye, looked up in my face most coaxingly. I submitted; for, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to be made to read over "Ida's Journal;" so many years had passed since the events it narrated had taken place, that it seemed to possess more of interest on account of the lapse of time. Ida was the daughter of a second cousin of my mother's. This cousin was an orphan ward of my grandfather's, and had been brought up from infancy in his family. I never saw her, but judging from a picture of her in my mother's possession, she must have been a remarkably beautiful woman. She was very superior in mind, but wild and wayward in disposition. My Uncle Walter, my grandfather's only son, loved his beautiful cousin—doated on her; but she, with willful opposition, rejected his love, and the worldly advantages attending on it, to follow the fortunes of a young German artist, who had taught her music, and who she fancied was the realization of the ideal her illy regulated fancy had formed. Her marriage with Hermann Bernstorf, and departure from her country,

brought great sorrow to her friends, my mother said, and it was feared my Uncle Walter would never recover from the disappointment it caused him; but time is an excellent physician, and my Uncle Walter not only recovered from the disappointment, severe as it was, but became a model of husbands; and his devotion to my gentle, lovely Aunt Mary, was a constant subject of admiring remark with his nephews and nieces, who did not know the romance of his student days.

Madame Bernstorf had removed to Germany immediately after her marriage. So much opposed was my grandfather to her marriage, that he would never see her after her engagement was disclosed; and she left home and kindred, who had worshiped her, and spoiled her with indulgence, to follow the uncertain fortunes of a stranger in a strange land. My mother loved her cousin dearly, and though she regretted the willfulness of her conduct, she did not feel unkindly toward her; and when my grandfather refused to see her, or remain under the same roof with her, to my mother's house did she come, and there was her sad, tearful wedding celebrated.

Years rolled around, and when I was a little girl I used to hear my mother talk of her cousin Agnes Morton—Agnes Bernstorf she never called her—and listen with childish eagerness to the letters she constantly received from her. Madame Bernstorf though willful, was warm-hearted; and she never failed to write regularly to my mother and aunts, and cherish for them the warmest feelings. We never knew, except by inference, what her circumstances had proved to be on her removal to her husband's home. Her letters, though affectionate, were short; and she never entered into details of her situation. One child, a daughter, she spoke of—her little Ida; and my first letter was written to this little stranger cousin. Appended to each letter of our mothers was always a tiny, childish scrawl; and from childhood to girlhood the correspondence continued, until we began to write *whole letters* to each other.

Although Madame Bernstorf was so reserved and laconic in her letters, especially about her domestic affairs, it was evident she wished to keep up her connection with home and home friends. She seldom mentioned her husband's name in her letters; and when she did, it was but casually. Trouble she had, it was certain, for her letters gave evidence of it in the serious tone which they breathed. There was no allusion to certain, specified trouble, but there was a lack of hope and brightness in them. Several children she gave birth to, but the letters announcing their different births, were followed a few months after with announcements of their deaths. This might have caused sorrow to her; she never expressed it so, however; on the contrary, each letter announcing the death of a child, was filled with expressions of thankfulness, that they were taken from a world of trouble and trials. Actual poverty she could not be suffering from, for the income of her little property was semi-annually remitted to her; the principal was small, but it was left in trust by her father, settled upon her children, and only the income of it could she have. It was not much, it is true, but it was sufficient to keep actual want from her door we felt certain. Bernstorf, her husband, had been a wild, visionary young man, though fascinating in his manners and appearance, and from this remembrance of him her

family argued that disappointment had attended her obstinate imprudent marriage, and mortification and pride prevented her acknowledgment of it. Ida's letters, as she grew older, gave marks of cultivation and refinement. She wrote of her studies, to which her time seemed to be devoted. She spoke of the beauty of their country home; from that we supposed that if they were not enjoying wealth, they were above want. Isolated seemed to be their situation, for she never alluded to friends around her. When she was about sixteen her father died; but Madame Bernstorf announced his death with calmness, as though she had been prepared for it, although none of her previous letters mentioned his sickness. But at last came letters of deep agony, only a few months following the one announcing her husband's decease; one from Madame Bernstorf, an unfinished one, to my Aunt Miriam, who had taken my mother's place in the correspondence, enclosed in a few lines from poor Ida, wet with tears, and expressive of the greatest wretchedness, announcing her mother's death. Madame Bernstorf's letter had been written in evident anticipation of death.

"I know I am dying, dear Miriam," she wrote, "trouble and anxiety of mind have at last worn out my poor body. I have been hoping my strength would last, even so long that I might see my kindred once more before I die; but all hope is, I fear, gone. How sunny was my life previous to my marriage. Not a care had I. Since that unhappy event all has been bitterness. But I must not murmur; I consulted only my own will and selfish desires, and I have suffered as I deserved. Hermann Bernstorf, whom I idolized with all the wild devotion of an ill-regulated spirit, proved to be a neglectful, careless, and at last an intemperate husband; and his death was, indeed, a relief to me. On my death-bed I can at last admit it, although mortification and pride have heretofore kept me silent. Ah! Miriam, I cannot tell you how much I have suffered. I hoped my cup of sorrow was drained to the dregs; but I find the bitterest drop remaining, the leaving of my child alone in life. I cannot bring my mind to look calmly on my approaching death. Oh! how wildly have I besought Heaven to spare me, if only for a few months, that I might see her safe with my own family; but in vain—death creeps on apace, and I feel something must be done. Ida cannot be left here. With my husband's family, I have never had any intercourse; he had forfeited their countenance and regard long before his marriage with me; pride has always kept me from seeking them. I have no one to look to for aid but in my own family. Will you not, dear Miriam, take charge of my child? The little property my father so wisely provided for his grandchild, will prevent her from being an actual dependent upon any one; but she will need, when I am gone, a home—some one to protect and love her. She is a delicate flower, and needs nurturing. I know you will grant this request of a dying woman, and though comforted by this knowledge, remorse embitters even this comfort, when I recall, that I have given only to you and your family trouble and vexation, while from you I have always received kindness and doting indulgence.

"I write with pain and difficulty. Ida does not dream of her approaching trouble—her mild, dove-like eyes beam on me hopefully, and she talks of *our* future with certainty. I cannot tell her the sad truth. Oh, Father above! why am I thus sorely

afflicted?”

Ida’s letter told us her mother had been found senseless over this letter, and only revived a few moments to bless her child. She then yielded up her tried spirit into the hands of the Wise Power who had first gifted her with every worldly blessing, then, when those blessings were abused, had visited her with every earthly trouble.

There was no hesitation on my Aunt Miriam’s part; immediately were letters from all of us dispatched to welcome the orphan amongst us, and proper means employed to bring her safely to us. To our amazement my Aunt Mary and Uncle Walter, upon hearing of Madame Bernstorf’s death and application to Aunt Miriam, insisted upon adopting Ida themselves. They had but one child, a son, who was finishing his studies at an eastern university. An orphan niece of Aunt Mary’s, a wealthy heiress, Adelan Lee, resided with them; but my aunt urged she had no daughter, and Ida seemed, she said, providentially provided for them. She knew of her husband’s early love for Madame Bernstorf, but, with angelic singleness of heart, she persisted in claiming Ida, because she felt it would be gratifying to him. We did not wonder at Uncle Walter’s devotion to his wife, when we saw this decided proof of her pure, confiding, self-forgetting spirit.

Ida at last arrived. She remained with me a few weeks before going to my uncle’s mountain home, which was situated in a romantic county quite in the interior of the state. We renewed during this visit the declarations of friendship we had expressed by letters. She was a beautiful creature—totally unlike her mother. Her person was tall, but graceful and finely proportioned. She had a great quantity of beautiful hair, of that pure Madonna, auburn tint painters delight in. Her complexion was exquisitely clear, and one could well fancy when looking at her, why her mother had called her a “delicate flower;” delicate and fragile indeed did she seem. Her eyes were deep and melting in their expression. I never could decide on their color; sometimes they seemed a soft, dark gray, sometimes an auburn brown, like her hair; but their expression was truly poetic. There was a great *naïveté*, and tender pathos in her manner and countenance, that was bewitching; a total disregard of self, and an innate desire to contribute to every one’s comfort. Her mother had evidently cultivated in her daughter the qualities her own character needed. Poor girl! she was overwhelmed with sorrow for her mother’s death, but was filled with gratitude for our kindness. My aunt and uncle came to the city for her, and greeted her with parental fondness, which quite encouraged her, and softened the regret she felt at parting with me. The journal commences at the first day of her arrival at her new home, and will tell her story better than I can.

——

IDA’S JOURNAL.

Rockland Hill, —, —.

Here I am in my new home. Angel spirit of my mother! are you indeed hovering

around your child, as in your last moments you assured me you would? When alone I fancy her near me, and my bitter, heart-aching sobs are soothed.

How all my sad forebodings have been dispelled. Though filled with grief for my mother's loss, I feel I am not without friends. My new father and mother, as they insist upon calling themselves, are indeed kind to me. The husband is still a very handsome man, though past middle age, and "Aunt Mary," as she permits me to call her—for "mother" I cannot say—is gentle and lovely in both person and mind. She treats me with all the affectionate tenderness of a mother. When we arrived at this beautiful place she introduced me to her niece Adelan, a bright, merry-looking girl, about my own age; and on showing me to my apartment, which is a beautifully furnished room, she threw open a door, which led into a fine large room, handsomely furnished also, with piano, harp and guitar, a large well chosen library, and writing and work-tables, with a number of comfortable chairs and lounges. The windows of this delightful room opened on a balcony that commanded a full view of the high mountains, which rise abruptly on the opposite side of the mountain stream, which dashes darkly, but brightly along at the foot of the lawn that leads from beneath our windows.

"This," said Aunt Mary, "is Adelan's study and yours. That door opposite yours leads to Adelan's room, and here you are both free to come, whenever you wish, secure from interruption. These are your own apartments, subject to your own control. Adelan has often wished I had a daughter to cheer her solitary hours—now Providence has kindly bestowed upon me a daughter."

Both aunt and niece tenderly caressed me when my grateful tears began to flow, and tried all in their power to dispel every feeling of restraint. If I am not content here it will be my own fault—were it not for the agonizing recollection that weighs on me like lead, that never again on earth am I to see my mother, I should even be happy. But, Father above, grant unto me a spirit of resignation; let me not grieve these kind friends by my wretchedness; teach me that in another world we shall meet again.

My mother spent all her childhood and girlhood at this beautiful place. My Uncle Walter's father lived here, and this was her home for many years. How often have I heard her describe every place about it. Aunt Mary tells me the house is different, and that some changes have been made in the arrangement of the grounds. My aunt brought her husband a handsome fortune, which enabled him to put up a fine, commodious mansion-house on the estate, and throw more of the land into the immediate grounds of the house.

Mountains surround us on all sides. A rapid, dashing stream rolls along some distance from the house, and an undulating lawn sweeps down from the back part of the house to it. It is a wild, romantic spot. This morning on awakening I threw on my dressing-gown, and passing through "our study," as Adelan calls our pleasant

room, stepped out on the balcony. It was early morn, and I watched the curling mists sweep up the sides of these bluish green hills, forming themselves into fantastic shapes, as they felt the penetrating heat and light of the sun. They curled, waved, rolled together, and as the sun rose higher, beaming upon them, they gradually melted away. I gazed with an elevated spirit, then turned back to my sleeping-room, and kneeling, thanked God fervently for having made so beautiful a world. In such moments I feel my blessed mother near me, and the fancied waving of her angel wings brings gentle soothings to my wailing spirit.

I have been here now two months, and how quickly has sped the time. I am quite domesticated. I ride on horseback in the morning and evening with Uncle Walter; walk, sing and play duets with dear Adelan; and read with Aunt Mary. She is studying German of me, and after our lesson is over I read to her from the works of my "*vaterland*." She is fond of books and study, and her heart responded when I read to her to-day those hopeful cheering lines of Novalis.

"Let him who is unhappy in the outdoor world—who finds not what he seeks—let him go into the world of books and art—into Nature, that eternal antique and yet eternal novelty—let him live in that *Ecclesia pressa* of the better world. Here he will be sure to find a beloved and a friend—a fatherland and a God."

These words sound to my ears like my mother's strong heart words. Blessed mother! thou art ever with me!

We paid a visit yesterday to some very nice people, who live four or five miles off, across the mountains; and yet they are our nearest neighbors. The day passed delightfully. It was a true summer outdoor visit. There was a large family of beautiful children; fine, noble-looking boys, and bright-eyed, laughing girls. They grew fond of me, and twined their arms about me tenderly. I taught them German games, into which they entered with spirit, and I quite forgot in their shouts of merry, gleeful laughter, the heavy, tearful cloud that hung over me when I awakened in the morning. We returned by moonlight; my aunt and Adelan in the carriage, uncle and I on horseback. The road for the greater part of the way lay beside the beautiful Undine stream, that gurgles and dashes daily before my eyes, as I look from the balcony. I slackened the reins of my horse, and my uncle kindly loitered with me beside the dancing waters, whose fairy billows glittered with the moon's silvery rays. The rich silver flood of light that came pouring down from heaven touched every wavelet that went dancing along, as if rejoicing in its snowy crest. I wished I could linger by this flashing streamlet all night, and when a turning of the road bore me from the sparkling, joyous waters, I sighed inwardly a sad, unwilling good-bye, as I would in childhood to a darling playmate—nay, to crowds of playmates—for in the tiny white-crested billows I fancied the shining locks and flashing eyes of the lovely water-nymphs; the rippling dash of the waters I told

myself was their sweet spirit-talk. It was a lovely, moonlight, waking dream to me.

Adelan is quite a pretty girl, I think—little and delicate in form, and merry and bright as a bird. She is a sunbeam to us. She chants and warbles all the day long. Her voice is very melodious, and great care has been taken in its culture—indeed much care has been given to her education. She is a great heiress, I am told, inheriting a large property; and Lizzie, the little maiden who waits upon us, said to me this morning, as I was looking at Adelan on the lawn from my room window, that old Nancy, the nurse, had told her "Miss Adelan would marry Mr. Lewis sometime." This "Mr. Lewis" is my aunt and uncle's only son, who I have never seen; as he is away finishing his studies at a university. In the fall he will have completed them, and will then return to his home. A picture of him as a bright-looking, handsome boy hangs in Aunt Mary's dressing-room. She talks of him constantly, with much affection and pride, and his letters prove that he is affectionate as well as clever in mind. Adelan has never displayed any embarrassment when talking of him. Strange if she loves him and yet preserve it so secretly from me, for she is a warm-hearted, frank creature, and innocent and artless as a young child; but Love—sad, naughty Love—teaches, even the most guileless, art.

This morning we both arose very early and wandered out in the mountain paths, far from the house, long before breakfast. Nurse Nancy would make us eat before starting, one of her white rolls, which, with a glass of the sparkling spring-water, quite invigorated us. The sun shone brightly, and the clear blue sky with its wavy, wreathy clouds were reflected in the quiet parts of the stream most vividly. As we roamed along we came to a rude bridge that spanned our beautiful stream. It was a spot of peculiar beauty—high mountains environed us, covered with tall trees of luxuriant foliage. Dashing and foaming along came the mountain waters, and as they rolled away they formed cascades in their impetuous flow. The sky above was blue; rich, heavy clouds at times obscured the brilliancy of the blessed sun; but as we paused upon the bridge, the clouds swept aside and the sun shone out brightly. The dancing, coquettish waves, as they caught the glittering sunbeams, seemed to leap along their rocky bed more joyously, and made me almost certain I could see the wild, reckless Undine spirits of the flood. I had brought my camp-stool and sketching-paper with me, for it pleases my uncle to find beside his plate at the breakfast-table sketches of our morning rambles, and this beautiful view I determined to secure for him. Adelan left me making my sketch, to gather wild flowers. She came up to me at last, with a handfull of St John's wort, fox-glove, wild roses, and sweet violets. When I was a child and used to gather wild flowers for my mother, she would repeat to me a simple little story, which she called "Woman's Hopes." Adelan's bunch reminded me of it, and as she threw herself beside me on the grass I repeated it to her.

"Some merry, laughing children were tripping along gayly, one bright summer's

morning, when they stopped to admire and gather the road-side flowers. The flowers had just awakened from their sleep and were in tears.

" 'Languish not, pretty ones,' said the children caressingly, 'you shall be our dearly loved flowers. We will take you home with us, give you fresh spring-water, and set you before a mirror which shall reflect your beauties.'

"One gay, vain little flower, at these bright promises, lifted up its drooping head, rolling off the sparkling dewy drops proudly, but the little humble violet sighed, for it knew its moments were numbered. A few short hours passed, and the sportive children were chasing butterflies—but the poor wild flowers! where were they? Cast aside and forgotten!"

Summer is fast waning—a year has passed since my blessed mother died. What agony I suffered then, and how wildly I wished for death. So lonely and cheerless seemed my future without her sweet smile and heart-cheering words. But Heaven has raised up dear friends to me, and has granted unto me a sweet peaceful frame of mind. My mother's death has been hallowed unto me. Faith and resignation have been bestowed upon me. I see before me a reunion with her in another world. Now, my life-path is no longer gloomy, and I feel that I can rouse my suffering spirit. As my mother used to wish, I have learned to *act* as well as *meditate*. I do not often permit myself to contemplate and brood over past sorrows. I do not permit myself even to take up this little book, unless I am sure my mind is in a healthy state; but when sad, languid feelings come over me, I rouse myself, and shake off the morbid sentimentality to which woman is so prone. "I hear the voice of my soul—thy actions, and thy actions alone, determine thy worth."

I practice with Adelan, read with Aunt Mary, and share my uncle's outdoor exercises, of which he is so fond; and how happy it makes me to see that they look for my coming, and feel that every occupation must be shared with me. I know my mother would smile upon me if she were alive, and feel that I had tried to discover my mission, and perform its duties. How often I repeat to myself those lines of hers, and they give me strength.

Thy earthly bonds are tightening,
  Thy powers are failing fast,
Awake, oh! Spirit hear me,
  And break these chains at last.

Thy angel wings are drooping,
  Earth clogs them all around;
The spirit's flight is heavenward,
  Why then to earth art bound?

Why thou art banished heaven,
  'Twill yield thee naught to know;
Thy duties are before thee,

Why sink to rest below?

Earth slowly gathers o'er thee,
Soon, soon thou wilt be bound,
And all thy heavenly beauty
In death's strong clasp be found.

The remembrance of thy heavenly life
Has't left no trace with thee?
Gone, are the spirit's longings,
The sighing to be free?

Oh! raise those wings of beauty,
Shake off each earthly clod,
And Psyche-like uprising,
Seek union with thy God!

Great preparations have been made—the whole house has been in a state of bustling hurry for weeks. Each one has been anxious to perform their part; and the secret of this is, that the son of the family, "the young master," our Cousin Lewis, is to return home. To-day he is expected. The final touch has been given to every thing. I have just visited every part of the house and grounds with my uncle and aunt, to satisfy them all was right. His rooms are fairy spots. They adjoin his mother's dressing-room—the same rooms he occupied in childhood, but newly fitted up. Adelan, Aunt Mary and myself have just completed for these rooms a set of furniture covers, of the most beautiful embroidery. Bouquets of the rarest flowers, Sandy has spared from the conservatory, for they all say "Master Lewis is so fond of flowers." A year has passed since he visited his home—he was here just a few months before I arrived—it has been five years since he has remained any length of time at home, now he has completed his studies, and will have no need to leave his family again. He brings with him a college friend, a Mr. Turner, who will remain with him some time. I dread the change this will make in our quiet life; but I must not, it is selfish; this change, though irksome to me, brings happiness to others.

As I sit writing, I can lift my eyes and see Adelan decking her beautiful head. Her room-door is open, and she has been tripping around for the last half hour, performing her *toilette*. A grand dinner-party is to greet this arrival of our cousin and his friend, and Adelan is preparing herself for it. She does not know I am watching her. Now she holds a consultation with little Lizzie about the arrangement of a knot of ribbon, and Lizzie's face bears such an expression of admiration and anxiety blended that it is amusing. How lovely Adelan looks; her beautiful curls sweep over her finely moulded neck and shoulders, and her bright eyes and cunning, rosy mouth have a more mischievous, saucy expression than ever. Ah! Cousin Adelan, is that little heart looking forward to the approach of a lover in this Cousin Lewis?

Our cousin is here, and his friend. How handsome—how spiritual-looking is he; not the friend, but Lewis. He resembles his mother most; has her high, intellectual brow, and soft, beaming, melting, dark eyes. He is very interesting. They did not arrive until just before dinner, and as many of our friends had assembled in the drawing-room, I was presented to my Cousin Lewis in the midst of this company. Dear Uncle Walter and Aunt Mary introduced me to him as his "Sister Ida." My heart was full, my eyes became dim, and ears throbbed; but I heard his gentle greeting words with pleasure. His friend Frank Turner is pleasant looking, and agreeable, but is quite thrown in the shade in my cousin's presence. Who would not be though? Adelan looks very happy and joyous, and Cousin Lewis regards her with evident delight. Blessed—happy girl!

Gay parties have succeeded one another in hasty eagerness for weeks past. All the neighbors for miles around seem anxious to make much of the new comers. At the houses of the most intimate friends I have gone, where I would meet the smallest parties, but my sombre mourning-dress keeps me from general society, and my spirit feels harassed and wearied in large companies. These gayeties bring me many lonely hours. My aunt's German studies are laid aside for the present, and Adelan is up so late at night she cannot arise early for our morning rambles; even the horseback rides have to be given up partly, so busy are they going here and there. The house is filled with visiters, and all this will last for some weeks I suppose. I wish I could enter into this gayety, but I cannot; my thoughts are with my own dear mother; my heart is heavy, and I pine for rest. Oh how willingly would I lie beside her in the cold, damp grave!

How delightful is it to me to watch the father, mother and son—they are wrapt up in each other. Lewis is indeed the model of a man. He is as calm and gentle in manner as in disposition. He converses most eloquently.—I listen spell bound to his words. I do not think Adelan really loves him as he should be loved. She yawned this evening in the midst of his conversation with a gentleman on modern literature, and rose up from beside him and went into the music-room, as if wearied. I could have listened to him forever, even had the subject been one less interesting. The sound of Adelan's rich voice, accompanied by the rippling notes of the harp, came sweeping into the drawing-room, like an angel melody, and broke up the conversation. A little after I saw Lewis leaning over Adelan at the harp, and then their voices swelled out in delightful harmony together. They looked so happy, and my uncle and aunt sat near each other with countenances expressive of content. Naughty, melancholy thoughts came brooding over my mind. An aching sense of loneliness crept over me, chilling my very heart, and I abruptly left Mr. Turner, who was kindly endeavoring to entertain me, and came to my own room. As I write, the delicious music from below comes floating in through the windows of the balcony,

and mingled with it is the rippling dash of my Undine stream. How strange, Adelan is singing Thekla's song, which I arranged for her, "*Der Eichwald brauset, die Wolken ziehn*"—how true sound the words to my ears—they seem an echo of my heart.

"The heart is dead, the world is empty, and gives me nothing further to desire. Thou holy one! take thy child unto thee. I have enjoyed the happiness of this life—I have lived and have loved."

Ah, how sad and heavy I feel! Angel mother, hast thou forsaken thy child? Why are evil thoughts and dark spirits brooding around me?

Several weeks have again passed. I have not been well; it pains me to sit writing, and I have, moreover, avoided it, for I fear the sad gloominess that hangs over me may be increased by communings with myself—communings which I dread. At last my eyes are opened, and opened by the trouble of another. A few days since, Mr. Turner, to my amazement, made to me a most fervent declaration of love. I had not imagined I was an object of interest to him, and I felt grieved to hear his avowal. My uncle and aunt, and even Lewis pressed his suit. Rich, good-looking, and intelligent, I suppose they wondered at my refusal; but it was useless—I could not love him, and frankly told him so. Sadly he took his leave of us all, and left me to a misery, a wretchedness, worse, fifty times worse than his. His offer disclosed to me my weakness, my wicked frailty. I love my Cousin Lewis passionately, with all the ardor of an untried heart—and, shame upon me, I love without return. Adelan and he are inseparable. He adapts his conversation and pursuits to her tastes—and they are happy lovers.

I have been reading over this journal, and am filled with mortification. When little was required of me, what self-gratulation I gave myself. Now, when temptation and heart-trials come upon me, I weakly, wickedly yield. Where is that inner voice of my spirit—"thy actions, and thy actions alone determine thy worth." I will rouse myself and shake off this morbid feeling; I will bring myself to look upon the happiness of others, and be willing to sacrifice my own. I have withdrawn myself so much from the family as to excite attention. All evince a kind, tender earnestness for me; and Aunt Mary's soft eyes filled with tears to-day when she noticed my paleness; she upbraided herself for having been so occupied with her son. How my heart reproached me for my selfishness. I *will* rouse myself, and shake off this wicked passion. Mother, sweet, angel mother, aid me!

How foolish I have been in seeking and making trouble for myself. My poor head and heart are so filled with wild happiness that I can scarcely command words to express the cause of my great joy. Blessed mother! thou hast, indeed, watched

over thy child; and, although undeserving and doubting, great happiness has been reserved for me. Lewis loves me with all the fond earnestness that a woman's heart can desire. He has loved me from the first; but my own willful selfishness, and suspicious, jealous nature, blinded me. He has never loved Adelan more than as a sister, and she regards him as a dear brother. They all thought I was attached to Frank Turner, because I so freely accepted his attentions. Lewis forbore to press his suit out of regard to his friend; and, moreover, I had always observed such a repelling coldness toward him, he feared he was disagreeable to me.

When I last wrote in here, I resolved to mingle more with the family, and try to overcome my unhappy love. As the circle was smaller, our visiters having left, Lewis and I were thrown more together. The delight of listening to him overcame my fear of love; we rode together; he united in our German studies; joined my morning rambles, and unconsciously, I scarcely know how, my happiness became known to me. A mere chance disclosed his love; he intended waiting patiently. Everyone else knew it but myself—my aunt, uncle, and Adelan; while I, with mock heroism, was determining myself to be very miserable. I do not deserve this good fortune—wicked, selfish, and doubting as I have been; but I will pray for strength to guide my future. As my aunt folded me in her arms this evening, when Lewis with joyful eagerness presented me to his parents, she murmured in my ears, "My blessed child, will you not *now* call me 'mother!' "

My inner spirit praises Heaven for all its mercies, and bows down in serious, confiding gratitude. But the future still lies before me. Suffering I have but indifferently borne; let me pray that strength may be given me to bear my prosperity.

The angel pinions of my blessed spirit mother again float around me. A violet hue is spread before my mental vision, and the clouds of doubt and selfish jealousy, that hung curling around me like the mists on the mountain's side, are all dissipated and melted away under the soft beams of my rising sun of love and confidence.

A few weeks after I attended the wedding of my dear cousin Ida—Adelan and I officiating as bride-maids to the gentle creature. She trembled at the excess of her happiness, and never realized how like an angel we all deemed her. She gave me this journal, she said, as a *penance* for herself, to let me know how wicked she was. Many happy years have been hers, and she still enjoys life. A crowd of beautiful children troop around her; and the violet hue of an angelic atmosphere seems always to pervade her presence, to my fancy.

Her spirit has been one of those which Jean Paul says "falls from heaven like a flower-bud, pure and spotless." Hers has remained undimmed through life's toilsome journey, and the pure, fresh bud has opened, exhaling spiritual fragrance on all around her.

LUCRETIA.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

THERE rolled a howl along the streets of Rome,
As if its ancient patron, to the skies,
From street, arcade and pillared colonnade,
Sent up her hungry cries.

And there were sounds of trampling feet of men
Moving in haste; and each one, as he passed,
Glanced in his neighbor's eye; then onward dashed,
Swift as the wild sea-blast.

From every hovel-door—each portico
Of marble palaces, pale faces gazed
On the pedestrians, passing to and fro—
Mute, trembling and amazed.

And, ever and anon, that howl arose—
The she wolf's legacy—long, loud, and hoarse;
The voice of men aroused from deep repose,
And surging on in force.

Rome's alleys, lanes and streets were all alive;
All hurrying toward the Forum, from which came
Impulsive words, followed by moans, that told
The giver's heart in flame;

And sparks from torches, lit at quiet homes,
Waving in answer to the speaker's tones;
And the black crowd, with thunder which was Rome's,
Replied with ominous groans.

Occasionally the name of Collatine,
In audible whispers, slowly crept about—
And ever, as the orator's form was seen,
Went up a mighty shout—

Another! and another! as his hand
Upheld a bloody knife—his figure bent,
Regarding them; his aspect of command
Loftily eloquent—

A bale fire flashing from his eagle eye!
As pointing unto something laid below,
He saw a shudder, followed by a sigh,
Pass trembling to and fro

Among that crowd, with eager faces bent
Up on his own; and then came words of peace.
As though he painted home, and calm content,
And joy unto surcease.

Swayed, like the ocean by the hurricane,
That sea of men responded as the name
Broke on their ears—the pale polluter's name,
Immortal in its shame!

And mingling in a yell that shook old Rome,
"Death to the Tarquins!" every voice arose.
Women and warriors—all men and all time—
Were Tarquin's foes!

As autumn tempests gathering break, so broke
That crowd in frenzy, rushing to and fro
With blazing torches—Tyranny's iron yoke
Dissolved like snow.

And there were louder cries, and other flames
Sprang to the heavens, till Rome was red with fire
From Tarquin's palaces; and Freedom rose
From pale Lucretia's pyre.

THE EARLY TAKEN.

BY WILLIAM H. C. HOSMER.

[ADDRESSED TO THE PARENTS OF MY LITTLE FAVORITE, CAROLINE K. CHANDLER, WHOSE DEATH HAS SADDENED MANY HEARTS.]

I STOOD with the childless—
A desolate pair—
When, drest for the grave,
Lay the sinless and fair,
Who died like a lily that droops on its stem,
And torn were my heart-strings with sorrow for them.

Outshone by the curls
That the slumberer wore
Was the mid-summer light
Streaming in at the door;
And clung to her lip a more delicate red
Than tinted the rose-wreath encircling her head.

More drear than a desert
Where never is heard
The singing of waters,
Or carol of bird,
Are homes in this dark world of sorrow and sin
Uncheered by the music of childhood within.

And round one frail blossom
Your hopes were entwined—
One daughter of beauty
Affection made blind;
Before her ye saw a bright future outspread
But dreamed not of dirge-note or shroud for the dead.

Oh! blest is the spirit
Unstained by the clod,
That mounts, in the morn,

Like a sky-lark to God:
A glittering host the new-comer surround,
And *welcome* the harp-strings of Paradise sound.

Ye Stricken! oh think,
While your wailing is wild
That, above this dim orb,
It is *well with the child*!
And pray for reunion with her ye have lost,
Where love knows no heart-ache, the blossom no frost.

SUNSET IN AUTUMN.

BY HARRIET MARION WARD.

DIDST ever note how pleasantly the sun of Autumn dies,
Leaving a gorgeous legacy upon the evening skies?
While quietly the gathering clouds, come trooping wave on wave,
To weave bright bowers, with blushing flowers, above the proud one's grave.

Now here—now there, they flit around, with lithesome, witching grace,
Their shadowy forms, like loving hearts, melting in sweet embrace;
Now bending down with flashing lips they kiss the waters bright,
Till waves have caught the gleam they sought, and murmur wild delight.

And now they build a path of gold across the deep blue skies,
All spanned and arched with Iris bows in ever-changing dies;
While ghosts of clouds in silver shrouds, a world of fairy things,
Are grouped around that flowery ground, like doves with snowy wings.

Now silently they melt away amid the starry showers,
Weaving the while their train of lace festooned with buds and flowers,
Gathered in rolls and crimson folds they sweep night's palace through,
Like islands bright with liquid light, drifting in seas of blue.

Now all are gone, and in their stead a calm and cloudless heaven,
Dimpled with stars whose placid light to earth is freely given,
To blend with heart-imaginings in the still evening air,
Soft and subdued, with love imbued, an everlasting prayer.

So much of faith—so much of hope—so much of trusting love,
Seems stereotyped in glowing words on the bright page above,
That glad earth grows less beautiful—less mighty in its power,
And thoughts of death come soothingly in that calm, holy hour.

For who can watch these brilliant wrecks in all their varying forms
Nor feel a yearning wish to reach God's haven from life's storms;
To quit this scene of weary strife, of turmoil and unrest,
Hushed in a deep, eternal sleep on the Redeemer's breast.

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 192.*)

PART XIII.

The gull has found her place on shore;
The sun gone down again to rest;
And all is still but ocean's roar;
There stands the man unbless'd.
But see, he moves—he turns, as asking where
His mates? Why looks he with that piteous stare?
DANA.

SUPERSTITION would seem to be a consequence of a state of being in which so much is shadowed forth, while so little is accurately known. Our far-reaching thoughts range over the vast fields of created things, without penetrating to the secret cause of the existence of even a blade of grass. We can analyze all substances that are brought into our crucibles, tell their combinations and tendencies, give a scientific history of their formation, so far as it is connected with secondary facts, their properties, and their uses; but in each and all there is a latent natural cause that baffles all our inquiries, and tells us that we are merely men. This is just as true in morals as in physics—no man living being equal to attaining the very faith that is necessary to his salvation, without the special aid of the spirit of the godhead; and even with that mighty support, trusting implicitly for all that is connected with a future that we are taught to believe is eternal, to "the substance of things *hoped* for, and the evidence of things unseen." In a word, this earthly probation of ours was intended for finite beings, in the sense of our present existence, leaving far more to

be conjectured than is understood.

Ignorance and superstition ever bear a close, and even a mathematical relation to each other. The degrees of the one are regulated by the degrees of the other. He who knows the least believes the most; while he who has seen the most, without the intelligence to comprehend that which he has seen, feels, perhaps, the strongest inclination to refer those things which to him are mysteries, to the supernatural and marvelous. Sailors have been, from time immemorial, more disposed than men of their class on the land, to indulge in this weakness, which is probably heightened by the circumstance of their living constantly and vividly in the presence of powers that menace equally their lives and their means, without being in any manner subject to their control.

Spike, for a seaman of his degree of education, was not particularly addicted to the weakness to which we have just alluded. Nevertheless, he was not altogether free from it; and recent circumstances contributed to dispose him so much the more to admit a feeling which, like sin itself, is ever the most apt to insinuate itself at moments of extraordinary moral imbecility, and through the openings left by previous transgression. As his brig stood off from the light, the captain paced the deck, greatly disturbed by what had just passed, and unable to account for it. The boat of the Poughkeepsie was entirely concealed by the islet, and there existing no obvious motive for wishing to return, in order to come at the truth, not a thought to that effect, for one moment, crossed the mind of the smuggler. So far from this, indeed, were his wishes, that the Molly did not seem to him to go half as fast as usual, in his keen desire to get further and further from a spot where such strange incidents had occurred.

As for the men forward, no argument was wanting to make *them* believe that something supernatural had just passed before their eyes. It was known to them all that Mulford had been left on a naked rock, some thirty miles from that spot; and it was not easy to understand how he could now be at the Dry Tortugas, planted, as it might be, on purpose to show himself to the brig, against the tower, in the bright moonlight, “like a pictur’ hung up for his old shipmates to look at.”

Sombre were the tales that were related that night among them, many of which related to the sufferings of men abandoned on desert islands; and all of which bordered, more or less, on the supernatural. The crew connected the disappearance of the boat with Mulford’s apparition, though the logical inference would have been, that the body which required planks to transport it, could scarcely be classed with any thing of the world of spirits. The links in arguments, however, are seldom respected by the illiterate and vulgar, who jump to their conclusions, in cases of the marvelous, much as politicians find an expression of the common mind in the prepared opinions of the few who speak for them, totally disregarding the dissenting silence of the million. While the men were first comparing their opinions on that which, to them, seemed to be so extraordinary, the Señor Montefalderon joined the captain in his walk, and dropped into a discourse touching the events which had

attended their departure from the haven of the Dry Tortugas. In this conversation Don Juan most admirably preserved his countenance, as well as his self-command, effectually preventing the suspicion of any knowledge on his part that was not common to them both.

"You did leave the port with the salutes observed," the Mexican commenced, with the slightest accent of a foreigner, or just enough to show that he was not speaking in his mother tongue; "salutes paid and returned."

"Do you call that saluting, Don Wan? To me that infernal shot sounded more like an echo than any thing else."

"And to what do *you* ascribe it, Don Esteban?"

"I wish I could answer that question. Sometimes I begin to wish I had not left my mate on that naked rock."

"There is still time to repair the last wrong; we shall go within a few miles of the place where the Señor Enrique was left; and I can take the yawl, with two men, and go in search of him while you are at work on the wreck."

"Do you believe it possible that he can be still there?" demanded Spike, looking suddenly and intently at his companion, while his mind was strangely agitated between hatred and dread. "If he is there, who and what was *he* that we all saw so plainly at the foot of the light-house?"

"How should he have left the rock? He was without food or water; and no man, in all his vigor, could swim this distance. I see no means of his getting here."

"Unless some wrecker, or turtler, fell in with him and took him off. Ay, ay, Don Wan; I left him that much of a chance at least. No man can say I *murdered* my mate."

"I am not aware, Don Esteban, that any one *has* said so hard a thing of you. Still, we have seen neither wrecker nor turtler since we have been here; and that lessens the excellent chance you left Don Enrique."

"There is no occasion, señor, to be so particular," growled Spike, a little sullenly, in reply. "The chance, I say, was a *good* one, when you consider how many of them devils of wreckers hang about these reefs. Let this brig only get fast on a rock, and they would turn up, like sharks, all around us, each with his maw open for salvage. But this is neither here nor there; what puzzles me was what we saw at the light, half an hour since, and the musket that was fired back at us! I *know* that the figure at the foot of the tower did not fire, for my eye was on him from first to last; and he had no arms. You were on the island a good bit, and must have known if the light-house keeper was there or not, Don Wan?"

"The light-house keeper *was* there, Don Esteban—but he was in his *grave*."

"Ay, ay, one, I know, was drowned, and buried with the rest of them; there might, however, have been more than one. You saw none of the people that had gone to Key West, in or about the house, Don Wan?"

“None. If any persons have left the Tortugas to go to Key West, within a few days, not one of them has yet returned.”

“So I supposed. No, it can be none of *them*. Then I saw his face as plainly as I ever saw it by moonlight, from aft for’ard. What is your opinion about seeing the dead walk on the ’arth, Don Wan?”

“That I have never seen any such thing myself, Don Esteban, and consequently know nothing about it.”

“So I supposed; I find it hard to believe it, I do. It may be a warning to keep us from coming any more to the Dry Tortugas; and I must say I have little heart for returning to this place, after all that has fell out here. We can go to the wreck, fish up the doubloons, and be off for Yucatan. Once in one of your ports, I make no question that the merits of Molly will make themselves understood, and that we shall soon agree on a price.”

“What use could we put the brig to, Don Esteban, if we had her all ready for sea?”

“That is a strange question to ask in time of war! Give *me* such a craft as the Molly, with sixty or eighty men on board her, in a war like this, and her ’arnin’s should not fall short of half a million within a twelvemonth.”

“Could we engage you to take charge of her, Don Esteban?”

“That would be ticklish work, Don Wan. But we can see. No one knows what he will do until he is tried. In for a penny, in for a pound. A fellow never knows! Ha! ha! ha! Don Wan, we live in a strange world—yes, in a strange world.”

“We live in strange *times*, Don Esteban, as the situation of my poor country proves. But let us talk this matter over a little more in confidence.”

And they did thus discuss the subject. It was a singular spectacle to see an honorable man, one full of zeal of the purest nature in behalf of his own country, sounding a traitor as to the terms on which he might be induced to do all the harm he could to those who claimed his allegiance. Such sights, however, are often seen; our own especial objects too frequently blinding us to the obligations that we owe morality, so far as not to be instrumental in effecting even what we conceive to be good, by questionable agencies. But the Señor Montefalderon kept in view, principally, his desire to be useful to Mexico, blended a little too strongly, perhaps, with the wishes of a man who was born near the sun to avenge his wrongs, real or fancied.

While this dialogue was going on between Spike and his passenger, as they paced the quarter-deck, one quite as characteristic occurred in the galley, within twenty feet of them—Simon, the cook, and Josh, the Steward, being the interlocutors. As they talked secrets, they conferred together with closed doors, though few were ever disposed to encounter the smoke, grease, and fumes of their narrow domains, unless called thither by hunger.

“What *you* t’ink of dis matter, Josh?” demanded Simon, whose skull having the

well-known density of his race, did not let internal ideas out, or external ideas in as readily as most men's. "Our young mate *was* at de light-house, beyond all controwersy; and how can he be den on dat rock over yonder, too?"

"Dat is imposserbul," answered Josh; "derefore I says it isn't true. I surposes you know dat what is imposserbul isn't true, Simon. Nobody can't be out yonder and down here at der same time. Dat is imposserbul, Simon. But what I wants to intermate to you will explain all dis difficulty; and it do show de raal super'ority of a colored man over de white poperlation. Now, you mark my words, cook, and be full of admiration! Jack Tier came back along wid de Mexican gentle'em, in my anchor-watch, dis very night! You see, in de first place, ebbery t'ing come to pass in nigger's watch."

Here the two dark-skinned worthies haw-haw'd to their heart's content; laughing very much as a magistrate or a minister of the gospel might be fancied to laugh, the first time he saw a clown at a circus. The merriment of a negro will have its course, in spite of ghosts, or of any thing else; and neither the cook nor the steward dreamed of putting in another syllable until their laugh was fairly and duly ended. Then the cook made his remarks.

"How Jack Tier comin' back explain der differculty, Josh?" asked Simon.

"Didn't Jack go away wid Miss Rose and de mate in de boat dat got adrift, you know, in Jack's watch on deck?"

Here the negroes laughed again, their imaginations happening to picture to each, at the same instant, the mystification about the boat; Biddy having told Josh in confidence, the manner in which the party had returned to the brig, while he and Simon were asleep; which fact the steward had already communicated to the cook. To these two beings, of an order in nature different from all around them, and of a simplicity and of habits that scarce placed them on a level with the intelligence of the humblest white man, all these circumstances had a sort of mysterious connection, out of which peeped much the most conspicuously to their faculties, the absurdity of the captain's imagining that a boat had got adrift, which had, in truth, been taken away by human hands. Accordingly, they laughed it out; and when they had done laughing, they returned again to the matter before them with renewed interest in the subject.

"Well, how all dat explain dis differculty?" repeated Simon.

"In dis wery manner, cook," returned the steward, with a little dignity in his manner. "Ebbery t'ing depend on understanding, I s'pose you know. If Mr. Mulford got taken off dat rock by Miss Rose and Jack Tier, wid de boat, and den dey comes here altogedder; and den Jack Tier, he get on board and tell Biddy all dis matter, and den Biddy tell Josh, and den Josh tell the cook—what for you surprise, you black debbil, one bit?"

"Dat all!" exclaimed Simon.

"Dat just all—dat ebbery bit of it, don't I say."

Here Simon burst into such a fit of loud laughter that it induced Spike himself to shove aside the galley-door, and thrust his own frowning visage into the dark hole within, to inquire the cause.

“What’s the meaning of this uproar?” demanded the captain, all the more excited because he felt that things had reached a pass that would not permit him to laugh himself. “Do you fancy yourself on the Hook, or at the Five Points?”

The Hook and the Five Points are two pieces of tabooed territory within the limits of the good town of Manhattan, that are getting to be renowned for their rascality and orgies. They probably want nothing but the proclamation of a governor in vindication of their principles, annexed to a pardon of some of their unfortunate children, to render both classical. If we continue to make much further progress in political logic, and in the same direction as that in which we have already proceeded so far, neither will probably long be in want of this illustration. Votes can be given by the virtuous citizens of both these purlieus, as well as by the virtuous citizens of the anti-rent districts, and votes contain the essence of all such principles, as well as of their glorification.

“Do you fancy yourselves on the Hook, or at the Five Points?” demanded Spike, angrily.

“Lor’, no sir!” answered Simon, laughing at each pause with all his heart. “Only laughs a little at *ghost*—dat all, sir.”

“Laugh at ghost? Is that a subject to laugh at? Have a care, you black rascal, or he will visit you in your galley here, when you will least want to see him.”

“No care much for *him*, sir,” returned Simon, laughing away as hard as ever. “*Sich* a ghost oughtn’t to skear little baby.”

“*Such* a ghost? And what do you know of *this* ghost more than any other?”

“Well, I seed him, Capt. Spike; and what a body sees, he is acquainted wid.”

“You saw an image that looked as much like Mr. Mulford, my late mate, as one timber-head in this brig is like another.”

“Yes, sir, he like enough—must say *dat*—so wery like, couldn’t see any difference.”

As Simon concluded this remark, he burst out into another fit of laughter, in which Josh joined him, heart and soul, as it might be. The uninitiated reader is not to imagine the laughter of those blacks to be very noisy, or to be raised on a sharp, high key. They *could* make the welkin ring, in sudden bursts of merriment, on occasion, but, at a time like this, they rather caused their diversion to be developed by sounds that came from the depths of their chests. A gleam of suspicion that these blacks were acquainted with some fact that it might be well for him to know, shot across the mind of Spike; but he was turned from further inquiry by a remark of Don Juan, who intimated that the mirth of such persons never had much meaning to it, expressing at the same time a desire to pursue the more important subject in which they were engaged. Admonishing the blacks to be more guarded in their

manifestations of merriment, the captain closed the door on them, and resumed his walk up and down the quarter-deck. As soon as left to themselves, the blacks broke out afresh, though in a way so guarded, as to confine their mirth to the galley.

"Capt. Spike t'ink *dat* a ghost!" exclaimed Simon, with contempt.

"Guess if he see *raal* ghost, he find 'e difference," answered Josh. "One look at raal sperit wort' two at dis object."

Simon's eyes now opened like two saucers, and they gleamed, by the light of the lamp they had, like dark balls of condensed curiosity, blended with awe, on his companion.

"You ebber see him, Josh?" he asked, glancing over each shoulder hurriedly, as it might be, to make sure that he could not see "him," too.

"How you t'ink I get so far down the wale of life, Simon, and nebber see sich a t'ing? I seed t'ree of the crew of the 'Maria Sheffington,' that was drowned by deir boat's capsizing, when we lay at Gibraltar, jest as plain as I see you now. Then—"

But it is unnecessary to repeat Josh's experiences in this way, with which he continued to entertain and terrify Simon for the next half hour. This is just the difference between ignorance and knowledge. While Spike himself, and every man in his brig who belonged forward, had strong misgivings as to the earthly character of the figure they had seen at the foot of the light-house, these negroes laughed at their delusion, because they happened to be in the secret of Mulford's escape from the rock, and of that of his actual presence at the Tortugas. When, however, the same superstitious feeling was brought to bear on circumstances that lay *without* the sphere of their exact information, they became just as dependent and helpless as all around them; more so, indeed, inasmuch as their previous habits and opinions disposed them to a more profound credulity.

It was midnight before any of the crew of the Swash sought their rest that night. The captain had to remind them that a day of extraordinary toil was before them, ere he could get one even to quit the deck; and when they did go below, it was to continue to discuss the subject of what they had seen at the Dry Tortugas. It appeared to be the prevalent opinion among the people, that the late event foreboded evil to the Swash, and long as most of these men had served in the brig, and much as they had become attached to her, had she gone into port that night, nearly every man forward would have run before morning. But fatigue and wonder, at length, produced their effect, and the vessel was silent as was usual at that hour. Spike himself lay down in his clothes, as he had done ever since Mulford had left him; and the brig continued to toss the spray from her bows, as she bore gallantly up against the trades, working her way to windward. The light was found to be of great service, as it indicated the position of the reef, though it gradually sank in the western horizon, until near morning it fell entirely below it.

At this hour Spike appeared on deck again, where, for the first time since their interview on the morning of Harry's and Rose's escape, he laid his eyes on Jack

Tier. The little dumpling-looking fellow was standing in the waist, with his arms folded sailor-fashion, as composedly as if nothing had occurred to render his meeting with the captain any way of a doubtful character. Spike approached near the person of the steward, whom he surveyed from head to foot, with a sort of contemptuous superiority, ere he spoke.

"So, Master Tier;" at length the captain commenced, "you have deigned to turn out at last, have you? I hope the day's duty you've forgotten will help to pay for the light-house boat, that I understand you've lost for me also."

"What signifies a great clumsy boat that the brig couldn't hoist in nor tow," answered Jack, coolly, turning short round at the same time, but not condescending to "uncoil" his arms as he did so, a mark of indifference that would probably have helped to mystify the captain, had he even actually suspected that any thing was wrong beyond the supposed accident to the boat in question. "If you had had the boat astarn, Capt. Spike, an order would have been given to cut it adrift the first time the brig made sail on the wind."

"Nobody knows, Jack; that boat would have been very useful to us while at work about the wreck. You never even turned out this morning to let me know where that craft lay, as you promised to do, but left us to find it out by our wits."

"There was no occasion for my telling you any thing about it, sir, when the mast-heads was to be seen above water. As soon as I heard that them 'ere mast-heads was out of water, I turned over and went to sleep upon it. A man can't be on the doctor's list and on duty at the same time."

Spike looked hard at the little steward, but he made no further allusion to his being off duty, or to his failing to stand pilot to the brig as she came through the passage in quest of the schooner's remains. The fact was, that he had discovered the mast-heads himself just as he was on the point of ordering Jack to be called, having allowed him to remain in his berth to the last moment after his watch, according to a species of implied faith that is seldom disregarded among seamen. Once busied on the wreck, Jack was forgotten, having little to do in common with any one on board, but that which the captain termed the "women's mess."

"Come aft, Jack," resumed Spike, after a considerable pause, during the whole of which he had stood regarding the little steward as if studying his person, and through that his character. "Come aft to the trunk; I wish to catechise you a bit."

"Catechise!" repeated Tier, in an under tone, as he followed the captain to the place mentioned. "It's a long time since I have done any thing at *that*!"

"Ay, come hither," resumed Spike, seating himself at his ease on the trunk, while Jack stood near by, his arms still folded, and his rotund little form as immovable, under the plunges that the lively brig made into the head-seas that she was obliged to meet, as if a timber-head in the vessel itself. "You keep your sea-legs well, Jack, short as they are."

"No wonder for that, Capt. Spike; for the last twenty years I've scarce passed a

twelvemonth ashore; and what I did before that, no one can better tell than yourself since we was ten good years shipmates."

"So you say, Jack, though I do not remember *you* as well as you seem to remember *me*. Do you not make the time too long?"

"Not a day, sir. Ten good and happy years did we sail together, Capt. Spike; and all that time in this very—"

"Hush—h-u-s-h, man, hush! There is no need of telling the Molly's age to every body. I may wish to sell her some day, and then her great experience will be no recommendation. You should recollect that the Molly is a female, and the ladies do not like to hear of their ages after five-and-twenty."

Jack made no answer, but he dropped his arms to their natural position, seeming to wait the captain's communication, first referring to his tobacco-box and taking a fresh quid.

"If you was with me in the brig, Jack, at the time you mention," continued Spike, after another long and thoughtful pause, "you must remember many little things that I don't wish to have known; especially while Mrs. Budd and her handsome niece is aboard here."

"I understand you, Capt. Spike. The ladies shall l'arn no more from me than they know already."

"Thank 'e for that Jack—thank 'e, with all my heart. Shipmates of our standing ought to be fast friends; and so you'll find me, if you'll only sail under the true colors, my man."

At that moment Jack longed to let the captain know how strenuously he had insisted that very night on rejoining his vessel; and this at a time, too, when the brig was falling into disrepute; but this he could not do, without betraying the secret of the lovers—so he chose to say nothing.

"There is no use in blabbing all a man knows, and the galley is a sad place for talking. Galley news is poor news, I suppose you know, Jack."

"I've hear'n say as much on board o' man-of-war. It's a great place for the officers to meet and talk, and smoke, in Uncle Sam's crafts; and what a body hears in such places, is pretty much newspaper stuff, I do suppose."

"Ay, ay, that's it; not to be thought of half an hour after it has been spoken. Here's a doubloon for you, Jack; and all for the sake of old times. Now, tell me, my little fellow, how do the ladies come on? Doesn't Miss Rose get over her mourning on account of the mate? Ar'n't we to have the pleasure of seein' her on deck soon?"

"I can't answer for the minds and fancies of young women, Capt. Spike. They are difficult to understand; and I would rather not meddle with what I can't understand."

"Poh, poh, man; you must get over that. You might be of great use to me, Jack, in a very delicate affair—for you know how it is with women; they must be handled

as a man would handle this brig among breakers; Rose, in partic'lar, is as skittish as a colt."

"Stephen Spike," said Jack, solemnly, but on so low a key that it entirely changed his usually harsh and cracked voice to one that sounded soft, if not absolutely pleasant, "do you never think of hereafter? Your days are almost run; a very few years, in your calling it may be a very few weeks, or a few hours, and time will be done with you, and etarnity will commence—do you never think of a hereafter?"

Spike started to his feet, gazing at Jack intently; then he wiped the perspiration from his face, and began to pace the deck rapidly, muttering to himself—"this has been a most accursed night! First the mate, and now *this*! Blast me, but I thought it was a voice from the grave! Graves! can't they keep those that belong to them, or have rocks and waves no graves?"

What more passed through the mind of the captain must remain a secret, for he kept it to himself; nor did he take any further notice of his companion. Jack, finding that he was unobserved, passed quietly below, and took the place in his berth, which he had only temporarily abandoned.

Just as the day dawned, the Swash reached the vicinity of the wreck again. Sail was shortened, and the brig stood in until near enough for the purpose of her commander, when she was hove-to, so near the mast-heads that, by lowering the yawl, a line was sent out to the fore-mast, and the brig was hauled close alongside. The direction of the reef at that point formed a lee; and the vessel lay in water sufficiently smooth for her object.

This was done soon after the sun had risen, and Spike now ordered all hands called, and began his operations in earnest. By sounding carefully around the schooner when last here, he had ascertained her situation to his entire satisfaction. She had settled on a shelf of the reef, in such a position that her bows lay in a sort of cradle, while her stern was several feet nearer to the surface than the opposite extremity. This last fact was apparent, indeed, by the masts themselves, the lower mast aft being several feet out of water, while the fore-mast was entirely buried, leaving nothing but the fore-topmast exposed. On these great premises Spike had laid the foundation of the practical problem he intended to solve.

No expectation existed of ever getting the schooner afloat again. All that Spike and the Señor Montefalderon now aimed at, was to obtain the doubloons, which the former thought could be got at in the following manner. He knew that it would be much easier handling the wreck, so far as its gravity was concerned, while the hull continued submerged. He also knew that one end could be raised with a comparatively trifling effort, so long as the other rested on the rock. Under these circumstances, therefore, he proposed merely to get slings around the after body of the schooner, as near her stern-post, indeed, as would be safe, and to raise that extremity of the vessel to the surface, leaving most of the weight of the craft to rest on the bows. The difference between the power necessary to effect this much, and

that which would be required to raise the whole wreck, would be like the difference in power necessary to turn over a log with one end resting on the ground, and turning the same log by lifting it bodily in the arms, and turning it in the air. With the stern once above water, it would be easy to come at the bag of doubloons, which Jack Tier had placed in a locker above the transoms.

The first thing was to secure the brig properly, in order that she might bear the necessary strain. This was done very much as has been described already, in the account of the manner in which she was secured and supported in order to raise the schooner at the Dry Tortugas. An anchor was laid abreast and to windward, and purchases were brought to the masts, as before. Then the bight of the chain brought from the Tortugas, was brought under the schooner's keel, and counter-purchases, leading from both the fore-mast and main-mast of the brig, was brought to it, and set taut. Spike now carefully examined all his fastenings, looking to his cables as well as his mechanical power aloft, heaving in upon this, and veering out upon that, in order to bring the Molly square to her work; after which he ordered the people to knock-off for their dinners. By that time it was high noon.

While Stephen Spike was thus employed on the wreck, matters and things were not neglected at the Tortugas. The Poughkeepsie had no sooner anchored, than Wallace went on board and made his report. Capt. Mull then sent for Mulford, with whom he had a long personal conference. This officer was getting gray, and consequently he had acquired experience. It was evident to Harry, at first, that he was regarded as one who had been willingly engaged in an unlawful pursuit, but who had abandoned it to push dearer interests in another quarter. It was some time before the commander of the sloop-of-war could divest himself of this opinion, though it gradually gave way before the frankness of the mate's manner, and the manliness, simplicity, and justice of his sentiments. Perhaps Rose had some influence also in bringing about this favorable change.

Wallace did not fail to let it be known that turtle-soup was to be had ashore; and many was the guest our heroine had to supply with that agreeable compound, in the course of the morning. Jack Tier had manifested so much skill in the preparation of the dish, that its reputation soon extended to the cabin, and the captain was induced to land, in order to ascertain how far rumor was or was not a liar, on this interesting occasion. So ample was the custom, indeed, that Wallace had the consideration to send one of the ward-room servants to the light-house, in order to relieve Rose from a duty that was getting to be a little irksome. She was "seeing company" as a bride, in a novel and rather unpleasant manner; and it was in consequence of a suggestion of the "ship's gentleman," that the remains of the turtle were transferred to the vessel, and were put into the coppers, *secundum artem*, by the regular cooks.

It was after tickling his palate with a bowl of the soup, and enjoying a half hour's conversation with Rose, that Capt. Mull summoned Harry to a final consultation on the subject of their future proceedings. By this time the commander of the Poughkeepsie was in a better humor with his new acquaintance, more

disposed to believe him, and infinitely more inclined to listen to his suggestions and advice, than he had been in their previous interviews. Wallace was present in his character of “ship’s gentleman,” or, as having nothing to do, while his senior, the first lieutenant, was working like a horse on board the vessel, in the execution of his round of daily duties.

At this consultation the parties came into a right understanding of each other’s views and characters. Capt. Mull was slow to yield his confidence, but when he did bestow it, he bestowed it sailor-fashion, or with all his heart. Satisfied at last that he had to do with a young man of honor, and one who was true to the flag, he consulted freely with our mate, asked his advice, and was greatly influenced in the formation of his final decision by the opinions that Harry modestly advanced, maintaining them, however, with solid arguments, and reasons that every seaman could comprehend.

Mulford knew the plans of Spike by means of his own communications with the Señor Montefalderon. Once acquainted with the projects of his old commander, it was easy for him to calculate the time it would require to put them in execution, with the means that were to be found on board the Swash. “It will take the brig until near morning,” he said, “to beat up to the place where the wreck lies. Spike will wait for light to commence operations, and several hours will be necessary to moor the brig, and get out the anchors with which he will think it necessary to stay his masts. Then he will hook on, and he may partly raise the hull before night return. More than this he can never do; and it would not surprise me were he merely to get every thing ready for heaving on his purchases to-morrow, and suspend further proceedings until the next day, in preference to having so heavy a strain on his spars all night. He has not the force, however, to carry on such duty to a very late hour; and you may count with perfect security, Capt. Mull, on his being found alongside of the wreck at sunrise the next day after to-morrow, in all probability with his anchors down, and fast to the wreck. By timing your own arrival well, nothing will be easier than to get him fairly under your guns, and once under your guns, the brig must give up. When you chased her out of this very port, a few days since, you would have brought her up could you have kept her within range of those terrible shells ten minutes longer.”

“You would then advise my not sailing from this place immediately,” said Mull.

“It will be quite time enough to get under way late in the afternoon, and then under short canvas. Ten hours will be ample time for this ship to beat up to that passage in, and it will be imprudent to arrive too soon; nor do I suppose you will wish to be playing round the reef in the dark.”

To the justice of all this Capt. Mull assented; and the plan of proceedings was deliberately and intelligently formed. As it was necessary for Mulford to go in the ship, in order to act as pilot, no one else on board knowing exactly where to find the wreck, the commander of the Poughkeepsie had the civility to offer to the young couple the hospitalities of his own cabin, with one of his state-rooms. This offer

Harry gratefully accepted, it being understood that the ship would land them at Key West, as soon as the contemplated duty was executed. Rose felt so much anxiety about her aunt, that any other arrangement would scarcely have pacified her fears.

In consequence of these arrangements, the Poughkeepsie lay quietly at her anchors until near sunset. In the interval her boats were out in all directions, parties of the officers visiting the islet where the powder had exploded, and the islet where the tent, erected for the use of the females, was still standing. As for the light-house island, an order of Capt. Mull's prevented it from being crowded in a manner unpleasant to Rose, as might otherwise have been the case. The few officers who did land there, however, appeared much struck with the ingenuous simplicity and beauty of the bride, and a manly interest in her welfare was created among them all, principally by means of the representations of the second lieutenant and the chaplain. About five o'clock she went off to the ship, accompanied by Harry, and was hoisted on board in the manner usually practiced by vessels of war which have no accommodation-ladder rigged. Rose was immediately installed in her state-room, where she found every convenience necessary to a comfortable though small apartment.

It was quite late in the afternoon when the boatswain and his mate piped "all hands up anchor, ahoy!" Harry hastened into the state-room for his charming bride, anxious to show her the movements of a vessel of war on such an occasion. Much as she had seen of the ocean, and of a vessel, within the last few weeks, Rose now found that she had yet a great deal to learn, and that a ship of war had many points to distinguish her from a vessel engaged in commerce.

The Poughkeepsie was only a sloop-of-war, or a corvette, in construction, number of her guns, and rate; but she was a ship of the dimensions of an old-fashioned frigate, measuring about one thousand tons. The frigates of which we read half a century since, were seldom ever as large as this, though they were differently built in having a regular gun-deck, or one armed deck that was entirely covered, with another above it; and on the quarter-deck and forecastle of the last of which were also batteries of lighter guns. To the contrary of all this, the Poughkeepsie had but one armed deck, and on that only twenty guns. These guns, however, were of unusually heavy calibre, throwing thirty-two pound shot, with the exception of the Paixhans, or Columbiads, which throw shot of even twice that weight. The vessel had a crew of two hundred souls, all told; and she had the spars, anchors, and other equipments of a light frigate.

In another great particular did the Poughkeepsie differ from the corvette-built vessels that were so much in favor at the beginning of the century; a species of craft obtained from the French, who have taught the world so much in connection with naval science, and who, after building some of the best vessels that ever floated, have failed in knowing how to handle them, though not always in that. The Poughkeepsie, while she had no spar, or upper deck, properly speaking, had a poop and a top-gallant-forecastle. Within the last were the cabins and other

accommodations of the captain; an arrangement that was necessary for a craft of her construction, that carried so many officers, and so large a crew. Without it, sufficient space would not be had for the uses of the last. One gun of a side was in the main cabin, there being a very neat and amply spacious after cabin between the state-rooms, as is ordinarily the case in all vessels from the size of frigates up to that of three-deckers. It may be well to explain here, while on this subject of construction, that in naval parlance, a ship is called a single-decked vessel; a *two*-decker or a *three*-decker, not from the number of decks she actually possesses, but from the number of *gun*-decks that she has, or of those that are *fully* armed. Thus a frigate has four decks, the spar, gun, berth, and orlop (or haul-up) decks; but she is called a "single-decked ship," from the circumstance that only one of these four decks has a complete range of batteries. The two-decker has two of these fully armed decks, and the three-deckers three; though, in fact, the two-decker has five, and the three-decker six decks. Asking pardon for this little digression, which we trust will be found useful to a portion of our readers, we return to the narrative.

Harry conducted Rose to the poop of the Poughkeepsie, where she might enjoy the best view of the operation of getting so large a craft under way, man-of-war fashion. The details were mysteries, of course, and Rose knew no more of the process by which the chain was brought to the capstan, by the intervention of what is called a messenger, than if she had not been present. She saw two hundred men distributed about the vessel, some at the capstan, some on the forecastle, some in the tops, and others in the waist, and she heard the order to "heave round." Then the shrill fife commenced the lively air of "the girl I left behind me," rather more from a habit in the fifer, than from any great regrets for the girls left at the Dry Tortugas, as was betrayed to Mulford by the smiles of the officers, and the glances they cast at Rose. As for the latter, she knew nothing of the air, and was quite unconscious of the sort of parody that the gentlemen of the quarter-deck fancied it conveyed on her own situation.

Rose was principally struck with the quiet that prevailed in the ship, Capt. Mull being a silent man himself, and insisting on having a quiet vessel. The first lieutenant was not a noisy officer, and from these two, every body else on board received their cues. A simple "all ready, sir," uttered by the first to the captain, in a common tone of voice, was answered by a "very well, sir, get your anchor," in the same tone, set every thing in motion. "Stamp and go," soon followed, and taking the whole scene together, Rose felt a strange excitement come over her. There were the shrill, animating music of the fife; the stamping time of the men at the bars; the perceptible motion of the ship, as she drew ahead to her anchor, and now and then the call between Wallace, who stood between the knight-heads, as commander-in-chief on the forecastle, (the second lieutenant's station when the captain does not take the trumpet, as very rarely happens,) and the "executive officer" aft, who was "carrying on the duty," all conspiring to produce this effect. At length, and it was but a minute or two from the time when the "stamp and go" commenced, Wallace called out "a short stay-peak, sir." "Heave and pall," followed, and the men left their

bars.

The process of making sail succeeded. There was no “letting fall” a foretop-sail here, as on board a merchantman, but all the canvas dropped from the yards, into festoons, at the same instant. Then the three topsails were sheeted home and hoisted, all at once, and all in a single minute of time; the yards were counterbraced, and the capstan-bars were again manned. In two more minutes it was “heave and she’s up and down.” Then “heave and in sight,” and “heave and pull again.” The cat-fall was ready, and it was “hook on,” when the fife seemed to turn its attention to another subject as the men catted the anchor. Literally, all this was done in less time than we have taken to write it down in, and in very little more time than the reader has wasted in perusing what we have here written.

The Poughkeepsie was now “free of the bottom,” as it is called, with her anchor catted and fished, and her position maintained in the basin where she lay, by the counterbracing of her yards, and the counteracting force of the wind on her sails. It only remained to “fill away,” by bracing her head yards sharp up, when the vast mass overcame its inertia, and began to move through the water. As this was done, the jib and spanker were set. The two most beautiful things with which we are acquainted, is a graceful and high-bred woman entering or quitting a drawing-room, more particularly the last, and a man-of-war leaving her anchorage in a moderate breeze, and when not hurried for time. On the present occasion, Capt. Mull was in no haste, and the ship passed out to windward of the light, as the Swash had done the previous night, under her three topsails, spanker, and jib, with the light sails loose and flowing, and the courses hanging in the brails.

A great deal is said concerning the defective construction of the light cruisers of the navy, of late years, and complaints are made that they will not sail, as American cruisers ought to sail, and were wont to sail in old times. That there has been some ground for these complaints, we believe; though the evil has been greatly exaggerated, and some explanation may be given, we think, even in the cases in which the strictures are not altogether without justification. The trim of a light, sharp vessel is easily deranged; and officers, in their desire to command as much as possible, often get their vessels of this class too deep. They are, generally, for the sort of cruiser, over-sparred, over-manned, and over-provisioned; consequently, too deep. We recollect a case in which one of these delicate craft, a half rigged brig, was much abused for “having lost her sailing.” She did, indeed, lose her fore-yard, after which she sailed like a witch, until she got a new one! If the facts were inquired into, in the spirit which ought to govern such inquiries, it would be found that even most of the much abused “ten sloops” proved to be better vessels than common. The St. Louis, the Vincennes, the Concord, the Fairfield, the Boston, and the Falmouth, are instances of what we mean. In behalf of the Warren, and the Lexington, we believe no discreet man was ever heard to utter one syllable, except as wholesome crafts. But the Poughkeepsie was a very different sort of vessel from any of the “ten sloops.” She was every way a good ship, and, as Jack expressed it, was “a good

goer." The most severe nautical critic could scarcely have found a fault in her, as she passed out between the islets, on the evening of the day mentioned, in the sort of undress we have described. The whole scene, indeed, was impressive, and of singular maritime characteristics.

The little islets scattered about, low, sandy, and untenanted, were the only land in sight—all else was the boundless waste of waters. The solitary light rose like an aquatic monument, as if purposely to give its character to the view. Capt. Mull had caused its lamps to be trimmed and lighted for the very reason that had induced Spike to do the same thing, and the dim star they presented was just struggling into existence, as it might be, as the brilliance left by the setting sun was gradually diminished, and finally disappeared. As for the ship, the hull appeared dark, glossy, and graceful, as is usual with a vessel of war. Her sails were in soft contrast to the color of the hull, and they offered the variety and divergence from straight lines which are thought necessary to perfect beauty. Those that were set presented the symmetry in their trim, the flatness in their hoist, and the breadth that distinguish a man-of-war; while those that were loose, floated in the air in every wave and cloud-like swell, that we so often see in light canvas that is released from the yards in a fresh breeze. The ship had an undress look from this circumstance, but it was such an undress as denotes the man or woman of the world. This undress appearance was increased by the piping down of the hammocks, which left the nettings loose, and with a negligent but still knowing look about them.

When half a mile from the islets, the main yard was braced aback, and the maintop-sail was laid to the mast. As soon as the ship had lost her way, two or three boats that had been towing astern, each with its boat-sitter, or keeper, in it, were hauled up alongside, or to the quarters, were "hooked on" and "run up" to the whistling of the call. All was done at once, and all was done in a couple of minutes. As soon as effected, the maintop-sail was again filled, and away the ship glided.

Capt. Mull was not in the habit of holding many consultations with his officers. If there be wisdom in "a multitude of counsellors," he was of opinion it was not on board a man-of-war. Napoleon is reported to have said that *one* bad general was better than *two* good ones; meaning that one head to an army, though of inferior quality, is better than a hydra of Solomons, or Cæsars. Capt. Mull was much of the same way of thinking, seldom troubling his subordinates with any thing but orders. He interfered very little with "working Willy," though he saw effectually that he did his duty. "The ship's gentleman" might enjoy his joke as much as he pleased, so long as he chose his time and place with discretion, but in the captain's presence joking was not tolerated, unless it were after dinner, at his own table, and in his own cabin. Even there it was not precisely such joking as took place daily, not to say hourly, in the midshipmen's messes.

In making up his mind as to the mode of proceeding on the present occasion, therefore, Capt. Mull, while he had heard all that Mulford had to tell him, and had even encouraged Wallace to give his opinions, made up his decision for himself.

After learning all that Harry had to communicate, he made his own calculations as to time and distance, and quietly determined to carry whole sail on the ship for the next four hours. This he did as the wisest course of making sure of getting to windward while he could, and knowing that the vessel could be brought under short canvas at any moment when it might be deemed necessary. The light was a beacon to let him know his distance with almost mathematical precision. It could be seen so many miles at sea, each mile being estimated by so many feet of elevation, and having taken that elevation, he was sure of his distance from the glittering object, so long as it could be seen from his own poop. It was also of use by letting him know the range of the reef, though Capt. Mull, unlike Spike, had determined to make one long leg off to the northward and eastward until he had brought the light nearly to the horizon, and then to make another to the southward and eastward, believing that the last stretch would bring him to the reef, almost as far to windward as he desired to be. In furtherance of this plan, the sheets of the different sails were drawn home, as soon as the boats were in, and the Poughkeepsie, bending a little to the breeze, gallantly dashed the waves aside, as she went through and over them, at a rate of not less than ten good knots in the hour. As soon as all these arrangements were made, the watch went below, and from that time throughout the night, the ship offered nothing but the quiet manner in which ordinary duty is carried on in a well-regulated vessel of war at sea, between the hours of sun and sun. Leaving the good craft to pursue her way with speed and certainty, we must now return to the Swash.

Capt. Spike had found the mooring of his brig a much more difficult task, on this occasion, than on that of his former attempt to raise the schooner. Then he had to lift the wreck bodily, and he knew that laying the Swash a few feet further ahead or astern, could be of no great moment, inasmuch as the moment the schooner was off the bottom she would swing in perpendicularly to the purchases. But now one end of the schooner, her bows, was to remain fast, and it became of importance to be certain that the purchases were so placed as to bring the least strain on the masts while they acted most directly on the after body of the vessel to be lifted. This point gave Spike more trouble than he had anticipated. Fully one half of the remainder of the day, even after he had begun to heave upon his purchases, was spent in rectifying mistakes in connection with this matter, and in getting up additional securities to his masts.

In one respect Spike had, from the first, made a good disposition. The masts of the brig raked materially, and by bringing the head of the Swash in the direction of the schooner, he converted this fact, which might otherwise have been of great disadvantage, into a circumstance that was favorable. In consequence of the brig’s having been thus moored, the strain, which necessarily led forward, came nearly in a line with the masts, and the latter were much better able to support it. Notwithstanding this advantage, however, it was found expedient to get up preventer-stays, and to give the spars all the additional support that could be conveniently bestowed. Hours were passed in making these preliminary, or it might be better to say, secondary arrangements.

It was past five in the afternoon when the people of the Swash began to heave on their purchases as finally disposed. After much creaking, and the settling of straps and lashings into their places, it was found that every thing stood, and the work went on. In ten minutes Spike found he had the weight of the schooner, so far as he should be obliged to sustain it at all, until the stern rose above the surface; and he felt reasonably secure of the doubloons. Further than this he did not intend to make any experiment on her, the Señor Montefalderon having abandoned all idea of recovering the vessel itself now so much of the cargo was lost. The powder was mostly consumed, and that which remained in the hull must, by this time, be injured by dampness, if not ruined. So reasoned Don Juan at least.

As the utmost care was necessary, the capstan and windlas were made to do their several duties with great caution. As inch by inch was gained, the extra supports of the masts were examined, and it was found that a much heavier strain now came on the masts than when the schooner was raised before. This was altogether owing to the direction in which it came, and to the fact that the anchor planted off abeam was not of as much use as on the former occasion, in consequence of its not lying so much in a straight line with the direction of the purchases. Spike began to have misgivings on account of his masts, and this so much the more because the wind appeared to haul a little further to the northward, and the weather to look unsettled. Should a swell roll into the bight of the reef where the brig lay, by raising the hull a little too rudely, there would be the imminent danger of at least springing, if not of absolutely carrying away both the principal spars. It was therefore necessary to resort to extraordinary precautions, in order to obviate this danger.

The captain was indebted to his boatswain, who was now in fact acting as his mate, for the suggestion of the plan next adopted. Two of the largest spare spars of the brig were got out, with their heads securely lashed to the links of the chain by which the wreck was suspended, one on each side of the schooner. Pig iron and shot were lashed to the heels of these spars, which carried them to the bottom. As the spars were of a greater length than was necessary to reach the rock, they necessarily lay at an inclination, which was lessened every inch the after body of the wreck was raised, thus forming props to the hull of the schooner.

Spike was delighted with the success of this scheme, of which he was assured by a single experiment in heaving. After getting the spars well planted at their heels, he even ordered the men to slacken the purchases a little, and found that he could actually relieve the brig from the strain, by causing the wreck to be supported altogether by these shores. This was a vast relief from the cares of the approaching night, and indeed alone prevented the necessity of the work’s going on without interruption, or rest, until the end was obtained.

The people of the Swash were just assured of the comfortable fact related, as the Poughkeepsie was passing out from among the islets of the Dry Tortugas. They imagined themselves happy in having thus made a sufficient provision against the

most formidable of all the dangers that beset them, at the very moment when the best laid plan for their destruction was on the point of being executed. In this respect, they resembled millions of others of their fellows, who hang suspended over the vast abyss of eternity, totally unconscious of the irretrievable character of the fall that is so soon to occur. Spike, as has been just stated, was highly pleased with his own expedient, and he pointed it out with exultation to the Señor Montefalderon, as soon as it was completed.

"A nicer fit was never made by a Lunnun leg maker, Don Wan," the captain cried, after going over the explanations connected with the shores—"there she stands, at an angle of fifty, with two as good limbs under her as body could wish. I could now cast off every thing, and leave the wreck in what they call '*statu quo*,' which, I suppose, means on its pins, like a statue. The tafferel is not six inches below the surface of the water, and half an hour of heaving will bring the starn in sight."

"Your work seems ingeniously contrived to get up one extremity of the vessel, Don Esteban," returned the Mexican; "but are you quite certain the doubloons are in her?"

This question was put because the functionary of a government in which money was very apt to stick in passing from hand to hand was naturally suspicious, and he found it difficult to believe that Mulford, Jack Tier, and even Biddy, under all the circumstances, had not paid special attention to their own interests.

"The bag was placed in one of the transom-lockers before the schooner capsized," returned the captain, "as Jack Tier informs me; if so, it remains there still. Even the sharks will not touch gold, Don Wan."

"Would it not be well to call Jack, and hear his account of the matter once more, now we appear to be so near the Eldorado of our wishes?"

Spike assented, and Jack was summoned to the quarter-deck. The little fellow had scarce showed himself throughout the day, and he now made his appearance with a slow step, and reluctantly.

"You've made no mistake about them 'ere doubloons, I take it, Master Tier?" said Spike, in a very nautical sort of style of addressing an inferior. "You *know* them to be in one of the transom-lockers?"

Jack mounted on the breach of one of the guns, and looked over the bulwarks at the dispositions that had been made about the wreck. The tafferel of the schooner actually came in sight, when a little swell passed over it, leaving it for an instant in the trough. The steward thus caught a glimpse again of the craft on board which he had seen so much hazard, and he shook his head and seemed to be thinking of any thing but the question which had just been put him.

"Well, about that gold?" asked Spike, impatiently.

"The sight of that craft has brought other thoughts than gold into my mind, Capt. Spike," answered Jack, gravely, "and it would be well for all us mariners, if we

thought less of gold and more of the dangers we run. For hours and hours did I stand over etarnity, on the bottom of that schooner, Don Wan, holding my life, as it might be, at the marcy of a few bubbles of air."

"What has all that to do with the gold? Have you deceived me about that locker, little rascal?"

"No, sir, I have *not* deceived you—no, Capt. Spike, *no*. The bag is in the upper transom-locker, on the starboard side. There I put it with my own hands, and a good lift it was; and there you'll find it, if you will cut through the quarter-deck at the spot I can point out to you."

This information seemed to give a renewed energy to all the native cupidity of the captain, who called the men from their suppers, and ordered them to commence heaving anew. The word was passed to the crew that "it was now for doubloons," and they went to the bars and handspikes, notwithstanding the sun had set, cheerfully and cheering.

All Spike's expedients admirably answered the intended purposes. The stern of the schooner rose gradually, and at each lift the heels of the shores dropped in more perpendicularly, carried by the weights attached to them, and the spars stood as firm props to secure all that was gained. In a quarter of an hour, most of that part of the stern which was within five or six feet of the tafferel rose above the water, coming fairly in view.

Spike now shouted to the men to "pall!" then he directed the falls to be very gradually eased off, in order to ascertain if the shores would still do their duty. The experiment was successful, and presently the wreck stood in its upright position, sustained entirely by the two spars. As the last were now nearly perpendicular, they were capable of bearing a very heavy weight, and Spike was so anxious to relieve his own brig from the strain she had been enduring, that he ordered the lashings of the blocks to be loosened, trusting to his shores to do their duty. Against this confidence the boatswain ventured a remonstrance, but the gold was too near to allow the captain to listen or reply. The carpenter was ordered over on the wreck with his tools, while Spike, the Señor Montefalderon, and two men to row the boat and keep it steady, went in the yawl to watch the progress of the work. Jack Tier was ordered to stand in the chains, and to point out, as nearly as possible, the place where the carpenter was to cut.

When all was ready, Spike gave the word, and the chips began to fly. By the use of the saw and the axe, a hole large enough to admit two or three men at a time, was soon made in the deck, and the sounding for the much-coveted locker commenced. By this time it was quite dark, and a lantern was passed down from the brig, in order to enable those who searched for the locker to see. Spike had breasted the yawl close up to the hole, where it was held by the men, while the captain himself passed the lantern and his own head into the opening to reconnoiter.

"Ay, it's all right!" cried the voice of the captain from within his cell-like cavity. "I can just see the lid of the locker that Jack means, and we shall soon have what we

are a'ter. Carpenter, you may as well slip off your clothes at once, and go inside; I will point out to you the place where to find the locker. You're certain, Jack, it was the starboard locker?"

"Ay, ay, sir, the starboard locker, and no other!"

The carpenter had soon got into the hole, as naked as when he was born. It was a gloomy-looking place for a man to descend into at that hour, the light from the lantern being no great matter, and half the time it was shaded by the manner in which Spike was compelled to hold it.

"Take care and get a good footing, carpenter," said the captain, in a kinder tone than common, "before you let go with your hands; but I suppose you can swim, as a matter of course?"

"No, sir, not a stroke—I never could make out in the water at all."

"Have the more care, then. Had I known as much I would have sent another hand down; but mind your footing. More to the left, man—more to the left. That is the lid of the locker—your hand is on it; why do you not open it?"

"It is swelled by the water, sir, and will need a chisel, or some tool of that sort. Just call out to one of the men, sir, if you please, to pass me a chisel from my tool-chest. A good stout one will be best."

This order was given, and during the delay it caused, Spike encouraged the carpenter to be cool, and above all to mind his footing. His own eagerness to get at the gold was so great that he kept his head in at the hole, completely cutting off the man within from all communication with the outer world.

"What's the matter with you?" demanded Spike, a little sternly. "You shiver and yet the water cannot be cold in this latitude. No, my hand makes it just the right warmth to be pleasant."

"It's not the water, Capt. Spike—I wish they would come with the chisel. Did you hear nothing, sir? I'm certain I did!"

"Hear!—what is there here to be heard, unless there may be some fish inside, thrashing about to get out of the vessel's hold?"

"I am sure I heard something like a groan, Capt. Spike. I wish you would let me come out, sir, and I'll go for the chisel myself; them men will never find it."

"Stay where you are, coward! Are you afraid of dead men standing against walls? Stay where you are. Ah! here is the chisel—now let us see what you can do with it."

"I am certain I heard another groan, Capt. Spike. I cannot work, sir. I'm of no use here—*do* let me come out, sir, and send a hand down that can swim."

Spike uttered a terrible malediction on the miserable carpenter, one we do not care to repeat; then he cast the light of the lantern full in the man's face. The quivering flesh, the pallid face, and the whole countenance wrought up almost to a frenzy of terror, astonished as well as alarmed him.

“What ails you, man?” said the captain in a voice of thunder. “Clap in the chisel, or I’ll hurl you off into the water. There is nothing here, dead or alive, to harm ye!”

“The groan, sir—I hear it again! *Do* let me come out, Capt. Spike.”

Spike himself this time, heard what even *he* took for a groan. It came from the depths of the vessel, apparently, and was sufficiently distinct and audible. Astonished, yet appalled, he thrust his shoulders into the aperture, as if to dare the demon that tormented him, and was met by the carpenter endeavoring to escape. In the struggle that ensued, the lantern was dropped into the water, leaving the half frenzied combatants contending in the dark. The groan was renewed, when the truth flashed on the minds of both.

“The shores! the shores!” exclaimed the carpenter from within. “The shores!” repeated Spike, throwing himself back into the boat, and shouting to his men to “see all clear of the wreck!” The grating of one of the shores on the coral beneath was now heard plainer than ever, and the lower extremity slipped outward, not astern, as had been apprehended, letting the wreck slowly settle to the bottom again. One piercing shriek arose from the narrow cavity within; then the gurgling of water into the aperture was heard, when naught of sound could be distinguished but the sullen and steady wash of the waves of the gulf over the rocks of the reef.

The impression made by this accident was most profound. A fatality appeared to attend the brig; and most of the men connected the sad occurrence of this night with the strange appearance of the previous evening. Even the Señor Montefalderon was disposed to abandon the doubloons, and he urged Spike to make the best of his way for Yucatan, to seek a friendly harbor. The captain wavered, but avarice was too strong a passion in him to be easily diverted from its object, and he refused to give up his purpose.

As the wreck was entirely free from the brig when it went down for the third time, no injury was sustained by the last on this occasion. By renewing the lashings, every thing would be ready to begin the work anew—and this Spike was resolved to attempt in the morning. The men were too much fatigued, and it was too dark to think of pushing matters any further that night; and it was very questionable whether they could have been got to work. Orders were consequently given for all hands to turn in, the captain, relieved by Don Juan and Jack Tier, having arranged to keep the watches of the night.

“This is a sad accident, Don Esteban,” observed the Mexican, as he and Spike paced the quarter-deck together, just before the last turned in; “A sad accident! My miserable schooner seems to be deserted by its patron saint. Then your poor carpenter!”

“Yes, he was a good fellow enough with a saw, or an adze,” answered Spike, yawning. “But we get used to such things at sea. It’s neither more nor less than a carpenter expended. Good night, Señor Don Wan; in the morning we’ll be at that gold ag’in.”

[*To be continued.*

THE LAST ADVENTURE OF A COQUETTE.

BY THOMAS MAYNE REID.

A MORE capricious coquette than the beautiful Kate Crossley never played with hapless hearts. She is now a sober matron, the wife of an elegant husband, and the mother of two beautiful children. We hate to rake up the ashes of bitter remembrances; (for, believe us, gentle reader, this story, though short, is nevertheless true; and we know one young gentleman at least who will recognise the unhappy hero of it.) But we cannot pass over in silence the last episode in the unmarried life of Kate. It may be a warning to future unfortunate lovers, and afford a striking instance of that utter heartlessness which a beautiful flirt alone can feel.

Kate was an heiress, that is, a moderate fortune of two hundred thousand had been accumulated expressly for her use—for she was an only child. She had a much larger fortune, however, in her face; and that evening never passed, that the threshold of her father's comfortable dwelling was not crossed by half a score of elegant beaux, all bloods, and some of them men of fortune. Kate amused herself by making these young gentlemen jealous. A beautiful flirt, who can command even the small sum of two hundred thousand dollars, is a dangerous creature in the community of Philadelphia; and already on Kate Crossley's account, had two parties of the aforesaid young gentlemen crossed over to Camden with sanguinary intentions. Fortunately, however, we have the most vigilant police in the world, and a mayor, whose instinct is so keen, that it has been known to forewarn him of the time and place of a duel, the arrangements of which had been kept religiously secret from all but the principals and their seconds.

By such efforts of genius on the part of our worthy mayor, had the chivalrous lovers of our heroine been spared the pain of blood-letting, and having purchased the pleasing reputation of courage, they were bound over, and thus procured the sweet privilege of frowning at each other hereafter without the necessity of fighting for it.

Matters were progressing thus; lovers were alternately sighing, and smiling, and scowling, when the elegant Augustus Nob returned from his European tour, bringing with him, of course, a foreign mustache, and a *decidedly* foreign accent. Nob was an only son of one of the *first* families. He had been left an independent fortune by his parents, (deceased,) most of which he had contrived to spend in Paris and London. This, however, was still a secret, and Nob was welcome every where.

But under no mahogany did Mr. Augustus Nob stretch his limbs more frequently

than under the hospitable board of Mrs. Crossley. We say *Mrs.* Crossley, for although her good husband still lived, he was only identified in the house as a piece of its plainest furniture.

Crossley had served his purpose in this world—he had made the two hundred thousand—had retired from business, and was no longer of any value. It was now Mrs. C.'s turn to play her part, which consisted in practically proving that two hundred thousand can be spent almost as fast as it can be made. Balls, soirées, and suppers, followed each other in quick succession. Morning levees were held, attended by crowds of bloods. The elegant Augustus was always present, and always dressed in the most fashionable rig. A party at the house of Mrs. Crossley and the elegant Augustus not present? Who could bear the idea? Not Mrs. C. herself who was constantly exclaiming,

"My dear Augustus—he is the very life and soul of us; how charming, how handsome, and how fashionable; just the air that traveling always gives. How much I long to call him my dear son;" and in fact Mrs. C. was leaving no stone unturned to consummate this maternal design. She was not likely to find much opposition on the part of the "elegant" himself. Not only would the two hundred thousand have been particularly acceptable at that time, but the heart of the young gentleman, or, in other words, his vanity, had become greatly excited, and he felt much disposed to carry off the coquette in triumph, in spite of the agony and disappointment of at least a score of competitors.

But where is our heroine, Kate, all this time? Flirting, of course, with a dozen beaux, each at one moment thinking himself most favored, and the next spurned and despairing. Now she smiles upon Mr. Fitz-rush, and compliments him upon the smallness of his foot. Fitz blushes, simpers, and appears not at all vain of his feet—in fact, stammers out that they are "large, very large, indeed;" to which candid acknowledgment on his part, should the company appear to assent, he carelessly adds that "they are small for a man of his size," insinuating that it is nothing out of the way to find small men with little feet, and little credit should therefore be attached; but when a man of large dimensions is found with elegant little feet like his, the credit out to be quadrupled or tripled at least.

Kate, the talented Kate, understands it all; and after smiling quietly at the gentleman's silliness, she turns her satire upon another victim.

"Ah! my dear Mr. Cressy, how your eyes sparkled last night at the Opera—they looked like a basilisk's."

This gentleman's eyes were of a very dull green color, and looked more like a cat's than a basilisk's, but not "seeing them as others saw them," he replied that "he could not help it—the music always excited him so."

"Ah! the music, Mr. Cressy; but perhaps—"

She was prevented from finishing her reply by the announcement of a gentleman who had just made his appearance in the doorway, and who was no less a personage

than the elegant Augustus Nob.

To say that Mr. Augustus Nob was a small fish in this party, would be to speak what was not true; on the other hand, he was a big fish—in fact the biggest in the kettle. Any one who had witnessed the sensation produced by his announcement, would have judged so. The coquette broke off in the middle of her satire, and running toward the door, conducted him to the seat nearest to her own, where, after an elegant bow, he seated himself—a full grown lion. During the continuance of this welcome reception, various pantomimic gestures were exhibited by different members of the company. There was a general uneasy shifting of chairs—dark looks were shot toward the "elegant," and conciliatory, and even friendly glances were exchanged among the beaux, who, forgetting for the moment their mutual jealousies, concentrated their united envy upon their common rival. If Cressy's eyes never sparkled before, they certainly did upon this occasion; and the right leg of Fitz-rush was flung violently over the left knee, where it continued to oscillate with an occasional nervous twitching of the toes, expressive of a hardly repressed desire on the part of its owner to try the force of those little feet on the favored "elegant's" handsome person. It was all in vain, however, Nob was evidently the successful lover, for he sat close to the graceful creature—that is, closer than any other—and chatted to her of balls and operas; and, confident of his position, he did not care a fig for the envy and jealousy which on all sides surrounded him.

And Kate showered all her attentions upon Nob, and Nob triumphed over his rivals.

Matters progressed thus for several weeks, Nob still paying marked attentions to the coquette, whose chief delight seemed to be, not only to torment her host of other lovers, but occasionally the "elegant" himself.

Augustus, however, still continued first in favor, and from the attentions which he received at the hands of Mrs. Crossley, it was conjectured by the family friends that a marriage with her daughter was not far distant. The less aspiring of Kate's former lovers had long since "hauled their wind," and only a few, among whom were Fitz-rush and Cressy, still continued to hang on despairingly to what was evidently a forlorn hope.

Nob openly boasted that he had run them all out of the field, and was heard triumphantly to assert that he was breaking the heart of the "deaw creatuw," and that he "would be under the positive necessity of healing it at the hymeneal altaw." He was "very young to marry—quite a child—but then to keep the dear sylph in suspense—oh! it would be bawbawous—positively bawbawous!"

It is not to be supposed that the cunning, the talented Kate was ignorant of these boasts on the part of the elegant Nob. No—no—Kate knew every thing, and among other things she knew Mr. Augustus Nob thoroughly; and she resolved on taking most exquisite vengeance upon him.

Spring—delightful spring has returned—and all nature looks as sweet as the lips of a lovely woman. The trees upon our side-walks, and in our beautiful squares, are once more covered with green and shady foliage, and from the windows of high houses hang handsome cages, from which those warbling prisoners—the mockbird, and the troupial, and the linnet and canary bird, send forth their dulcet notes, filling the streets with music and melody.

Fashionable ladies are beginning to make their appearance in the streets, unattended by gentlemen, as it is the shopping hour, and gentlemen would be only in the way. From the door of an elegant mansion in the upper part of Chestnut street issues a graceful and beautiful girl, who is proceeding down the street toward the busier part of the city. She does not loiter nor look in at the shop-windows, as ladies generally do at this hour, but walks nimbly along as though she came forth upon some preconceived errand. As she nears that part of Chestnut street which is in the neighbourhood of the State-House she lessens her gait, and walks more leisurely. She is heard to soliloquize—

"In truth, it is as much as my courage, nay, even my reputation is worth, to enter the studio of my sweet painter thus alone; but what can I do, since the dear fellow has been banished from our house by the aristocratic notions of my mother? Well, I shall risk all for him, as he would for me, I know. How happy it will make him to hear my errand. Only to think that I am forced to an elopement, or marry that ninny whom my mother has chosen for me. But I shall elope—I *shall*. Henry has so often proposed it—how happy he shall be to hear me consent; but I shall do it in my own way—that is fixed. Henry will laugh when I tell him of my plans. Some one may be with him at this moment, and deprive me of the pleasure of conversing with him; but then it is all written here, and I can see him soon again. 'HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER.' Yes! this is the sweet fellow's place—no one observes me enter." So saying, the graceful girl entered a huge hall, the door of which stood open, and passing up a flight of steps, she tapped gently with her small gloved fingers upon the door of a chamber, upon which was repeated, in gold letters, the same words that were exhibited in front of the building—

"HENRY WILLIS, MINIATURE PAINTER."

In a moment the door opened, disclosing within the studio of an artist, the artist himself, a fine looking youth, with dark hair and slight mustache, and dressed in his painter's blouse, while in the back-ground could be seen a prim, stiff old lady in high cap and curls, steadily and rigidly sitting for her portrait.

At sight of the new comer the artist's countenance became bright with love and pleasure, and the exclamation "dearest!" that almost involuntarily escaped him, told that they were no strangers to each other. The young lady, on the other hand, perceiving the sitter through the half-opened door, glided back a step or two, so as to be unperceived by the latter, and taking from her reticule a folded paper, she held it out to the painter, accompanying the act with these words—"A message for you,

Henry; it would have been pleasanter, perhaps, to have delivered it verbally, but you see I have been prepared for any emergency." So saying, she delivered the paper—received a kiss upon her little gloved hand—smiled—said, "good morning!" and gracefully glided back into the street.

The artist re-entered his studio—found some excuse to dismiss the stiff old lady, and was soon buried, with beaming face and beating heart, in the contents of the paper he had just received.

He rose from its perusal like a man mad—mad from excess of joy—mad from love; and hastily striding up and down his small studio, he exclaimed, "Yes, dearest heart! any thing—any thing you wish shall be done. One week, and she shall be mine; and such a mischievous trick—but the fool deserves it, richly deserves it, for aspiring to the hand of one so immeasurably his superior. Ninny! he little knew how deeply she has loved, sweet girl! How she has deceived them—father, mother, friends—all! How sweet and how powerful is first love!"

Kate Crossley had often been heard to say, that whenever she married, there would be an elopement. She either had a presentiment that such would be her fate, or she so despised the modern, unromantic fashion of marrying and giving in marriage, that she was resolved that it *should* be. Consequently, when the elegant Augustus Nob, on the first day of May, 1842, knelt before her in the most fashionable manner, and made a most fashionable declaration, quite confident of being accepted—who could have refused. He was accepted, with the proviso that it should be an elopement.

"All right!" soliloquized Augustus, as he closed the hall-door behind him; "all right, and very simple! old lady decidedly in my favwaw—reconciliation easy—carriage and four—private clergy—two days in a hotel—sent for, and all right again—simple, vewy simple, and vewy romantic, too!"

It was a dark night—a very dark night for the month of May—and a very cold one, too; and under the shadow of some trees that grew upon the side-walk in the upper part of Chestnut street, making the spot still darker, might be seen an elegant carriage and horses drawn close up to the curbstone.

The driver was on the box, enveloped in a great coat, and at a short distance from the carriage, and leaning against a tree, might be seen the figure of a young man, fashionably and elegantly attired. He wore a cloth cloak, loosely hanging from his shoulders, and he was evidently waiting for some one to arrive and enter the carriage with him. There were no passers by, however, to conjecture his motives and actions, as it was nearly two o'clock in the morning, and the streets were quiet. He repeatedly took out a splendid watch, and seemed impatiently waiting for some fixed hour. Presently the great bell upon the state-house tolled two. A light footstep

was now heard in the distance, and a moment after a graceful woman came tripping along, and approached the carriage. The young man who had been leaning against the tree, immediately recognized the figure, and stretched out his hand to conduct her to the carriage. We will conceal the names of the lovers no longer—they were Augustus Nob and Kate Crossley.

"My dear Kate," said he, "I have been waiting for you half an hour—how vewy cold it is!"

"No, no—not cold on such an errand as ours! But, dear Augustus," said Kate, changing her manner, "we must be married by the Rev. Mr. C——, the good old man has been like a father to me, and I could not think of anyone else; he has promised me, and is now expecting us."

"Oh, vewy well," replied the lover, "you are sure he expects us?"

"Yes; I will give directions to the driver." So saying she whispered a word in the ear of the driver, who seemed perfectly to understand her, and entered the carriage, followed by Augustus.

The driver immediately gave the whip to his horses, and turning down Chestnut, entered a cross street, and drove northward toward the district of the Northern Liberties.

The carriage drew up before the door of a handsome house in the upper part of the city, and the driver, dismounting from his box, opened the door, let down the steps, and handed the lady to the pavement. Nob thought that he saw the driver kiss his bride's little white-gloved hand as she stepped upon the curbstone; but it was so dark he could not be sure of this. He was sure, however, that he was the most officious and impertinent driver he had ever seen; and from the slight glimpse that he caught of the fellow's face, by the light of a street lamp, he saw that he wore a mustache, and was withal a very handsome young man.

It was no time, however, to study physiognomy, or resent imaginary insults. The door of the house was quietly opened by some one within, and Nob and his beautiful bride entered, and were shown into the drawing-room. The servant desired Kate to follow her to a dressing-room, that she might take off her bonnet, and intimated to Mr. Nob that the Rev. Mr. C—— would wait upon him in a minute.

Now it was a very strange thing that that same driver, who kissed Kate's little hand—for he actually had kissed it—instead of staying by his horses, as every good driver should do, gave them up to another, and walked into the house close after the bride and bridegroom. It was also strange that the bride kept the elegant Mr. Augustus Nob impatiently waiting in that front parlor for at least twenty minutes; but the strangest thing of all was, that when she did make her appearance, she still had her bonnet on, as when last he saw her, and was leaning on the arm of a handsome young gentleman wearing mustaches and white kid gloves, whom the stupified Augustus at once recognized as the impertinent driver, and whom the reader may recognize as Henry Willis, the artist. Mr. Willis politely thanked Mr.

Nob for having kindly attended his wife thither, and assisted him in bringing the affair to its happy termination, and added, that as he had driven the party thither, he hoped that Mr. Nob would condescend to reciprocate and take the box on their return. Nob, however, having *got the sack* in so cruel a fashion, felt no inclination to *take the box*, and in a few moments he was among the missing. He was never again seen in the city of Brotherly Love.

The young artist and his beautiful bride entered the carriage and drove to Jones's Hotel, where they remained until sent for by Mr. and Mrs. Crossley, which happy event occurred a day or two after. Whoever should see the modest and matronly Kate now, with her two beautiful children, would hardly credit the story that she had ever been a coquette. This, however, was positively her last adventure.

DEATH OF THE GIFTED.

BY JOHN WILFORD OVERALL.

Inscribe on my grave-stone—"*Here lies one whose name was writ in water.*" JOHN KEATS.

TO that sweet land of lyre and song,
Of storied ancient fame,
Where deeds of old, like pilgrims throng,
To bless its mighty name;
A minstrel went, unloved, to weep,
And lay his aching heart,
Where golden skies serenely sleep.
And fruited gardens start.

'Tis bitter for the young to die,
And leave this world of ours,
Its sunshine and its sparkling sky,
Its paradise of flowers—
But oh! when tears mark every track,
And woes lead on to death,
'Tis blessedness to render back
The feeble, gasping breath!

The brightest, frailest, fairest things
That to the earth are given,
Feel first the angel's snowy wings
To waft them home to heaven—
And like a meteor in the sky,
Or foam-beads on the wave,
They dazzle man's bewildered eye,
And sink into the grave.

Oh! what is Genius but a part
Of Him, whose glory flings
A bliss o'er each devoted heart,
And o'er all earth-born things?—

An essence of the mind of God,
A pure ethereal light,
That wingeth at its master’s nod,
As angels to their flight.

Farewell! thou art not yet forgot,
Nor wilt thou ever be,
While earth has one sweet Eden spot,
Or stars laugh on the sea—
Thou hast thy wish, and on the bed
Where thou dost gently rest,
The summer daisy waves its head,
And blossoms o’er thy breast.

LINES AT PARTING.

BY T. TREVOR.

FAREWELL, farewell!—the brightest day must close:
And the sweet vision of my recent hours
Will fade too soon. Ah! will it not return?
The clouds that evening gathered o’er our heads
Stayed not till morn; but leave the sun more bright.
The early mist, that veiled yon green hill-side,
Has risen, and floated on the air awhile,
Then slowly vanished, and you see again
The glades, where sings the bird and bounds the deer.
And may not absence hide thee, for a time,
Then give thee fairer back? Oh! I will trust.

And as beyond the clouds I know the sun
Shines, though I see him not, my spirit’s eye
Thy form shall trace, though absent, and thy soul,
E’en when thou know’st it not, shall soft respond
To some kind thought of mine. Thus, though forever
Thy absence last, we shall not wholly part.
But now, awhile, farewell! and may each boon,
By Heav’n most prized, fall richly to thy lot.
Be every thought replete with quiet joy,
And every purpose overruled for good.

THE THREE CALLS.

BY H. L. JONES.

THE sofas and ottomans were covered with crimson velvet; the morning sun streamed through folds of rich stuff, that tempered and warmed its light; the tread was unheard on the thick carpet, and the glowing coal sent a cheerful smile over the ample apartments.

Alice and Louisa Stanwood were employed much like other young ladies of their age, hemming long, mysterious slips of muslin, or embroidering in worsted, and now and then chatting of the last night's party, or the gayeties of the coming evening. They were pretty, and rich, and young, and gay, and admired, and happy. They knew they had complexions and figures to be both studied and improved—at all events, not to be injured by the adoption of awkward habits. They were fully alive to the merits of the last new bonnet, and had their own opinions touching the "Elssler fling," and the harmonies of Ole Bull. What with dressing and calling, and dining and driving, with parties, balls, and social cotillions; with sleeping good, long, renovating night's sleep, and perhaps a little siesta after dinner, really the months, and even the years, went by with astonishing rapidity.

They had already whirled Alice into her twentieth and Louisa into her eighteenth winter. (Our city belles do not count life by summers,) yet placid smiles dwelt on their unruffled features, and even thought had passed, zephyr-like, over their brows, nor left a mark behind. Their laugh had a joyousness born of the present, in which neither hope nor memory had share. They had had no time to think, to feel, to suffer. But that there was suffering in the world they knew very well. They knew it by reading history, and the newspapers; nay, they knew, too, there was suffering of many sorts, and often and often had they dropped the sympathetic tear over the sentimental woes which the "cunning hand" of genius portrayed in the novel of the day.

Madam Stanwood, the grandmother of these fair girls, reclined in the easiest of easy chairs, her feet imbedded in the yielding "brioche," and by her side her little reading stand, on which she had just laid down her book and spectacles. Her pale and composed features, her comely attire, her dignified deportment, had all that makes age winning and respectable; and the fond glances with which she regarded her grandchildren, spoke not less her readiness to sympathize with youth, than youth's tenderness and respect for her; for we do, indeed, "receive but what we give," and rarely is there an instance of heartfelt sympathy with the young, that is

not cheerfully and sincerely answered.

“The history of any individual, if it were faithfully written out, would be an epic poem,” said Madam Stanwood, repeating the last lines she had been reading. “What do you think of that, my dears? Does it not startle you to look at the faces you meet in the streets, and think of the history that is so unwritten on them?”

“Undoubtedly it would, grandma, if we ever thought of reading faces; but, really, I must think there is more poetry than truth in the remark; I should sooner complain of the entire want of meaning in the faces and lives of those I meet, than be alarmed at the announcement of a history in them.”

“I declare,” said the ever laughing Louisa, “I wish something would happen to startle and confound us among our ‘dear five hundred friends,’ even a little bit of a volcano in our domestic circle would not be amiss. Such an event, now, as Mary Ware’s elopement! Think what a shaking that gave our faculties! why it lasted us full a week for steady talking.”

“Well, I don’t see but Alice or I must be packing up a small bundle, and getting a farewell letter ready for you, just for the sake of variety,” said the grandmother, gayly.

The door opened and admitted a tall and very much dressed woman, who advanced with much liveliness, and greeted the trio.

The usual topics that fill out a ten minutes’ fashionable call were discussed with great spirit and volubility by all the ladies; the guest repeated in her farewell, the vivacious interest of her salutation, and tripped lightly down to her carriage.

“There, grandmother—there is a face! Now, where is the epic poem to which it is the index?” said Alice.

“What do you read, my dears?”

“I read,” said Alice, “a life spent in much the same round of calls and visits as she has been making this morning. A mind fully occupied with the genealogies of all the families in Philadelphia, that are at all worth knowing. I dare say she knows more now about my grandfather than I do myself—she does, to be sure, if she knows any thing.” Alice stopped, and Louisa added,

“I have read something, dear grandmother, that is more objectionable than gayety in Mrs. Ellicott’s face. Gayety I love dearly in old people—I love yours—”

“Calling Mrs. Ellicott ‘old people,’ Louisa! you are certainly stark mad! with all those long white teeth glittering defiance of such a calumny.”

“Gently! gently!” said Madam Stanwood; “teeth to the contrary notwithstanding, Mrs. Ellicott is my senior by some years.”

“But how different!” exclaimed Alice, warmly, “how different her gayety and yours—as different as lightning and sunshine—”

“Nay, Alice,” said Madam Stanwood, in a serious tone, “I must protest against being compared or contrasted with Mrs. Ellicott. I asked you what you read in *her*

face. A capability, at least, of feeling and suffering?"

"You will think me satirical, grandmother; but she does make other people suffer so much, that—but I wont say it—and yet that hard face, those authoritative manners, that ever smiling mouth, put them altogether, she is just one of those persons I should think born not to suffer any thing, nor to feel much for any body."

Madame Stanwood looked at the placid face, which had just expressed so harsh an opinion, with a melancholy smile.

"Come hither, Alice—and you, Louisa; let me teach you not to guess from the froth on the tossing wave, what is the deep calm that lies a thousand fathoms below. Long may it be before you know from the quick sympathy of experience, to detect the sigh under the smile, or to see how the lonely tears quench the conventional sparkles that seemed so brilliant."

The young girls drew near, awed by the serious and almost sad demeanor of their relative.

"Something you said, Louisa—something that touched long silent chords in my heart. They do not make music there—they are, as your song says, 'echoes of harp-strings, broken long ago.' But it was of Mrs. Ellicott we were talking. I happen to know a circumstance which, as yet, is concealed from her nearest friends, except her medical adviser. This woman, so gay, so social, so alive to all that she feels or fancies her duty to society, had, only six months ago, the assurance of her physician, backed by the opinions of the first practitioners in New York, that her recovery is hopeless—absolutely hopeless."

"Her recovery, grandmother!—is she ill?"

"She looks well—does she not? Well, she is consuming of a cancer. She has been hoping that a surgical operation might relieve her, until last June, when the result of 'a consultation' was announced to her, that at her advanced age it would probably be fatal. Her resolution was taken. She insisted on knowing the probable length of her life, if the disease took its course, and then forbade any allusion to it hereafter. Her own sisters, who are in the house, do not know it. She is as cheerful and as gay as ever. 'Let no tears be shed for me while I live,' she said, 'mine are sorrows which would only be doubled by sharing them.' "

"That was noble!" exclaimed Alice. "Oh, how cruel, how unjust I was to her! and in the very point where she most deserves praise; for I own to you, her interest in all about her, struck me as particularly frivolous and unworthy in a woman of her age." And Alice, in her generous haste to atone for her injustice, was in some danger of falling in love with what was, in truth, the exceptionable manner of Mrs. Ellicott.

"She is like Lady Delacour, Alice," said Louisa, "don't you remember, in Belinda?"

"As like as most facts are to fancies," said Madam Stanwood, "Mrs. Ellicott, destitute of all Lady Delacour's grace and fascination, has a simple, and almost sturdy moral strength, which gives dignity to an otherwise uninteresting character.

She is not acting for point or effect at all, but expressing simply a disinterestedness and regard for others, which, under the circumstances, I own, inspires me with more respect than most martyrdoms."

"There is the door bell!" exclaimed Louisa, "now, Alice, let us study characters, instead of talking nonsense."

The gay Mrs. Lewis was not the counterpart of the gay Mrs. Ellicott, but the young girls looked wistfully at her, as if they, for the first time, felt the possibility that, "seeing, they might not see nor understand." The smile and the voice, though cordial, seemed not heartfelt. For the first time they missed a sincerity, a truthfulness in the tones about them; and they silently listened, with watchful eyes, while their grandmother talked on with their visiter.

When she, too, had gone, and the gay laugh, and "good morning!" had died in the quiet room, Louisa broke silence.

"Dear me, grandmother! I feel as if I were treading on a volcano! I shan't dare to step on the surface of society for fear of breaking in upon burning lava somewhere! I declare, this notion of people having two natures is very terrible—it quite takes away my composure."

"And yet you have two, Louisa."

"I, grandmother!—and where is the other, then?"

"Very soundly sleeping, my love—but some arrow, whether of joy or wo, will waken it to a life of its own. In good time—in good time. Let it rest—that other self of yours; 'twill spring up, full grown, and panoplied, some day. But tell me, Alice, how have you read Mrs. Lewis? I saw you studying her face as if you never saw it before."

"I am ashamed to tell you how little I made out—merely that she was good-natured, and happy, and laughing all the day long."

"So we live, my Alice; and the life that is deepest leaves no traces on our faces or manners. Society is not to be bored with individual joys or sorrows; and Mrs. Lewis has the good sense and taste to make lively visits to her friends, who have neither leisure nor desire to study the under tones in her laugh, or to see that tears and smiles wear the same channels in the face."

"But has Mrs. Lewis's really been an eventful life?" said Alice. "I have only known her as a woman who has been struggling somewhat to maintain her position in society, and not so rich as she would like, perhaps; but she always appears just the same, as if nothing had ever troubled her much."

"Her life," answered Madam Stanwood, gravely, "has been one of extraordinary mental vicissitude, though outwardly it has seemed rather uneventful. Take from her history the very common one of the loss of property, the habitual cheerfulness that has soothed, sustained, and encouraged her husband under repeated and continual losses. At one time he lost three ships in the same storm; he was prostrated, as men so often are under these reverses; but she constantly had her bright smile and ready

sympathy—and that was every thing to his sick heart. Take the energy with which, in early life, she struggled against poverty, and has made herself almost, by mere strength of will, all that she was and is, and this, my dear children, implies a warfare that you cannot dream of, far less realize. Take away these minor events in her character, there is still something which makes her very interesting to me. She is childless. The prattle of her nursery ceased long ago; and the chill of death seems on the room which is now never opened. Her last child lived to be three or four years old; and she told me, not long since, that she never saw a door open, that she did not unconsciously turn toward it 'to see her little Edith come in;' that she never, never was out of her mind for a moment. There is something inexpressibly sad to me in her gay face, so haunted, like the Egyptian banquet, by the image of the dead. It is not so with us in general; what we have suffered we bury in our memories, and we keep the graves green sodden down in our hearts, and even in thought but strew flowers on them. But this presence of a grief perpetually with and about her, I have pitied her that she must live! I am certain I respect and love her, that she lives so disinterestedly as she does."

"Grandmother," said Louisa, after a hesitating pause, "has your life been an eventful one at all? I only know of you that you used not to be so cheerful as you are now; but since our mother's death—"

"She has been our mother ever since we knew what it could mean to need one," said Alice, fondly kissing her withered hand; "but, dearest grandmother, your face is a sealed book to us, too; you look very calm, you are very cheerful always—and yet who knows—"

Alice stopped thoughtfully, and then looking at Madam Stanwood, she saw that her eyes were tearful, and that with a strong effort she was endeavoring to preserve her composure. Placing her hand lightly on Alice's mouth, to prevent her speaking, she said, with a smile,

"The day promises so fairly, my daughters, if you like, we will drive to see an old acquaintance, and on the way I will tell you some of those passages in my life, which I know you want to hear of, but from the relation of which I have always shrunk. Time has lessened the vividness of much I have suffered; but what we feel early in life, we feel late with a clearness it is difficult to account for. But you ought to know something of the history of your grandmother, and although I do not intend to give you a full memoir to-day, and perhaps never, I will talk with you somewhat of old days and feelings. In an hour we will go, and until then I shall be engaged in my own room."

Alice and Louisa looked wistfully at each other, as their aged relative withdrew, but uttered not a word. Often and often they had wished, and hoped, and guessed, till they were weary of guessing what grandmamma's life had been—for they were a little curious, though not reflective; and many a time a chance word or two had puzzled their young heads not a little; but hardly had they dared to hope that they ever should know, at all events, not before they were twenty-five—quite old women

—any thing about it; and now that they were to know, *really*, it was quite too important a subject to trifle upon. So Louisa, with her mouth very much drawn down at the corners, and her eyebrows proportionably arched, withdrew to her room, as much like Madam Stanwood as possible, while Alice relapsed into her grandmother's easy-chair. Reflection in an easy-chair is apt to glide into reverie, and thence the transition to sleep is not uncommon; and Alice was waked out of marvelous dreams, by the announcement that the carriage waited for her.

The day was fine and clear, though a little cold, and as the carriage-wheels rolled almost noiselessly over the smooth, hard road, it seemed the very afternoon of all the world for story-telling. Yet Madam Stanwood looked silently out on the landscape before them, and the young girls did not venture to speak. At last they stopped at a house where they were a good deal acquainted.

The Williamses were all at home; and a right gay set of young people they were: then there were their father and mother, and Mrs. Williams' brother, old Colonel Morgan, who was always ready for a frolic, and the two Miss Dundasses, from Richmond. They had a very gay call. The two Miss Stanwoods flirted desperately with the old colonel, and the two Miss Dundasses beat him about the room with bouquets of bright flowers; and there was such laughing, till the tears ran, with old Mr. Williams, and such gentle and sympathizing laughter among the old ladies, and such heartfelt fun among all, that it was with some effort the Stanwoods at last left the resounding parlor for the silent carriage.

Silent it became as soon as the doors were closed, and the soft, crackling sound of the wheels brought the old associations of painful thought and anxious expectation.

At last Madam Stanwood spoke: but the words seemed rather the repetition of a record than the expression of thought.

"Saturday, the 20th of May, 1780."

The girls listened eagerly, but no further sound escaped her. The faint color came and went on her faded cheek, her eyes closed, and the spirit within seemed unable to utter its mournful remembrances.

"I thought I could tell you," she said at last, "but it will not come to my tongue —and perhaps it is best so—for why should your young hearts be baptized with sorrow before their time? And besides, all, every thing within and without is so different now. I scarcely recognize myself as I look back to that day. *The dark day*. You have heard of it, and the reason of it—but in those times we were not given to philosophizing. Yes, all is so changed. The skies I played under are no longer the same. They bent over a young, hopeful heart then, so blue, so clear—now they still bend over me, but they promise rest to the weary soul, and they speak soothingly of a better land.

"The brook behind my father's house, in which my bared feet daily waded, turns the wheel of a factory; the trees that shaded our log cabin are metamorphosed into

three-story houses; the country has turned into a town—and not more has the form changed than the spirit. The minds of men, trained and inured to suffering, patient, sturdy, vigorous, watchful—those were men, indeed!"

Madam Stanwood's face, usually so benignly thoughtful, lighted up as she spoke, and she looked at the eager faces of her granddaughters with a smile. The most painful part, the beginning, had been surmounted, and she went on, less however to them than to herself.

"The twentieth of May! yes, on that day, I had reached my fifteenth birthday—on that day I met my lover for the last time. He had been drafted for a soldier. Every heart, men's, women's, and children's, too, beat but to one tune, and that was their country's freedom. We never dreamed then of detaining friend, husband, father or lover, when that country called. You know the country had been bleeding at every pore then for years. My father was a stern old man, who had been in the 'old French war.' My mother had been reared in a fort, and had daily loaded and handed the musket to her husband as he shouldered his axe or his scythe for his daily labor. Her sister had been carried into captivity by the Indians, and lived there among them for years before she escaped to her home. Arms, fighting, wounds, were household words with us. Judge if we were likely to think a moment of detaining Edward, though the day was fixed for our marriage. We were to have been married in June, and now it was May.

"How long it is since that day! how much has come and gone since then! and I live to tell it! It was but a few years after that the world shook with the French Revolution—and a few years more—that man of a bloody age, the expression of all that is evil and great in human nature, rose and shocked his race, comet-like, with his fierce glare, and then set forever. Our own calm Washington sleeps in his heart-honored grave, and the sighs of a grateful people whisper in the cedars above it—but then, he was living, acting, and inspiring all about him with the indomitable courage and heroic patience that animated himself. The terrors and events that stirred our hearts to agony were nigh us, even at our doors, and strong as we might be in patriotic feeling, almost every family could count its victims. I was young in years, but we grew old early then, and my mother had held her first child in her arms at fifteen years old.

"It was early in the morning—at early dawn—when I parted from him. He held me to his bosom that was covered with the simple uniform—so associated in my mind with all that was best and noblest on earth—and my bosom beat with pride as well as grief. I also could sacrifice something to my country.

"Well—that day—it wore on drearily, so drearily as you can never know; and in the afternoon some neighbors came in to talk of the army, and the destination of the regiment which had just left us. It was long after dinner—nearly two o'clock. So depressed and wretched did I feel, that when I lifted my head from my arms, where I was leaning, and gazed out on the sky, I was more soothed than startled at its strange appearance. The air seemed absolutely heavy with a darkness that came on

like an army. But my thoughts had been of darkness and blood, and a sadness I could not shake off. Presently they all saw and felt it too. They sprang to the door, but it was not a storm, it was not cloudy, but just dark—the cattle came lowing into the yard, the birds flew to their nests, the fowls were already on their roosts. I cannot describe to you the consternation of our household. Superstitious persons are not wanting in any age, and you may guess that many read in the supernatural gloom a foreboding of disaster to our arms. That the day of judgment was approaching was a more common feeling, and a good many went to the minister's house in their terror, that they might be listening to prayer. I don't remember that I thought about it much, but it was a relief to see the sky light up as it did after two or three hours, and see nature going on her accustomed routine.

"We had no mails then, you know, my dears, and often months went on, and on, and brought no tidings to us, but what we learned from general rumor, or some chance straggler from the army. Then would come a letter from Edward, filled with all his former love, but giving no hope of his immediate return to us. Then came the project of besieging New York, and then volunteers would not do, nor new soldiers. The country demanded men who knew and could bear the fatigues of war. Oh! my children! you read and hear of the glory of war, and of the soldier who sweetly breathes his last for his country: true, the battle-field is terrible to think of, but there the groans are those of the dying, and humanity, shocked at her own barbarity, stanches the wounds, and tearfully holds the head that a few hours before she was frantic to lay in a bloody grave. But for the living death that many of our soldiers suffered before the war was over, there has been no such sympathy. The privation of clothing, of the commonest sort, the unshod feet, wearily and bleedingly marching over the snow, the shivering form, half covered by the tattered uniform, crouching over the fire in the wretched huts of the north, were scarcely less destructive than the withering heat, and wasting famine of the southern troops. Fortunately Edward did not go south until the winter, so that though he wrote of battle, he did not of sickness, and I hoped still.

"When I next heard from him he was stationed at New London. You know that terrible story, my daughters. You know that Arnold, the wretch, whom to name is to execrate forever in American bosoms, 'Arnold the traitor,' was sent to besiege it. He had four times the number of men that were in the fort. He attacked it on three sides at once, and though our men fought like lions, it must have been in vain. They fought in full view of their homes, of all that was dear to them in the world. Judge if they did not fight. Judge if they did not pour out their blood like water, while there was any hope. But at last they gave way—they laid down their arms. And then—they were basely murdered as they stood! Such a massacre was not known elsewhere, thank Heaven! during our whole struggle. It is enough to make one shrink from all that bears the name of man."

Here Madam Stanwood paused. She had sketched rather than related so far, and the fair girls listened with a pained and eager interest. Most of what she had alluded

to was new to them, and as they looked on one who had personally known and suffered in what had to them been only a dry “history,” she seemed transformed in their eyes. Oh! the “unwritten history” of that placid face! The written one of that heart, whose every fibre had been woven in one long web of anxiety and sorrow, and dyed in the blood of the loved and lost one! For now they saw that Edward must have been one of those who fell in that massacre. Their eager and tearful faces expressed the sympathy they did not else utter, and their aged relative understood it. She went on quietly.

“All is not yet told, my daughters. I heard that Edward had fallen, and years passed away, and still I heard nothing from him more. Then I married Mr. Stanwood —and then—and then Edward returned.”

“Returned!” exclaimed both the girls in a breath.

“Yes, he returned. The massacre was not complete. Somebody became satisfied with blood, and proposed a respite, and about forty were left living, and taken prisoners to New York. Edward lived through a long, dreadful fever, alone, without aid or attendance of any sort. Then he was sent with a hundred others to a prison-ship. God forbid your dear hearts should be saddened with all he underwent there. We heard it all. He returned to his family at last, with broken health, broken fortune —”

“And a broken heart! ah, grandmother!”

“No, his heart was not broken. What he felt I never knew, for he learned my marriage before he came back, and we never met for years. My children, my story will have been told you quite in vain, if it does not show you that hearts must live and act, and fulfill present duties, with what fortitude they may, and *not* break—nor ‘brokenly live on.’ God gave me the strength for which I prayed, to perform my duty to my husband and children, and to set aside from my heart an image which no longer fitted such a temple. I have long ago ceased to look at him with any eyes but those of friendly interest, though the recall of so much that is connected with grief is of course painful, and you see yourselves that he is both gay and social, and by no means inclined to play the despairing lover.”

“We see!” they again spoke in a breath.

“Yes, you have seen him this afternoon. Edward—*Colonel Edward Morgan*. And here we are at home, my loves, an hour past dinner-time.”

FAIR WIND.

BY J. T. FIELDS.

O WHO can tell, that never sailed
Among the glassy seas,
How fresh and welcome breaks the morn
That ushers in a breeze!
Fair wind! Fair wind! alow, aloft,
All hands delight to cry—
As leaping through the parted waves
The good ship makes reply.

While fore and aft, all stanch and tight,
She spreads her canvas wide,
The captain walks his throne, the deck,
With more than monarch's pride.
For well he knows the sea-bird's wings,
So swift and sure to-day,
Will waft him many a league to-night
In triumph on his way.

Then welcome to the rushing blast
That stirs the waters now—
The white plumed heralds of the deep
Make music round her prow!
Good sea-room in the roaring gale—
Let stormy trumpets blow—
But chain ten thousand fathoms down
The sluggish calm below!

KITTY COLEMAN.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

AN arrant piece of mischief was that Kitty Coleman, with her deep, bewildering eyes, that said all sorts of strange things to your heart, and yet looked as innocent all the time as though conducting themselves with the utmost propriety, and her warm, ripe lips, making you think at once of "the rose's bed that a bee would choose to dream in." And so wild and unmanagable was she—oh, it was shocking to *proper* people to look at her! And then to hear her, too! why, she actually laughed aloud, Kitty Coleman did! I say Kitty, because everybody called her Kitty but her Aunt Martha; she was an orderly gentlewoman, who disapproved of loud laughing, romping, and nick-naming, as she did of other crimes, so she always said Miss Catharine. She thought, too, that Miss Catharine's hair, those long, golden locks, like rays of floating sunshine, wandering about her shoulders, should be gathered up into a comb, and the little lady was once really so obliging as to make trial of the scheme, but at the first bound she made after Rover, the burnished cloud broke from its ignoble bondage, descending in a glittering shower, and the little silver comb nestled down in the deep grass, resigning its office of jailor forever. Oh, Kitty *was* a sad romp! It is a hard thing to say of one we all loved so well; but Aunt Martha said it, and shook her head the while and sighed; and the squire, Aunt Martha's brother, said it, and held out his arms for his pet to spring into; and serious old ladies said it, and said, too,—what a pity it was that young people now-a-days had no more regard for propriety. Even Enoch Snow, the great phrenologist, buried his fingers in those dainty locks that none but a phrenologist had a right to touch, and waiting only for a succession of peals of vocal music, which interrupted his scientific researches, to subside, declared that her organ of mirthfulness was very, very strikingly developed. This, then, placed the matter beyond all controversy; and it was henceforth expected that Kitty would do what nobody else could do, and say what nobody else had a right to say; and the sin of all, luckily for her, was to be laid upon a strange idiosyncracy, a peculiar mental, or rather cerebral conformation, over which she had no control; and so Kitty was forgiven, forgiven by all but——. We had a little story to tell.

I have heard that Cupid is blind; but of that I do not believe a word—indeed, I have "confirmation strong," that the malicious little knave has the gift of clairvoyance, aiming at hearts wrapped in the triple foldings of selfishness, conceit, and gold. Ay, didn't he perch himself now in the eye, and now on the lip of Kitty Coleman, and with a marvelously steady aim, imitating a personage a trifle more

dreaded, “Cut down all, both great and small!” Blind! no, no—he saw a trifle too well when he counted out his arrows; and the laughing rogue was ready to burst with merriment, as he peeped into his empty quiver, and then looked abroad upon the havoc he had made. But people said that there was one who had escaped him, a winsome gallant, for whom all but Kitty Coleman had a bright glance, and a gentle word. As for Kitty, she cared not a rush for Harry Gay, and sought to annoy him all in her power; and the gentleman in his turn stalked past her with all the dignity of a great man’s ghost. Bitter, bitter enemies were Harry Gay and Kitty Coleman. One evening, just because the pretty belle was present, Harry took it into his head to be as stupid as a block or a scholar, for, notwithstanding his promising name, our young Lucifer could be stupid. Kitty Coleman was very angry, as was proper—for what right had any one to be stupid in her presence? The like never was heard of before. Kitty, in her indignation, said he did not know how to be civil; and then she sighed, doubtless at the boorishness of scholars in general, and this one in particular; and then she laughed so long and musically, that the lawyer, the school-master, the four clerks, the merchant, and Lithper Lithpet, the dandy, all joined in the chorus, though, for the life of them, they could not have told what the lady laughed at. Harry Gay drew up his head with as much dignity as though he had known the mirth was at his expense, cast contemptuous glances toward the group of nod-waiters, and then, to show his own superior taste, attached himself to the ugliest woman in the room. It was very strange that Kitty Coleman should have disregarded entirely the opinion of such a distingué gentleman, but she only laughed the louder when she saw that he was annoyed by it; indeed, his serious face seemed to infuse the very spirit, ay, the concentrated, double-distilled essence of mirth into her; and a more frolicksome creature never existed than she was, till the irritated scholar, unable to endure it any longer, disappeared in the quietest manner possible. Then all of a sudden the self-willed belle declared that she hated parties, she never would go to another; and making her adieus in the most approved don’t-care style, insisted on being taken home at once.

Harry Gay was not a native of our village; he came from one of the eastern cities to spend a summer there; and Aunt Martha said he was too well-bred to have any patience with the hoydenish manners of her romping niece. But Kitty insisted that her manners were not hoydenish; and if her heart overflowed, it was not her fault, she could not shut up all the glad feelings within her, they would leap back to the call of their kindred, gushing from other bosoms, and to all the beautiful, beautiful things of creation, as joyous in their mute eloquence as she was. Besides, the wicked little Kitty Coleman was always very angry that Aunt Martha should attempt to govern her conduct by the likings of Harry Gay; she would not be dictated to by him, even though his opinions received the sanction of her infallible aunt. But the lady made a trifling mistake on the subject matter of his interference. He did not slander her, and always waived the theme of her follies when her Aunt Martha introduced it; indeed, he never was heard to speak of the belle but once—once he swore she had no soul—(the shameless Mohammedan!) a remark which was only

five minutes in reaching its object. But Kitty Coleman, though shockingly indignant, was not cast down by it. She called Harry Gay more names than he, scholar as he was, could have thought of in a month, and wound up with a remark no less formidable than the one which had excited her ire. And Kitty was right. A pretty judge of soul he, to be sure—a man that never laughed! how on earth can people who go through the world cold and still, like the clods they tread upon, pretend to know any thing about soul?

Harry Gay used to go to Squire Coleman's very often, and sit all the evening and talk with the squire and Aunt Martha, while his great, black eye turned slowly in the direction Kitty moved; but Kitty would not look at him, not she. What right had a stranger, and a visiter, too, to make such a very great parade of his disapprobation? If she did not please him, why she pleased others; and that was enough, she would not turn over her finger to gain his good will. So Harry and Kitty never talked together; and when he went away, (he never went till the conversation fairly died out, and the lamps looked as if about to join it,) he bowed to the old people gracefully and easily, but to the young lady he found it difficult to bend at all. Conduct like this provoked Kitty Coleman beyond endurance; and one evening, after the squire and spinster had left her alone, she sat down and in very spite, sobbed away as though her little heart would break. Now it happened that the squire had lent his visiter a book that evening, which, strange enough for such a scholar, he had forgotten to take with him; but Harry remembered it before it was too late, and turned upon his heel. He had gone out but a moment before, and there was no use in ringing, so he stepped at once into the parlor. Poor Kitty sprang to her feet at the intrusion, and crushed with her fingers two tears that were just ready to lanch themselves on the roundest and rosiest cheek in the world, but she might have done better than blind herself for her foot touched Aunt Martha's *fauteuil*, and, in consequence, her forehead touched the neck of Rover. It is very awkward to be surprised in the luxurious indulgence of tears at any time, and it is a trifle more awkward still to fall down, and then be raised by the last person in the world you would receive a favor from. Kitty felt the awkwardness of her situation too much to speak; and, of course, Harry, enemy as he was, could not release her until he knew whether she was hurt. It was certain she was not faint, for the crimson blood dyed even the tips of her fingers, and Harry's face immediately took the same hue, probably from reflection. Kitty looked down until a golden arc of fringe rested lovingly on its glowing neighbor; and Harry looked down, too, but his eye rested on Kitty Coleman's face. If soul and heart are one and the same thing, as some metaphysicians tell us, Harry must now have discovered the mistake he once made, for there was a strange commotion beneath the boddice of Kitty Coleman; it rose and fell, as nothing but a bounding, throbbing, frightened heart, in the wildest tumult of excited feeling, could make it. And then (poor Kitty must have been hurt, and needed support) an arm stole softly around her waist, dark locks mingled with her sunny ones as a warm breath swept over her cheek—and Kitty Coleman hid her face, not in her hands.

Harry forgot his book again that night, and never thought of it until the squire put it in his hand the next morning; for Harry visited the squire very early the next morning, and had a private interview; and the good old gentleman tapped him on the shoulder, and said, “with all my heart;” and Aunt Martha looked as glad as propriety would let her. As for Kitty Coleman, she did not show her face, not she—for she knew they were talking about her, the sober old people and the meddling Harry Gay. But when the arrant mischief-maker had accomplished his object, and was bounding from the door, there came a great rustling among the rose-bushes, insomuch that a shower of bright blossoms descended from them, and Harry turned a face, brimming over with joy, to the fragrant thicket, and shook down another fragile shower, in seeking out the cause of the disturbance. Now, as ill-luck would have it, Kitty Coleman had hidden away from her enemy in this very thicket; and there she was discovered, all confusion, trembling and panting, and—. I am afraid poor Kitty never quite recovered from the effects of her fall—for the arm of Harry Gay seemed very necessary to her forever after.

THE SILVER SPOONS.

A TALE OF DOMESTIC LIFE AND AMERICAN MANUFACTURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "KEY WEST AND ABACO."

"HERE we go, up, up, up—and here we go, down, down, downy," is a quotation not more applicable to the movements of children in a swing, than to the same children in after life, when they are tossed about by the rude hands of unsteady fortune. In all countries, and in all times, it has been so to some extent, but never, and no where, in the degree in which it may be observed in the land and age in which we live.

James Elliot, it is very pleasant for me to state, was an exception to this general rule: he was a rich man, his father before him was rich, and his grandfather, who founded the family in this country, was richer still.

My friend Mr. Elliot lived in a fine old house that had been standing for two generations; and he lived in a style worthy of a man who owned a river plantation, and who knew the baptismal name of his grandfather. You Philadelphians and Knickerbockers cannot be expected to understand what I mean, or rather the emphasis of my language, when I say *river plantation*; and therefore I take the trouble to explain that a river plantation is as different a thing from a sand-hill plantation, or even a creek plantation, as property in Water street or Wall street is from a lot up town. There is many a man among us who is undisputed master of hundreds of acres, who can scarcely pay his taxes: whilst his neighbor, who owns only half as much, but of a different sort, goes to the springs every summer, and sends his children into the north to school. You have seen the "Songs of the South," I suppose, and I doubt not you liked them: but let me, as a friend, warn you against forming your opinions of us and ours from them. They were written by a poet, and if you have any idea of speculating in southern property do not trust Mr. Simms.

> The land of the pine, the cedar, the vine!
> O! may this blessed land ever be mine!

Now for a summer residence this is all very well; health oozes from the resinous bark of the pine, the coolest breezes are playing amidst its leaves, and the most limpid water bubbles from beneath its roots: but the fine equipages which dash through your cities, and the well-dressed ladies who occupy them, would not shine long if they trusted to nothing better than such "land" to support their bravery. O!

no, you must ask for river bottoms, or rich uplands, and then I will go your security for the cotton they will grow.

Jane Elliot sings this song remarkably well. I was with her last summer at Saratoga, and one would think, to hear her, that she was dying to get back, from the pathos with which she would pray—to the guitar—

> "Hide not from mine eye the blue of its sky,"

whilst at the same time I was perfectly aware that she was night and day teasing her father to spend the whole summer in the north, and then go to Paris in the fall.

The beaux knew nothing of this however; and one whispered to another, "I say, Bob, what a sweet little patriot she is. Would not she make a capital wife, so domestic?"

"I have a great mind," said Bob, as they walked to the other end of the saloon, "to try and make an investment in that same 'land of the pine;' do you know any thing about the old man? Is he rich?"

"Rich!" ejaculated the dandy, with that upward and downward inflection of the voice which indicates a good deal of surprise, and some indignation, "a great deal too rich to own such a man as you for his son-in-law. No, no, my fine fellow, that's my game. You could not spend half her income, whereas, I flatter myself, *I* can do that easily, and run the estate in debt by the end of the year."

Edward Neville was quite in earnest in what he said about his intentions, and I do not think that any of his friends would differ with him as to his capacity for getting into difficulties. He had inherited a small property, enough to educate him, bear his expenses in a few years' travel, and lanch him, with a good library, upon the wide ocean of the law: but he inherited none of the perseverance and plodding industry that had elevated his father to the bench, and made him regarded as the best read lawyer of his day; and after struggling awhile with his virtuous impulses, he carefully locked the door of his office, writing upon the outside, "gone to *court*," and commenced the ignoble trade of a fortune-hunter. This was his first season, and Jane Elliot was the first divinity he had encountered, whose shrine was golden enough to bring him to his knees.

So far, however, he had made no impression. In fact, I hardly think he did himself justice. The part was new to him; and the girl herself seemed worthy of so much purer a feeling, that he was constantly struggling with himself. "By heavens, I do love her for herself alone," he would mutter to himself. "I could die for her, fight for her, do any thing under heaven for her, except *work*." And then a sense of his meanness would overcome him with shame, and he would allow any one else to take his place in the conversation, whilst he would wander off by himself to renew his struggles.

My sweet young fortune-hunter, who art reading this page, think what a poor devil thou art making of thyself. How much more honorable and noble would it be

to labor for thine own support as a street-sweeper even. How contemptible to coin the heart's best affections, to degrade the holy state of matrimony to a matter of bargain and sale, to sell thyself of thine own will, as an eastern slave is by her masters. O! go to work, and be a man!

But for this, I should have liked Neville well enough; not however as a suitor to Jane Elliot. I had other views in relation to that matter. Tom Barton is a friend of mine, and *though* the son of a silversmith, or rather, shall I say, *because* the son of a silversmith, he is one of the worthiest fellows I ever knew. I went to school with him, and so in fact did Jane Elliot. We were in Latin and Algebra, and all that, when she was only beginning to read: but our old master had a fashion of making the whole school form a ring in the afternoon, and young and old were compelled to spell a page of "Dictionary."

What a speller Jane was! The little thing was sometimes far ahead of some of the largest scholars, and it was a *caution* to hear how her little tongue would rattle off the letters of any word in the column, from "chatter" to "chevaux de frise." Tom used to be always just next below her, never getting above her, and never suffering anybody to get above him.

It was very curious how they stuck together. Tom always missed when she did: I have known him in fact, to spell "caper" with two "p's," though a better speller than he was I never met. It was a long time before I found out the secret; but one day as we were all going to our seats, I overheard Tom saying, rather reproachfully, "Jane, what *did* you do that for?" "Why, Tom, you did not speak loud enough." Aha! said I to myself, I understand it now. I thought there must be some prompting going on, or that little girl would never have stood so high in the school.

I was very old-fashioned as a boy; they used in fact to call me the old bachelor; and certainly I had one of the habits of the tribe—a greater pleasure in watching the developments of the hearts of other people, than in attending to the beating of my own. Any one, however, might have taken a delight in observing the present case. Jane I shall not describe, because she has always been a pet of mine, and I should be certain to overdo it if I made the attempt: but Tom, I shall let you know was a fine looking boy, with fair hair, an open countenance, and a muscular and well knit frame; and he has grown up to be decidedly the best looking lawyer that practices in our circuit.

All our village had watched the progress of this affair with interest, and we had all settled down into a calm certainty that it was to be, and even the envious were prepared to wish them joy. The Elliots had always been popular; and the Bartons, by correct deportment, hard work for themselves, civility to their neighbors, and kindness to the poor, had gained the good will of all. There was malice among us, to be sure, and there would have been the usual ebullition of it had the affair come off suddenly; but it was too gradual: Tom and Jane had been lovers from childhood; it was an understood matter, and each man began to feel that he had a particular vocation to help to bring it about.

Mr. Elliot decidedly gave into the general way of thinking; but no ears had ever heard his wife say a word on the subject. She was of Huguenot descent, and rather too fond of mentioning that circumstance; but still no one disliked her on that account, every one has a perfect right to think of his grandfather if he likes, and even to speak of him whenever he can find a listener who is willing to endure it. On the whole, I confess I took pleasure in hearing her talk. How she used to bridle up! how firm her voice grew! and how patronizing her manner! I could listen to her for hours—especially when Jane was sitting by me.

But that is all over now. I hate the Huguenots, the Edict of Nantes, the Revocation, and every thing else; and I wish to Heaven old Adam's blood in flowing down to the Elliots had come through some other veins than those of that same fierce French faction.

What do you think? About four years ago, when Tom and I came from college, both having graduated with honor, he decided that it was time for him to make open and resolute approaches toward the great end upon which his hopes were fixed. Consequently, all the time he could spare from the study of law, and his excellent family, he used to spend with Jane; and so far as I could judge, from occasionally playing the part of "Monsieur de trop," in a ride, or walk, or at the piano, she was entirely satisfied to have it so.

But one night, after Tom had been making himself particularly agreeable, as he thought, to the old lady, and had listened to the tale of the Huguenots for the fortieth time, with exemplary patience, though his brain was boiling, and he was wishing to the very bottom of his heart that all her ancestors *had* passed "that bourne from which no traveler returns!" that very night, after he had taken his leave, Mrs. Elliot called her daughter to her, and said in a calm and serious voice, "My dear, I must request that you will not be quite so familiar with Mr. Barton. I begin to fear that you are liking him too well."

"Why, mother, we all like Tom."

"I know that; and I'm very well satisfied to have him here as often as the other young gentlemen of the town. His mother is a very proper person, and so is his father, but there has never been any thing further than a street acquaintance between us, and I do not mean that there shall."

"But, mother, why so? they are very good people surely."

Mrs. Elliot did not answer directly, but walked to the centre-table, upon which some refreshments were still standing, and taking up one of the spoons from a waiter, she placed it in her daughter's hand, and with an air of quiet satisfaction, directed her to read aloud what she saw on the handle.

"I see nothing very remarkable, my dear mother," said the smiling Jane. "Here is the old family crest, and your initials and my father's blended, and quite an ambitious wreath of flowers running round the whole."

"I will thank you, my daughter, to speak more respectfully, when you do speak

of such matters; but that is not what I mean, read the stamp on the other side."

"A. Barton, and some hieroglyphics which I cannot make out, is all that I see."

"Do you know who A. Barton is, my dear?"

"Of course; it is old Mr. Barton, Tom's father. Why, mother, I have read this a hundred times before. It is printed on my pap spoon, and on all the new-fashioned silver we have in the house. But what of that?"

"Simply this, Miss Jane Elliot, I shall never give my consent for you to receive as a lover the son of a man who makes our spoons, and cleans our watches, and who, in short, is only a mechanic. Good night."

Jane was too much surprised and grieved to say any thing, and she went to her room, her heart cruelly divided between the duty she owed to her mother, and the love that she had so long cherished for her *betrothed*.

I ought not to have written that last word. I am not a good novelist, or I would have been brought to my confessions at a slower rate. However, it is a fact. Theirs was the rare case, in which neither the language, nor the feelings of childhood had ever changed. They had vowed themselves to each other at least a hundred times. More and more solemn the pledge had grown at every repetition; and when Tom came from college a few weeks before, it had been cemented with tears.

Ah! she was a noble girl, that Jane! Why did not fate give me a chance at her, or rather, why did not I, instead of flirting with all the pretty faces that I saw, why did not I love her, and cherish her, as Tom did from the first.

However, that is nothing to any body but myself. Jane rose next morning unrefreshed from her sleepless couch, and the first thing she did was to write the following note:

> "DEAR TOM,—My mother is angry with me for the intimacy to which I have admitted you, and has directed me to break it off. So you must not come here so often. Nothing in my life has grieved me more than this, but I am sixteen only, and my mother's will is mine. Wont you travel? I prefer not seeing you at all, than not to see you as of old. But be assured, wherever you go, and whatever may be your fortune, one heart will be with you, that of yours ever,
>
> JANE ELLIOT."

Now was not she a dear girl. She wept when she wrote it, and she wept when she sent it, and she had not dried her tears when little Cæsar brought back this answer:

> "DEAR JANE,—Your letter was like a thunderbolt to me, and I am hardly able to pen a reply. But I see the wisdom of the course you suggest, and shall make my arrangements at once to go to the law school at Cambridge. I know my own heart so well that I can have no doubts

concerning yours; and if labor, and toil, and success can win your mother's approbation, it shall be mine. But in any case I am yours till death.

THOMAS BARTON."

Accordingly, Tom went off to Cambridge, and devoted all his strength to the herculean task of piling up his legal knowledge "higher than one story"—Everett has said so many witty things in his day, that he need not mind lending one occasionally—whilst I, with envy in my heart, was still playing the part of a faithful friend, and keeping Jane advised of all his movements, and of all his success.

But neither his success in his studies, nor the reputation which one year's practice at the bar had given him, softened the prejudices of the Huguenot lady; and it was as much with a view of keeping them apart as any thing else, that she traveled with her daughter every summer.

Edward Neville was precisely to the taste of the old lady. She favored him in every way—gave him a seat in her carriage to Lake George, invited him to her private parlor, told him at what hour in the morning she drank the water—in short, turned me completely adrift, and adopted him as her constant attendant.

I feared the result, and wrote to Tom about it. In reply he thanked me for the interest I had manifested, but assured me that he had no fears, that he had the most perfect trust in Jane, that he was laboring with assiduity to improve the little fortune he had inherited, for he was sorry to add that there was every probability, that the Elliots would be in need of the assistance of their friends, and that very soon.

This intelligence very much surprised me. I knew that the old gentleman had endorsed most imprudently for a friend who was speculating in western lands, but I had heard only the day before the most glowing accounts of the value of those lands.

However, the season ended; and when leaving the springs, Mr. Elliot, at his wife's earnest solicitation, invited Neville to pay him a visit during the winter. He accepted it gladly, went to New York, sold his books, rented his office, and told his friends that he had given up law, and was thinking of *making an investment in the South*.

But the denouement of this true history presses upon me, and I must hurry its narration.

About the merry Christmas time, our court-house door and village papers informed the people that the SHERIFF would sell "all that valuable, &c., &c.," enumerating every earthly thing that Mr. Elliot possessed.

It was a melancholy truth. His friend's debts came upon him with such suddenness that he was overwhelmed. He gave himself up for lost, refused every offer of assistance from Tom and myself, and every one else, and determined to let the law take its course. He confessed that all he wanted was time, but he declared he would not suffer any of his friends to endanger themselves for him.

Tom and I sat up nearly the whole night laying our plans; and it was determined that I should bid off every article, and that he would be prepared to pay for them.

On the day of sale one might have thought that there was to have been a funeral instead of a vendue. The bell seemed to toll in melancholy notes, and the red flag that the old negro was hobbling about the village with, one would have thought, by the countenances of those who looked upon it, was rather the forerunner of a pirate's visit, than of a sheriff's sale.

The northern stage had just driven up to the tavern door, and a handsome man was stepping from it as the flag was passing. He caught it from the negro's hand, and exclaimed, "Good God! driver, what Elliot is this who is to be sold out to-day? Not Mr. James Elliot the rich planter!"

"Well, I reckon it is," was the cool reply, as he handed down hat-box and dressing-case, and a couple of large trunks.

The handsome stranger walked with a very unsteady step into the bar, and took up an old paper, which one might have supposed that he was reading, if he did not notice that he was holding it upside down. He appeared to be dreadfully agitated, but at length he started up and asked if the stage had gone.

The barkeeper told him that it had driven round to the stable to change horses, and would be back in an instant.

The stage soon came with a new driver and fresh horses, and into it the handsome man tumbled with bag and baggage as before. As he wheeled off, the old driver said to the barkeeper,

"That 'ere is a quare chap. He rode on the top with me a while to-day, and told me he was gwine to spend the winter here, and p'raps to live. Did he let you into his name and business?"

"No, but that infernal big trunk of his'n was marked in white paint, 'E. Neville.' "

Meantime the sale went on. The property realized more than enough to pay all that Mr. Elliot was bound for, and yet was struck off for one third its value.

I settled with the sheriff, and then went to Mr. Elliot, and offered to put the property again in his hands, and give him his own time to pay for it.

He accepted my offer with tears in his eyes, and although I felt mean for taking, even for a moment, the credit which belonged of right to Tom, yet I stood it like a man.

All would have gone on very well, but the wife of the man from whom Tom borrowed the money for the purchase was a gossip, and could not keep to herself any thing she knew; and very soon the true state of the case was made known to the Elliots.

For a while Tom was very anxious about the result, but he came to me one morning with this note in his hands:

"DEAR SIR,—I have behaved very foolishly. If you can add charity to generosity, come and see us, and you will find me very truly your friend,

EMILE NEUFCHATEL ELLIOT."

It did not take Tom long to go. It did not take me long to explain to Parson Harris that his services would be wanted in the chancel one of those mornings. The service itself was short, though from my boyhood up, I never knew Mr. Harris to offend against a rubric. And it was a short ride from the church to the plantation. Mr. Harris said a short grace, and the dinner was delightfully long.

At the end of it, I noticed Mrs. Elliot playing with one of the silver spoons, and then suddenly dropping it when she perceived that I was observing her.

This motion drew general attention to her, but though embarrassed for a moment, she recovered herself, and said with a pleasant smile, "I must confess, my dear Jane, that I am entirely happy in retracting a speech which I made to you some years ago. You shall have all the new-fashioned silver in the house, and I am sure it will be doubly valuable in your eyes, because the name you have adopted is already stamped upon it."

Thus happily endeth the true history of the SILVER SPOONS.

THE RUSTIC DANCE.

ELSCHEN.

BREAK forth in music: swell the sound,
Till wood and glen re-echo round.
Let lute and harp unite, to tell
The sweet discourse that in them dwell,
And cymbal join its lightest notes;

List! on the air how sweet it floats!
And rustic feet keep measure free,
While all around is harmony.
Then swell the sounds—prolong the spell,
Till each forgets his wo to tell!

Painted by G. Morland. Engraved by J. Banister.

RURAL LIFE.

RURAL LIFE.

(ILLUSTRATED.)

I LEFT the crowded city,
In my sulky, one hot day,
Quite tired of noise, and dust, and crowds,
And glad to get away;
And thought I'd take a famous drive,
At least ten miles or more,
And have a glance at country life,
If I'd never had before.

Old Hector seemed as glad as I
To leave the rattling street,
And dashed along the pleasant road,
With footfall light and fleet.
Up steep hill-side, o'er level reach,
Far down in shady vale,
Where blossom never bent its head
To rudely passing gale;

Right onward, onward, swift and far
I kept my rapid way.
Till bright, and still, and beautiful,
Sweet nature round me lay:
Then checked my speed, and let the rein
Fall loosely from my hand;
And bared my forehead to the kiss
Of breezes cool and bland.

The dark green wood, the emerald field,
On which a silver stream
Like chord of molten silver lay
Beneath the sunny beam,
The blossoms gemming every spot
In colors rich and rare,
And breathing out their fragrant love
To bless the wooing air—

Beautiful! All was beautiful,
And calm and sweet and pure;
With naught from sense of loveliness
The spirit to allure.
“God made the country,” low I spoke,
And meekly bowed my head;
“And man the town;” more loud and stern
These other words I said.

Then down a shady lane I turned,
And slowly moved along,
Where blossoms filled with odors sweet
The air, and birds with song.
Soon, from amid some broad old elms,
I saw a cottage rise,
And soon old Hector’s pace I checked,
In sudden, mute surprise.

Unseen, I saw, O loveliness!
Was ever like displayed
In form so chaste and innocent,
As in that heavenly maid?
I sketched the scene: ’tis sent with this;
Now say, in mien and face,
Did city maiden ever show
Such purity and grace.

I lingered long, then turned away,
And slowly homeward went,
That lovely maiden’s image fair
With all my fancies blent.
For weeks my dreams were full of her,
And then I went again
To seek the cottage where she dwelt,
But sought for her in vain.

The old, plain cottage mid the elms,
Stood where it stood before,
The rustic lad was there, and sat
Asleep within the door;
The kid beside its stately dam
In the warm sunshine lay:
But the maiden and the child were gone!

I slowly turned away.

Since then, of rustic loveliness,
Till city belles have curled
Their lips of beauty, I have talked,
And challenged half the world
To show in silks, and lawns, and gems,
A maiden half so fair
As she whose bright young cheek was fanned
By purest summer air.

THE SEQUEL.

Last week, of fair young city belles
I met a brilliant throng,
Where jewels gleamed, and bright eyes flashed
'Mid laughter dance and song.
One in the crowd, for loveliness,
Was peerless 'mong the fair—
Gems glittered in her rich attire,
And glittered in her hair.

I saw her—started—looked again—
Yes, 'twas my rustic maid.
How sweet her face! how bright her smile!
Even thus in gems arrayed.
But something from her lip, and eye,
And cheek, and brow was gone:—
The rustic maid, in native grace,
The city belle outshone.

A.

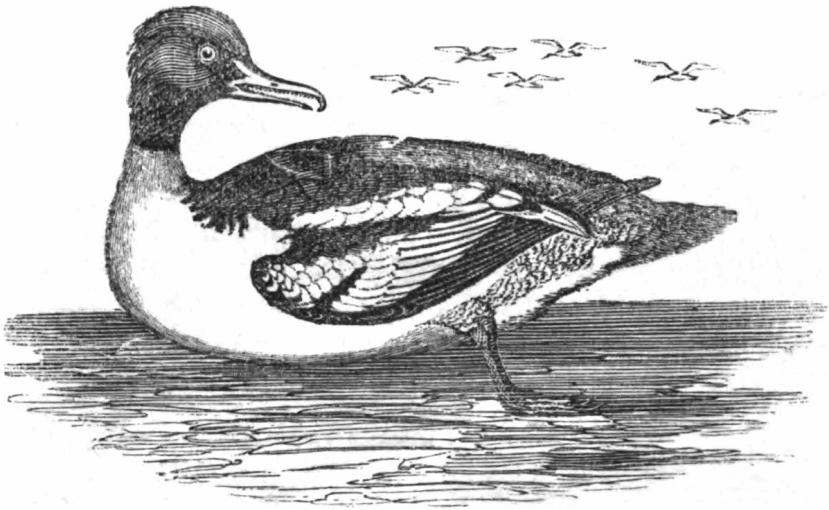
FLOWERS.

GOLDEN treasures; fairy flowers—
Spreading all earth's sunny bowers.
Bright and fleeting as youth's day:
Smiling sunny hours away.
Thou dost heighten beauty's glow;

Youth's companions, too, art thou,
Gladd'ning youth and beauty now,
Soon thou'rt decking death's pale brow.
Idol treasures! fairy flowers—
Brightly decking Flora's bowers!

S. E. T.

GAME-BIRDS OF AMERICA.—NO. VII.



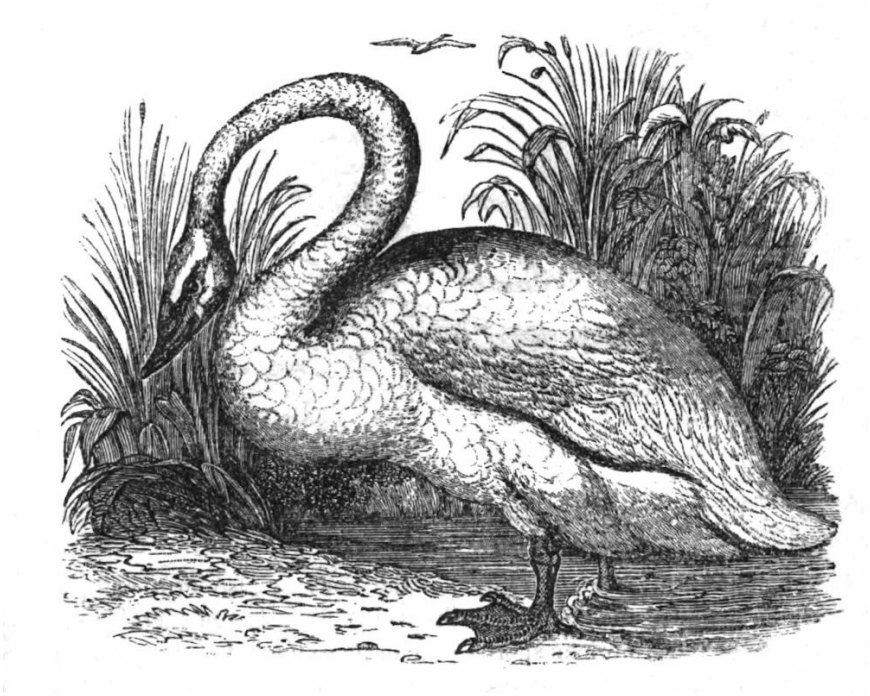
GOOSANDER. (*Mergus Merganser.* LINNÆUS.)

IT may be considered doubtful whether the bird now before us can fairly be included in a list of the birds acknowledged as *game* by the American sportsman. Their food, consisting entirely of fish, causes their flesh to be, in our estimation unfit for food; yet there are not wanting some, who pretend to consider them capital meat, and others who pursue them as game, from a love of sport and a desire to acquaint themselves with its natural history. On this ground, therefore, we have admitted his name into our catalogue, and placed his portrait in our gallery.

He is a winter inhabitant of the States; is found on the seas, fresh water lakes and rivers, and bears many different appellations, such as the Water Pheasant, the Sheldrake, the Fisherman, and the Diver. The name Goosander is a popular misnomer, because no one of all the nine species of the genus Mergus has either the appearance or the habits of geese of any description. They have the bill rather longer than the middle size, and much more slender and hard in its texture than the bills of ducks, not being a dabbling or sentient bill like theirs, but prehensile and of a very peculiar form. The mandibles are straight for a greater part of their length, but the upper one is much hooked at the point, and very sharp, and the cutting edges of both mandibles are in all their length beset with short, but strong and sharp teeth inclining backward. The bill is thus fitted for taking a very firm hold of slippery prey, and its skill in capturing fish proves how effective is this simple apparatus.

The Goosander, from having its legs far backward, is an awkward walker, while it does not dive so well as the proper diver, yet, by the arrangement of its bill, it is enabled to levy far more severe contributions upon fish-ponds than any birds which resort to such places, not even excepting the herons. Their wings are of moderate length, but clean and firmly made, and the plumage of the body is also firm and compact, so that the power of flight is considerable, and when necessary it can be extended to long distances without much fatigue. As is the case with the ducks, there is an enlargement of the pulmonic end of the trachea, which probably answers the purpose of a magazine of air, and enables the birds to remain much longer under water than they could do if not thus provided. The general color of the bill is red; but a portion round the nostrils, the ridge of the upper mandible, and the nail on its tip are dusky. The inside of the gape is bright orange; the head and the crest, the last of which is most conspicuous in the male, together with the upper part of the neck, are dark green, passing into black on the chin and throat; the lower part of the neck, the outer scapulars, the breast, and all the under part of the body, are white, with a tinge of yellowish-red. The back and the scapulars next the back are black, fading into grayish toward the rump; and the tail, which consists of eighteen pointed feathers, is of a gray color. The principal quills and coverts are brownish-black, with the exception of the middle secondaries and the extremities of their coverts, and these form a white speculum or wing-spot. The head and neck of the female are rust color, the upper part is of a grayish tint, and the under part white, with a yellowish shade. In consequence of this she has been figured and described as the Dun Diver; and the young male, which resembles her in color, has been considered as the male of the same. The bill and feet are reddish ash color. The accurate observations of Wilson, Nuttall, and others, have proved beyond a doubt the true character of the Dun Divers, and the unfortunate Goosander, whom the English discoverers of the latter bird had deprived of any consort, has been again restored to his legitimate rights.

Among the other species which are described in the Ornithologies as belonging to the Merganser, we may record the names of the Red-breasted Merganser and the Hooded Merganser, as species known to American sportsmen. The latter is peculiar to this continent, migrating during the winter as far south as Mexico, and displaying its high, circular and beautifully colored crest in great numbers on the broad waters of the Mississippi, its elegant form and the strong contrast of the colors of its plumage rendering it always an object of attention and admiration.



THE WILD SWAN. (*Cygnus Ferus.* RAY)

The swans are among the most ornamental of all water-birds, on account of their great size, the gracefulness of their forms and motions, and the snowy whiteness of the plumage of the most familiar species. From the remotest antiquity they have attracted attention, and the time-honored fable of the tame swan acquiring a musical song when dying, instead of the husky voice which usually characterizes him, is still repeated, though wholly destitute of foundation. The notion probably arose from confounding the wild species with the tame one, for though the note of the wild swan, or Whistler, is certainly not musical, yet there is a mournful sonorousness about it, which gives it not a little of the expression of a death-song. It is a dull and solemn hwoo-hwoo, having what is called an inward sound, though audible at a considerable distance. From this note they have acquired a popular name, that of the Hooper. They pass the period of reproduction in high northern latitudes, and in the autumn migrate southwardly over both continents. In winter they are sometimes quite numerous in the waters of the Chesapeake, and flocks are seen passing through the interior along the valley of the Mississippi to the lands around the mouth of that river. The Hooper emits his note only when flying, or calling on his mate, and though loud and shrill it is by no means unpleasant, particularly when heard high in the air, and modulated by the winds. Its vocal organs are remarkably assisted by the structure of the trachea, which forms two circumvolutions within the chest, before terminating in the respiratory organ. On their migratory flights they fly very high in

the air, and close to each other. The height of their flight is probably intended as a security against their enemies, the falcons, who would prove more than a match for the swans, notwithstanding their great size and strength, if they were able to take “the sky” of them. The swan has little or no means of defence when it is on the wing, the stroke of the wing being what it chiefly depends on for its defence against an enemy, and this being but little available when the bird is flying. By taking the sky of the hostile birds, the swan, however, is enabled to perform its migratory flight in considerable safety, as the falcons are entirely harmless to any thing above them. The flight of the Hoopers when they are on their migrating journeys is much more rapid than from the size and weight of the birds one would be apt to suppose. As is the case with all birds of lofty flight, it does not appear to be so rapid as it really is. This is a point to which it is very essential to attend in all cases of birds, or indeed any thing else in motion. The portion of the retina which the visual impression of the observed object passes over is of course the standard which we have for the measure of its velocity. In consequence of this, its motion appears to be slower than it really is, in the same proportion that its distance is increased, so that a motion at five hundred yards requires to be ten times faster in order to have the same apparent speed as a motion at fifty yards distance. This renders it rather a difficult matter for an ordinary sportsman, however expert he may be in hitting partridges or other ground game when on the wing, to hit swans when they are passing over him in their migratory flight; and unless he takes aim before them, at a distance which experience only can determine, he is sure to miss. The wind, too, must be taken into calculation in order to insure a successful shot. The size and weight of the swans, with the abundance of their feathers, cause the wind to have a very great influence on the velocity of their flight. Hence they almost invariably go before the wind in their migrations, and wait, or even halt on their journey, if the wind be adverse. Before a stiff breeze they can make way at the rate of not less than one hundred miles in the hour, so that they are very soon out of the observer’s horizon; but against a wind of the same strength they can make very little way, and upon a strong cross wind they drift very far to leeward.

In all ages these birds have enjoyed a considerable degree of fictitious interest, and, therefore, beside the exaggeration of the musical power of their “sweet voices,” there are various other improbable things alleged of them. For instance, it is said that when the frost begins to set in they assemble in multitudes and keep the water in a state of agitation to prevent it from freezing. The fact is, that all the agitation a flock of swans could produce in a lake would but make it freeze the more rapidly. It is probable, however, that they break the ice, when it is thin, and continue breaking it at the same place as fast as it freezes, as is the habit of very many animals in the winter season.

Drawn by Ch. Bodmer

Engd by Rawdon, Wright & Hatch

FORT MACKENZIE.

FORT MACKENZIE.

FORT MACKENZIE, which was first established in 1832, is 120 paces from the north bank of the Missouri, fifteen or twenty miles from the falls of that river, and about a hundred miles from the highest range of the Rocky Mountains. It was built by the American Fur Company, for the purpose of trading with the Black-Feet and other neighboring Indians. From the force and ferocity of the large tribes of Indians in the vicinity, frequent and serious difficulties occurred. One of these, which took place in 1833, is thus described in Maximilian, Prince of Wieds' "Travels in the Interior of North America:"

"On the 28th of August, at break of day, we were awakened by musket-shot; and Doucette entered our room crying, 'levez-vous il faut nous battre!' On which we arose in haste, dressed ourselves, and loaded our fowling-pieces with ball. When we entered the court-yard of the fort, all our people were in motion, and some were firing from the roofs. On ascending it, we saw the whole prairie covered with Indians, on foot and on horseback, who were firing at the fort; and on the hills were several detached bodies. About eighteen or twenty Black-Feet tents, pitched near the fort, the inmates of which had been singing and drinking the whole night, and fallen into a deep sleep toward morning, had been surprised by 600 Assiniboins and Crows. When the first information of the vicinity of the enemy was received from a Black-Foot, who had escaped, the *engages* immediately repaired to their posts on the roofs of the buildings, and the fort was seen to be surrounded on every side by the enemy, who had approached very near. They had cut up the tents of the Black-Feet with knives, discharged their guns and arrows at them, and killed and wounded many of the inmates, roused from their sleep by this unexpected attack. The men, about thirty in number, had partly fired their guns at the enemy, and then fled to the gates of the fort, where they were admitted. They immediately hastened to the roof, and began a well supported fire upon the Assiniboins.

"When the Assiniboins saw that their fire was returned, they retreated about three hundred paces, and an irregular firing continued, during which several people from the neighborhood joined the ranks of the Black-Feet. While all this was passing, the court-yard of the fort exhibited very singular scenes. A number of wounded men, women, and children, were laid or placed against the walls; others, in their deplorable condition, were pulled about by their relations, amid tears and lamentations. The White Buffalo, who had received a wound at the back of his head, was carried about in this manner, amid singing, howling, and crying. They rattled the schischique in his ears, that the evil spirit might not overcome him, and gave him brandy to drink. He himself, though stupified and intoxicated, sung without intermission, and would not give himself up to the evil spirit. Otsequa Stomik, an

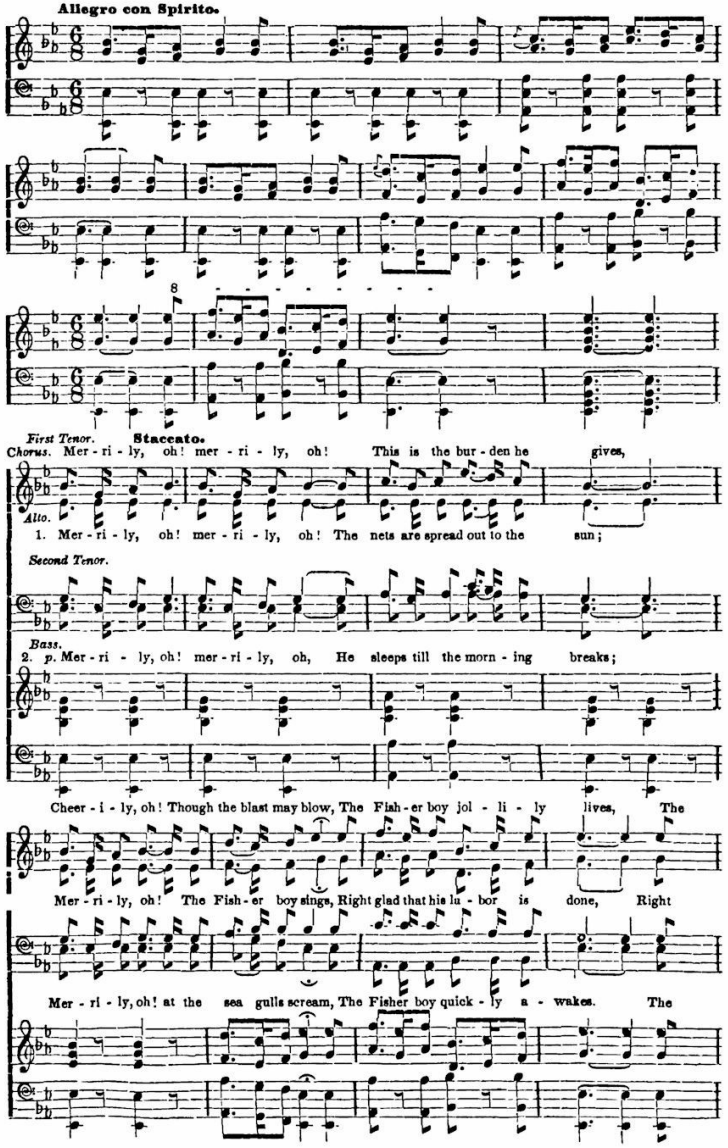
old man of our acquaintance, was wounded in the knee by a ball, which a woman cut out with a penknife, during which operation he did not betray the least symptom of pain. Natah Otarm, a handsome young man, was suffering dreadfully from severe wounds. Several Indians, especially young women, were likewise wounded. A spectator alone of this extraordinary scene can form any idea of the confusion and the noise, which was increased by the loud report of the musketry, the moving backward and forward of the people, carrying powder and ball, and the tumult occasioned by about twenty horses shut up in the fort."

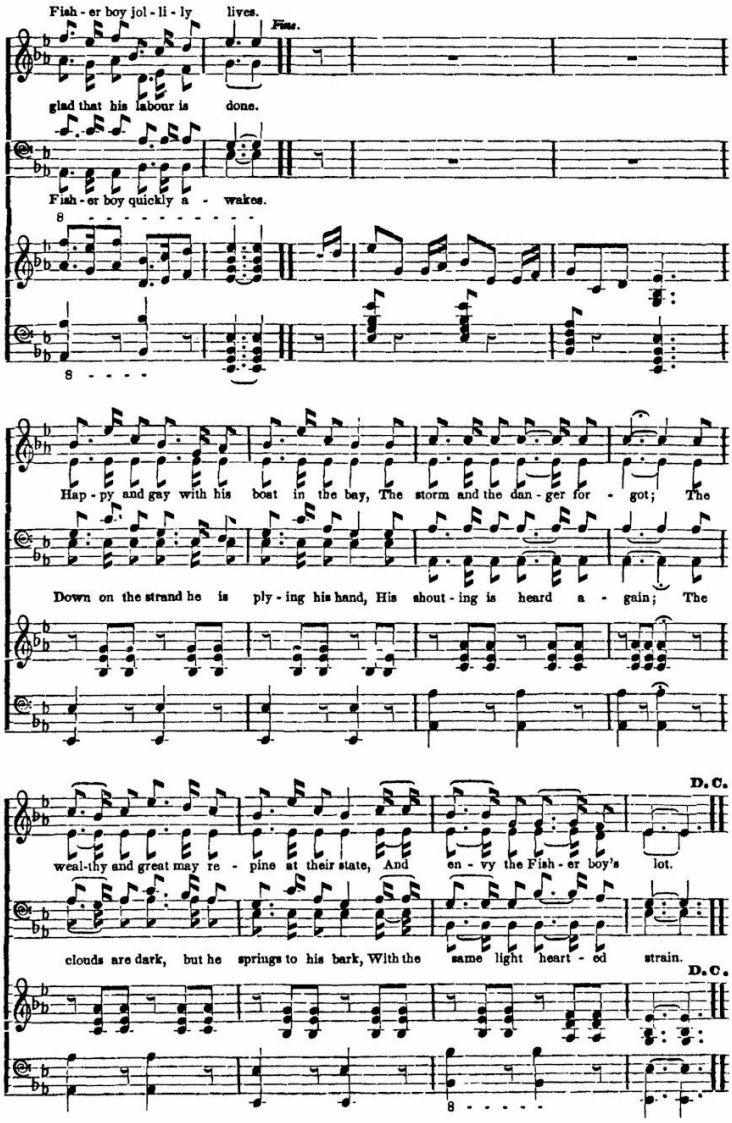
Our illustration, a most spirited and vigorous representation of Indian life and character, gives a view of the attack made upon the sleeping Black-Feet early in the morning. It is eminently characteristic of Indian warfare, and affords an admirable specimen of the fierce encounters so frequent among the savage sons of that remote wilderness.

THE FISHER BOY JOLLILY LIVES.

A GLEE, FOR FOUR VOICES.

WORDS BY ELIZA COOK.—COMPOSED AND ARRANGED BY W. R. WRIGHT.





First Verse:
Merrily, oh! Merrily, oh!
The nets are spread out to the sun;
Merrily, oh! The Fisher boy sings,
Right glad that his labour is done,
Right glad that his labour is done.

Happy and gay with his boat in the bay,
The storm and the danger forgot;

The wealthy and great may repine at their state,
And envy the Fisher boy's lot.

Chorus:
Merrily, oh! Merrily, oh!
This is the burden he gives,
Cheerily, oh! Though the blast may blow,
The Fisher boy jollily lives,
The Fisher boy jollily lives!

Second Verse:
Merrily, oh! Merrily, oh!
He sleeps till the morning breaks;
Merrily, oh! at the sea gulls scream,
The Fisher boy quickly awakes.
The Fisher boy quickly awakes.

Down on the strand he is plying his hand,
His shouting is heard again;
The clouds are dark, but he springs to his bark,
With the same light hearted strain.

Chorus:
Merrily, oh! Merrily, oh!
This is the burden he gives,
Cheerily, oh! Though the blast may blow,
The Fisher boy jollily lives,
The Fisher boy jollily lives!

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Reminiscences of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and Robert Southey. By Joseph Cottle. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is quite an important contribution to the literary history of the nineteenth century. To be sure, it is confined to a small space, and a few individuals, but it is full of original and important matter as far as it goes. Cottle, the author, was a bookseller at Bristol, was the early friend of Coleridge, Southey, and Wordsworth, and carried his friendship so far as to publish their first unsalable books. Throughout the lives of Coleridge and Southey, he appears to have been their associate or correspondent. He now publishes the letters of both, and his recollections of their character, conduct, and conversation. No lover of Coleridge can read the book without deep pain. It presents him as given over to sloth and self-indulgence, as careless of his word, as indifferent to the happiness and comfort of his wife and children, as a deceitful and unsafe friend, as a kind of sublime charlatan and vagabond. The revelations regarding his use of opium are astounding. About the year 1814 he consumed a pint of laudanum a day. He spent upwards of £2 10*s.* a week for opium, at the very time his family were suffering, and he himself was living on the charity of a friend. He borrowed money freely of his friends, ostensibly for the necessaries of life, but really to obtain the means of gratifying his debasing habit. He lost all control over himself. The champion of free will was himself the prey of a passion which swayed his volitions. The philosopher who was to reconcile philosophy with Christianity, was daily in the habit of violating both. The poet who celebrated in such exquisite verse the affections, abandoned his own family. Since Rousseau, there has not been his like among men of letters. In a letter to Josiah Wade, in 1814, a letter which he desires to have published after his death, he acknowledges all that his worst enemies could impute to him. “In the one crime of OPIUM,” he says, “what crime have I not made myself guilty of? Ingratitude to my Maker! and to my benefactors—injustice! and *unnatural cruelty to my poor children*! self-contempt for my repeated promise—breach, nay, too often, actual falsehood!” In the same letter he remarks—“Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who, for many years, has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that produces it. Conceive a spirit in hell, employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven, from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state, as it is possible for a good man to have.” The apology for Coleridge’s use of opium has been found in his own assertion, that he acquired the habit originally in an attempt to quiet physical pain. Southey denies this, and,

indeed, imputes duplicity to Coleridge in all the apologies he makes for his vices of self-indulgence.

Southey, it seems, from the first, never placed any dependence upon Coleridge. Writing to Cottle, in 1836, he says—"I know that Coleridge, at different times of his life, never let pass an opportunity of speaking ill of me. Both Wordsworth and myself have often lamented the exposure of duplicity which must result from the publication of his letters, and by what he has delivered by word of mouth to the worshipers by whom he was always surrounded. . . . I continued all possible offices of kindness to his children long after I regarded his own conduct with that *utter disapprobation* which alone it can call forth from all who had any sense of duty and moral obligation." When Coleridge placed himself under the care of his friend, Morgan, to be cured of his opium insanity, and while he was writing letters to the friends who lent him money, that he had reduced his allowance to twenty drops of laudanum a day, he was secretly taking his enormous doses, obtained by deceiving his benefactor, and by playing the meanest tricks upon his hired attendant. Coleridge's whole life appears to have been that of a vagabond. He subsisted on the charity of friends whom he continually deceived or outraged. At least so he appears in the representations of Southey and Cottle, and partly in his own confessions. Many of Cottle's remarks are sufficiently good for nothing; and he occasionally cants and whines distressingly, but we see no reason to doubt his statements of fact. We hope that if any thing can be said in his favor, his relations will promptly do it. In the present book the author is sunk to the level of the Savages and Dermodys of literary history.

If Coleridge, in this book, is deprived of almost every thing but his genius, and is even represented as having that a good deal dashed with charlatanry, Southey appears in his most amiable light. The austerity and spiritual pride of the man are not so prominent as the finer qualities of his heart. His letters are admirable. The earlier ones are especially spirited and graphic. He sketches the external appearance of his acquaintances to the life. "I saw," he says, "Dr. Gregory to-day; a very brown-looking man, of most pinquescent and full-moon cheeks. There is much tallow in him." Of Dr. Hunter he draws a very animated portrait. "He has a very red, drinking face, little, good-humored eyes, with the skin drawn up under them, like cunning and short-sightedness united. I saw Dr. Hunter again yesterday. I neither like him, nor his wife, nor his son, nor his daughter, nor any thing that is his." Gilbert Wakefield is despatched in a few words. "He has a most critic-like voice, as if he had snarled himself hoarse. You see I like the women better than the men. Indeed, they are better animals in general, perhaps because more is left to nature in their education. Nature is very good, but God knows there is very little of it left." The whole of Southey's youthful letters are marked by sense, enthusiasm and humor. The collection extends almost to his death. In 1826, while he was editing an edition of John Bunyan, he writes to Cottle, noticing a rumor that the Pilgrim's Progress was a mere translation from the Dutch. "The charge of plagiarism," he says, "is utterly false. *When you and I meet in the next world, we will go and see*

John Bunyan, and tell him how I have tinkered the fellow, for tinker him I will, who has endeavored to pick a hole in his reputation." This is a most perfect specimen of Southey's peculiar humor. In another letter Cottle tells him that Mackintosh has said his style was founded on Horace Walpole's. Southey replies, "my style is founded on nobody's. *I say what I have to say as plainly as I can, without thinking of the style, and this is the whole secret.* . . In fact, I write, as you may always have remarked, such as I always converse, without effort, and without aiming at display." This confession from the most fascinating of prose writers, conveys an important truth with authority.

We have said that this book derives all its value from the letters or recollections of the author's eminent friends. As such it will be extensively read. Cottle's portion is done badly, especially in the arrangement of the matter. No person curious in literary history will fail to obtain the book, in spite of the compiler's deficiencies.

The Public Men of the Revolution, Including Events from the Peace of 1783 to the Peace of 1815. In a Series of Letters. By the late Hon. Wm. Sullivan, LL. D. Edited by his Son, John T. S. Sullivan. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8vo.

This book was originally published thirteen years ago. The present is a new edition, with additional notes and references, and a short biography of the late author. The work relates to the political history of the United States, and especially to the questions at issue between the Federalists and Democrats. The author was a Federalist, and the book throughout is devoted to the vindication of the character and conduct of the leading members of his party, and the policy they advocated. The style of the composition is without bitterness, and lacks even the energy we might expect in a political discussion. It is calm, clear, somewhat diffuse, apologetic in its tone, and strikes hard hits in the blandest possible manner. The leading men and measures of the country, from 1783 to 1815, a period when party spirit raged and foamed almost to madness, are taken up in their natural order, and discussed with considerable candor. One peculiarity in the volume will impress every reader. The writer appeared to have felt that he was coming before the bar of public opinion as the advocate of persons under its ban. Instead of assuming a high tone, and dealing sturdy blows to the right and left,—instead of grappling firmly with a question, and exhibiting it at once in all its bearing—he adopts a sly, insinuating, apologizing, round about manner, which deprives his style of vitality, and conveys the impression of a timid thinker. We do not believe that Mr. Sullivan would have adopted this style unless he had supposed that in the popular mind Federalism was identified with projects to dissolve the union, and sell the country to old England. In this we think he altogether under-estimated the intelligence of the people. Many of the men whose character he defends so timidly, need no defender at all; men who, if

their merits are to be presented, deserve a hearty and eloquent recognition, unconnected with answers to dead and stale calumnies.

In this volume Mr. Jefferson is treated, not as he will be treated by the historian, but in the spirit of an opposing partisan. No fair and full representation of the man is given, no clear insight is shown of the fitness of the man for the times. Mr. Sullivan does not go very deep into the philosophy of Democracy, nor appreciate its nature. It could not be expected. With all his intelligence and virtue he lived in the times of which he writes, took sides with one of the parties, and judged Democracy by the light of Federalism, not by its own light. No man can fairly analyze what he hates or despises. With this abatement, Mr. Sullivan is eminently candid and judicial in his estimate of the leading Democrats. It would be impossible to point out a single passage of intentional misrepresentation in his book. But of unconscious misrepresentation there is necessarily much, and a person who desired to obtain a perfectly accurate view of political men and measures, could not get it by reading these letters. It must be conceded that it is disgraced by none of that falsehood, bigotry, and blackguardism, which characterize almost every former work on the subject, and which appears now to survive the controversaries from which they originally sprung. Mr. Sullivan was one of those perfectly honest politicians who would not stoop to an untruth, and who possessed the virtue of moderation. He writes like a man who believes every thing he says—a rare endowment in a political author.

Perhaps the most valuable portion of this book is its anecdotes of numerous men whose private character is but little known to this generation, and of numerous events of which history has taken little note. To the future historian of our country the work, on this account, will be very valuable.

Budget of Letters, or Things which I Saw Abroad. Boston: Wm. D. Ticknor & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Under this somewhat quaint title we have quite an original book of travels. It consists of a collection of private letters, written by an intelligent lady of Providence to her friends at home, and printed exactly as they first came from her pen. They are accordingly honest transcripts of real impressions of objects thrown off in a clear, careless style, and strongly infused with individual peculiarities. Even her “O dears!” and “goodness me’s!” and “I verily believe!” are retained. Such a book has, of course, a great deal of raciness. Those objects and scenes which professional tourists linger most lovingly over, and in the celebration of which they indulge in so much premeditated rapture, our authoress fearlessly describes according to her own perceptions. Many of her opinions are, doubtless, crude, and much of her criticism of little worth. In logic she is fond of giving the lady’s reason. There are many things on which she passes judgment, of which she knows little or nothing. Some

objects she saw with her eye and not with her mind. But, taking the book as it is, in all its freshness and individual truth, and we can hardly bring to mind a late publication of a similar nature, which excels it in interest, or one more likely to be pleasing to the tourist. There are a hundred little incidents, scenes, and annoyances, which most travelers forget as soon as experienced, which are made quite interesting in this book, and constitute its original feature. We hope this will not be the last work of the authoress.

Chambers' Miscellany of Useful and Entertaining Knowledge. Boston: Gould, Kendall & Lincoln.

This is a fac-simile of the Edinburgh edition. It is composed of a series of articles on a wide variety of subjects, including history, biography, sketches of travel, science, poetry, &c., &c. It is published in weekly numbers. No publishers in Europe equal the Messrs. Chambers in tact to discern the popular taste, and enterprise to meet it. The present work has had a large circulation abroad, and is well calculated to be popular here. Each number is complete in itself.

The Anatomy of Melancholy. What it is, with all the Kinds, Causes, Symptoms, Propensities, and Several Cures of it. By Democritus Junior. With Translations of the Classical Extracts by Democritus Minor.

There is scarce any volume to which the scholar turns with such constant and ever recurring delight as Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy. It is a store-house of rich and rare learning, and abounds, beyond any parallel, in apt and original quotation; but this is, at last, its least merit, for the author's own vein of thought, though quaint, is vigorous and manly, and is enlivened by arch and graceful digressions, full of classic wit and sturdy English humor. Dr. Johnson justly characterized the work as "a valuable book—perhaps overloaded with quotations—but there is great spirit and great power in what Burton says, when he writes from his own mind." The doctor said that it was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise. The copy before us is published in Philadelphia, by J. W. Moore, 193 Chestnut street, and in New York by Wiley & Putnam, 161 Broadway. The volume is well printed, in large and distinct type and upon good paper. We are rejoiced to see so excellent a reprint of our old favorite.

Memoir of Elizabeth Fry, with Extracts from her Journal and Letters. Edited by Two of Her Daughters. 1 vol. Philadelphia. No. 193 Chestnut Street.

The career of this distinguished and untiring philanthropist has excited deep interest and admiration on both sides the Atlantic; and her memoirs cannot be read without an increased respect for a character at once so exalted and meek, so brave and gentle. The account given by Mrs. Fry of the early religious struggles which resulted in the devotion of her life to God and her fellow creatures, will be found full of thrilling interest to those who have themselves known the night of doubt, and the joy that cometh with the morning of assured reconciliation with Heaven. The details of her prison labors are also rich in instruction. We commend the work to the attention of those who believe, with us, that there is no study more noble than the life of the just.

Ireland's Welcome to the Stranger, or an Excursion through Ireland in 1844 and 1845, for the Purpose of Personally Investigating the Condition of the Poor. By A. Nicholson.

The authoress of this volume, a lady of Irish descent, seems to have been so deeply impressed with the sufferings of the unfortunate children of the Emerald Isle, that she determined to visit and minister to them in person. She appears to have effected this purpose with very inadequate means, often afoot, and under privations which most of the sterner sex would have shrunk from. Her opportunities for learning the true condition of the lower classes were ample, and seem to have been improved with intelligence and judgment. Her descriptions are life-like and animated; and the book is to those for whom the subject has interest a pleasant and instructive one.

The Celebrated Treatise of Joach. Fortius Ringelbergius de Ratione Studii: Translated from the Edition of Van Erpe. By G. P. Earp. With Preface and Appendix, by W. H. Odenheimer, A. M., Rector of St. Peter's, Philadelphia. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This treatise is a most valuable one, and the translation strikes us as deserving praise. The Rev. Mr. Odenheimer has greatly added to the excellence of the book by his preface and appendix.

Essay on the Fairy Queen. By J. S. Hart, Professor of the Philadelphia High School.

Every reader knows that Spenser's "Fairy Queen," although marked by striking and exquisite passages, is not calculated to be a popular work, in consequence of the faults of the narrative. Professor Hart has, in the essay before us, with the mind of a poet and the skill of an artist, removed the objection alluded to, and presented the narrative in an attractive style, introducing into his remarks many of the most beautiful passages. The obvious result of his labors will be to bring the remarkable and brilliant parts of this poem familiarly before the public, and make many persons acquainted with Spenser who would never have undertaken the task of laboring, like miners, through a mass of rubbish to arrive at the pure ore. The publishers are Wiley & Putnam, of New York, and they have issued it to the world in a manner worthy of the excellence of the work itself.

The Boy's Treasury of Sports, Pastimes and Recreations.

A most delightful book for the instruction and amusement of the young, has just been issued under the above title, by Messrs. Lea & Blanchard of this city, from the London edition. It is indeed a treasury of knowledge for juveniles, comprehending chapters on various kinds of sports of the field, green and play-ground, on archery, angling, the care and keeping of animals and birds, authentic chemical experiments, &c., &c. There are nearly four hundred engravings interspersed throughout the volume, explanatory of the different subjects treated upon, and well calculated to illustrate the text. On the whole, we regard the "Treasury" as eminently calculated to be both useful and popular, and think the publishers entitled to praise for presenting to our youth so rational a means of amusement and instruction.

The Legend of Latimer, a Zurich Tale, with other Poems. By William Nind, M. A. London: F. & J. Rivington.

We have before us a copy of this pretty little volume, prepared in handsome style by the publishers. The main poem has for its subject the celebrated Latimer, who, with his co-laborer Ridley, suffered martyrdom during the reign of "bloody Queen Mary," and is marked with considerable merit. Some of the minor pieces are also worthy of praise, of which we would particularly instance a poem entitled "The Secret of the Universe."

Pictorial Life of La Fayette.

Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, of this city, have recently published a Pictorial Life of Gen. La Fayette, embracing anecdotes illustrative of his character. The eminent services rendered by this distinguished Frenchman in our struggle for national independence, and the chivalrous attributes of his character, render every thing connected with him interesting in the eyes of the American people. We are, therefore, glad that the enterprising publishers of the volume before us have caused it to be prepared, so that our youth may have an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the merits of the gallant marquis, and learn from his example, a lesson of devotion to the cause of popular liberty.

Pictorial Life of Gen. Marion.

Tradition has transmitted, and the pages of history recorded too many instances of the daring hardihood, patient endurance, and indefatigable perseverance of this celebrated partisan warrior, not to have rendered his name familiar as a household word throughout the whole length and breadth of our land. A volume, just issued from the press of Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston, gives an epitomized but highly interesting memoir of his life and deeds, and describes, in a graphic and spirited manner, a number of the scenes of strife in which Gen. M. was engaged. The preface to the volume, after alluding to the inscription on the tomb of Marion, at Belle Isle, St. Stephen's Parish, South Carolina, states that "this volume is presented as an humble echo to the labors of those who would keep the memory of such men green among the people;" and as the design is a laudable one, so must we regard the publication now under notice as admirably calculated to effect the object intended.

Laure Colin

LE FOLLET

Boulevart S^{t}. Martin, 61.

Toilettes de Longchamps.

Chapeaux de M^{me}. Delaunay, *pl. de la Bourse, 31—Plumes et fleurs de M^{me}.* Tilman, *r. Ménars, 2;*

Robes de M^{me}. Bienvenu, *r. de la Chaussée d'Antin, 41;*

Mantelet en dentelle de Violard, *r. Choiseul 2bis—Corsets de* Pousse, *r. Montmartre, 101.*

Graham's Magazine.

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 217, of butcher’s shops in the ==> of butchers’ shops in the
page 218, appellation of *têtes-carreés* ==> appellation of *têtes-carrées*
page 239, and pillared collonade, ==> and pillared colonnade,
page 266, that the Elliot’s would ==> that the Elliots would
page 271, sevez-vous il faut ==> levez-vous il faut

[The end of *Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXI, No. 5 (November 1847)* edited by George R. Graham]