GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1842

Volume XX
No. 6 June

Title: Graham's Magazine Vol. XX No. 6 June 1842
Date of first publication: 1842
Author: George Rex Graham (1813-1894), Editor
Date first posted: Feb. 20, 2022
Date last updated: Feb. 20, 2022
Faded Page eBook #20220252

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

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

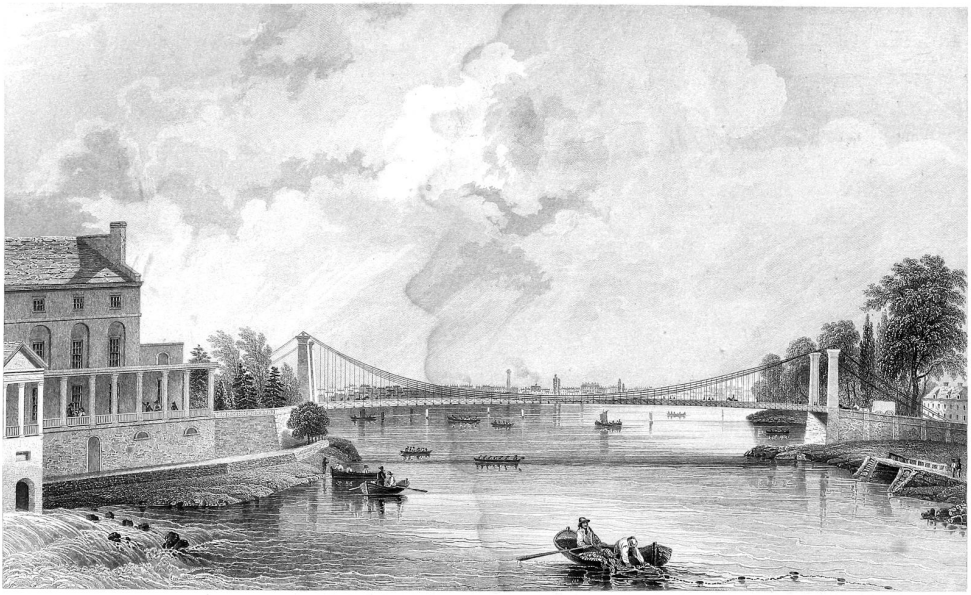
VOL. XX. June, 1842 No. 6.

Contents

Fiction, Literature and Articles

Poetry and Fashion

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



W. Croome, del. Engraved by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch & Smillie

NEW SUSPENSION BRIDGE AT FAIRMOUNT
Philadelphia.

Drawn and
Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XX. PHILADELPHIA: JUNE, 1842. NO. 6.

THE WIRE SUSPENSION BRIDGE.

This elegant structure is thrown across the Schuylkill, on the site once occupied by an airy and graceful wooden erection, for years the pride of our city, and celebrated as being the longest bridge of a single arch in the known world. The boldness of the architect in thus spanning a river three hundred and fifty feet wide, was the theme of universal admiration. Few will forget Fanny Kemble's poetic comparison, when she said the bridge looked like a white scarf flung across the water. The destruction of this favorite fabric, by fire, in the fall of 1838, was regarded as an irreparable loss.

The conflagration presented a grand picture. The flames were first seen towards the western entrance of the bridge, and in a very few minutes the whole fabric was a mass of fire. The wind was down the stream, and catching the flames as they broke from the flooring of the bridge, it swept them far away under, until a fiery cataract, reaching from shore to shore, seemed pouring horizontally down the river. By this time spectators began to throng around, and before the bridge fell, thousands lined the adjacent shores and covered the side of the overhanging hill, looking down on the scene below, as from the seats in an amphitheatre.

This splendid sight continued for some time, the gazers looking on in a rapt silence, until suddenly a low murmur, followed by an involuntary shiver, ran through the crowd, as the bridge, with a graceful curtesy, descended a few feet, hesitated, and then, with a gentle, swan-like motion, sank, like a dream, down on the waters. But the moment the fabric touched the wave, a simmering, hissing sound was heard, while ten thousand sparkles shot up into the air and sailed away to leeward. The fire still, however, burned fiercely in the upper works, which had not reached the water; while volumes of smoke rolled down the river, blending the earth, the wave, and the sky into one dark, indistinct mass, so that the burning timbers, occasionally detached from the bridge, and borne along by the current, seemed, almost without the aid of fancy, to be lurid stars floating through the

firmament. The moon, which was just rising, and which occasionally burst through the dense veil of smoke, appeared almost side by side with these wild meteors, and added to the illusion. The effect was picturesque; at times even sublime.

More than two years elapsed before the bridge was replaced by the present elegant structure, whose airiness and grace more than reconcile us to the loss of its predecessor.

This new fabric is, we believe, the finest, if not the only, specimen of its kind in the United States. The plan is simple. Two square towers of solid granite, thirty-two feet in height, are built on either abutment. Over each of these towers, on iron rollers, pass five wire cables, each cable being composed of two hundred and sixty strands, each strand being an eighth or an inch thick. The length of each cable is six hundred and fifty feet. These cables are secured, on each shore, in pits, distant from the towers one hundred feet, and continuing under ground fifty feet further, to a point where they are securely fastened at the depth of thirty feet. These pits are built over so as to exclude the rain, but not the air; and the cables, being painted, are thus preserved from rust. The cables, in stretching from tower to tower, form a curve, the lowest point of which is at the centre of the bridge. The causeway is of wood, and hangs, by smaller wire cables, from these larger ones. The width of the bridge is twenty-seven feet, and its length, from abutment to abutment, three hundred and forty-three feet. The strength of the bridge has been tested by a weight of seventy tons. The structure is painted white throughout, and has already won the name of the most graceful bridge in the country.

Painted by Sir T. Lawrence Eng'd by H.S. Sadd, N.Y.

The Proffered Kiss.
Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine.

THE SCIENCE OF KISSING!!

THE AFTER-DINNER TALK OF JEREMY SHORT, ESQ.

What glorious times, Oliver, the old Turks must have, sitting, on a sultry day like this, listening to the cool plashing of their fountains, and smoking their chiboques—egad!—until they fall asleep, and dream of dark-eyed Houris smiling on them, amid the fragrant groves and by the cool rivers of a Musselman Paradise. What a pity we were not born in Turkey, you a Bashaw of three tails, and I the Sultaun of Stamboul! How we would have stroked our beards—and smoked our pipes—and given praise to the prophet as we drank our sherbert, spiced, you know, with a *very* little of the *aqua vitæ*, that comfort of comforts to the inner man! We could then have dressed like gentlemen, and not gone about, as we do now, breeched, coated, and swaddled in broadcloth, like a couple of Egyptian mummies. Just imagine yourself in a dashing Turkish dress, with a turban on your head, and a scimitar all studded with diamonds at your side, with which—the scimitar I mean—you are wont to slice off the heads of infidels as I slice off the top of this pyramid of ice-cream—help yourself, for it's delicious! I think I see us now, charging at the head of our spahis against the rascally Russians, driving their half starved soldier slaves like chaff before a whirl-wind, and carrying our horse-tails and shouting "Il Allah!" into the very tents of their chieftains. What magnificent fellows we would have made! Ah!—my dear boy—you and I are out of our element. Take my word for it, a Turk is your finest gentleman, your true philosopher, the only man that understands how to live. He keeps better horses, wears richer clothes, walks with a nobler mien, smokes more luxuriously, drinks more seductive coffee, and kisses his wife or ladye-love with better grace, than any man or set of men, except you and I, "under the broad canopy of heaven" as the town-meeting orators have it. And let me tell you this last accomplishment—this kissing gracefully, "*secundum artem*"—is a point of education most impiously neglected amongst us. Kissing is a science by itself. Let us draw up to the window where we can drink in the perfume of the garden, and while you whiff away at your meerschaum, I will prove the truth of my assertion. One has a knack

for talking after dinner—I suppose it is because good steaks and madeira lubricate the tongue.

We are born to kiss and be kissed. It comes natural to us, as marriage does to a woman. Why, sir, I can remember kissing the female babies when I was yet in my cradle, and my friend Sir Thomas Lawrence did himself the honor to paint me at my favorite pursuit, as you know by that exquisite picture in my library. The very first day I went to school I kissed all the sweet little angels there. I wasn't fairly out of my alphabet, when I used to wait behind a pump, for my sweetheart to come out of school, and as soon as I saw her I made a point of kissing her just to see how prettily she blushed. As I grew older I loved to steal in, some summer evening, on her, and kiss her asleep on the sofa—or, if she was awake, and the old folks were by, I'd wait till they both got nodding, and then kiss her all the sweeter for the slyness of the thing. Ah! such stolen draughts are delicious. I wouldn't give a sous to kiss a girl in company, and I always hated Copenhagen, Pawns, and your other kissing plays, as I hope I hate the devil. They had a shocking custom when I was young, that everybody at a wedding should kiss the bride, just as they all drank, in the same free and easy way, out of the one big china punch-bowl; but the practice always hurt my sensibilities, and I avoided weddings as I would avoid a ghost, a bailiff, or any other fright. No—no—get your little charmer up into a corner by yourselves—watch when everybody's back is turned—then slip your arm around her waist, and kiss her with a long sweet kiss, as if you were a bee sucking honey from a flower. Nor can one kiss every girl. I'd as lief take ipecacuanha as kiss some of your sharp-chinned, icicle-mouthed, lignum-vitæ-faced spinsters—why one couldn't get the taste of the bitters out of his mouth for a week! I go in for your rosy, pouting lips, that seem to challenge everybody so saucily—egad! when we kiss such at our leisure, we think we're in a seventh heaven. I once lived on such a kiss for forty-eight hours, for it took the taste for commoner food out of my mouth "intirely," as poor Power used to say. Oh! how I loved the wide, dark entries one finds in old mansions, where one could catch these saucy little fairies, and, before they were well aware of your presence, kiss them so deliciously. There's kissing for you! Or, to go upon a sleigh ride, and when all, save you and your partner, are busy chatting—while the merry ringing of the bells and the whizzing motion of the vehicle cause your spirits to dance for very joy—to make believe that you wish to arrange the buffalo, or pull her shawl up closer around her, and then slyly stealing your face into her bonnet to kiss her for an instant of ecstasy, while she blushes to the very temples, lest others may catch you at your sport. And then, on a summer eve, to row out

upon the bosom of a moonlit lake, and while one of the ladies sings and all the rest listen, to snatch a chance and laughingly kiss the pretty girl at your side, all unnoticed except by her. Or to sit beside a charmer on a sofa, before a cozy fire on a bitter winter night, and fill up the pauses of the conversation, you know, by drawing her to you and kissing her. But more than all,—when you have won a blushing confession of love from her you have long and tremblingly worshipped with all a boy's devotion,—is the rapture of the kiss which you press holily to her brow, while her warm heart flutters against your side, and every pulse in your body thrills with an ecstasy that has no rival in after life. Ah! sir, that kiss is THE KISS. It is worth all the rest.

Next to being born a Turk I should choose to have been born an Englishman in the days of Harry the Eighth. Do you remember how Erasmus tells us, in one of his letters, that all the pretty women in London ran up to him and kissed him whenever they met? That's what I call being in clover. I don't wonder people long for the good old times, for, if all their fashions were like this, commend me to the days of the bluff monarch, when

> "thus paused on the time,
> With jolly ways in those brave old days,
> When the world was in its prime."

Did you ever attend a children's party, and see the little dears play Copenhagen? The boys seem to have an instinctive knack at kissing their partners, who always show the same modest repugnance—for modesty is inborn in every woman—aye! and flings a glory about her like the halo around a Madonna's head. The very instant one of the young scapegraces gets into the ring, he looks slyly all around it, and there be sure is one little face that blushes scarlet, and one little heart that beats faster, for well the owner knows that she is in peril. How fast her hands slide to and fro along the rope, and directly the imprisoned youngster makes a dash at her hand, and, missing it, turns away amid the uproarious laughter and clapping of hands of the rest, and essays perchance a feint to tap some other little hand, all the while, however, keeping one corner of his eye fixed on the blushing damsel who has foiled him. And lo! all at once—like an eagle shooting from the skies—he darts upon it. And now begins the struggle. What a shouting—and merry laughing—what cries of encouragement from the lookers on—what a diving under the rope, and over the rope, and among the chairs, mingled with whoopings from the boys, ensues, until the victim has escaped, or else been caught by her pursuer. Sometimes she submits quietly to the forfeit, but at other times she will fight like a young tiger. Then, indeed,

comes “the tug of war.” If she covers her face in her hands, and is a sturdy little piece beside, young Master Harry will have to give up the game, and be the laughing stock of the boys, or else set all chivalry at defiance and tear away those pretty hands by force. Many a time, you old curmudgeon, have I laughed until the tears ran out of my eyes to see a young scoundrel, scarcely breeched, kissing an unwilling favorite. How sturdily he sticks up to her, one hand around her neck, and the other, perhaps, fast hold of her chin; while she, with face averted, and a frown upon her tiny brow, is all the while pushing him desperately away. But the young rascal knows that he is the strongest, and with him might makes right. With eagerness in every line of his face, he slips his arm around her waist, and, after sundry repulses, wins the kiss at last. And then what a mighty gentleman he thinks he is! In just such a scene has my old friend Lawrence taken me off, in that picture, of THE PROFFERED KISS, in my library, egad!

It is a great grief to me that so few understand how to kiss gracefully. Kissing is an accomplishment, I may be allowed to remark, that should form a part of every gentleman’s education. A man that is too bashful to kiss a lady when all is agreeable, as Mrs. Malaprop would say, is a poor good-for-nought, a lost sinner, without hope of mercy! He will never have the courage to pop the question—mark my words—and will remain a bachelor to his dying day, unless some lady kindly takes him in hand and asks him to have her, as my friend Mrs. Desperate did. The women have a sly way of doing these things, even if, like a spinster I once knew, they have to ask a man flatly whether his intentions are serious or not; and they are very apt to do this as soon as the kissing becomes a business on your part. But to return to the *modus operandi* of a kiss. Delicacy in this intellectual amusement is the chief thing. Don’t—by the bones of Johannes Secundus!—don’t bungle the matter by a five minutes torture, like a cat playing with a mouse. Kiss a girl deliberately, sir—sensible all the time of the great duty you are performing—but remember also that a kiss, to be enjoyed in its full flavor, should be taken fresh, like champaigne just from the flask. Ah! then you get it in all its airy and *spirituelle* raciness. If you wish a sentimental kiss—and after all they are perhaps the spicier—steal your arm around her waist, take her hand softly in your own, and then, tenderly drawing her towards you, kiss her as you might imagine a zephyr to do it! I never exactly timed the manœuvre with a stop-watch, but I’ve no doubt the affair might be managed very handsomely in ten seconds. The exact point where a lady should be kissed may be determined by the intersection of two imaginary lines, one drawn perpendicularly down the centre of the face, and the other passing at right angles through the line of the mouth. Two such old codgers as you and I

may talk of these things without indiscretion; and, it is but doing our duty by the world, to give others the benefits of our experience. Some of these days, when I get leisure, I shall write a book called "KISSING MADE EASY." The title—don't you think?—will make it sell.

Kissing, however, has its evils, for the world, you know, is made up of sweet and sour. One often gets into a way of kissing a pretty girl by way of a flirtation, and ends by tumbling head over ears into love with her. This is taking the disease in its most virulent form; but—thank the stars!—it is most apt to attend on cases where the gentleman has not been used to kissing. I would recommend, as a general rule, that every one should be inoculated to the matter, for, depend upon it, this is the only way to save them from a desperate and perhaps fatal attack. I once knew a fine fellow—talented, rich, in a profession—whose only fault, indeed, was that he had never kissed anybody but his sister. He had the most holy horror of a man who could so insult the dignity of the sex as to kiss a lady—and, I verily believe, the sight of such a thing, in his younger days, would have thrown him into a fit. At length he fell in love; and as sweet a creature was Blanche Merrion as ever trod greensward, or sang from very gaiety of heart on the morning air. Day after day her lover watched her from afar, as a worshipper would watch the countenance of a saint; but months passed by and still he dared not lift his eyes to her face, when her own were shining on him from their calm, holy depths. Other suitors appeared, and if Blanche had fancied them, she would have been lost forever to Howard, through his own timidity; but happily none of them touched her heart, and she went on her way "in maiden meditation fancy free." Often, in her own gay style of raillery, would she torment poor Howard about his bashfulness; and during these moments, I verily believe, he would gladly have exchanged his situation for that of any heretic that ever roasted in an inquisitorial fire. A twelvemonth passed by, and yet Howard could not muster courage to express his devotion, and if, perchance, his eyes sometimes revealed his tale, the confession faded from them as soon as the liquid ones of Blanche were turned upon him. If ever one suffered, he suffered from his love. He worshipped his divinity in awe-struck humility, scarcely deeming she would deign to see his adoration. He might have said with Helena,

> "thus, Indian-like,
> Religious in mine error, I adore
> The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
> But knows of him no more."

At length a friend of Howard asked him to wait on him as a groomsman, and who should be his partner but Blanche! Now, of all places for kissing, commend me to a wedding. The groom kisses the bride—and the groomsmen kiss the bridemaids—and each one of the company kisses his partner, or if any one is destitute of the article he makes a dumb show of kissing somebody behind the door. But the groomsmen have the cream of the business, for it's one of the perquisites of their office that they should kiss their partners, as a sort of recompense for shawling them, and chaperoning them, and paying them those thousand little attentions which are so exquisite to a lady, and which a gentleman can only pay, especially if the lady is grateful, at some peril to his peace of mind. Ah! sir, a bridemaid is a bachelor's worst foe—one plays with edge tools when he waits at a wedding—and though you may dance with an angel or flirt with a Houri, I'd never—heaven bless you—recommend you to wait on a girl unless you were ready to marry. Seeing other folks married is infectious, and, before you know it, you'll find yourself engaged. It was a lucky chance for Howard when he was asked to wait on Blanche, for I would stake my life that nothing else could have cured him of his bashfulness. Nor even then would he have succeeded but for an accident. One lovely afternoon—it was a country wedding—he happened to pass by a little sort of summer-house in a secluded spot in the grounds attached to the mansion, and who should he see within but Blanche, asleep on a garden sofa. I wish I could paint her to you as she then appeared. One arm was thrown negligently back over her head, while the other fell towards the floor, holding the book she had been reading. Her long, soft eye-lashes were drooped on her cheek. Her golden curls fell, like a shower of sunbeams scattered through the forest leaves on a secluded stream, around her brow and down her neck; and one fair tress, stealing across her face and nestling in her bosom, waved in her breath, and rose and fell with the gentle heaving of that spotless bust. A slight color was on her cheek, and her lips were parted in a smile, the smallest space imaginable disclosing the pure teeth beneath, seeming like a line of pearl set betwixt rubies, or a speck of snow within a budding rose. Howard would have retreated, but he could not, and so he stood gazing on her entranced, until, forgetting everything in that sight, he stole towards her, and falling on his knees, hung a moment enraptured over her. As he thus knelt, his eyes glanced an instant on the book. It was the poems of Campbell, and open at a passage which he had the evening before commended. Blanche had pencilled one verse which he had declared especially beautiful. His heart leapt into his mouth. His eyes stole again to that lovely countenance, and instinctively he bent down and pressed his lips softly to those of Blanche. Slight, however, as was the kiss, it broke her slumber, and she started up; but

when her eyes met those of Howard the crimson blood rushed over her face, and brow, and down even to her bosom, while the lover stood, even more abashed, rooted to the spot. Poor fellow! He would have given the world if he could have recalled that moment's indiscretion. He stammered out something for an apology, he knew not what, yet without daring to lift his eyes to her face. She made no reply. A minute of silence passed. Could he have offended past forgiveness? He was desperate with agony and terror at the thought—and, in that very desperation, resolved to face the worst, and looked up. The bosom of Blanche heaved violently, her eyes were downcast, her cheek was changing from pale to red and from red to pale. All her usual gaiety had disappeared, and she stood embarrassed and confused, yet without any marks of displeasure, such as the lover had looked for, on her countenance. A sudden light flashed on him, a sudden boldness took possession of him. He lifted the hand of Blanche—that tiny hand which now trembled in his grasp—and said,

"Blanche! dear Blanche! if you forgive me, be still more merciful, and give me a right to offend thus again. I love you, oh! how deeply and fervently!—I have loved you with an untiring devotion for years. Will you, dearest, be mine?" and in a torrent of burning eloquence—for the long pent-up emotions of years had now found vent—he poured forth the whole history of his love, its doubts and fears, its sensitiveness, its adoration, its final hope. And did Blanche turn away? No—you needn't smile so meaningly, you old villain—she sank sobbing on her lover's shoulder, who, when at length she was soothed, was as good as his word, and sinned by a second kiss. It turned out that Blanche had loved him all along, and it was only his bashfulness that had blinded him, else by a thousand little tokens he might have seen what, in other ways, it would have been unmaidenly for her to reveal. Now, sir, months of mutual sorrow might have been saved to both Blanche and her lover, if he had only possessed a little more assurance—he would have possessed that assurance if he had been less finical—if he had been less finical he would not have been shocked at kissing a pretty girl. Isn't that demonstrated like a problem in the sixth book?

I might multiply instances, egad, for fifty years of experience *will* store one's memory with facts, and by the aid of them I could reel off arguments for this accomplishment faster than a rocket whizzes into the sky. *Kissing*, sir—but there goes the supper bell, and I see your meerschaum's out. We will rejoin the ladies, and after taking our Mocha, set the young folks to dancing, while you and I accompany them on the shovel and tongs!—Ta-ra-la-ra!

FAREWELL.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

Farewell! as the bee round the blossom
Doth murmur drowsily,
So murmureth round my bosom
The memory of thee;
Lingering, it seems to go,
When the wind more full doth flow,
Waving the flower to and fro,
But still returneth, Marian!
My hope no longer burneth,
Which did so fiercely burn,
My joy to sorrow turneth,
Although loath, loath to turn,—
I would forget—
And yet—and yet
My heart to thee still yearneth, Marian!

Fair as a single star thou shinest,
And white as lilies are
The slender hands wherewith thou twinest
Thy heavy auburn hair;
Thou art to me
A memory
Of all that is divinest:
Thou art so fair and tall,
Thy looks so queenly are,
Thy very shadow on the wall,
Thy step upon the stair,
The thought that thou art nigh,
The chance look of thine eye
Are more to me than all, Marian,
And will be till I die!

As the last quiver of a bell
Doth fade into the air,
With a subsiding swell
That dies we know not where,
So my hope melted and was gone:
I raised mine eyes to bless the star
That shared its light with me so far
Below its silver throne,
And gloom and chilling vacancy
Were all was left to me,
In the dark, bleak night I was alone!
Alone in the blessed Earth, Marian,
For what were all to me—
Its love, and light, and mirth, Marian,
If I were not with thee?

My heart will not forget thee
More than the moaning brine
Forgets the moon when she is set;
The gush when first I met thee
That thrilled my brain like wine,
Doth thrill as madly yet;
My heart cannot forget thee,
Though it may droop and pine,
Too deeply it had set thee
In every love of mine;
No new moon ever cometh,
No flower ever bloometh,
No twilight ever gloometh
But I'm more only thine.
Oh look not on me, Marian,
Thine eyes are wild and deep,
And they have won me, Marian,
From peacefulness and sleep;
The sunlight doth not sun me,
The meek moonshine doth shun me,
All sweetest voices stun me,—
There is no rest
Within my breast
And I can only weep, Marian!

As a landbird far at sea
Doth wander through the sleet
And drooping downward wearily
Finds no rest for her feet,
So wandereth my memory
O’er the years when we did meet:
I used to say that everything
Partook a share of thee,
That not a little bird could sing,
Or green leaf flutter on a tree,
That nothing could be beautiful
Save part of thee were there,
That from thy soul so clear and full
All bright and blessed things did cull
The charm to make them fair;
And now I know
That it was so,
Thy spirit through the earth doth flow
And face me whereso’er I go,—
What right hath perfectness to give
Such weary weight of wo
Unto the soul which cannot live
On anything more low?
Oh leave me, leave me, Marian,
There’s no fair thing I see
But doth deceive me, Marian,
Into sad dreams of thee!

A cold snake gnaws my heart
And crushes round my brain,
And I should glory but to part
So bitterly again,
Feeling the slow tears start
And fall in fiery rain:
There's a wide ring round the moon,
The ghost-like clouds glide by,
And I hear the sad winds croon
A dirge to the lowering sky;
There's nothing soft or mild
In the pale moon's sickly light,
But all looks strange and wild
Through the dim, foreboding night:
I think thou must be dead
In some dark and lonely place,
With candles at thy head,
And a pall above thee spread
To hide thy dead, cold face;
But I can see thee underneath
So pale, and still, and fair,
Thine eyes closed smoothly and a wreath
Of flowers in thy hair;
I never saw thy face so clear
When thou wast with the living,
As now beneath the pall, so drear,
And stiff, and unforgiving;
I cannot flee thee, Marian,
I cannot turn away,
Mine eyes must see thee, Marian,
Through salt tears night and day.

THE PEWEE.

BY DILL A. SMITH.

In hedges where the wild brier-rose,
Woos to its breast the sweets of June;
When soft the balmy south-wind blows,
The Pewee trills its simple tune.
And when on glade and upland hill
Shines out the sultrier July's sun;
And forest shade and bubbling rill
The red-bird's shriller notes have won,

Oh then along the dull road side—
(As if the deepening gloom to cheer)
The Pewee loves to wander wide—
There still its airy lay you hear.
Or now, when more familiar grown,
It seeks the busier haunts of men;
And to the welcome barn roof flown,
Renews its joyous song again.

And thus throughout the livelong day,
(Tho' showery pearl-drops damp its wings;
And heedless who may pass its way,)
The modest Pewee sits and sings.
Bird of the heart—meek Virtue's child!
Emblem of sweet simplicity;
An thou'd'st a pleasant hour have whiled,
Go list the Pewee's minstrelsy!

The eagle's wing it may not boast,
Nor yet his plume of golden sheen;
But not in garb of regal cost
Are Virtue's children always seen.
Ah, no, sweet bird! in lowly guise
Her fairest child is oftenest met;
And seldom knows thy cloudless skies,
Or path with flowers so richly set.

When summer buds are bright and gay
I fly the city's dull confines,
And love to sport the hours away
By sedgy streams and leafy shrines.
Nor least among the happy sounds
Which then salute my raptur'd ear,
I hail, from hedge and meadow grounds,
The Pewee, with its song so clear.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "CRUISING IN THE LAST WAR," "THE REEFER OF '76," ETC. ETC.

ELLEN NEVILLE.

When I recovered my senses, after the events narrated in the last chapter, I found that I was lying in the cabin of the schooner on board which I had been serving, while a group composed of the three surgeons and several officers of the expedition stood around me. As I opened my eyes and glanced around, scarce conscious as yet of the objects that met my gaze, one of the medical men bent over me and said that my safety depended on my quiet. Gradually I imbibed the full meaning of his words, and called to mind the events immediately preceding my fall; but, in spite of his charge, I felt an uncontrollable desire to learn the extent of my injury. In a low whisper—so low indeed that I was startled at its faintness—I asked if I was seriously wounded and whether we had conquered. But he smiled as he replied,

"Not now, at least not in full, for your weakness forbids it. But the danger is over. The ball has been extracted. Quiet is all you now require."

"But," said I again, "how of our expedition? Have we conquered?"

"We have, but not a word more now. To-morrow you shall hear all. Gentlemen," he continued, turning to the group, "we had best withdraw now that our friend is past the crisis. He needs repose."

I felt the wisdom of this advice, for my brain was already whirling from the attempt to control my thoughts, even for the mere purpose of asking the questions necessary to satisfy my curiosity; so when the group left the cabin I sank back on my couch, and closing my eyes with a sense of relief, soon lost all recollection in a deep sleep, the effect, no doubt, of the opiate which had been administered to me.

When I awoke, the morning breeze was blowing freshly through the cabin, bringing with it the odors of thousands of aromatic plants from the shores of the neighboring islands, and as it wantoned across my forehead, dallying with my hair and imparting a delicious coolness to the skin, I felt an invigorating, pleasurable sensation—a sensation of the most exquisite

delight—such as no one can imagine who has not felt the cool breath of morning after an illness in the close cabin of a small schooner.

My curiosity to hear the events of the combat that occurred after my fall, would not suffer me to rest, and I gave my attendants no peace until I had learnt the whole.

It will be recollected that when I sank to the deck in a state of insensibility, we were engaged in a warm contest with the piratical hulk which had been moored across the mouth of the outlet from the lagoon. The fight was maintained for some time on board of the enemy, and at first with varying success; but the daring of our men at last overcame the desperate resistance of the pirates, and the enemy were either driven below, cut down, or forced overboard. This outwork, as it were, having thus been carried, we pushed on to the settlement itself, for the other vessels moored in the lagoon were by this time deserted, the pirates having retreated to a fortification on the shore, where their whole force could act together, and where they had entrenched themselves, as they vainly imagined, in an impregnable position. But our brave fellows were not intimidated. Flushed with success, and burning to revenge those of their comrades who had already fallen, they cried out to be led against the desperadoes. Accordingly, under cover of the guns of our little fleet, the men were landed, and, while a brisk fire was kept up from the vessels, the assault was made. At first the pirates stood manfully to their posts, pouring in a deadly and unremitting fire on the assailants. In vain did the officers lead on their men three several times to the assault, for three several times were they driven back by the rattling fire of the now desperate pirates. To increase the peril of their situation, no sign of their companions in the rear had as yet appeared. The ruffians were already cheering in anticipation of a speedy victory, and our men, although still burning for vengeance, were beginning to lose all hope of victory, when the long expected rocket, announcing the arrival of the other party, shot up from the dense thicket in the rear of the fort, and instantaneously a crashing volley burst from the same quarter, followed by a long, loud cheer in which was recognised the battle shout of our comrades. The sounds shivered to the very hearts of our almost dispirited men, and added new energy to their souls and fresh vigor to their arms. Again they demanded to be led to the assault, and, with fixed bayonets, following their leader, they dashed up to the very embrasures of the fort. Then began a slaughter so terrific that the oldest veterans assured me they had never witnessed the like. Through an impervious veil of smoke, amid plunging balls and rattling grape shot, our gallant fellows swept over the plain, through the ditch, up the embankment, and into the very heart of the fortification. At the mouths of their guns they

met the pirates, bearing them bodily backwards at the point of the bayonet. But if the onslaught was determined the resistance was desperate. Every step we advanced was over the dead bodies of the foeman. Throwing away their muskets, they betook themselves to their pikes and cutlasses, and though forced to retreat by our overwhelming numbers, retreating sullenly, like a lion at bay, they marked their path with the blood of the assailants. Meanwhile the detachment of our troops in the rear, finding the defences in that quarter weaker than those in front, soon carried the entrenchments, and driving before it as well the immediate defenders of the walls, as the desperadoes who had hurried to reinforce them, it advanced with loud cheers to meet us in the centre of the fortification. Hemmed in thus on every side, the pirates saw that further resistance was useless, and were seized with a sudden panic. Some threw down their arms and cried for quarter, others cast themselves in despair on our bayonets, while a few, managing to escape by cutting their way through a part of our line, took to the swamps in the rear of the fort, whither they defied pursuit. In less than an hour from the first assault, not a pirate was left at large within the precincts of the settlement. The huts were given to the flames, and the hulk at the outlet of the lagoon scuttled and sunk. The other vessels were manned by our own forces and carried away as trophies. Thus was destroyed one of the most noted piratical haunts since the days of the Bucaneers.

We learned from the prisoners that the approach of the expedition had been detected while it was yet an hour's sail from the settlement, and that preparations had instantly been made for our repulse. Had we not been under a misapprehension as to the strength of these desperadoes, and thus been induced to take with us more than double the force we should otherwise have employed, their efforts would no doubt have been successful, since the almost impregnable nature of their defences enabled them to withstand the assault of a force four times the number of their own. It was only the opportune arrival of our comrades, and the surprise which they effected in their quarter of attack, that gave us the victory after all. As it was, our loss was terrible. We had extirpated this curse of society, but at what a price!

The wound which I had received was at first thought to be mortal, but after the extraction of the ball my case assumed a more favorable aspect. The crisis of my fate was looked for with anxiety by my comrades in arms. My return to consciousness found them, as I have described, watching that event at my bedside.

Our voyage was soon completed, and we entered the port of —— amid the salvos of the batteries and the merry peals of the various convent bells.

The governor came off to our fleet, almost before we had dropped our anchors, and bestowed rewards on the spot on those of his troops who had peculiarly distinguished themselves. He came at once to my cot, and would have carried me home to the government-house, but Mr. Neville, the uncle of the fair girl whom I had saved from the desperadoes, having attended his excellency on board, insisted that I should accept the hospitalities of his home.

"Well," said his excellency, with a meaning smile, "I must give him up, for, as you say, mine is but a bachelor establishment, and hired nurses, however good, do not equal those who are actuated by gratitude. But I must insist that my own physician shall attend him."

I was still too weak to take any part in this controversy, and although I made at first a feeble objection to trespassing on Mr. Neville's kindness, he only smiled in reply, and I found myself, in less than an hour, borne to his residence, without having an opportunity to expostulate.

What a relief it is, when suffering with illness, to be transported from a close, dirty cabin to a large room and tidy accommodations! How soothing to a sick man are those thousand little conveniencies and delicacies which only the hand of woman can supply, and from which the sufferer on shipboard is debarred! The well-aired bed linen; the clean and tidy apartment; the flowers placed on the stand opposite the bed; the green jalousies left half open to admit the cooling breeze; the delicious rose-water sprinkled around the room, and giving it an aromatic fragrance; and the orange, or tamarind, or other delicacy ever ready within reach to cool the fevered mouth, and remind you of the ceaseless care which thus anticipates your every want. All these, and even more, attested the kindness of my host's family. Yet everything was done in so unobtrusive a manner that, for a long while, I was ignorant to whom I was indebted for this care. I saw no one but the nurse, the physician, and Mr. and Mrs. Neville. But I could not help fancying that there were others who sometimes visited my sick chamber, although as yet I had never been able to detect them, except by the fresh flowers which they left every morning as evidences of their presence. More than once, on suddenly awaking from sleep, I fancied I heard a light footstep retreating behind my bed, and once I distinguished the tone of a low sweet voice which sounded on my ear, tired as it was of the grating accents of the nurse, like music from Paradise. Often, too, I heard, through the half open blinds that concealed the entrance to a neighboring room, the sounds of a harp accompanied by a female voice; and, at such times, keeping my eyes closed lest I should be thought awake and the singer thus be induced to stop, I have listened until my soul seemed fairly "lapped into Elysium." The

memory of that ample apartment, with its spotless curtains and counterpanes, and the wind blowing freshly through its open jalousies, is as vivid in my memory to-day as it was in the hour when I lay there, listening to what seemed the seraphic music of that unseen performer. I hear yet that voice, so soft and yet so silvery, now rising clear as the note of a lark, and now sinking into a melody as liquid as that of flowing water, yet ever, in all its variations, sweet, and full, and enrapturing. Such a voice I used to dream of in childhood as belonging to the angels in heaven. Our dreams are not always wrong!

At length I was sufficiently recruited in strength to be able to sit up, and I shall ever remember the delicious emotions of the hour when I first took a seat by the casement and looked out into the garden, then fragrant with the dew of the early morning. I saw the blue sky smiling overhead, I heard the low plashing of a fountain in front of my window, I inhaled the delicate perfume wafted to me by the refreshing breeze, and as I sat there my soul ran over, as it were, with its exceeding gladness, and I almost joined my voice, from very ecstasy, with that of the birds who hopped from twig to twig, carolling their morning songs. As I sat thus looking out, I heard a light footstep on the gravel walk without, and directly the light, airy form of a young girl emerged from a secluded walk of the garden, full in my view. As she came opposite my window she looked up as if inadvertently, for, catching my eye, she blushed deeply and cast her gaze on the ground. In a moment, however, she recovered herself, and advanced in the direction she had been pursuing. The first glance at the face had revealed to me the countenance of her I had been instrumental in rescuing from the pirates. My apartment, like all those on the island, was on the ground floor, and when Miss Neville appeared she was already within a few feet of me. I rose and bowed, and noticing that she held a bunch of newly gathered flowers in her hands, I said,

“It is your taste, then, Miss Neville, which has filled the vase in my room every morning with its flowers. You cannot know how thankful I am. Ah! would that all knew with what delight a sick person gazes on flowers!”

She blushed again, and extending the bouquet to me, said with something of gaiety,

“I little thought you would be up to-day, much less at so early an hour, or perhaps I might not have gathered your flowers. Since you can gaze on them from your window they will be less attractive to you when severed, like these, from their parent stem.”

"No—never," I answered warmly, "indeed your undeserved kindness, and that of your uncle and aunt, I can never forget."

She looked at me in silence with her large, full eye a moment ere she replied, and I could see that they grew humid as she gazed. Her voice, too, softened and sank almost to a whisper when at length she spoke.

"Undeserved kindness! And can we ever forget," she said, "what we owe to you?"

The words, as well as the gentle tone of reproof in which they were spoken, embarrassed me for a moment, and my eyes fell beneath her gaze. As if unwilling further to trust her emotions, she turned hastily away as she finished. When I looked up she was gone.

We met daily after this. The *ennui* of a convalescent made me look forward to the time she spent with me as if it constituted my whole day. Certainly the room seemed less cheerful after her departure. Often would I read while she sat sewing. At other times we indulged in conversation, and I found Miss Neville's information on general subjects so extensive as sometimes to put me to the blush. She had read not only the best authors of our own language, but also those of France, and her remarks proved that she had thought while she read. She was a passionate admirer of music, and herself a finished performer. For all that was beautiful in nature she had an eye and soul. There was a dash of gaiety in her disposition, although, perhaps, her general character was sedate, and late events had if anything increased its prominent trait. Her tendency to a gentle melancholy—if I may use the phrase—was perceptible in her choice of favorite songs. More than once, when listening to the simple ballads she delighted to sing, have I caught the tears rolling down my cheeks, so unconsciously had I been subdued by the pathos of her voice and song.

In a few days I was sufficiently convalescent to leave my room, and thenceforth I established myself in the one from which I had heard the mysterious music. This apartment proved to be a sort of boudoir appropriated to the use of Miss Neville, and it was her performance on the harp that I had heard during my sickness. Hers too had been the figure which I had seen once or twice flitting out of sight on my awaking from a fevered sleep.

It is a dangerous thing when two young persons, of different sexes, are thrown together in daily intercourse, especially when one, from his very situation, is forced to depend on the other for the amusement of hours that would otherwise hang heavily on him. The peril is increased when either party is bound to the other by any real or fancied ties of gratitude. But

during the first delicious fortnight of convalescence I was unconscious of this danger, and without taking any thought of the future I gave myself wholly up to the enjoyment of the hour. For Miss Neville I soon came to entertain a warm sentiment of regard, yet my feelings for her were of a far different nature from those I entertained for Annette. I did not, however, stop to analyze them, for I saw, or thought I saw, that the pleasure I felt in Ellen's society was mutual, and I inquired no further. Alas! it never entered into my thoughts to ask whether, while I contented myself with friendship, she might not be yielding to a warmer sentiment. Had I been more vain perhaps this thought might have occurred to me. But I never imagined—blind fool that I was—that this constant intercourse betwixt us could endanger the peace of either. If I could, I would have coined my heart's blood sooner than have won the love which I could not return. Yet such was my destiny. My eyes were opened at length to the consequences of my indiscretion.

We had been conversing one day of the expected arrival of THE ARROW, and I had spoken enthusiastically of my profession, and, perhaps, expressed some restlessness at the inactive life I was leading, when I noticed that Ellen sighed, looked more closely at her work, and remained silent for some time. At length she raised her eyes, however, and said,

"How can you explain the passion which a sea-man entertains for his ship? One would think that your hearts indulged in no other sentiment than this engrossing one."

"You wrong us, indeed, Ellen," I said, "for no one has a warmer heart than the sailor. But we have shared so many dangers with our ship, and it has been to us so long almost our only world, that we learn to entertain a sort of passion for it, which, I confess, seems a miracle to others, but which to us is perfectly natural. I love the old Arrow with a sentiment approaching to monomania, and yet I have many and dear friends whom I love none the less for this passion."

I saw that her bosom heaved quicker than usual at these words, and she plied her needle with increased velocity. Had I looked more narrowly, I might have seen the color faintly coming and going in her cheek, and almost heard her heart beating in the audible silence. But I still was blind to the cause of this emotion. By some unaccountable impulse I was led to speak of a subject which I had always avoided, though not intentionally—my early intimacy with Annette, and her subsequent rescue from the brig. Secure, as I thought, of the sympathy of my listener, and carried away by my engrossing love for Annette, I dwelt on her story for some time, totally unconscious of the effect my words were producing on Ellen. My infatuation on that morning seems now incredible. As I became more earnest with my subject, I

noticed still less the growing agitation of my listener, and it was not until I was in the midst of a sentence in which I paused for words to express the loveliness of Annette's character, that I saw that Ellen was in tears. She was bending low over her work so as to conceal her agitation from my eye, but as I hesitated in my glowing description, a bright tear-drop fell on her lap. The truth broke on me like a flash of lightning. I saw it all as clear as by a noonday sun, and I wondered at my former blindness. I was stung to the heart by what I had just been saying, for what agony it must have inflicted on my hearer! I felt my situation to be deeply embarrassing, and broke short off in my sentence. After a moment, however, feeling that silence was more oppressive than anything else, I made a desperate effort and said,

"Ellen!"

It was a single word, and one which I had addressed to her a hundred times before; but perhaps there was something in the tone in which I spoke it, that revealed what was passing in my mind, for, as she heard her name, the poor girl burst into a flood of tears, and covering her face with her hands she rushed from the room. She felt that her secret was disclosed. She loved one whose heart was given to another.

That day I saw her no more. But her agony of mind could not have been greater than my own. There is no feeling more acute to a sensitive mind than the consciousness that we are beloved by one whom we esteem, but whose affection it is impossible for us to requite. Oh! the bitter torture to reflect that by this inability to return another's love, we are inflicting on them the sharpest of all disappointments, and perhaps embittering their life. Point me out a being who is callous to such a feeling, and I will point you out a wretch who is unworthy of the name of man. He who can triumph in the petty vanity of being loved by one for whom he entertains no return of affection, is worse than a fop or a fool—he is a scoundrel of the worst stamp. He deserves that his home should be uncheered by a WOMAN'S smiles, that his dying hour should be a stranger to her tender care. God knows! to her we are indebted for all the richest blessings and holiest emotions of our life. While we remember that we drank in our life from a mother's breast—that we owed that life a thousand times afterwards to a mother's care—that the love of a sister or the deeper affection of a wife has cheered us through many a dark hour of despair, we can never join that flippant school which makes light of a woman's truth, or follow those impious revilers who would sneer at a woman's love. The green sod grows to-day over many a lovely, fragile being, who might still have been living but for the perfidy of our sex. There is no fiction in the oft-told story of a broken heart. It is, perhaps, a consumption that finally destroys the victim, but alas! the barb that infused

the poison first into the frame was—a hopeless love. How many fair faces have paled, how many hearts have grown cold, how many seraphic forms have passed, like angel visitants, from the earth, and few have known the secret of the blight that so mysteriously and suddenly withered them away. Alas! there is scarcely a village churchyard in the land, in which some broken hearted one does not sleep all forgotten in her lonely bed. The grave is a melancholy home; but it has hope for the distressed: there, at least, the weary are at rest.

It is years since I have visited the grave of ELLEN, and I never think of her fate without tears coming into my eyes.

I said I saw her no more that day. When I descended to the breakfast table on the following morning, I looked around, and, not beholding her, was on the point of inquiring if she was ill; but, at the instant, the door opened and one of my old mess-mates appeared, announcing to me that THE ARROW was in the offing, where she awaited me—he having been despatched with a boat to bring me on board. As I had been expecting her arrival for several days, there was little preparation necessary before I was ready to set forth. My traps had been already despatched when I stood in the hall to take leave of the family. My thoughts, at this moment, recurred again to Ellen, and I was, a second time, on the point of asking for her, when she appeared. I noticed that she looked pale, and I thought seemed as if she had been weeping. Her aunt said,

"I knew Ellen had a violent headache, but when I found that you were going, Mr. Cavendish, I thought she could come down for a last adieu."

I bowed, and taking Miss Neville's hand raised it to my lips. None there were acquainted with our secret but ourselves, yet I felt as if every eye was on me, and from the nervous trembling of Ellen's fingers, I knew that her agitation was greater than my own.

"God bless you, dear Miss Neville," I said, and, in spite of my efforts, my voice quivered, "and may your days be long and happy."

As I dropped her hand, I raised my eyes a moment to her face. That look of mute thankfulness, and yet of mournful sorrow, I never shall forget. I felt that she saw and appreciated my situation, and that even thus her love was made evident. If I had doubted, her words would have relieved me.

"Farewell!" she said, in a voice so low that no one heard it but myself. "I do not blame you. God be with you!"

The tears gushed to her eyes, and my own heart was full to overflowing. I hastily waved my hand—for I had already taken leave of the rest—sprang into the carriage, rode in silence to the quay, and throwing myself into the

stern sheets of the barge, sat, wrapt in my own emotions and without speaking a word, until we reached the ship. That night I early sought my hammock; and there prayed long and earnestly for Ellen.

The memory of that long past time crowds on me to-night, and I feel it would be a relief to me to disburden my full heart of its feelings. I will finish this melancholy story.

It was a short six months after my departure from Mr. Neville's hospitable mansion, when we came to anchor again in the port, with a couple of rich prizes, which we had taken a short time before, in the Gulf Stream. The first intelligence I heard, on landing, was that Miss Neville was said to be dying of a consumption. Need I say that a pang of keenest agony shot through my heart? A something whispered to me that I was the cause, at least partially, of all this. With a faltering tongue I inquired the particulars. They were soon told. I subsequently learned more, and shall conceal nothing.

From the day when I left ——, the health of Ellen had begun gradually to droop. At first her friends noticed only that she was less gay than usual, and once or twice they alluded jestingly to me as the secret of her loss of spirits. But when the expression of agony, which at such times would flit across her face, was noticed, her friends ceased their allusions. Meanwhile her health began sensibly to be affected. She ate little. She slept in fitful dozes. No amusement could drive away the settled depression which seemed to brood upon her spirits. Her friends resorted to everything to divert her mind, but all was in vain. With a sad, sweet smile, she shook her head at their efforts, as if she felt that they could do nothing to reach her malady.

At length she caught a slight cold. She was of a northern constitution, and when this cold was followed by a permanent cough, her friends trembled lest it foreboded the presence of that disease, which annually sweeps off its thousands of the beautiful and gay. Nor were they long in doubt. Their worst fears were realised. CONSUMPTION had fixed its iron clutch on her heart, and was already tugging at its life-strings. The worm was gnawing at the core of the flower, and the next rough blast would sweep it from the stalk. As day by day passed, she drew nearer to the grave. Her eye grew sunken, but an unnatural lustre gleamed from its depths—the hectic flush blazed on her cheek—and that dry hacking cough, which so tortures the consumptive, while it snaps chord after chord of life, hourly grew worse.

At an early period of Ellen's illness, Mrs. Neville, who had been to the orphan girl a second mother, divined the secret of her niece's malady. She

did not, however, urge her confidence on her charge, but Ellen soon saw that her aunt knew all. There was a meaning in her studied avoidance of my name, which could not be mistaken. Ellen's heart was won by this delicacy, until, one day, she revealed everything. Mrs. Neville pressed her to her bosom at the close of the confession, and, though nothing was said, Ellen felt that the heart of her second mother bled for her.

As death drew nearer, Ellen's thoughts became gradually freed from this world. But she had still one earthly desire—she wished to see me before she died. Only to Mrs. Neville, however, was this desire confided, and even then without any expectation that it could be gratified. When, however, THE ARROW stopped so opportunely in ——, her petitions became so urgent, that Mrs. Neville sent for me. With a sad heart I obeyed her summons.

"The dear girl," she said, when she met me in the ante-room, "would not be denied, and, indeed, I had not the heart to refuse her. Oh! Mr. Cavendish, you will find her sadly changed. These are fearful trials which God, in his good providence, has called us to undergo," and tears choked her further utterance. I was scarcely less affected.

It would be a fruitless task in me to attempt to describe my emotions on entering the chamber of the dying girl. I have no recollection of the furniture of the room, save that it was distinguished by the exquisite neatness and taste which always characterized Ellen. My eyes rested only on one object—the sufferer herself.

She was reclining on a couch, her head propped up with pillows, and her right hand lying listlessly on the snowy counterpane. How transparent that hand seemed, with the blue veins so distinctly seen through the skin that you could almost mark the pulsation of the blood beneath. But it was her countenance which most startled me. When I last saw her—save at that one parting interview—her mild blue orbs smiled with a sunniness that spoke the joy of a young and happy heart. Now the wild hectic of consumption blazed on her cheek, and her eyes had a brilliancy and lustre that were not of earth. Then, her rich golden tresses floated in wavy curls across her shoulders—now, that beautiful hair was gathered up under the close-fitting cap which she wore. Then her face was bright with the glow of health—alas! now it was pale and attenuated. But in place of her faded loveliness had come a more glorious beauty; and the glad smile of old had given way to one of seraphic sweetness. When she extended her wan hand toward me, and spoke in that unrivalled voice which, though feeble, was like the symphony of an Æolian harp, it seemed, to my excited fancy, as if an angel from heaven had welcomed me to her side.

“This is a sad meeting,” she said; for my emotions, at the sight of her changed aspect, would not permit me to speak—“but why grieve? It is all for the best. It might seem unmaidenly to some,” she continued, with a partial hesitation, while, if possible, a brighter glow deepened on her cheek, “for me thus to send for you; but I trust we know each other’s hearts, and this is no time to bow to the formalities of life. I feel that I am dying.”

“Say not so, dear Ellen,” I gasped, while my frame shook with agony at the ruin I had brought about—“oh! say not so. You will yet recover. God has many happy years in store for you.”

“No, no,” she said touchingly, “this world is not for me; I am but a poor bruised reed—it were better I were cast aside. But weep not, for oh! I meant not to upbraid you. No, never, even in my first agony, have I blamed *you*—and it was to tell you this that I prayed I might survive. Yes! dearest—for it cannot be wrong now to confess my love—I would not that you should suppose I condemned you even in thought. You saved my life—and I loved you before I knew it myself. You weep—I know you do not despise me—had we met under better auspices, the result might have been—” here her voice choked with emotion—“might have been different.” I could only press her hand. “Oh! this is bliss,” she murmured, after a pause. “But it was not so to be,” she added, in a moment, with a saddened tone, which cut me to the heart. “I should love to see her of whom you speak—she is very beautiful, is she not? In heaven the angels are all beautiful.” Her mind wandered. “I have heard their music for days, and every day it is clearer and lovelier. Hear!” and with her finger raised, her eye fixed on the air, and a rapt smile on her radiant countenance, she remained a moment silent.

Tears fell from us like rain. But by and bye, her wandering senses returned; and a look of unutterable wo passed over her face. Oh! how my heart bled. I know not what I said; I only know that I strove to soothe the dying moments of that sweet saint, so suffering, yet so forgiving. A look of happiness once more lightened up her face, and, with a sweet smile, she talked of happiness and heaven. As we thus communed, our hearts were melted. Gradually her voice assumed a different tone, becoming sweeter and more liquid at every word, while her eyes shone no longer with that fitful lustre, but beamed on me the full effulgence of her soul once more.

“Raise me up,” she said. I passed my arm around her, and gently lifted her up. Her head reposed on my shoulder, while her hand was still clasped in mine. She turned her blue eyes on me with a seraphic expression, such as only the sainted soul in its parting moment can embody, and whispered—

“Oh! to die thus is sweet! Henry, dear Henry—God bless you! In heaven there is no sorrow,” and then, in incoherent sentences, she murmured of bright faces, and strange music, and glorious visions that were in the air. The dying musician said that he then knew more of God and nature than he ever knew before, and it may be, that, as the soul leaves the body, we are gifted with a power to see things of which no mortal here can tell. Who knows? In our dying hour we shall learn.

The grave of Ellen is now forgotten by all, save me. The grass has grown over it for long years. But often, in the still watches of the night, I think I hear a celestial voice whispering in my ear; and sometimes, in my dreams, I behold a face looking, as it were, from amid the stars: and that face, all glorious in light, is as the face of that sainted girl. I cannot believe that the dead return no more.

THE RETURN HOME.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

I'm with you once again, my friends—
No more my footsteps roam—
Where it began my journey ends,
Amid the scenes of home.
No other clime has skies so blue,
Or streams so broad and clear,
And earth no hearts so warm and true,
As those that meet me here.

Since last, with spirits wild and free,
I pressed my native strand,
I've wandered many miles at sea,
And many miles on land;
I've seen all nations of the earth,
Of every hue and tongue,
Which taught me how to prize the worth
Of that from whence I sprung.

In distant countries when I heard
The music of my own,
Oh how my echoing heart was stirred!—
It bounded at the tone!
But when a brother's hand I grasp'd
Beneath a foreign sky,
With joy convulsively I gasp'd,
Like one about to die.

My native land, I come to you
With blessings and with prayer,
Where man is brave, and woman true,
And free as mountain air.
Long may our flag in triumph wave,
Against the world combined,
And friends a welcome, foes a grave,
On land and ocean find.

MISS THOMPSON.

A TALE OF A VILLAGE INN.

BY MRS. A. M. F. ANNAN.

It may be out of keeping with our subject to apply the homely epithet of a "fish out of water" to Mr. Bromwell Sutton in the rural village of G——, but as no periphrasis suggests itself which would express his position as well, we must fain eschew elegance for the occasion, and let it stand. It was a sultry afternoon, in the middle of summer, when he arrived at the Eagle Inn, and after changing his dress, stepped to the door to see what could be seen. He looked up the street, and down and across, and not a living thing was visible besides himself, except a few sheep dozing in the market-house, and two or three cows silently ruminating in the shade of the town hall, both of which edifices were near at hand. Then having decided that there was nothing in the architectural aspect of the straggling village worth a second look, he concentred his scrutiny upon himself.

The result of his investigation stood thus:—that he was a very charming young man, was Mr. Bromwell Sutton. He had a slender, well formed figure, which was encased in a fresh suit of the finest texture and most unexceptionable make. His features were regular, and of that accommodating order which allows the spectator to assign them any character he may choose. His complexion was fair and clear, his teeth were very white and his eyes very blue. His hair was dark, daintily glossed and perfumed with oil, and of a length, which, on so warm a day, would have made a silver arrow or a gilded bodkin a judicious application; and he had two elongated tufts on his upper lip, and a round one on his chin corresponding to the space between them. He wore a Panama hat of the most extensive circumference, and carried a pair of white gloves, either to be drawn on his hands or slapped on his knees, whichever circumstances might require; and the corner of a hem-stitched handkerchief of transparent cambrick stuck out of his pocket.

A handbill pasted on the sign-post next caught his eye, and, though it was a favorite saying with him that he "never read," to be understood of

course, not that he never *had* read, but that he knew enough already; he so far conquered his disdain of literature as to step forward and ascertain its purport. This, set forth in the interesting typographical variety which veteran advertisers so well comprehend, of large and small Romans, and Italics leaning some to the right and some to the left, and some standing perpendicular, was as follows:

"Mr. Azariah Chowders, celebrated throughout the Union for his eloquent, entertaining and instructive discourses on miscellaneous subjects, proposes delivering a lecture on the evening of the present instant, in the town hall of G——. The theme selected is, the Genius of the American People, one, which, from its intrinsic importance, requires no comment," &c. &c.

He was interrupted by the rattle of a distant vehicle, and looking up the street, saw a chaise approaching which contained a single "individual," as he mentally pronounced him. He drove a fine horse, and drew him up before the door of the inn. The chaise was a plain, common looking concern, full of travel-worn trunks and boxes, and its occupant was dressed in a light summer suit, rather neat, but entirely too coarse for gentility.

"It's only a Yankee pedlar," said Mr. Sutton to the landlord who was coming out, and entirely careless of being overheard by the stranger; and he walked up to his chamber, where he awakened a diminutive poodle, his travelling companion, from the siesta with which it was recruiting after its journey, and occupied himself in cracking his handkerchief at it, until an additional stir in the house indicated the approach of tea-time. He then came down, carrying Cupidon, for so was the animal appellated; and found in the bar-room a young gentleman, a law-student, to whom he had delivered a letter on his arrival, and who was a boarder in the house. The other stranger had, meanwhile, entered the room, and was cooling himself at an open window, with his short curling hair pushed back from a forehead remarkable in its whiteness and intellectual development, and crowning a face of strikingly handsome lineaments and prepossessing expression.

"How do you contrive to exist in this stupid place?" asked our dandy of his new acquaintance, whose name was Wallis; "they say there are some genteel people about,—have you any pretty girls among them to flirt with?"

"We have some pretty young ladies, but don't use them for that purpose exactly," replied Wallis; "we admire them, and wait on them and try to please them, and then, when we can afford it, we marry them, if they don't object."

"Have you seen anything of a lady vagabondising in this region,—a Miss Valeria North?"

"Miss Valeria North, the fashionable heiress of B——? the niece of the celebrated Judge North? what should she be doing here?"

"Oh, I don't know,—it's beginning to be genteel for people to get tired of society, and to go hunting up out-of-the-way places that one knows nothing about except from the maps; I heard in the railroad cars that she was making a tour along the river here, and was in hopes that I might fall in with her. What do you know of her?"

"I heard a great deal about her at Saratoga last summer, where I happened to stop for a few days. Every body was talking about her beauty, talents and accomplishments, and in particular about her plain and simple manners, so singular in an heiress and a belle. The young men, mostly, seemed to have been afraid of her; regarding her as a female Caligula who would have rejoiced in the power of decapitating all the silliness, stupidity and puppyism in the world with one stroke of her wit."

"Indeed!" said Sutton, with a weak laugh that proved him not to apprehend what he was laughing at; "I hope she'll soon come along; I'm prepared for a dead set at her. Girls of two or three hundred thousands are worth that trouble; it's a much pleasanter way to get pocket money than to be playing the dutiful son for it."

Wallis elevated his eyebrows, but made no other reply.

"That, I suppose, is one of your village beauties,—that one walking in the garden with the pink dress on and the black apron," resumed Sutton.

"No; she is a stranger boarding here,—a Miss Thompson."

"Miss Thompson!—it might as well be Miss Blank for all the idea that conveys. Who, or what is she?"

"She does not say;—there is the name in the register beside you,—'*Mrs. Thompson and daughter*'—so she entered it. She and her mother stopped here a week or two ago, on account of the lady's health."

"Thompsons!—they oughtn't to be found at out-of-the-way places; all the genteel Thompsons that I ever heard of go to springs and places of decided fashion; it is absolutely necessary, that they may not be confounded with the mere Thompsons,—the ten thousand of the name. But that is a pretty looking girl,—and rather ladyish."

"She is a lady—a well-bred, sensible girl, as ever I met with, and very highly educated."

They were interrupted by the bell for tea, and, on entering the eating-room, they found the young lady in the pink dress at the table, with an elderly, delicate looking woman (Mrs. Thompson, of course,) beside her. Mr. Sutton advanced to the place immediately opposite to her, and a nearer view suggested that she might be one of the genteel Thompsons after all. She was a spirited looking girl, rather under the middle height, with a clear and brilliant, though not very fair complexion; large black eyes, surmounted by wide and distinctly marked eyebrows, and a broad, smooth forehead; a nose, (that most *difficult* of features, if we may judge by the innumerable failures,) a nose beautifully straight in its outline and with the most delicately cut nostrils possible; and the most charmingly curved lips, and the whitest teeth in the world. Having made these discoveries, Mr. Sutton decided that if her station should forbid his admiring her, he would not allow it to prevent her from admiring him. To afford her the benefit of this privilege, it was necessary that he should first attract her notice, for she had bestowed but a single glance at him on his entrance, as had her mother, the latter drawing up her eyelids as if she had been very near-sighted; and to affect this, he called, in a peremptory voice to the servant attending,

"Waiter, I wish you would give my dog something to eat."

"Your dog, sir?—where is it?" asked the colored man, looking around the room, and then giving a loud whistle to call the invisible animal forth.

"Here," replied Sutton, sharply; "or you may bring me a plate and I'll feed him myself;" and he pointed to the miniature specimen, lying like a little lump of floss-silk, on his foot.

"That! I-I-I—he! he! ha! ha!" exclaimed the waiter, attempting at first to restrain himself, and then bursting into a chuckling laugh; "is it—really—a dog, sir?—a live dog!"

Cupidon, as if outraged by the suspicion, hereupon sprang into the middle of the room, barking at the height of his feeble voice, and showing his tiny white teeth, while his wicked little eyes sparkled with anger. The cachinnations of the amused and astonished servant increased at every bark, and drew a laugh from Wallis, and a smile from each of the ladies. Sutton with difficulty silenced his favorite, and finding that the desired impression of his consequence had not been made, he proceeded to another essay. "Waiter," he slowly enunciated, with a look of disgust at the steel implement in his hand; "have you no silver forks?"

"Sir?" said the attendant with a puzzled expression.

"Any silver forks?" he repeated emphatically.

"No, sir; we don't keep the article."

“Then you should not put fish on the table; they ought properly to be inseparable,” he returned, magisterially, and rising from his seat, he approached the stranger of the chaise, who had quietly placed himself some distance below them, and asked, “Have you any such things as silver forks among your commodities?—I believe that persons in your vocation sometimes deal in articles of that description.”

The stranger looked up in surprise, and, after scanning him from head to foot, a frown which was gathering on his face gave way to a look of humorous complacency—“I am sorry I can’t accommodate you, sir,” said he; “but I might probably suggest a substitute;—how would a tea-spoon do?”

He returned to his seat, rather dubious about the smiles he detected, and, as a third effort, addressed himself, somewhat in the following manner, to Wallis, whose interlocutions are unnecessary. “How far did you say it was to the Sutton Mills?—only four miles, isn’t it? I shall have to apply to you to show me the way. I have a curiosity to see them, as they are one of my father’s favorite hobbies. I often laugh at him for christening them with his own name. Calling a villa, a fashionable country seat, after one’s self, is well enough, but mills or manufactories—it is rather out of taste. Is the fourth finished yet? I believe it is to be the finest of all; indeed, it seems to me a little injudicious in the old gentleman to have invested so much in a country property—there are at least half a dozen farms, are there not? but I suppose he was afraid to trust his funds to stocks, and he has already more real estate in the city than he can well attend to. However, if he had handed over the amount to me, I think I could have disposed of it with a much better grace. He did offer me a title to them, some time ago, but it was on condition that I should come here and manage them myself, but I begged to be excused, and it was only on agreement that I should have a hundred per cent. of the revenue this year, that I consented to undergo the trouble of visiting them, or the sacrifice, rather—there are so many delightful places to go to in the summer,” and so forth.

Having, from these indirect explanations, made a clear case that his society was entitled to a welcome from the best Thompson in the world, and to that with thanks, if his fair neighbor was only a crockery Thompson, he arose and returned to the front of the house. The village had, by this time, awakened from its nap, and the larger proportion of its inhabitants were bending their steps to the town hall. Numerous well appointed carriages were also coming in from the surrounding neighborhood, whose passengers were all bound to the same point. “Where are all these people going?” asked Sutton.

"To the lecture announced in that handbill," replied Wallis—and Miss Thompson presenting herself at the door, ready bonnetted, he walked with her in a neighborly sort of a way across the street. After a while the throng ceased, and from some impatient expressions of the loungers about the tavern, Sutton ascertained that the lecturer had not yet appeared.

"Why, that man I mistook for a Yankee pedlar must be he, I should judge," said he to the landlord.

"Who?—where?" said a young man, who had not heard the last clause.

"That tall fellow, in the garden, there, drest in the brown-holland pantaloons and Kentucky jean coat."

"Indeed!—I thought he was to stop at the other house;" and he hastened down the street, while Sutton, finding that every body was going to the hall, strolled there also.

Meanwhile, the stranger in the coarse jeans was enjoying himself in a saunter through the quiet and pretty garden of the inn, which was so hedged and enclosed as to admit of no view of the street, when a consequential personage presented himself, and saluting him stiffly, introduced himself as "Mr. Smith, the proprietor of the G—— Hotel."

"I am happy to make your acquaintance, sir," said the young stranger, courteously.

"I have taken the liberty to call, sir, and inform you that the audience has been waiting for some time. It is full fifteen minutes past the time announced in the handbills;" pulling one from his pocket—"I felt a reluctance to intrude, but, putting the best construction upon your conduct, in not informing me of your arrival, after I had been at the pains to prepare for you, I presumed it proceeded from a mistake; you are at the opposition establishment."

"There certainly is a mistake," interrupted the stranger.

"Very well, very well, sir, as an entire stranger you can be excused," hastily proceeded Mr. Smith; "but there is no time to talk about it now—we can settle it after a while. Be good enough to hurry over; the people are getting impatient. You will have a large audience, sir; they were afraid they would be disappointed, which would have been a bad business, as we very seldom have lecturers from a distance. It was lucky that you happened to be found out by one of my boarders, for some of the gentlemen were talking about dispersing, and if that had occurred, we would all have been up in arms against you;—we are pretty fiery, some of us!"

"Then you would not be willing to wait another evening?"

“To wait! certainly not; I hope you have no such idea!—let me beg you to hurry, sir!”

“Well, but—”

“My dear sir!—let me insist—you have announced a very interesting subject—‘The Genius of the American People;’ the very thing for our audience—American through and through—very patriotic!”

“Very well, sir—I’ll try to do my best—let me change my dress a little, and I’ll attend you.”

To the surprise of the inmates of the Eagle, excepting, indeed, Mr. Sutton, who paid a mental tribute to his own sagacity—in a few minutes their fellow lodger entered and mounted the rostrum. A figure as graceful and commanding would have struck the fastidious assemblage of a fashionable city lecture-room. He showed some embarrassment after casting his eyes over the really large audience, but a round of applause gave him time to collect himself, and he commenced a modest preface, stating that he had not had time to arrange his ideas on the subject proposed, in such a form as he could have wished, yet as it was one that ought to be familiar to all good citizens, he hoped he should not entirely fail.

We regret that our space will not permit us to edify our readers with the critique on his performance which duly appeared in the village newspaper. Suffice it, that after an elaborate eulogium on his fine person, captivating voice, and expressive gestures; his sparkling wit, elevated imagination, and extensive reading, he was pronounced *ex cathedrâ*, “a patriot, a scholar and a gentleman.”

The next morning, when they met in the breakfast room, Miss Thompson and Wallis were fluent in commendation of the lecture. “I was most agreeably disappointed,” said the lady; “having been prepared for nothing more than the flippant inanities we usually hear from itinerant lecturers. This gentleman is an orator—one that would draw crowds among the most intellectual communities in the country. The subject was so hackneyed, that to announce it appeared ridiculous; but he treated it like a statesman, and made it really imposing by evidences of original thought and profound information.”

She was interrupted by the object of her remarks entering the room—and after he had taken his seat at the table, she turned and remarked to him, with respectful complaisance, “you had a large and very attentive auditory last night, sir.”

The stranger bowed and returned, “I was surprised to find an assemblage so numerous and respectable, and had every reason to be flattered by their

reception."

"I have no doubt you entertained them exceedingly," interposed Sutton; "you did very well, very well, indeed; for a plain country audience, nothing could have suited them better. I suppose you consider yourself as having made quite a speculation; at fifty cents a head the receipts must have been considerable."

Miss Thompson glanced at him with a look of irritation, which, however, changed to one of merriment at the comic stare of the itinerant, his only answer.

Just then there was a bustle in the entry, and the landlord was heard saying in a tone of expostulation—"The gentleman is at his breakfast, sir; have a little patience, and, no doubt, he will satisfy you afterwards. The other boarders are all at the table, and it would only cause a confusion."

"So much the better," returned a stentorian voice; "let me in, sir, or you shall be exposed for harboring a swindler;" and a formidable-looking person, large of size and exceeding fierce of countenance, entered. He was accompanied by Mr. Smith of the rival house, who designated the lecturer, and striding up to him, he exclaimed, in a strong Connecticut accent, "So, sir! you are the gentleman that entertained this community last evening with a lecture on the 'Genius of the American People;' you are Azariah Chowders, are you?"

"I sir?—by no means! I rejoice in quite a different appellation."

"No sir,—I myself am Azariah Chowders, and I hereby pronounce you an impudent imposter. I demand to know, sir, how you could dare to avail yourself of my name and well-earned reputation to deliver a spurious lecture and rob the pockets of a large audience?"

"From several reasons, sir. In the first place, to relieve the solicitude of that gentleman, Mr. Smith."

"That shall not serve you! your flagitious conduct,—"

"Pray hear me out, sir! secondly, as he assured me a number of persons would be disappointed if they should not hear a lecture—common philanthropy—"

"A benevolent youth, upon my word!" laughed Mr. Chowders in derision; "I'll not listen."

"Then for my third and last reason,—how could I resist such a capital opportunity for showing off? A gentleman of your aspiring disposition should not be too severe upon the ambition of others. I had no fame of my own to procure me a welcome, and as there was no claimant for yours,—"

“Young man, you had better confess the truth at once! you could not resist the temptation of pocketing the dollars which you know would be collected on my credit. I shall have redress, sir—there are such things as indictments for swindling.”

“My good sir! you certainly would not menace me with anything so terrific! remember how much labor I have taken off your hand,—the exertion of your brain and lungs, besides securing for you every cent of the admittance fees. Landlord, oblige me by bringing here the handkerchief which I requested you last night to deposit in your desk.”

The host of the Eagle complied with alacrity, and the young stranger unrolling his handkerchief, displayed a collection of notes and silver, particularly inviting in these hard times. The sight of it mollified the assailant at once. “Here, sir,” said the other, “you have the emoluments of the lecture just as they were placed in my hands by the gentleman beside you, Mr. Smith. My worthy host will be my voucher that I have not seen it since; and I think I may be equally confident that it has lost nothing by being in his possession. I beg pardon if I have incommoded you by presuming to supply your place; but I hope your friend, Mr. Smith, will do me the justice of attributing it in part to his mistake and solicitations.”

“Willingly,” said Mr. Smith; “and in explanation of my share of the business, it originated from a remark made by that gentleman,” nodding towards Mr. Sutton.

Mr. Chowder, with some accession of graciousness, remarked that an accident to his carriage had caused the delay on his part, and he condescended to add, that it was well enough some one had been found to entertain the company in his stead.

“You are lenient, sir,” said the offender, “and, in return, I give you my word that I shall never again attempt to win a laurel leaf in your name. The audience shall be undeceived, and all the opprobrium of my presuming to represent your oratorical abilities shall rest on myself. At present, I have no other security to offer than my name, which, however, I hope will prevent similar mistakes for the future,” and he glanced at Sutton; “it is Norman Oakley, and my occupation is that of an artist,—a painter,” and the visiters retired.

“Rather a ferocious gentleman, that Mr. Azariah Chowders,” said Wallis who, with Miss Thompson had witnessed the scene, much to their amusement.

“Quite,” returned the painter, resuming his natural manner; “though I had prepared myself for a much stronger demonstration of it;—perhaps,

because I felt that I deserved it. He could not have been more surprised at finding himself counterfeited than I was on presenting myself in your lecture-room. I had expected to meet with some little literary society, or association for mutual improvement, such as are common in your villages, and assented to the importunity of the committee-man without explaining the mistake, in expectation that I might have some diversion of my own from it. When I found an assemblage of the whole community, I felt inclined, through respect for them, to make an explanation and withdraw; but, on second thought, concluded that as I had gone so far, I might as well remain and do my best to afford them a little entertainment."

"Why, that brown-holland chap seemed to think he would elevate himself a peg by letting us know that he is a painter;—I should like to know how much more elegant it is to stroll about painting than peddling or lecturing," said Mr. Sutton to Wallis, when they had left the table; "but that Miss Thompson is an astonishingly handsome girl; what a complexion she has!—what eyes and what teeth!—what a sensation she would make in society—that is, if she had a fortune and somebody to show her off!"

"You had better offer her yours, and engage in the service yourself," said Wallis.

"Money for money,—'like loves like;' it is a generally received opinion among *us* that a good-looking fellow, fashionable and well connected, is an equivalent for a woman with fifty thousand dollars any day. If he has a fortune, she should be worth dollar for dollar besides. I don't know what this Miss Thompson is, so I believe I'll wait till Valeria North comes along."

"Valeria North! why, my dear fellow, she would annihilate you!" returned Wallis, and he thought to himself, "this is the most ridiculous jackanapes I have ever met with; if I must be bored with his acquaintance, I'll have a little fun with him;" and he added in a significant tone, "I thought there was some sort of magnetism by which you people of fashion found each other out. Is it possible you have not seen into Miss Thompson yet? Between ourselves she is as great an heiress as Miss North."

"You don't say so!—well, she looks as if she deserved to be. Come, Wallis, introduce me, and Miss North may go to the dickens."

"I am sorry I can't oblige you; but as I have merely talked to Miss Thompson, myself, as a fellow-boarder, I am not privileged to introduce a stranger."

"No matter, we men of the world can manage such things. They are in that room, aren't they? and by good luck Cupidon has sneaked in. I'll go after him."

"I beg pardon, ladies, if I intrude," said he bowing; "but my dog—"

"Not at all, sir, this is the common parlor of the house," returned Mrs. Thompson, quietly, and scarcely looking up from her work.

Thus happily possessed of the freedom of the room, Mr. Sutton turned over some books on a table, and at length remarked, when he had caught the eye of Miss Thompson, "These country villages are monstrously tiresome to persons accustomed to a city life."

"Are they?" said she, and looked again on her book.

"They say that Saratoga is unusually thronged this year," he resumed after a pause; "I had the pleasure of meeting with a young lady of your name there last summer;—indeed, I had quite a flirtation with her; perhaps she was a relation of yours—the daughter of old General Thompson of Virginia."

"Not in the least," said the young lady.

"Judge Thompson, of one of the New England states, was there, at the same time, with his daughters. Very elegant girls all of them,—quite belles. They are of a different family,—perhaps of yours?"

"No sir, they are not," returned Miss Thompson, impatiently giving her reticule a swing, which raised Cupidon off his feet, that important character having laid siege to the tassels.

"*Laissez aller*, Cupidon! a thorough-bred Parisian animal, Miss,—he does not understand a word of English. He was a keepsake from a particular friend of mine, Baron Mont Tonnére. You may have met with the baron; he was quite a lion among our *élite*? By the by, a Miss Thompson came very near being the baroness,—she was one of the Thomas Thompsons of New York."

No reply.

"One of the best families in the country,—the same as the B. B. Thompsons of Philadelphia, the Brown Thompsons of Charleston, and the Thoroughgood Thompsons of Boston."

"You seem quite *au fait* to the Thompsons;" said the elder lady; and turning to her daughter, they resumed a conversation, which he had interrupted, about the lecture and the lecturer, Miss Thompson expressing a wish to see some of his productions, and her confidence that a person of his evidently cultivated taste must possess merit as a painter. Mr. Sutton, as is common with vain people, drawing his conclusions from his own practice, presumed, of course, that all their fine talking was specially aimed at his favor, and when the younger lady, in return for his occasional interpositions,

gave him a disdainful glance of her full black eyes, he admired her art in displaying their brilliancy.

The garden of the inn commanded one of the loveliest views among the finest river scenery in our country, an exquisite combination of glassy water, little green islets, hills of every variety of form, and mountains, rising one behind another till their outlines grew almost imperceptible in the distance. This, in the light of a magnificent sunset caught the eye of the young painter from a little summer-house in which he had been reading, and he hastened to his room for his portfolio. On his return he commenced sketching with such intentness that he did not perceive that Miss Thompson had taken possession of his former post, until she addressed him with the remark, "You have a most admirable subject for your pencil before you, sir."

"Beautiful, beautiful!" returned he, warmly; "I never have beheld anything in this order of scenery to surpass it, though, indeed, this glorious river presents, in its whole course, a panorama of views so varied and each so perfect, that it is difficult to decide upon any one as claiming the strongest admiration. I have been tracing it for several months, my store of sketches accumulating every day, and the larger number of them such as would require the hand of a master to do them justice. I sometimes almost despair, and feel inclined to abandon my art from the difficulties I find in attempting not to disgrace my subjects,—such as these for instance,—they may be familiar to you."

He laid before her several sketches, and, observing, with evident pleasure, her expression of admiration he continued,—"This and this I have finished in oil, if it will afford you any amusement, I shall bring them down."

She assented with thanks and the pictures were produced. She scanned them over and over again, as if not new to connoisseurship, and when she turned her eyes to the painter from his work, they sparkled with delight that brought a flush to his face. "There is a view which you cannot yet have found;" said she, "one but a few minutes walk from here. I would rather see it on canvass, if executed in the spirit of these, than any Claude I have ever heard of!—when you have seen it I am confident you will undertake it. Will you let me point it out to you?"

The painter cast upon her one of those quick, searching looks that belong to the profession, and was so struck with the intellectual beauty of her glowing and earnest face, that he forgot to reply.

"In this gorgeous sunset it must be magnificent beyond imagination," she continued, catching up a bonnet beside her; "if we hurry we shall yet

have time to see it. Will you go now?" He merely bowed, without any common-places about "the pleasure" or the "happiness," and laying down his portfolio, he closed the door of the edifice to secure his property, and set off beside her.

"Well, what did you think of Miss Thompson?" asked Wallis of Mr. Sutton the next morning.

"She has splendid black eyes, and how well she knows it too! but she is quite too shy,—I couldn't draw her out."

"She was talking fast enough to Mr. Oakley, last evening,—I saw them walking together."

"Did you!" exclaimed Sutton, in surprise.

"Yes, and if you don't take care, he'll spoil your flirtation before you get it rightly underweigh. He is as handsome a fellow as ever I saw, and as gentlemanlike."

Sutton glanced down at himself. "Oh, I don't mind such things;" said he magnanimously; "indeed, I should rather give her credit for encouraging the young man. It is fashionable now to patronise such people. I intend to give him something to do myself, particularly as it will gratify the young lady. She expressed a wish yesterday to see some of his work, and I promised her to employ him on myself. Do you paint portraits, Mr. O-Oakton?—that I believe is the province of country artists;" he added to the painter who had presented himself.

"Sometimes I do,—when I find a face worth painting."

"Of course, of course;—I have just been saying that I intend to get you to take mine. It may be of some service in getting you into business here. I hope you will not bore me by making me sit often. When can you begin?"

"Any time,—now if you choose,—it won't require long to take *you* off. I have my portfolio at hand, and can do it at once. Take this seat."

"My father," pursued the dandy; "is noted as a patron of the fine arts. He, however, seldom employs young artists, as they don't yield him the worth of his money. He says that after a painter gets up to a hundred dollars a head for portraits, or for a square yard of other things, he thinks he may trust him, as his productions may then be supposed to be good. He had the ceilings of his drawing-rooms frescoed by Monachisi, which was very expensive, and, besides, he has employed several other of the popular artists;" giving an enumeration which, in accuracy, scarcely fell short of that by the erudite hero of Fielding—"Ammyconni, Paul Varnish, Cannibal Scratchi, and Hogarthi."

"Please to shut your mouth, sir;" said the Painter.

"Now, don't make a fright of me;" resumed Mr. Sutton; "try your best, and I may, very probably, give you another job. How would you like to paint Miss Thompson for me?—when she gets over her shyness I'll propose it to her, if you succeed in this. She is a confounded pretty girl, don't you think so?—quite as handsome as some of the portraits in the Book of Beauty,"—

"Keep your mouth shut, if you please."

The picture proposed by Miss Thompson was commenced, and whether it was from the excellence of the subject, or the eloquence of her suggestions, the painter exerted upon it his best ability. Their mutual interest in it was a bond of acquaintance which strengthened as the work proceeded, and every day developed some new qualities in each, which could not have failed to endow their intercourse with attraction. He was a noble young man, altogether,—full of talent, generous feelings and high-toned principles; and of a buoyant, mirthful spirit and powers of adapting himself to circumstances so rarely found with lofty intellect and so delightful when they accompany it. His fair companion was not less richly endowed by nature and education, but it was only by those who could appreciate the stronger points of her character that she would have been equally admired. These perpetually exhibiting themselves in an ardent enjoyment of every thing beautiful in thought, sentiment or the external world, and in an intrepid scorn of any thing like vanity, selfishness or insincerity, gave her manners a cast that among the conventional world would have denounced her as "odd," yet there was a grace in her energy, that, to those who understood her, made it an additional charm. In short, they might have had a multiplicity of excuses, if they had chosen to fall in love with each other, but of this there were no indications. They walked together with perfect freedom, entirely careless or unconscious of remark; and they talked together, appearing pleased if they agreed in opinions, or if they differed, opposing each other with equal firmness and politeness. Their deportment was without coquetry on her part and without gallantry on his. All they knew of each other was that he was a painter and a very gifted one, and that she was a very fascinating Miss Thompson.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sutton's flirtation with, or rather at our heroine, for he had it all to himself, was in active progress. He made himself intolerable by the airs and graces he assumed, to recommend himself to her favor. He never tied his cravat, nor wrapped a *papillote* without a design upon her heart. He followed her about the garden, paying the most vapid compliments, or, intruding into the parlor, while she and her mother were reading, amused them with "easie sighs which men do breathe in love." She attempted at first

to repel him with witty sarcasms, but that, as Wallis remarked, “was like Queen Christina shooting at a fly—his apprehension was so small it could scarcely be hit.” She darted contempt at him from her bright black eyes, and curled her lip in the most unequivocal fashion, but that only made her look prettier, and he could see no deeper. She essayed a plain rebuff, but he thought it a capital joke. It never entered his head that Mr. Bromwell Sutton could be any thing but irresistible to a Miss Thompson. To get rid of him, she at last found entirely out of the question, and wearied of her efforts, she concluded to let him take his own course. This passiveness seemed to him so encouraging, that one day he was on the point of making a declaration and was only prevented by the dinner-bell.

Towards the artist he continued his patronizing condescension, with a not unfrequent interlude of actual incivility, which, to the surprise even of Miss Thompson, that gentleman passed over with unresisting composure. On the present occasion the latter variation predominated, and after they had left the table, Miss Thompson remarked “I wonder Mr. Oakley, at your patience in submitting to the impertinences of that popinjay!”

“You would not have me challenge him?” said the painter.

“That would be rather too heroic,—your position is as defenceless as my own. These “gentlemen’s sons!”—if I were a man, there is no reproach I should dread, more than being called one of them!”

“Rather a sweeping condemnation,” said the artist, smiling; “but I think I have prepared a revenge that will reach the specimen before us;” and having perceived the subject of their remarks approaching from the summer-house, he called to him, “Will you step here, for a moment, Mr. Sutton?”

“I can’t—I haven’t time;” said Sutton, hurrying on, and they both noticed in him marks of much perturbation.

“Your portrait is finished, and I wish you to see it;” persisted Oakley.

His portrait was too closely connected with himself, not to have influenced him under any circumstances, and, accordingly, he stopped while the painter left the room for it, calling, as he did so, “Mr. Wallis—landlord—gentlemen,—I wish to have your opinion of Mr. Sutton’s portrait; oblige me by coming into the parlor.”

They complied and the picture, which was of a miniature size, was placed in the proper light. Miss Thompson gave it a single glance, and burst into an apparently irrepressible laugh. Mrs. Thompson, regarding her with much surprise, drew up her eyes, and stooped forward to examine it, and then, though she gave her daughter and the artist a deprecating look, she also turned away to conceal a smile. Wallis turned first to the picture, then to

Sutton, and then to Cupidon, and made no effort to restrain his mirth, in which he was joined by the party of spectators who had accompanied him. Every one perceived that it was a correct likeness of Sutton in features, while the expression was strikingly that of the little poodle. The dandy himself could not fail to recognize it, and looked around him, pale with wrath and mortification, bestowing the fiercest of his looks on Miss Thompson.

"You don't tell me what you think of my performance, Mr. Sutton," said Oakley, with much gravity.

"I'll not bear your insults, sir!" exclaimed Sutton at length; "I'll not tolerate your libellous insolence!—what do you mean, sir?—what do you mean?"

"Insults! I'll leave it to this company if I have not succeeded admirably! it reflects you as a mirror!"

"I'll not put up with it! I'll not pay you a cent; I'll leave it on your hands, and we'll see who'll have the best of the joke!"

"Do sir!" said the artist; "it will be then my property, and I can do what I please with it! I'll put it up in some exhibition labelled with your name!"

"Your station protects you sir!" he resumed; "if you were not beneath my vengeance, you should answer for this, but a gentleman can, with honor, only demand satisfaction of his equals,—therefore you are safe! Landlord," he added with an assumption of dignified composure; "make out my bill; I'll go instantly to the other house;—you must be taught that a gentleman cannot patronize an establishment where he is liable to be insulted by any scrub that frequents it!" and again looking daggers at Miss Thompson, who had not ceased laughing, he left the room.

In truth, had it not been for the almost insupportable ridicule that accompanied it, Mr. Sutton would have rejoiced in the excuse to leave the house, from a discovery that he had just made. After dinner, while in quest of Miss Thompson, who was at that time in conversation with Oakley, he had strolled into the summer-house, and found a letter on the floor. It was without direction, and though closed, not sealed, and more through blindness than curiosity he opened it. To his dismay it commenced thus:

> "*My dear, dear Miss North*—How can I give you any idea of the gratitude I feel for the last and greatest of your many kindnesses; you have made me so happy that I have not words to express myself, and not only me, but my dear mother, who says that you have done her more good than could have been effected

by a whole college of physicians, for her health, at the prospect of a pleasant home, and freedom from incessant mental labour, begins already to come back again. We have given up our school, and are preparing to act upon the arrangements you have made for us. I have received a delightfully kind letter from your uncle,—he begs me to consider him as *mine*; in which he says he will come for us very soon, and requests me to enclose any communication for you to him. He speaks flatteringly of the satisfaction our company will give him while you are on your travels beyond the Atlantic. He little knows how impossible it will be to supply *your* place!" etc. etc.

Sutton read no more. It was signed L. Thompson, and that was sufficient. He unconsciously thrust the letter into his pocket, and hurried to the house. How was he to back out?—it now struck him that less importance could be attached to his actions by others than himself, and he grew nervous at the thought of how he had committed himself:—that he had paid the most unequivocal attentions to—a schoolmistress! The artist's triumph indeed relieved him on that score, but a new sting was planted, and a more miserable dandy was, perhaps, not that day in existence, than Bromwell Sutton when he applied for lodgings at the G—— Hotel.

"Our work is finished at last!" said the painter, a few days after this happy riddance, bringing down the piece, which had afforded them so much enjoyment, for the inspection of Miss Thompson. She was gathering up some books from the parlor tables with a thoughtful and pensive countenance.

"Then I must take a 'last lingering look' at it," returned she; "I may never see it nor its original again."

Oakley looked at her anxious and inquiringly, and she continued, "We leave here to-day; an unexpected letter reached us this morning, urging us to be ready at any hour."

"And what am I to do without you?" asked the artist, in a very natural and love-like way, and he followed the question with a short oration, unnecessary to repeat. But before he had finished it, a carriage stopped at the door, and in half a minute an elderly gentleman presented himself in the entry.

"My uncle!" exclaimed Miss Thompson, running forward to conceal her confusion, and the old gentleman, after kissing her heartily, said quickly, "Are you ready, my dear? Where's your mamma? I hope you have your trunks packed, as I have hardly a minute to allow you. I have urgent

business awaiting me at home, and have only been able to fulfil my engagement to come for you, by travelling with all the speed possible. Quick —tell your mother, and put on your things."

To the disappointment of her suitor, she ran up stairs, while the old gentleman busied himself in seeing the trunks secured behind the carriage. But immediately, with her mother, she came down, fully equipped, and while the old lady was shaking hands with the uncle, she had an opportunity to give him a single look, which one was sufficient: "Good bye, Mr. Wallis," said she holding out her hand in passing him, "we have been such good friends, that I feel very sorry to part with you."

"Where shall I find you?" asked Oakley, in a low voice. She slipped a card into his hand as he assisted her into the carriage, and was driven away. He looked at the card. "VALERIA NORTH, B——," he exclaimed; "Is it possible!"

"Yes—didn't you know that before?" said Wallis, "and that old gentleman is the celebrated jurist Judge North. When Sutton finds it out, he'll be more fretted than he was at the portrait. She is a charming girl, isn't she? I recognized her the minute she arrived, having had a glimpse of her before she left the Springs last summer, but as she seemed to wish to be quiet, and to escape attention, it was not my business to blab. I'll go up to Smith's and have some fun with Sutton." He walked up street, and the artist commenced preparations for an immediate departure.

"Why Sutton," said Wallis, when he reached the room of that personage; "what possessed you to fly off, the other day, with such terrible frowns at the pretty girl you had been courting so long? It was outrageous, and what is the worst, you can't have a chance to make it up,—she left town to-day, for good."

"Did she?—a pleasant journey to her!" said Sutton, brightening up astonishingly.

"What!—she jilted you, did she?"

"She! I found her out in good time for that!—though if it had not been for a lucky accident, I might have got myself into a confounded scrape; it would have been a fine mess, if I had been deceived into proposing to a schoolmistress!"

"Schoolmistress!—what do you mean?"

"Why, look here—you were a pretty sap to suppose her an heiress, and to make me believe it:—read this—I found it by chance, and, somehow, it got into my pocket."

He handed the letter to Wallis, who, after looking over it, remarked, “I see nothing to the contrary in that. I suppose it came enclosed in an envelope from her uncle. Can it be possible that you presumed she had written instead of received it! ha! ha!”

The mystified dandy gave him a stare.

“And you never suspected that it was Miss North whose acquaintance you cut so cavalierly! It was, positively;—she gave her card to Mr. Oakley before she went away.”

“I don’t believe it!—why would she call herself Thompson?”

“She didn’t call herself Thompson—that was inferred to be her name, as it was her mother’s. I recollect very well of hearing at Saratoga that the old lady had had two husbands. The last was a Mr. Thompson. What an opportunity you have lost of making one of the greatest matches in the country!”

“It was all the fault of that rascally painter,” said Sutton, in much vexation; “I had commenced declaring myself the very day he excited me by his abominable caricature, and if it had not been for that I would have had an explanation.”

“I would make him repent it, if I were you—I’d challenge him.”

“But, you know that’s out of the question—a gentleman degrades himself by challenging an inferior,” and he walked up and down the room in great agitation.

“And then about that letter—does she know you found it?”

“No, no—I’m perfectly safe there—you won’t tell, will you? After all, it is not yet too late to make it up. I can go after her to B——; she will, no doubt, take it as a compliment to be followed, and, you know, it will be in my favor that I was so devoted before I knew who she was, won’t it? You might be of great service to me, my dear fellow,” he added, thinking to prevent Wallis from informing on him by making him his ally; “you have been in my confidence and knew how much I was smitten with her. She is, perhaps, offended by my desertion, and if you would go along, as she has a particular regard for you, you might help to effect a reconciliation. If you’ll go, I’ll pay your expenses.”

Wallis, who had no objection to take a trip and see the end of the comedy, on such easy terms, replied, “Anything to oblige you, if you can wait two or three weeks. I have particular business on hands now, but when I am through with it, I’ll go with pleasure.”

Sutton was obliged to submit to the delay, and in due time they arrived at B——. After arranging their dress, they sallied out to make inquiry about Miss North, when an acquaintance of Sutton encountered them, and stopped them for a talk. While they stood in the street, an elegantly dressed young man passed them, and looking back, in a familiar voice saluted Wallis. It was Oakley. "How do you do, Mr. Sutton—happy to see you," said he, turning towards them, and saluting Sutton with a very low bow. The dandy returned a nod, and the painter having ascertained their lodgings, proceeded on his way.

"What a remarkably fine looking fellow that is," said Sutton's acquaintance; "I should have been pleased if you had introduced me."

"Oh he is not such an acquaintance as one introduces—I have merely patronized him a little as a strolling painter."

"Norman Oakley!—are you not under a mistake? He is the son of one of the wealthiest gentlemen in New England—a very highly gifted young man—a finished orator—a fine amateur painter—in every respect an admirable and enviable fellow. By the by, it is said there is a recent engagement between him and our belle *par excellence*, Miss North. She has been travelling through different parts of the country, preparatory to making a tour in Europe, and, this summer, they met accidentally somewhere and fell in love, quite ignorant of anything relating to each other but mutual personal attractions—so the story goes. They are to be married shortly, so that the lady may have the pleasure of a legal protector for her Atlantic trip."

Sutton could bear no more, and, excusing himself, he hurried back to the hotel at such a rate that Wallis, finding it difficult to keep up with him, strolled off in another direction. When they met again the disappointed lover was prepared for a retreat homeward.

"Come, Sutton, that would be outrageous!" said Wallis; "you ought to have a settlement with Oakley, now that you find he is fully on a level with yourself!"

"I wouldn't dirty my fingers with him—I wouldn't let the mynx know that I thought her worth fighting about; for they would be sure to attribute it to that, instead of to the picture. I am off, forthwith. Do you go back to G——?"

"Yes, in a few days—but, the fact is, I met Oakley again, after you had left me, and got an invitation to the wedding. He said he would take me to see Miss North this evening if I wished it, but I declined, on the plea that I would be only in the way. But he said there was a charming little girl there, Miss Thompson—a relative of Valeria's step-father, who would appropriate

my company, if I pleased. From his remarking that she is to remain with the judge after the departure of his niece, I presumed her to be the writer of the letter in your possession. *Apropos* of that letter—he questioned me as to whether you had found it, and hinted that Miss North intended it for your hands, knowing the effect it would have on you, from your aversion to poverty, low caste, &c., that she even tore off the date to mislead you the more easily—hand it here till we see if that is true."

Sutton deigned no reply, and before Wallis was ready for his evening visit, he had travelled the first fifty miles of his journey homeward.

OLDEN DEITIES.

Open thy gate, oh, Past!—

A mighty train
Comes sweeping onward from its spectral clime,
August and king-like! Lo! from out the Main
One rears aloft a port and brows sublime,
Yet faded much with tearful wo and time;
And one with lightnings quivering in his hand,
And eye that speaks the thunder of command,
Walks steadfastly, and, seeming as in ire,
He lists attentively a harper, who,
Bending above the bright chords of a lyre,
Tells how neglect from certain era grew
In mortal breasts t'wards the Olympian Sire.
I hail ye Gods! Your reign, though haply brief,
Showed that poor man at least had *some* belief.

RUSSIAN REVENGE.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY ESTHER WETHERALD.

A tragical occurrence, which, from its singular and romantic circumstances, would lead one to believe that the men of northern Russia are as susceptible of the tender passion, and as revengeful when disappointed, as those of more southern climes, recently caused a great sensation at Novogorod.

Instead of giving a cold recital of facts, we will place before the reader the depositions of those concerned; thus making him acquainted with the details of the crime, and also with the judicial forms of that country in criminal cases. There, all is decided from the depositions without pleading. These we are about to lay before you are remarkable for their simplicity and precision, having been taken by a man of uncommon ability, Mr. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District, Oustiaje. He is an old officer of dragoons, but having lost a limb in the battle of Smolensk, he entered into the civil service, and has since acquired a handsome fortune.

> Report addressed to M. Polechko, Captain Isprawnik, of the District of Oustiaje, by Mikita Muranow, Mayor of the village of Trehmiria.

> "On the 20th of April, 1839, Nadiejda Yakovlevna, daughter of Yakov Osipovitch, fisherman of Trehmiria, came to my house in tears: she was in such great distress that I could only learn from her, that an assassination had been committed at the village. I went with her to her father's, and there I found extended upon a bed, a man, pale and livid, nearly cold, but still breathing. Yakov and his wife were endeavoring to staunch the blood which flowed from his wounds. On the floor beside the bed were his garments soaked with water. The young girl could not attend to my questions, so great was her emotions; but Yakov told me that his daughter had

gone out before daylight to withdraw the sweep-nets which at this season are placed along the isles and shores of the Volga. The fisherman himself was engaged in spreading nets by the light of a lantern, when he heard cries, and recognized the voice of his daughter. He ran along the shore, and thought he saw in the dim twilight, a large boat passing down the river with all the rapidity of the current. A moment afterwards his daughter's boat approached the shore, and in it was a man, whom she had taken from the water in a state of insensibility. After having carried him to his cabin, he recognized in him, Ivan Semenov, cornet in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk, who, two years before, had been quartered in this village.—This is what I have learned from the fisherman.

"Ivan Semenov's wounds are so numerous and deep, that I can scarcely dare to hope he will be alive when you reach this place.—Please to bring a physician with you."

Report of Nicolas Peterowitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District of Oustiaje, to the chancery of the Governor of Novogorod.

"I arrived on the night of the 20th of April, at the village of Trehmiria, with the physician of the district, M. Frants Frantsovitch, Mayor; we found in the cabin of the fisherman, Yakov Osipovitch, M. Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, lately a cornet in the regiment of Archanguelk. He had received fifteen wounds, but the physician assured me they were not mortal, and that he would certainly recover. The wounded man told me that his assassins were Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja, quarter-master, and Pierre Alexiecivitch Tsaryna, soldier in the regiment of the lancers of Archanguelk. At the time he was wounded, the Cornet Semenov was on his way to Rybinsk, in a boat which belonged to his father, and which was loaded with linen.

"I left the physician with the wounded man, and without losing a moment, hastened to Rybinsk. There, aided by the police, I sought out the assassins, one of whom, the quarter-master, Hortinja, was known to me. At the wharf I learned that a boat, laden with linen, and having two men on board, arrived that morning, the 21st of April; and that the cargo was shortly afterwards sold to an Armenian merchant of Astracan. I then

proceeded to the residence of the buyer, Jerome Smilabej, who confessed that he had bought the linen, which was worth 20,000 roubles, for 10,000—that he had this day paid 4,000 and was to pay the other 6,000 on the 1st of May at Astracan. I did not place much confidence in what he told me, for I knew this race of merchants were liars, and that they encouraged and protected crime when they expected to profit by it. Besides, I observed considerable embarrassment on his countenance. I then asked him where the linen was? He said he had despatched it to Astracan.

" 'Impossible!' observed I. 'You bought it this morning, and the steamboat does not go until to-morrow.'

"He said he had sent it on in the same boat, having bought it with the cargo.

" 'And what rowers did you employ?' asked I.

"He turned pale, and stammered, 'I employed the same who brought it here.'

"At this reply, I seized him by the collar, threatening to conduct him to the police office, when, suddenly, the door of the room in which we were, opened, and a man rushed upon me, poignard in hand. I recognized Hortinja, and drew my sword to parry his blows. I also placed myself between him and the door, crying a 'murderer! an assassin!' Fortunately for me, the Armenian, instead of trying to aid Hortinja, hid himself under the bed. The men of the house soon came to my assistance, but it was some time before we could disarm and bind the assassin. In the struggle he wounded three men besides myself. I bear three marks of his steel upon my breast.

"After securing Hortinja, we drew the Armenian from under the bed, and he then confessed that the other accomplice was half a league from Rybinsk with the boat, waiting for his comrade. I immediately sent for some of the police, and Tsaryna was arrested without offering any resistance."

INQUIRY.

"In consequence of an order from the Imperial Attorney, I, Nicolas Petrovitch Polechko, Captain Isprawnik of the District Oustiaje, went on the 26th of the month to the village of Trehmiria, where I proceeded to the inquiry in the following order:

“The first person I examined was Ivan Prokovitch Semenov, who declared himself to be 28 years of age, son of Prokop Karlovitch Semenov, a merchant of Kostroma, who possessed a factory in that neighborhood, where he manufactured much linen, which formed the principal part of his commerce.

“Semenov entered the military service in 1830, in the regiment of the Lancers of Archanguelk. He was appointed cornet of the said regiment in 1836. He commanded the second division of the third squadron, in which Hortinja was quarter-master, and Tsaryna a common soldier. In 1836, the division of Cornet Semenov was cantoned in the village of Trehmiria. In 1837, he handed in his resignation that he might return home to his father. On the 12th of November, 1838, Hortinja and Tsaryna came to Kostroma, to the house of Prokop Semenov. The former said he had left the army, the latter that he had obtained a six months’ leave of absence. The Cornet Semenov welcomed them as old comrades. He engaged Hortinja in the service of his father, and gave Tsaryna a handsome present to enable him to pass the six months amongst his relations. Hortinja behaved so well that he gained the confidence of old Semenov, who sent him twice in the spring to Rybinsk with linen. After having sold the cargo and the boat, he brought back the money with the greatest exactness. On the 15th of April, another cargo of linen was ready to go to Rybinsk, and this time young Semenov was to go with him to that city, and from there make a voyage to Astracan. On the evening before their departure Tsaryna arrived, and as he had been a sailor before he entered the army, he begged the Cornet Semenov to employ him instead of engaging another sailor, telling him that it was time he was on his way to rejoin his regiment, which he said was cantoned at Novogorod-la-Grande. Semenov consented, and set out next day in the boat with Hortinja, Tsaryna, a peasant sailor, and a servant. On the second day the sailor and servant were both taken so violently ill with the cholic, that they were obliged to leave the boat and remain behind at the village of Bahorka.

“On the 19th, Semenov remarked that Hortinja and Tsaryna had secret conferences, and seemed to be concerting something. At night, after having in vain tried to sleep, he left the cabin and took a seat on the prow of the vessel. He had scarcely done so when he saw a light at some distance, and said to his companions, “My friends, we are near Trehmiria, and I bet that is old Yakov spreading his nets.” The two men did not reply, and Semenov continued “By God, if the old fisherman’s nets attracted fishes as well as the eyes of Nadiejda did the lancers of Archanguelk, he would be rich in a short time.” Hardly had he spoken these words when he was struck in the back

with a knife. He tried to turn round, but was knocked down by his assassins. He still struggled, but was wounded repeatedly. He called for assistance, and thought he heard a voice which replied. He was then thrown into the river. This was all he remembered, he could not tell how he got into the bark of Nadiejda. After the wounded man had given the above deposition, I put to him the following questions:

Q. "Have you inflicted military punishment on Hortinja and Tsaryna?"

R. "You know captain, it is impossible to get along in the army without making use of the baton; during the year of my command, Hortinja was beaten nine or ten times, and Tsaryna from forty to fifty, but I never ordered more than a hundred blows of the baton at once; so that the officers of the regiment laughed at my moderation, and called me scholar, and French officer."

Q. "Have you not excited the jealousy of some comrade?"

R. "Not that I am aware of."

Q. "Were you not acquainted with this Nadiejda who saved your life?"

R. "I knew her to be the most beautiful girl of Trehmiria, and of irreproachable virtue; my lancers told me this, Hortinja one of the first. I could not hope to have her for a mistress—and for a wife.—"

Q. "That is sufficient. Knew you not that Hortinja paid his court to her?"

R. "I did not; all the lancers found her beautiful and attractive."

Q. "Do you suffer much from your wounds?"

R. "No, captain, I feel much better, and hope I shall soon be well; the guilty man's hand struck feebly, therefore I hope he will not be punished severely."

Thus closed the examination of Semenov. I then proceeded to that of the quarter-master Hortinja.

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja was born in 1787 in the city of Smolensk—entered the army in 1806 in which he remained thirty-two years and a half—was quarter-master 15 years and four months. He has made eighteen campaigns, been engaged in forty-nine battles, and a hundred and thirty-seven combats—has received the cross of Saint George, and five medals. He left the service in the month of October 1838. His discharge and certificates give him a very high character.

Q. "What cause had you for disliking Cornet Semenov?"

R. "Not any. I always found him good and kind as a father. I have said so to my soldiers. We had no better officer."

Q. “And what then caused you to commit so abominable a crime?”

R. “O father! (a common expression of the Russian soldier) my crime is abominable, but harken, I will tell you every thing. I, an old man—having attained my fiftieth year, I loved for the first time—a child—this Nadiejda; I loved her as our fathers loved the glorious empress Catharine (here he made the sign of the cross.) I was quarter-master, and had saved something—she was a poor peasant slave, I wished to marry her, and offered to buy her of her master Count Strogonof—I was to pay him 500 roubles. Her father consented to it, but she refused me disdainfully, without my being able to comprehend why. In the mean time Tsaryna came to see me, and said, thou art sorrowful comrade, but thou should’st not be so. Nadiejda is the mistress of the cornet; she is almost always at the house where he lodges; this is well known—thou only appearest to doubt it. My heart died within me at these words—my head turned round, but I said nothing, for the Cornet Semenov was my officer. I began to watch Nadiejda closely, and I saw that she did often go to the house where he lodged. I thought not then of revenge. It was at this time that the cornet gave in his resignation, and returned to Kostroma. I then saw the tears of Nadiejda. I saw that grief undermined her health and tarnished the lustre of her cheek, but I loved her still. A year passed thus—I repeated my offer of marriage, she refused me again, and this time she told me she loved young Semenov, and swore she would never marry any one.

“At this time Tsaryna became my friend and confidant; he represented the cornet as the seducer of this young girl, and I resolved to avenge her. I obtained my discharge—he, his leave of absence, and we went to Kostroma.

“The kind reception the cornet gave us, joined to his confidence and frankness, disarmed me, and I determined to abandon my criminal project. Things were in this state, when young Semenov resolved to go to Astracan. Tsaryna requested that he might fill the place of the second sailor, and his request was complied with. The evening before our departure he spoke to me of our old project—I was angry—he praised the beauty of Nadiejda—spoke to me of her misfortune—of my shame; I said nothing, but God only knows what infernal tortures my poor heart sustained; (here he paused a moment in great emotion) we set out; on the second day of our navigation, the first sailor and the servant were taken sick, but as truly as I pray God to save my soul and pardon my crime, I am ignorant of the cause of their malady. I advised the cornet to employ another sailor, but he thought it unnecessary, for the navigation was easy and the current rapid.

“Tsaryna was constantly speaking to me of Nadiejda; when we came in sight of the village of Trehmiria I was moved, troubled, and when the cornet

spoke of her I was no longer master of myself, I drew my knife and struck him."

Q. "Did you strike him once, or several times?"

R. "I do not know, I had lost my reason."

Q. "Did Tsaryna aid you to commit the crime?"

R. "I cannot tell, I only remember that he cried out. Some one is coming! a bark, a bark!"

Q. "And what did you do then?"

R. "I was furious, desperate, distracted. When the day dawned, I saw the shores, the river, but I saw neither the cornet, nor the village of Trehmiria. I wished to throw myself into the water, but had not sufficient energy, and suffered myself to be persuaded to live, and seek my safety in flight."

Q. "When you arrived at Rybinsk, how did you manage to sell your cargo so quickly?"

R. "I knew Jerome Smilabej, and to him I confided my crime. He consented to save us, provided we abandoned the cargo to him, and he promised to arrange every thing for us, and conduct us to a place of safety."

Q. "Why didst thou attack me?"

R. "I had promised the Armenian in case of unforeseen danger to defend his life as my own. The moment of danger had come, and I fulfilled my promise."

Q. "Thou sayest that Tsaryna urged thee to commit crime, and aided thee to execute it—that the Armenian protected criminals, and appropriated to himself wealth which did not belong to him?"

R. "I neither denounce nor accuse any one. I have spoken the truth. I seek not to deny my crime nor to cast the consequences upon others. I am a great criminal!"

EXAMINATION OF PIERRE ALEXIECIVITCH TSARYNA, SON OF A CITIZEN OF KOSTROMA.

He is thirty-two years of age; entered the military service in 1828 as a recruit in the lancers of Archanguelk. He denies any participation in the crime.

Q. "Yet you were the first to tell the quarter-master Hortinja that a great intimacy existed between the Cornet Semenov and the girl Nadiejda."

R. "I was joking when I said Semenov and Nadiejda were too intimate. The quarter-master was wicked as the devil; he pounded our very bones with

the baton. I revenged myself by contradicting his ridiculous passion for a girl young enough to be his grand-daughter."

Q. "Why did you rejoin Hortinja at Kostroma?"

R. "I met him there by chance."

Q. "And why did you choose to return at the time that Semenov was going to Rybinsk?"

R. "In order to save my money."

Q. "Why did you give to the servant of Semenov, and to the first sailor, a poison, which produced cholic and vomiting?"

R. "They were very fond of brandy—they were like a cask without bottom; to play them a trick I put snuff into the liquor: is it my fault they have such delicate stomachs?"

Q. "Why did you provoke Hortinja to assassinate the cornet?"

R. "I did not. The quarter-master is subject to visions, he dreams so many other things, that he may have dreamed that also."

Q. "Why, then, did you not defend him?"

R. "The cornet was in citizen's dress, the quarter-master in uniform, and I am a soldier."

Q. "What do you mean by that?"

R. "That the soldier must respect the uniform more than the citizen's dress."

Q. "Why did you throw the cornet into the water?"

R. "To save him from the fury of the quarter-master. I also saw a boat coming towards us."

Q. "Why did you apprize Hortinja of its coming?"

R. "From joy that I could save the cornet."

Q. "And why did you not denounce the crime of Hortinja when you arrived at Rybinsk?"

R. "Because I am a soldier, and he is a quarter-master."

All my questions, all my expedients, the bastinado included, drew no other confession from him. Confronted with Hortinja, he replied to his indignation by sneers; in the presence of soldiers who had heard his provocations he denied them: only at the sight of Nadiejda did he turn pale, grind his teeth, and reply nothing, absolutely nothing!

DEPOSITION OF NADIEJDA YAKOVLEVNA.

Nadiejda Yakovlevna is twenty-one years of age. She confessed frankly that she had loved, and still loved passionately the cornet Semenov, but assured me that no intimacy had existed between them, and that the cornet was even ignorant of the passion he had inspired. She said the soldier Tsaryna had paid his court to her, and not being able to obtain her love had sworn to her that he would revenge himself upon the one who had obtained it. At first his suspicions rested on Hortinja, and he said he would soon get rid of the old rascal. Some time after he came to her and said, "Harken, Nadiejda! be mine, or I swear by St. Nicholas thou shalt witness the death of Semenov." She cared little for his threats, knowing him to be a coward. About this time the cornet left Trehmiria. Tsaryna renewed his declarations, but still without success. Before setting out for Kostroma, he said, "The old one will do what I have threatened; before I return I will be revenged, I swear it by St. Nicholas." She had never heard Hortinja threaten the life of the cornet; he was sad and melancholy—he even wept, but he was a man incapable of committing a crime unless provoked to it.

This is her account of the night in which she saved the cornet:

"I had a presentiment which oppressed my heart; before I lay down I found a cat upon my bed. A bad sign! As soon as I fell asleep I had horrible dreams. I awoke and cried out, 'Wo to me!' My father then ordered me to go upon the Volga and draw away the nets; there I heard cries, and thought I recognised the voice of Semenov. It was more than a year since I had seen him, and I knew him in spite of the obscurity. I rowed towards his boat, and as I neared it, I heard the splash of a body thrown into the water. Fortunately, I was close by and succeeded in drawing him out of the river. It was Semenov."

The inquiry was completed by a few other declarations of less consequence.

The Armenian merchant tried to excuse himself, and said that he endeavored to save the two men in order that they might have time for repentance. In other things he confirmed what Hortinja had said.

The fisherman Yakov gave an account of the manner in which Tsaryna had threatened him, because he would not give him his daughter.

The inquiry terminated on the thirteenth of May, and the depositions were on the same day laid before the criminal tribunal of Novogorod by the captain Isprawnik.

On the twenty-ninth of May the tribunal pronounced the decree which condemns:

Paul Ivanovitch Hortinja to perpetual banishment in Siberia, and ten years labor in the mines.

Jerome Smilabej, Armenian merchant, to one year and six days imprisonment, a fine of one thousand rubles, and the costs.

Pierre A. Tsaryna, being a soldier, was sent before the military tribunal.

On the fourth of June, the military tribunal of the first corps of the army, assembled at Novogorod, condemned Pierre A. Tsaryna to pass three times through the rods of a squadron, and afterwards to be transported to Siberia, where he must labor in the mines for the rest of his life.

These decrees have been submitted to the emperor, and confirmed by him with this change: Hortinja is perpetually banished, but will not be obliged to labor in the mines.

On the third of June, the decree was executed on Pierre A. Tsaryna, who was so severely beaten that there is little hope of his recovery; he has been taken to the hospital of Novogorod.

L'Abeille du Nord, a Russian journal of St. Petersburg, reached us at the same time with the letter of our correspondent. It gives an account of this affair, and also adds that the emperor has deigned to decorate the girl Nadiejda with a medal of gold on the ribbon of Saint Waldimir.

The Cornet Semenov married Nadiejda Yakovlevna as soon as the trial was concluded.

PERDITI.

PART SECOND.

BY WM. WALLACE, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "BATTLE OF TIPPECANOE," "MARCHES FOR THE DEAD," ETC., ETC.

AMERICAN BATTLE SHIP.

I.

Out on the sounding sea,
With a flag of stars and a row of steel,
'Mid the tempest scowl and the battle peal—
The great ship of the free!

Away from her moorings—away o'er the wave—
How proudly she bears the glad hearts of the brave!
In the sun-burst of morning, the darkness of night,
Like a goddess she strives with the gales:
Behold her alone in her glorious might,
With her banners of beauty and streamers of light,
Like a condor when out on his terrible flight,
Where the breath of the tempest prevails.
Hark, hark! 'tis her thunder! her flags are all out,
And the lightning's the wreath she will wear;
Now it shines on her mast—now 'tis hurried about,
'Mid the ring of the sword and the rapturous shout,
By the breath of the sulphury air.

Why thus is she wrapt in the black-curling smoke?
Why thus have her thunders tumultuously broke
O'er the halls of the dark-rolling wave?
Why thus have her star-crested flags been unfurl'd
Like the wings of some god from the sky to the world?
She battles abroad for the brave!

Proud hope of our land! we have given thy form
To the lord of the breeze and the god of the storm;
We have hung from the top of the high soaring mast
A broad sheet of stripes with the bird
Who cradles his wing in the home of the blast,
When the cloud-troops are angrily hurrying past,
And the voice of the thunder is heard:
We have wet thy scarred decks with the hallowèd blood
Of those who have battled for us on the flood,
And blessed thee with hearts, which the freemen alone
Can possess, when we saw thee sit firm on thy throne
Of the dark-rolling waters.

Go forth, gallant one!—
Go forth in thy glory and pomp o'er the main,
And burst with the might of thy sure-pointed gun
The palace, the cell and the tyrannous chain.
The breezes shall kiss thee: the stars shall illume
Thy pathway when dangers are there,
And around thee the laurels of triumph shall bloom,
Like the plumage of angels abroad on the gloom
Of the battle's tempestuous air.
Aye! the great god of freedom who holds in his hand
This universe blazing around,
Who walks on the billows which hear his command,
And straight in deep quiet are found:
Aye! he who has yoked, in the ether afar,
The lightning-maned steeds of the storm to his car,
Shall guide thee all safe o'er the foam,
And at last, by the torch of his bright beacon-star,
Restore thee once more to thy home!

II.

But such! ah! such is not my theme—
Illumined by a grosser fire
Than that which some will truly deem
Befitting well the patriot's lyre.
And yet how could I pass thee by—
Thou of the fearless soul and eye?—
Thou who hast watched my boyhood's hours
Amid thy sacred rocks and rills,
Where liberty with glory towers
Unshaken on her thousand hills!

Genius of freedom! let me stand
With thee upon my native land;
Still let me hear thy thunder-voice
Bid every child of thine rejoice;
Still let me see on yonder mast
The banner of the heart unfurl'd—
The playmate of the ocean-blast,
The hope or terror of the world.
And when the minstrel's form is cold,
His brightest meed of praise shall be,
As o'er his grave yon starry fold
By wind and tempest is unroll'd,
"Freedom! thy minstrel sang of thee!"

———

'Tis dark around! yet darker still
Within that melancholy clime,
Where tireless, sleepless vulture-ill
Sits blackly brooding over crime;
The tempest has a deeper moan;
The night-wind has a wilder tone;
The thunder glares his troubled eye
Amid the hollows of the sky;
And sheeted lightnings swiftly stream
From yonder cloud's tremendous rack,
And then with swifter stride they seem
In pallid horror hurrying back.

Groans in the dark tide of the air:
Groans in the withered space around:
Groans in the tempest's sickly glare:
Groans struggling under ground!
And look! Lo! blacker clouds are swelling
Around the thunder's opened dwelling,
Which with a Vulcan-torch illumes
This realm of everlasting glooms;
Set in the distance—see it stand
Above that melancholy land—
Wild, gloomy, solitary, grand!
Heckla of spirits—placed afar,
The lamp of ghastly heath and rill,
As if like some malignant star
'Twould make them all more ghastly still.

ROSANI.

"Fit time!"—he cried with quivering brow,
Tale such as mine was uttered now;
When all the elements are stirred
To hear a spirit's fearful word.
Let lightnings flash—let thunders roll,
What terrors have they for the soul
That flees the golden eye of day,
And hates its beams e'en more than they!
I've revell'd in their light before
In many a sea, on many a shore—
On many a rock—on many a deck—
Yes! challenged them amid the wreck—
When they and the remorseless sea
Seem'd smiling on my agony.

Yet! have I loved a milder glow
Than yonder lurid fires bestow:
There was a moment! glorious time!
    When I, amid my native bow'rs,
Unmoved by care—unsoiled by crime—
    Would watch the sunshine beam for hours;
It glowed of my own self a part,
For all was sunshine in the heart,
Which seemed an angel who had left,
He knew not how, the stainless blue,
    And smiled, so long of light bereft,
To find an angel wandering, too.

But when I saw the bannered storm—
    Like giant rousing from his sleep—
Uplift o'er heaven his awful form,
    And from the thunder-chamber sweep
To his dread bridal with the flame
    Before their altar of the cloud,
While all his minstrel-tempests came
Around the shrine, in terror bowed,—
I've smiled with other smile than this,
    For then, I, leaping from the sod,
Saw, in their rude but meaning bliss,
    The wondrous glory of a God:—
Yes! e'en when others quailed to see
    The red volcano light our clime,
I've joyed, for in its ministry
    I only saw a torch sublime,
Lighting with its tremendous glare
    The glorious pages of His book,
Which men might read if they would dare
    Upon those awful leaves to look.

Like thee I joyed alone to range
Amid the beautiful and bright,
A thing like them of love and light—
Like thee my spirit had its change.
The spell was wove! It thundered out
In many a wild and bitter curse—
And thenceforth I was hurl'd about
Hopeless amid the universe.

Long years! oh! how your shadows press
My brow in very weariness:
Here! here ye stretch and ever gloom
Like funeral-foliage of the tomb,
Whose leaves—the favorites of pain
Must ever life from sorrow gain.
Long years! long years! I feel again
Your star-eyed hopes around me glow
Bright as the plumage of a train
Of pilgrim-angels furled below.

We are together: Ila, see
The light of heaven's own heraldry—
And hark!—the evening breeze is here;
    His silver lips no longer mute,—
He breathes—a minstrel-worshipper—
An avè from his leafy lute:
Shall we not join him? Dearest, press
    Thy lip to mine, while, as of old,
We hear with love's sweet tenderness
    That glorious vesper music rolled.
We are together in those bowers
Glad as the rosy-footed hours
And all as pure.—I see her now
    A creature less of earth than skies,
With day's pure sunshine on her brow
    And heaven's own midnight in her eyes.
And thus we trod the path of life,
Without nor cloud, nor grief, nor strife—
Like pensile stars whose golden light
Meets on the sable bridge of night
And glows with such a wedded beam
    In calm or stormy weather,
That men when looking upwards deem
They are but one, for thus they seem,
    So close they shine together.

Ha! whence this change? My Ila! why
That icy mien and tearful eye?
No more for me thou cullest the flow'r;—
No more with me thou seekest the bow'r;—
No more thy sweet lips press my own;—
    No more thy warm hands link with mine,
When Daylight, stooping from his throne,
    Has furl'd his wing by evening's shrine.

She answered not! yet sorrow there
Has held a bridal with despair,
And pale her cheek as if with wo
Which none but she must ever know.
In vain I questioned—her reply
A sad reproachfulness of eye,
So firm yet tender in its look,
    It ever, sorrowing, seemed to say
"Why torture me!"—I could not brook
    Such gaze, but gladly turned away,
Leaving my Ila to her mood
In our old castle's solitude.
Days rolled away!—And who art thou
With princely step and lofty brow?
What dost thou here within our halls,
Sir knight! unwelcome to these walls?
Days roll'd away!—I sought my sire;
He met me but with glance of ire,
And freezing mystery of air,
Which seemed to say—"Ila?—beware!"
And then he cried, "away! away!
Mad boy, she weds the knight to-day!"
I spoke not; slowly round me came
A wavering sheet of cloud and flame,
Which seem'd to sear my very brain:
    How long 'twas thus I cannot say,
Nor when I woke to life again.
They called me mad: I heard the chain
Clanking around my limbs, and near
The hum of voices meet my ear,
And eyes amid the darkness shone
So bright, so angry and so lone—
Methought they were the eyes of those
Whom men have named their demon-foes,
Drawing a life from human woes.
Yes! I was mad, and in my strength
    I spurned the dungeon's hated ground,
Hurled from my limbs the chain, at length,
    And thus my birth-right freedom found.
I saw the glorious stars again—
Once more I gazed upon the main

Whose billows e'en in boyhood were
My playmates, when their crested forms
Rushed up like ministers of Fear
Amid their temple of the storms.
Once more I heard the Ocean's shock
Against the castellated rock;
And saw, oh! gallant, blessed sight!
My barque along the heaving tide,
Like lover resting through the night
Upon the bosom of his bride.
The sail's unfurl'd! How free! How brave!
On! on my vessel, o'er the wave!
The night-winds kiss thee, as in joy
To meet once more their ocean-boy.
Oh! I had loved thee, glorious sea,
And oft thy waters laved my brow,
But never have I gazed on thee
With such a bounding heart as now.
Roll on! Roll on! thy dark blue foam
Shall henceforth be to me a home.
For days I skimmed the ocean blue,
And deeper still my gladness grew;
And oft my joy was uttered out
To heaven in that delirious shout
Which only he can swell whose life
Is passed amid the ocean's strife.
And others soon around me came;
And men soon shook before my name.
What trophies glittered on our deck,
How foemen sank with many a wreck,
Let that old ocean's caverns tell,—
In sooth our spirits loved them well—
They lay beneath us like a spell.

A sail! How looks she in the dark?
“Bravely! She is a royal barque!”
Give thanks! Hurrah! I ween the wave
Before the morn shall be her grave!
Out with the guns!—“Ho, sir! she veers!—
Again! again! Hurrah! she nears!”
She came so nigh, that we could see
The pilot’s lonely ministry.
Sudden as lightning from its lair
Fire glowed around her deck;—
Ha! ship, that rode so proudly there—
Thou art a very wreck!
Once more the frowning guns were out;
Their thunder told in shriek and shout!
“The barque’s on fire!”—with one wild cry!
That pierced the very wave and sky,
Her crew leaped in the tide;
But as she heavily floated by—
Oh! God what met my startled eye?
The chieftain and his bride!
Yes, he and Ila shrined in flame
Were wildly calling on my name:—
At one mad bound I cleared my deck,
And stood upon that burning wreck:
Through flame and smoke I fearless flew!
A moment—I have reached the two!
I grasped him! and the lurid wave
Revenged me well—it was his grave.
I bore her in my arms—the smoke
And flame in vain around me broke,—
I felt them curling o’er my brow,
As fierce they swept from stern to plow;—
I struggled on!—one effort more—
I leaped upon my vessel’s side!
Thank God! the final strife was o’er,
And I had won my ocean-bride!
In one dread shock the crackling mast
Came thundering down beneath the blast:—
The flaming wreck slow drives away—
Dim and more dim we marked the ray;
And now unloosing every sail—

We feel our vessel, like a steed
Gladdening to serve his rider's need,
    Dart out before the gale.

Slowly the thrill of feeling came
Along my Ila's pallid frame;
I marked the rising crimson swell
Upon the cheek I loved too well,
And heard, how joyously! the sigh
Which told me that she could not die,
At least not then:—she rose at last;
One piercing look around she cast,
And shrieked!—her memory, ah! too soon
  Had lighted up those scenes of old,
When I, beneath far different moon
Than that which brightly rose aboon,
  My love so passionately told.
She spake not still; but day by day
I saw her calmly sink away
Like some sweet flower or rainbow-form
Whose life is withered by the storm.
But when I saw her pallid lips
Darkling beneath the death-eclipse,
She waved me to her side and said—
I cannot speak her words—the dead
Would stir within their very tomb
  To hear such tale!—Enough! she died,
And I beheld in that sea-room
  A sister in my ocean-bride.
Oh! how I blessed the God above,
That she went down unsoiled by love
Whose reckless and unholy fire
Springs from the heart of low desire.
My sire had framed a cunning tale
—To shroud his crime, and this the baal!
He brought her to our castle's hall—
  Saying she was a homeless child,
Whom he had found beneath the wall
  In all her orphan-freedom wild.
Of that she told me, on the day
She died, thus much I dared to say.

And Ila sleeps within the wave,
And round her peaceful ocean-tomb
The pale flowers of the coral-grave
In all their quiet beauty bloom.
Sleep on! sleep on in that deep rest—
Thou of the stainless brow and breast,—
Oh! holy as the stars that shine
In all their seraph splendor set,
Like torches of a templed-shrine
In midnight's azure coronet.
She was avenged! That very hour
In which the tide received her form,
The deep-blue sky began to lour
Beneath the scowling of the storm;
And soon the thunder, vast and dark,
Shook his red arm above our barque,
Whose deck deserted—sails all rent
And loose around the shivered mast,
Like reeling clouds were blindly sent
Before the fury of the blast.
"The boats! the boats!"
They're riding well
Along that billow's crested swell.
"Save! save yourselves," I sternly cried,
Undaunted on the plunging deck,
"I go to seek my ocean-bride,
But comrades ye must leave the wreck!"
An instant—they were safe! and I
Alone stood challenging the sky
And rolling waves.
With fearless form
I dared the spirit of the storm:
His red lips answered me—the flame
Leaped burning through my blackened frame!—
And I was here.—
"No more! No more!"
He cried, "that agony was o'er:—
But this!"
He darkly gazed around,
Then quivering sank upon the ground;
And Lorro on his dread distress

Gazed sorrowing—mute and motionless.

The tempest with his train has fled,
And yet no moon hath lit her fire;
Nought lights the darkness, deep and dread,
Save that dim-burning Vulcan-pyre.
With its drear, wavering, ghastly light,
Still heavier than the heavy night:
Most terrible!
The task is done!
How gladly mounts the trembling soul,
Like light returning to its sun,
When Heaven's own streams of glory roll!
Joy, spirit! joy! I've broke the spell;
Land of the lost! dread land, farewell.

———

SOUL of that shadowy realm, where Time
Hath thrown his last-expiring wave,
When the Immortal glooms sublime
And terrible above the grave,—
Dread image o'er whose phantasm we
Have hung a shroud of mystery,
And then for countless ages shook
Before its dark, eternal look.
Bold scorner of the groan or tear—
Swaying between the star and storm—
Thou art a mighty thing of fear,
Yet glory crowns thy mystic form.
Vast, potent, melancholy, dim,
Past ruler of the cherubim,
And king-like in thy ruin still,
Thou livest despite of sleepless ill.
Oh! once all splendid in that time,
Ere thy great banners were unfurl'd
Like thunder flashes in the clime
From which the rebel hosts were hurl'd,
How art thou fallen—fallen now!—
The burning seal upon thy brow
Which towered in its own glory bright—
A mighty pyramid of light.
And battling still? Thine essence gleams
Like the dim flashing of a cloud;
Oh! how unlike its heavenly beams
Ere sin that angel-beauty bowed,
And changed thee to a giant curse
Breathed through the shuddering universe—
A deathless, hopeless agony—
An aching immortality.

THE HEAVENLY VISION.

BY THOMAS HOLLEY CHIVERS, M. D.

If I be sure I am not dreaming now,
I should not doubt to say it was a dream.
Shelley.

I met her in the spring-time of my years,
When suns set golden in the azure west;
The sight of her dissolved my heart to tears—
It seemed she came from heaven to make me blest.

A golden harp was in her snow-white hand,
And when she touched the strings, so softly prest,
The music seemed as from some heavenly band,
As though she came from heaven to make me blest.

Her eyes were of that soft, celestial hue,
Which heaven puts on when Day is in the west;
Whose words were soft as drops of evening dew—
It seemed she came from heaven to make me blest.

Long had we parted—long had she been dead—
When late one night, when all had gone to rest,
Her spirit stood before me—near my bed—
She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

As some fond dove unto her own mate sings,
So sang she unto me, in my unrest—
Who lay beneath the shadow of her wings—
Of heaven, wherein she told me she was blest.

My spirit had been longing here for years
To know if that dear creature was at rest;
When, just as my poor heart lost all its tears,
She came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

I then grew happy—for with mine own eyes
I had beheld that being whom my breast
Had pillowed here for years—fresh from the skies—
Who came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

I wept no more—from that sad day to this,
I have been longing for the same sweet rest,
When my fond soul shall dwell with her in bliss,
Who came from heaven to tell me she was blest.

MRS. WARE'S POEMS.[1]

Averse, as we have declared ourselves, to any severe criticisms upon the productions of female poets, we are constrained, in the case before us, to speak with a plainness, savoring less of gallantry than truth. If only "*some* female errors" fell to the lot of Mrs. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE, we might, perhaps, "look in her face" and "forget them all;" but so many are the faults of which she is guilty, that she must have a face as beautiful as Raphael's Fornarina, to cause us to forget or forgive a tithe of the number. The lady, however, is neither beautiful nor juvenile; she goes so far in her preface as to confess that she cannot plead "*youthful* diffidence" for her indiscretion in writing and publishing a volume of verses. That she is not beautiful, we state on positive intelligence. On this score, therefore, her sins of metrical commission cannot be pardoned any more than because of her juvenility—an excuse which she so magnanimously disclaims.

On the second leaf of Mrs. Ware's book, which is not really as well as figuratively *blank*, we perceive, paraded in capital letters, the words "COPYRIGHT SECURED IN AMERICA." Now, if the copyright has in fact been secured in America; if it has been entered at the office of the District Clerk of New York or of any other State, as the law directs, it strikes us that the dollar, charged as a fee in such cases, has been absurdly and ridiculously thrown away. The proceeding was altogether supererogatory. Booksellers are not particularly partial to publishing collections of poetry at the best; but that any one of them should be so insane as to re-publish a farrago like this, to enter into rivalry and competition for such a cause, is an hypothesis which never could have been engendered, except in the brain of a rhymster, dizzy with self-conceit. From the fact, however, of a copyright having been secured in America, we are well assured that the author is an American; even this was unnecessary, because Mrs. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE has, in times past, written her name to so many patches of poetry, that it is not unfamiliar to pains-taking readers, at least on our side of the water. She first made herself known to the literary world here as the Editor of a monthly magazine, exquisitely christened "The Bower of Taste." That any work, with so Rosa-Matildaish a title, could have existed for a year was marvellous; still more marvellous was it, that it survived the merciless visitings of the Muse of Mrs. Ware. With the failure of this undertaking, her literary biography, brief as the posy of a ring, would terminate, were it not for the

fact that, during some four years past, she has resided in England, and manufactured, to order, occasional lyrics for the Liverpool Newspapers. By some fatuity, which she has provokingly left unexplained, in a preface written in the worst possible taste, she has been impelled to the perpetration of the volume before us. But, previous to exemplifications of its component properties, let us give the preface entire, by way of showing how very unlike ladies, and how very foolishly, feminine bards can behave on paper. If our readers of both sexes do not laugh at the following outbreak of egotism and vanity, they are less easily amused than we conjecture.

---

[1] Power of the Passions and other Poems. By Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware. London: William Pickering, 1842. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 148

COURTEOUS READER,

I should like to write a PREFACE, if I could.—Such an ample field is afforded, for appealing to the sympathy and generosity of the "Liberal Public." Such emphatic words as "youthful diffidence," "consciousness of errors," "request of friends," "leisure hours," "relief in solitude,"—all these once attracted my delighted attention, and I resolved, if *I* ever should write a book, to present therewith a very sentimental Preface. But upon this subject my opinions are changed. Negatively speaking of my volume —"youthful diffidence" I cannot plead; "consciousness of errors," I might, which I own I have had time to correct. I do not publish at the "request of friends," for no friends, to my knowledge, were ever particularly anxious for such an event. Nor for the amusement of my "leisure hours," for, since my remembrance, I never had any. Nor as a "relief in solitude," for I am never alone. And permit me to add, not for gold, for my muse will never become a Crœsus. Lastly, not for Fame, for light is my regard for her vain breath.

A PREFACE is an article which I am by no means prepared to attempt, being apprehensive that my labors might terminate like those of a certain venerable individual, of spelling-book celebrity, who, in companionship with his son, and a long-eared fellow-traveller, by his anxiety to please everybody, found, to his mortification, that he could please nobody. Now, with the very

moderate desire of pleasing somebody, I have determined to write no preface to my book, because I am not prepared to make a single fashionable apology for its publication. At the present era of book-making, all prefatory introductions seem to be disregarded as superfluous by the reading community, except to works of deep erudition, or on subjects which may require preliminary elucidations from the author. All others are merely glanced over like the "programme of an entertainment," or a "bill of the play," and obtain no further notice. Scarcely one reader out of ten has the least interest or curiosity to learn what motive induced the author to write the volume, which he has either bought or borrowed for his entertainment. He certainly has a right to expect it will contain some matter either to improve, inform, or amuse the mind. If disappointed, no apology, however gracefully made, will effect a change in his opinion; and the author may expect to receive the same compliment which a certain learned doctor (more famed for candor than politeness) once paid to his delinquent pupil, who made an elaborate apology for his errors, that he who was good at making "a handsome apology, was generally good for nothing else."

Thine respectfully,
K. A. W.

Since we have suffered our author to speak for herself, nobody can accuse us of unfairness, since that captious gentleman, Nobody, is not obliged to think as we do, but can, if he so pleases, pronounce Mrs. Katharine Augusta Ware to be the most modest, unassuming, charming pilgrim, that ever journeyed to the fountain of Helicon, or toiled up the steeps of Parnassus.

We have, in our time, been constrained by our vocation, to spell out a good many pieces of bombast; but we can safely say that, in our serious belief, no rhetorician was ever better furnished with an illustration for that not very rare quality of style, than in the effusion with which we begin to be overwhelmed on page one, under the imposing title "The Power of the Passions." We had thought of turning the whole into prose, but as we have not the space to spare, and the readers can easily do it for themselves, whenever we shall have occasion to cite a passage, we content ourselves with a cursory description, and no very acute analysis, since the philosophy is quite as incomprehensible as the lines are vapid, and the ideas commonplace. *Imprimis*, we are favored with the strikingly novel

information that there was a time, a good while ago, when man stood in God's own image communing with angels in a bower,

"When first creation dawned upon his view."

This fair world, we are next agreeably astonished to learn, was given to man by high Omnipotence. At this interesting period, Creation owned her Lord, and all that moved confessed his reign, and the forest monarch bowed down before him, beside the young lamb; (bah!) moreover, birds hailed the rising day, and there were flowers and trees and fruits *cum multis aliis* of the sort.

Such was fair PARADISE! When WOMAN smiled,
All EDEN brightened with a richer glow!
Led by the hand of DEITY, she came
To dwell in kind companionship with man,
A sharer of his pleasures and his toils,
Which nature's genial bosom richly paid:
Love, joy, and harmony, and peace, were there—
God saw his glorious work, and it was good.

These lines are cited, because they are the only good ones in the poem, and because it occurs to us that we have seen something rather like them in the works of a respectable poet of the middle ages—one Milton. In the remainder of the effusion, Mrs. Ware is unquestionably original.

Brief hour of human purity and truth!
Malignant ENVY, in the bland disguise
Of friendship, stole, yea, twined his serpent folds
Around fair Wisdom's consecrated Tree.
"Eat, woman, eat—ye shall *not* surely die!"
Thus spake the tempter of mankind. *They ate—*
A sudden darkness gathered o'er the sky.
Wild raged the storm, earth's firm foundations shook,
While ocean trembled from her deepest cells;
Blue, livid lightnings flashed with lurid glare,
Wreathing in flames the blackened arch of heaven;
While the loud thunder's deep, continuous roar
Proclaimed, in GOD's *own voice*, that Man was *lost*!

The four verses we have italicised are fiercely grand; more terrible than any we ever saw, except those by which they are succeeded. After the

thunder-clap, lions roared, tigers yelled, hyenas cried, wolves howled, leviathans drifted ashore, birds of ill omen shrieked, and there was a dreadful rumpus in general among beasts, such as are usually to be seen in a Zoological Garden. The Arch-Enemy chuckles over this sport, rives his chain, and stalks over the globe, taking the precaution, however, to veil his hideous form and smile demoniac, (why, we cannot well perceive,) and finally speaks. His observations are left to the ingenuity of the reader; but he had no sooner "concluded his remarks," than

> "Wild spirits filled the air, the earth,
> The sea."

These we suppose are the Passions, mentioned in the title. Taking them as they are introduced, they are the most outrageous set of ill-behaved monsters that ever were seen, and are as dissimilar to those polite entities, classified under the same names, and said by the Fourrierists to be easily subjected to the domination of reason and the affections, as can well be imagined. It must be noted, however, that Mrs. Ware is more original in the individuals she recommends to our attention as the Passions, than she is in her figures of speech.

> First, MURDER came, his right hand red
> With the pure blood of his young brother's heart,
> For which his own, in every clime and age,
> Hath deeply paid. "*Cursed art thou!*" said GOD,
> And set his mark upon the murderer's brow.

We were not, until now, aware that *Murder* was a Passion, considering it rather as a deed, consequent upon some one of the Passions. Next in order comes Remorse, "whose step is followed by Despair." "Next comes Revenge." And what *Passion*, reader, do you imagine follows next? " 'Tis WAR, insatiate WAR." Another new Passion. Afterwards "pale Jealousy is seen," in an awful taking because "the treasured ideal of his soul is false;" accordingly, he rushes *blindly* forth, meets his haughty foe, and, though he is blind, "their *eyes* have met," and

> The fierce volcano's flame
> Ne'er flashed more wildly than his furious glance!
> No more. 'Tis done—the double deed of death.
> The reeking steel, red from his rival's heart,
> Is quivering now within her heaving breast.

Here is murder in the first degree once more. Now some people may call this strong writing; we call it fustian run mad. Next come Riot and Folly and Theft and Love and Misery and Guilt, of which we do not recognise any one but Love as belonging to the Passions. Just here there occurs a passage, which is so clearly applicable to the "divine Fanny Elssler," that, "in the opinion of this court," an action on the case for heavy damages will lie. Although the *danseuse* alluded to figures under no name whatsoever, and is merely described as "Another," we beg leave to put it to the immense jury, consisting of the subscribers to this Magazine, what other than the "splendiferous Madam," above named, can possibly be signified? Read the remarkable passage, and record your verdicts.

ANOTHER, too, in tinselled garb, is near,
'Mid scenic splendor, like a thing of light—
With limbs scarce veiled, and gestures wild and strange,
She gaily bounds in the lascivious dance,
Moving as if her element were air,
And music was the echo of her step.
Around her bold, unblushing brow are twined
The deadly nightshade and the curling vine,
Enwreathed with flowers luxuriant and fair,
Yet poisonous as the Upas in their breath.
Her sparkling eye, keen as the basilisk's,
Who marks his prey, beams with a flashing light—
False as the flame which hovers o'er the gulf
Of dark oblivion—tempting to destroy.
Mysterious power! men shudder while they gaze—
Despise, yet own her fascinating spell.

As bursts the "deafening thunder of applause,"
'Mid showers of votive wreaths, and *parfum vif*—
Descending like bright Juno from her cloud,
With glance erratic round th' enchanted ring—
She smiles on all above, and all below,
With regal condescension, and accepts
The worthless homage offered at her shrine.

Let not the reader hastily conclude that he has yet ascended with Mrs. Katharine A. Ware to the cloud-capped summit of turgidity. In the concluding passages of her perfectly ferocious poem, she excels herself. A higher Alp of nonsense towers above the smaller Alps we have already

passed. To change the metaphor, all the former passages are mere rattling musket shot, compared to this concentrated, thundering discharge of the artillery of bombast:—

> Last in the train of human misery,
> Unconscious MADNESS rushed. The storm that beat
> On his unsheltered head and naked breast,
> Was calm to that which wildly raged within:
> All the dark passions that deform the soul
> By turns usurped departed Reason's throne.
>
> His rolling eye, red as the meteor's flash,
> In fierce defiance wildly glanced around;
> While his Herculean frame dilated rose,
> As if exulting in its giant strength!
> Uprooted trees were strewn across his path—
> The remnants of his sanguinary meal,
> Still warm with life, lay quivering at his feet;
> They caught his eye. Not Etna's wildest roar
> E'er came more deep than his demoniac laugh!
> As rolls the distant thunder on—it ceased.

And we cease; but not altogether. Cry not, oh reader, with king-killing Macbeth, "hold, enough!" till we shall have at least ferreted out some stanzas worth commendation, in the one hundred and forty "mortal pages," which drag their slow length after "The Power of the Passions"—which title, we beg leave to suggest, should be changed to the somewhat Hibernian one of "A Power of Passions," which would be more expressive of the number of new ones "making their first appearance on any stage."

All the gross errors of persons who deem themselves poets, but are not —who make verses, to which neither gods, men nor columns can yield applause—are displayed, not only in the effusion which we have too tenderly handled, but in most of the remaining rubbish of metre, which this mistaken lady has raked together and piled up for the diversion of the public in England. It is said of those, who make constant efforts to utter happy repartees and smart jokes, that it would be a wonder if they did not now and then stumble upon a clever hit. The remark may with truth be applied to the indefatigable concoctor of rhymes. Desperate must be his condition, if, at large intervals, good couplets did not slip from his pen. Poor as most of Mrs. Ware's poems are, stanzas are scattered through them which are really beautiful, and have the air of being in their present position by mistake.

Occasionally, also, when the subject is dictated by feeling; when the thoughts well from the heart, and are like those which are entertained by the author in common with other people of sensibility; when she does not strive to be very fine, very grand and very fascinating, her lines run smoothly and gracefully along. Take as a favorable example of her versification one stanza, from a poem called "Diamond Island," which, as we are told, is a delightful little island, situated in Lake George, and well known to the Northern tourists for its picturesque beauty, and the brilliant crystals to be found on its shores:—

> How sweet to stray along thy flowery shore,
> Where crystals sparkle in the sunny ray;
> While the red boatman plies his silvery oar
> To the wild measure of some rustic lay.

As a specimen of the sometimes able and sometimes slovenly mode in which Mrs. Ware poetizes, take the following couplets as an example. In describing what scenes are beheld by "The Genius of Græcia," she finely writes:—

> "Views the broad Stadium, where the Gymnic art
> Nerved the young arm and energized the heart."

A little further on, our ears are tortured with—

> "Where Scio's isle blushes with Christian gore,
> And hostile fiends still yell around the shore."

Well nigh tired of animadversion, let us employ the remainder of this article with selections that will be read with satisfaction, and which may strike some sympathetic and responsive chords. We need not bestow any higher praise upon the following pieces, chosen with care, as by far the best in the volume, (though we will venture to assert that the author considers them the poorest,) than to remark that we consider them worthy of the space they occupy in this magazine.

———

LOSS OF THE FIRST BORN.

"A grief that passeth show."

I saw a pale young mother, bending o'er
  Her first born hope. Its soft blue eyes were closed—
Not in the balmy dream of downy rest;
  In Death's embrace the shrouded babe reposed,
It slept the dreamless sleep that wakes no more!
  A low sigh struggled in her heaving breast,
But yet she wept not—hers was the deep grief
  The heart in its dark desolation feels;
Which breathes not in impassioned accents wild,
  But slowly the warm pulse of life congeals:
A grief, which from the world seeks no relief—
  A mother's sorrow o'er her first-born child!

She gazed upon it with a steadfast eye,
  Which seemed to say—Oh! would I were with thee.
As if her every earthly hope were fled
  With that departed cherub. Even he—
Her young heart's choice, who breathed a father's sigh
  Of bitter anguish o'er the unconscious dead—
Felt not, while weeping by its funeral bier,
One pang so deep as hers, who shed *no tear*!

———

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

(A PAINTING.)

Bright glowed the sun on Nile's resplendent tide,
Reflecting the rich landscape far and wide;
The verdant hills, with lofty cedars crowned,
Those heights sublime, where, in stern glory, frowned
Egypt's proud battlements, stretched forth on high,
Like a dark cloud athwart the summer sky!
But softer shadows claimed a birth-place there;
The pensile willow, and the lotus fair,
And flowers of richest bloom, their perfume gave,
To wreathe the margin of the azure wave.

'Twas to this calm and beautiful retreat,
With wildly throbbing heart and trembling feet,
The Hebrew Mother came. To her sad breast,
Her youngest hope, a lovely boy, she prest,—
He whom a tyrant's voice had doomed to die!
With anguish-riven soul and tearful eye,
She looked on his bright cheek and cherub smile,
Then gently hushed him to repose; and while
Within his fragile barque she laid him, gazed
Her last upon the sleeping babe! then raised
To the Almighty one a fervent prayer,
Confiding her soul's treasure to his care:
Then, as with firmer step she homeward trod,
With faith renewed, she left him to his God!

———

BLOWING BUBBLES.

It was a lovely picture! A young boy,
Of scarce five summers, on a terrace stood,
Which overlooked a region of sweet flowers,
As fresh and blooming as his own bright cheeks;
While from a pipe, wiled from his ancient nurse
With many a kiss, the rosy urchin blew
Those air-created globes, which, as they soared
Through the blue space, caught the gay tints of morn.
Buoyant and bright as youthful hopes they seemed,
And radiant as those visioned forms of bliss
That hover in the dreams of innocence.

I watched the rapturous gaze of that young boy,
And heard his joyous shout, as rising high
Upon the breeze, those fragile orbs were borne.
But when they sank, and vanished from his view,
A cloud of sadness came o'er his fair brow.

This picture read a lesson to my heart.
Oh—how like these, thought I, are half the hopes
And pleasures of this life. No sooner do
They smile upon our view—than they are gone!

———

NEW YEAR WISH.

TO ANNA MARIA, AGED FIVE YEARS.

Dear one, while bending o'er thy couch of rest,
I've looked on thee as thou wert calmly sleeping,
And wished—Oh! couldst thou ever be as blest
As now—when haply all thy cause of weeping
Is, for a truant bird, or faded rose;
Though these light griefs call forth the ready tear,
They cast no shadow o'er thy soft repose,
No trace of care, or sorrow, lingers here.

With rosy cheek, upon the pillow prest,
To me thou seemest a cherub, pure and fair,
With thy sweet smile, and gently heaving breast,
And the bright ringlets of thy clustering hair;
What shall I wish thee, little one? Smile on
Through childhood's morn—through life's gay spring—
For oh—too soon will those bright hours be gone!
In youth time flies upon a silken wing.

May thy young mind, beneath the bland control
Of education, lasting worth acquire;
May virtue stamp her signet on thy soul,
Direct thy steps, and every thought inspire!
Thy parents' earliest hope—be it their care
To guide thee through youth's path of shade and flowers,
And teach thee to avoid false pleasure's snare;
Be thine—to smile upon their evening hours.

There are some graceful translations from the French; but, besides the above, we should find it difficult to quote an original poem, good as a whole. We have now and then some spirited lines, and frequently some weak ones; but the latter outnumber the former.

Strange as it may seem, the same hand wrote both of the following passages—the one, with the exception of its concluding verse, vigorous, free, correct—the other, puerile, silly, commonplace.

Sculpture! oh what a triumph o'er the grave
Hath thy proud Art!—thy powerful hand can save
From the destroyer's grasp the noble form,
As if the spirit dwelt, still thrilling warm,
In every line and feature of the face;
The air majestic, and the simple grace
Of flowing robes, which shade, but not conceal,
All that the classic chisel would reveal.
In thy supremacy thou stand'st sublime,
Bidding defiance to the scythe of time!

The thought of thee is like the breath of morn,
Which whispers gently through the blooming trees;
Like music o'er the sparkling waters borne,
When the blue waves heave in the summer breeze.

We have faithfully performed our unpleasant duty in the foregoing criticism. A high standard has been set up by us, and it must be defended. Censure is far less agreeable to us than commendation; but the last would be wholly valueless, when flowing from our pen, were we always to withhold the first. Poetry, to be acceptable, must have higher qualities than those which the mere habit and practice of writing confers. A man may play very well on the piano and not be a musician; he may sketch very well and not be a painter; he may model very well and have no just claim to be called a sculptor. The maker of graceful stanzas is not a poet; he is at best entitled only to be called a person of accomplishments. He is inexcusable when he brings himself prominently before the public and claims to be ranked among artists. Women, more than men, cultivate their powers of taste. We know many of the sex who not only sing and sketch, but write very nice verses. They would, however, shrink from publicity with a sensitive dread of ridicule. For the sake of a pure literature this apprehension should be kept alive by an occasional article, like the one which we have felt ourselves impelled to present on the effusions of Mrs. KATHARINE AUGUSTA WARE.

B.

LOVE AND PIQUE;

OR, SCENES AT A WATERING-PLACE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

THE VENTILATOR.

It was one of the most sultry days of an intensely hot summer, the thermometer stood at eighty-five in the shade, every thing was parched with fervent heat, and, as if to show their powers of endurance, half the world, leaving the quiet comfort of luxurious homes, were inhaling the close and unhealthful atmosphere of a crowded watering-place. Cecil Forrester had mingled with the throng, and, bidding adieu to his father's beautiful country-seat, where the murmur of a rushing stream mingled its cool refreshing sound with the whisper of the summer breeze, had obtained, for a certain consideration, the privilege of occupying an apartment, some eight feet by ten, in the great hotel which stretches its huge length along the sands at ——. But Cecil had other motives than simple obedience to the dictates of fashion. He was in love, deeply and earnestly in love, and the lady on whom he had bestowed his affections seemed to him one of those exquisite creatures, equally well fitted to be the gem of a ball-room or the ornament of domestic life. He had met her in the sequestered village of Norwood, whither he repaired every summer to visit a favorite sister, and where the lovely Miss Oriel had come to repair the ravages which a winter's dissipation had made in her fresh complexion. They had enjoyed a flirtation of the most delightful kind, because it had been purely sentimental, and such is, after all, the most agreeable variety of that very common species of amusement. Laura Oriel had laid aside all her usual gaiety of apparel, her dress was the very perfection of elegant simplicity; her raven hair was braided, without a single ringlet, around her well turned head, and, in short, nothing could be more attractive than the city belle so suddenly transformed into *la jolie paysanne* of a country village. Many a moonlit walk had Cecil Forrester enjoyed with her, many a beautiful fancy had been pictured out during their rambles in the summer woods, many a noble sentiment had been uttered beneath the deep shadow of the rocky cliff, many a delicate

thought had been evolved amid the beauty and sublimity of nature. The time passed like a dream. The genial breezes of flowery June had been exchanged for the fervent heats of July, and these had again been forgotten in the more oppressive sultriness of August before their happiness was disturbed by a single thought of the future. But Miss Oriel was then obliged to accompany her mother to ——. It was a most disagreeable necessity, for she did not love a crowd, and though her fortune and station in society compelled her to appear among the multitude, yet she was only happy in the seclusion of domestic life. But duty to her only parent was the ruling principle of her existence. Her mother's wishes had forced her into society during the past winter, and now the same irresistible power drew her to the turbulent scenes of a fashionable watering-place. Poor thing! she was certainly to be pitied, and so thought Cecil Forrester. He was upon the point of expressing his ardent admiration, and offering his heart and hand to her whose tender friendship had made him bankrupt in all that was worthy of her acceptance. But, somehow or other, no opportunity occurred for any such explanation. The lady rather avoided those delicious walks which, though favorable to the growth of affection, might afford chances for an unseasonable declaration. So Cecil was only able to inform her of his intention to meet her at ——, and contented himself, for the present, with offering her a splendid copy of Rogers' Poems, in which he had inscribed her name in the most delicate of Italian writing, and where she found, on further examination, the words "To her who will understand me," written over the pretty pastoral poem entitled "The Wish."

"Mine be a cot beside a hill;
A beehive's hum shall soothe mine ear;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow oft, beneath my thatch,
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
To share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing,
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village church, amid the trees,
  Where first our marriage vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
  And point, with taper spire, to Heaven."

It was certainly a most appropriate and delicately expressed choice for such a lover of natural beauty and quiet happiness as Miss Laura Oriel.

But to return to ——. Mr. Forrester knew that Miss Oriel was expected to arrive there on a certain morning, and, as he had gone down several days previous, he was, of course, on the watch for her. Most impassioned admirers would have rushed out to welcome the object of their thoughts at the very first glimpse of her green veil. But Cecil was no vulgar lover, his taste was excessively refined, and for his own sake, no less than out of regard to the lady's feelings, he did not choose to behold her in travelling dishabille after a long and dusty ride. He therefore contented himself with watching from an upper window her descent from the stage coach, and then retired to his apartment until the preparatory dinner-bell should summon the *élite* to the saloon. As I have said before, the day was excessively warm, and all the ventilators (which had been mercifully placed over each door to prevent suffocation) stood wide open, as if the rooms, like their heated occupants, were gasping for breath. Cecil, who had a tolerably correct notion of comfort, had loosed his boot-straps, unbraced his stays, and flung himself upon the bed to indulge a pleasant reverie before he commenced his toilet, when he was suddenly recalled to the scenes of actual life by the sound of a well-known voice.

The apartments to which Miss Oriel and her mother had been conducted (the privilege of selection would be a most unheard-of innovation of the rights of hotel-keepers at such a season) happened to be immediately opposite to the one already occupied by Mr. Forrester. The ventilators of both were open, and, as he heard her voice, he felt a sweet satisfaction in the thought, that the soft southern breeze which was cooling his brow also fanned the ringlets of his beautiful mistress. But really there was no excuse for his listening to her conversation; it was most ungentlemanlike, but at the same time, I am sorry to say, most natural; and though heartily ashamed of him for so doing, I am obliged to confess that he paid the closest attention to every word of their discourse.

"How long do you want to stay here, Laura?" said the mother, in that wheezing sort of voice which belongs to fat, pursy old ladies when over-fatigued.

“That will depend upon circumstances,” was the short and rather crusty reply.

“Do you know they charge twelve dollars a week, and every bath is an extra expense?”

“What of that? We must risk something in all speculations, and mine is a pretty safe venture.”

“I wish we had left Ellen Grey at home.”

“I don’t agree with you; we owe her some return for staying nearly three months with her at Norwood, and I cannot bear to be under an obligation to such mighty good sort of people, for they never forget it.”

“But her board will be expensive, and I do not see why it would not have been as well to invite her to our house in the winter.”

“You don’t seem to understand my plans, Mamma. Ellen Grey is pretty, and modest, and sentimental, and all that; she is just the kind of person to be very attractive to gentlemen when seen in domestic life, but she is too timid to appear well in a place like this. She will scarcely dare to raise her eyes in such a crowd, and therefore there can be no rivalry between us. Besides, she has a great deal of taste, and her assistance at my toilet enables me to dispense with a dressing maid.”

“I cannot see much force in your argument.”

“Perhaps not; what would you say if I tell you I want her as a foil?”

“She is too pretty to serve such a purpose.”

“You are greatly mistaken; any body would look well beside an ugly girl, but one must be exceedingly beautiful to bear a comparison with as pretty a creature as Ellen Grey. Her delicate complexion, which is continually suffused with blushes, her fair hair and blue eyes would appear lovelier any where else than they will beside me.”

“Such beauty as yours requires no foil, Laura.”

“I choose to employ one, notwithstanding; I have come here for the express purpose of attracting Fitzroy Beauchamp, and I mean to neglect nothing, however trifling, to compass my schemes.”

“What will Cecil Forrester say?”

“If I succeed, he may say what he pleases. I mean to play off my present lover against the future one; and Cecil will be of use to me by exciting the jealousy of Beauchamp.”

“I declare you are too bad, Laura.”

"I only mean to study your interest and my own, Mamma. Cecil Forrester was a delightful companion in the country, his enthusiasm was so well adapted to the time and place, that it seemed to give charms to the dull and stupid village, which it could not otherwise have possessed. I certainly played my part to perfection, indeed, I almost began to fancy that there was really some feeling in my acting; at any rate he has the most implicit faith in my sensibility. How often I have laughed over the love-sick youth's rural wish! I think I see myself as

> 'Lucy at her spinning-wheel,
> In russet gown and apron blue.' "

"I wonder how you kept up the farce so long, Laura; even Ellen thinks you a most exemplary sentimentalist."

"Oh, it was a pleasant mode of getting rid of time; nothing sharpens one's wits like a flirtation with a real lover—I have learned twenty new stratagems from my '*country practice*.' "

"Are you sure Mr. Beauchamp is rich?"

"He drives blood-horses, sports a tiger in livery, lives at the Astor, drinks wine at $8 a bottle, and, what is more, pays his bills."

"How did you learn this?"

"From very good authority; he is said to have $200,000 in bank stocks besides a sugar plantation worth $12,000 per annum, and slaves enough to stock a colony; so you see he is a prize worth winning. As for Cecil Forrester, I am sorry he is here, but I must manage to turn him over to the unsophisticated little rustic for the present. I do not wish to give him a downright dismissal, because if I should fail to secure the millionaire it would be as well to fall back upon Forrester's $30,000. The game will be a difficult one, but the glory of success will be the greater."

"I hope you will reap some of the spoils of victory, Laura, for our legacy is rapidly diminishing, and when it is gone you know there will be no further chance."

"Never fear, Mamma; my stock in trade is very good—beauty, tact, and five thousand dollars form a very excellent capital, and I think I can afford to speculate rather largely."

"But more than half of the most essential part of your capital is already gone, and you have not as yet succeeded."

"You forget that I have gained a footing in society by its expenditure; leave every thing to me, and if I am not married before next season, then

write me down a fool."

Cecil Forrester heard every word of this dialogue. At its commencement he had started to his feet, and if any one could have witnessed his gestures and contortions he would have been deemed a madman. His face flushed and paled, his eyes dilated with anger and flashed with contempt, his lip curled in bitter scorn, and narrowly escaped being bitten through as he gnashed his teeth in impotent rage; he clenched his hands, he tore off the turquoise ring which he had hitherto worn on his little finger as a *gage d'amitié* from the false beauty, and finally, after exhausting his angry emotions, he flung himself into a seat, with a calm and determined expression of countenance which augured ill for some of the schemes of Miss Laura Oriel.

———

THE DINING-ROOM.

Is there any thing more musical to the ear of the time-sick lounger at a fashionable watering-place than the dinner-bell? Talk of the melody of running streams, the sighing of summer winds, the carol of forest birds! they may be all very pleasant sounds in certain moods of the mind, but for a music which never fails to please, a sound which never falls wearily upon the senses, a voice which is never uttered to a listless ear, commend me to that dinner-bell. The dullest face brightens into something like intelligence, the most confirmed valetudinarian forgets all elegant debility, the most intellectual remember the pressing claims of the physical man, and the most refined of women venture to look somewhat interested in the vulgar duty of dining. The saloon was crowded with company all eager for the summons which was to transform them into eating animals.

"Pray why," said a gentleman who was somewhat famous for puns, conundrums and such little witticisms, preferring as it seemed to shoot the "rats and mice and such small deer" of literature, because he could draw a *long* rather than a *strong* bow; "Pray," said he in that half suppressed voice which, like a theatrical aside, is sure to be distinctly heard in a crowd, "why is this saloon like the President's levee? do ye give it up? why it is filled with a crowd of *hungry expectants*! ha! ha! ha!"

The joke would have been excellent as an after dinner speech, but the audacity of uttering an idle jest while so many persons were keenly alive to one of the sufferings of frail humanity, was very properly punished. No body laughed, and, to his infinite regret, the great Mr. —— saw that he had

wasted his wit. The first stroke of the second bell brought all to their feet, as suddenly as if they had been subjected to the power of a galvanic battery. Cecil Forrester, attired with unusual care, all the lurking dandyism of his character fully but not offensively displayed, had been one of the first in the saloon, determined to give Miss Oriel a lesson in indifference. But she did not appear, and, as the band struck up a march, the usual signal for deploying into the dining-room, he took the hand of his neighbor, who happened to be a very pretty woman, and followed the somewhat rapid pace of the procession.

The important business of the dinner-table was half finished: the soup, the fish, even the joints had disappeared, and the voracity of the *élégants* had given place to fastidiousness as they amused themselves with a bit of *ris de veau glacé* or a *petit pâte de Périgord*, when a slight bustle at the door attracted universal attention. A dumpy, over-dressed old lady, leaning on the arm of a delicate, fair-haired girl, entered with that fussy manner so characteristic of an out-of-place feeling, while, immediately following her, with a complexion as cool and fresh as marble, if one could only imagine marble tinged with the rose-tint of youth and health—a complexion such as nothing but a morning bath can give—came the elegant Miss Oriel. There was the very perfection of art in her whole appearance. She had chosen for her entrance the moment when the fierce appetites of those who eat to kill time (and sometimes end by killing themselves) were sufficiently appeased to enable them to admire something else beside the reeking dishes. Among the heated and flushed beauties who sat around the table, with relaxed ringlets and moistened brows, she appeared like some fairy of the fountain, some water nymph fresh from her sub-marine grotto, diffusing about her a cool and refreshing atmosphere as she moved gracefully onward. Her dress was white transparent muslin, which displayed rather than veiled the fine form of her arms, while her neck and shoulders, actually dazzling in their snowy hue and polish, were only shadowed by a single jet-black ringlet, which seemed to have accidentally fallen from the clustering mass gathered at the back of her head. A pale, pearl-like japonica was her only ornament. As she slowly paced the length of the hall to a seat near the head of the table, reserved for her by a well-bribed waiter, a murmur of admiration ran through the apartment. All eyes were fixed upon her, and she knew better than to break the spell of her fascinations by condescending to the vulgar taste for eating; (a brace of woodcock had been sent to her room only an hour previous.) Mrs. Oriel, who seemed determined to make amends for past delay by present haste, sent her plate to be filled and re-filled; but her daughter only trifled with some delicate French combination of odor and

tastelessness, and finished the meal by a morsel of *Charlotte au russe* and Vanilla cream. A glass of iced *eau sacré* was her only beverage, and she was thus enabled to retain her cool fresh tint even in the heated atmosphere so redolent of spices, and gravies, and vinous distillations.

It was not until just before quitting the table that Miss Oriel allowed herself to see any one in the room. She raised her large soft eyes languidly and beheld, what she had for some time known, that her young friend Ellen was familiarly chatting with Cecil Forrester. A graceful bend of her fair neck and a most lovely smile marked her consciousness of his presence, while Cecil, with a polite but rather careless bow continued his conversation with Miss Grey; being incited to show her peculiar attention by his consciousness that she, as well as himself, was designed to be the tool of the selfish beauty. Miss Oriel was too well schooled to exhibit any surprise at his cool manner, and as her principal object was to attract the attention of Mr. Beauchamp, she gave herself no further thought about the matter at that time.

Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp, by a kind of "*gramerye*" which some ignorant people might call *impudence*, had early established himself at the head of the table, and assumed the manners of a host upon all occasions. He was in fact that most admired, and courted, and flattered of men—the Beau (*par excellence*) of a watering-place. Reader, if you have ever seen such a person in such circumstances you will be able to imagine his appearance, for he was only one of a rather numerous tribe of ephemera, who appear every summer and waste their little lives in some fashionable resort, whence they vanish with the first northeast wind, and if they do not die, at least evaporate in something like empty air. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp (he was very proud of his name, and was known to have refused to dance in the same cotillion with Miss Phebe Pipkin, until his refined taste was soothed by the intelligence that she was the heiress of half a million) was rather diminutive in size, with a remarkably trim figure, and very small feet. He had flaxen hair, elaborately curled, which no one would have suspected to be a wig; and he wore the softest and silkiest of whiskers, which nobody dreamed were an appendage of the self same wig, ingeniously contrived to clasp with springs beneath his chin. His cheek had that delicate peach bloom which rarely outlasts extreme youth, and, in this case, certainly owed much of its richness to a judicious touch of the hare's foot. His hands were very white and loaded with rings, the gifts, as he asserted, of various fair ladies; so that he might be said to have the history of his conquests at his fingers' ends. He wore a black dress coat lined with white silk, snow-white inexpressibles, embroidered silk stockings, and pumps diminutive enough to have served for a lady's slippers. Mr. Fitzroy Beauchamp was what ladies call "a love of a man," and

he was duly grateful for their partiality. To conceal the ravages of time (alas! he had already numbered half a century) and to decorate himself in the most pleasing manner he considered a compliment due to the fair sex, while the proper display of his wealth and luxury was a duty he owed to himself.

He had been wonderfully attracted by the grace and beauty of Miss Oriel. Absorbed in admiration of her easy and modest self-possession, he forgot to ask his former favorite, the pretty and *spirituelle* Mrs. Dale, to take wine with him, and the lady was quick-sighted enough to discover, and wise enough to smile at the discovery that henceforth her reign over the tilbury was at an end. She was quite right. Soon after dinner Mr. Beauchamp solicited from Cecil Forrester the honor of an introduction to Miss Oriel, and though Cecil would have been ready to fight a duel with a fellow who should thus have presumed after a three days' acquaintance, had the lady been one whom he really respected, yet he now cordially acquiesced in the wishes of both parties, and with a degree of magnanimity quite surprising to Laura, afforded her exactly the opportunity she had desired. About twenty minutes before sunset—the hour Mr. Beauchamp usually selected for his daily drive—Miss Oriel was handed into the elegant vehicle, and they drove off, leaving several gentlemen in ecstasies at her beauty as she playfully kissed her hand to her dear old fat Mamma, who had bustled out with "my sweet Laura's cashmere, lest the evening air should injure her delicate health." Her fears were quite unnecessary. Mr. Beauchamp never drove his horses more than three miles at a time, and had no fancy for hardening his white hands by curbing their impetuosity. He was seldom absent more than half an hour, as his ambition was fully gratified by being envied as he drove off, or dashed up to the door with the best horses before his carriage and the most admired woman at his side.

———

THE PIAZZA.

Two weeks passed away, during which time Miss Oriel had shown her skill in female tactics by managing to secure the attentions of Mr. Beauchamp, while she had transferred Cecil to Ellen Grey until she should be able to decide upon his future fate. One evening, Cecil, who had long known and admired Mrs. Dale, invited her to walk with him on the piazza, that they might witness the effect of moonlight upon the distant sea.

"I am indebted to Miss Grey's headache for this invitation," said Mrs. Dale, laughing, as she took his arm; "had she been in the saloon my eyes would never have been thus favored with a moonlight scene."

Forrester entered a disclaimer against the lady's assertion, and a playful conversation ensued, when Mrs. Dale, suddenly changing the topic, said:

"Pray tell me, Mr. Forrester, if Mr. Beauchamp is so immensely rich?"

"I really cannot take it upon me to determine that delicate question, Madam," was the reply, "but, as a firm believer in the doctrine of *compensations*, I am bound to suppose he must be very wealthy."

"Not understanding your premises I cannot clearly comprehend your deductions," said Mrs. Dale playfully.

"Why, Providence always bestows something to compensate for great deficiencies, and as Mr. Beauchamp cannot boast either mental or physical gifts, I take it for granted that he must have money."

"Really, Mr. Forrester, I did not think you were so ill-natured. I am sure Mr. Beauchamp has the prettiest hands and feet in the world, and his ardent admiration of the ladies proves him to possess a good heart."

"To your last argument I can offer no opposition, Madam," was the gallant reply; "but as to his hands and feet, I can only say that it is not the first time that ladies have been driven to extremities in their search for his good qualities."

"Well, I suppose," responded Mrs. Dale, laughing heartily, "that I must allow your wit to atone for your severity, but how long is it since you turned satirist?"

"Ever since I made the discovery which all the experience of others cannot teach us—that 'all is not gold which glitters.' I have almost come to the conclusion that nature, like an over-careful house-wife, hides her true gold and silver in least suspected places."

"In that case Dame Nature might be in the predicament of a queer old lady I once knew who hid her rich plate under the rafters in the garret, and when she wanted it upon occasion of a dinner-party, was obliged to borrow of a neighbor because she had forgotten where she had deposited her treasure."

"I believe if we want to find a really virtuous and true-hearted woman we must look elsewhere than among the beautiful," said Forrester bitterly.

"Fie! fie! if I had the slightest claim to beauty I should banish you from my presence for that ungallant speech."

"You ought rather to consider it a compliment, for there is not another woman here to whom I would have uttered it, or who would have understood me, perhaps, if I had."

“Ah! now you flatter my intellect at the expense of my person, and no woman ever relished such a compliment. But to return to your assertion; how can you venture to despise the allurements of beauty after feasting daily on such a banquet of loveliness as Miss Oriel offers to our eyes. I look at her, woman as I am, with delight, for I never saw so fresh, so pure, so marble-like a complexion.”

“Your comparison is more correct than you imagine, Madam; her beauty is indeed like that of the marble statue, carved by a right cunning and skilful hand, but wanting the Promethean touch of soul.”

“While Ellen Grey is the delicate alabaster vase, beautifully and finely wrought, and with all its exquisite loveliness brought out in rich relief by the lamp which lights it from within; is it not thus you would have continued the comparison?” said Mrs. Dale mischievously.

“Your illustration is a beautiful one, and perfectly true,” was the reply; “Ellen Grey is full of gentle and womanly feeling.”

“Perhaps you are prejudiced against Miss Oriel, Mr. Forrester; can it be possible that there is no soul shining in those soft dark eyes?”

“There is mental power enough, if that were all, but there is no soul—no heart; the lofty impulses of pure intellect, the tender affections of feminine nature never yet lighted up those eyes or suffused that marble brow with the blush of genuine feeling.”

“Well, as you have known the lady longer than I have, it would be idle to dispute your assertions; indeed, I must confess, when I watch her sweet, unruffled look and manner, I am irresistibly reminded of the old Norse legend of the Snow-Woman—so dazzlingly beautiful, so fatally cold.”

“Yet I have seen her under circumstances which would have given you a very different impression of her. Imagine that beautiful woman attired in the simplest manner, all fashionable airs laid aside, and apparently the very creature of romantic feeling; imagine such perfection of loveliness, with eyes of softness and voice all tenderness, apparently yielding up her whole soul to the sweet impressions of nature, amid the loveliest scenery that even our beautiful land can produce; imagine the effect of such beauty seen beneath the soft light of the summer moon, or gazed upon in the silent sanctuary of the forest glades, or mingling its fascinating influence with the lovely sights and sounds which charm the senses in the sunset dell, when the voice of the singing rivulet makes music on its way.”

“Upon my word, Mr. Forrester, you are almost a poet; you must be in love.”

“Perhaps I am, but Miss Oriel is not the object.”

“How could you resist the fascinations you so enthusiastically describe?”

“Why, to tell the truth, I narrowly escaped the fate of the silly moth; I came very near singeing my wings in the blaze of her beauty, but I soon discovered that she possessed none but personal attractions. To be sure we had quite a sentimental flirtation, and I remember many very fine sentiments which she uttered, but I early found how thin and poor was the soil in which they had taken root. You know the most luxuriant growth of wild flowers is always to be found in a morass—or perhaps a more graphic illustration of my meaning might be found in the fact that the pestilential Maremma, whose atmosphere is so fatal to life, displays the richest and most gorgeous array of Flora’s favorites. Laura Oriel might be loved for a week or two, but any man with common sense would soon see through her false character. For my own part, I confess that I amused myself with her very pleasantly during the early part of the summer. Indeed, I believe she fancied I was really caught in her snares, and no doubt considers that ‘Cecil Forrester’s $30,000 will do very well to fall back upon in case nothing better offer.’ ”

“Hark!” exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as a slight sound, like a half-suppressed exclamation, struck upon their ears, “I really believe some one has been listening to our conversation.”

“When we first came out here,” said Forrester coolly, “I saw a lady take her seat within the recess of yonder window; she dropped the drapery of the curtain behind her, so as not to be observed from within, and she has been sitting in the deep shadow flung by this heavy column. She has heard every word we said; at least she has heard all I said, because I purposely deferred my most severe remarks until we passed within ear-shot.”

“For Heaven’s sake, what do you mean? you seem agitated; who was the lady?” asked Mrs. Dale.

“Do you not imagine? It was Miss Oriel.”

“Oh, Mr. Forrester, how could you do so? and to make me a party in such cruelty too;” exclaimed the lady, much vexed.

“Now that there are really no listeners, dear Madam, I will tell you the whole story, and you shall decide whether I am so very wrong; at all events I have had my revenge.”

And Cecil Forrester related to his warm-hearted friend the story of his love and its sudden extinction, not omitting a single word of the dialogue which he had overheard between the mother and daughter.

When they re-entered the saloon Miss Oriel had disappeared, but if Cecil could have known the tumult of her feelings he would, perhaps, have

regretted his own vindictiveness. All the little feeling which she possessed, all that she had of heart, was bestowed on Cecil Forrester. She did not know how much she had valued him until she compared him with the object of her present pursuit; and, interested, selfish and ambitious as she was, she half determined to turn from the allurements of wealth if she could win back Cecil to his allegiance. To be thus outwitted, made the plaything of his idle hours, foiled at her own weapons, was a bitter mortification, and this, coupled as it was with a sense of unrequited tenderness, aroused her almost to madness. The cold, proud beauty shed tears of vexation and regret. She almost hated Cecil, and yet she was conscious that the most bitter drop, in the cup which had thus been returned to her own lips, was the assurance that he had never loved her. His quotation of her own remark about his fortune convinced her that he had overheard her plans, and she was now stimulated by pride to urge their speedy fulfilment.

———

THE LAST SCENE.

"Have you heard the news, Mr. Forrester?" exclaimed Mrs. Dale, as, two days after the confidential disclosure of the piazza, he entered the saloon; "Ah, I see by your look of innocent surprise, you are still in blissful ignorance."

"What has happened?" asked Cecil carelessly, "any thing which serves to break the monotony of a seaside existence must be a blessing."

"I do not know whether you will think it so," said the lady laughing, "Miss Oriel has eloped with Mr. Beauchamp."

"I am glad of it—from my very soul I rejoice at it," exclaimed Cecil Forrester, while a dark, vindictive smile gave a most disagreeable expression to his usually fine face.

"Why, how strangely you look at me," replied Mrs. Dale, "what is the matter?"

"Nothing—nothing—when did it all happen?"

"Did you not see her go out with him to ride last evening? Well, it seems Mr. Beauchamp's servant had been privately despatched to the city with their baggage, and instead of returning the lovers rode directly to the next town and were married."

"Why did they give themselves so much trouble? If Beauchamp had asked the old woman she would have dropped a curtsy and thanked him for

the offer."

"There is the mystery of the whole affair; Mrs. Oriel pretends to be very indignant, but it is easy to see she is secretly pleased. Miss Oriel has written a letter to Miss Grey in which she entreats her to 'break the tidings tenderly to poor Mamma;' excuses herself on the plea of irresistible affection; talks of Mr. Beauchamp's ardor and her fear of maternal opposition, and finishes by requesting Ellen to 'allow his favorite Mrs. Dale to acquaint Mr. Forrester with her regret at having been the cause of disappointment and sorrow to him.' "

"What the devil does she mean by that?"

"Why to make Ellen jealous of me and distrustful of you, and thus disappoint both your love and revenge," said Mrs. Dale.

"She shall not attain her ends," exclaimed Forrester impetuously, "I will tell Ellen the whole story. I am glad she is actually married to Beauchamp, and I know the reason he did not want to ask her mother; he was afraid of inconvenient inquiries."

"What do you know about him?"

"Only this morning I met here a person who knows him well. His history is soon told. He was originally bred a tailor, but, having a soul above buttons, he cut the shop, and has since been hanging on the skirts of society in a manner very different from that intended by his honest old father. His bank stock and sugar plantation may exist in the regions of the moon, where all things which unaccountably disappear from earth are said to be collected, his negroes are still on the coast of Guinea, and he really lives by his wits. A run of luck at the gaming-table or a lucky bet on the race-course enables him every now and then to pay old debts, and live for a time like a gentleman until his funds are exhausted, when he again betakes himself to his vocation."

"Can this be possible?"

"There is no doubt of it; he is a mere adventurer, and as Miss Oriel is something very similar, they are 'matched as well as paired.' "

Cecil Forrester afforded another proof of the truth of the poet's line,

> "Full many a heart is caught in the rebound."

The following winter saw him the happy husband of Ellen Grey; while all trace of Mr. and Mrs. Beauchamp was lost to their view. About two years later, when business had compelled Mr. Forrester to visit one of our southern cities, he strolled into the theatre to get rid of an idle evening, and as he

gazed with listless curiosity on the gorgeous spectacle of Indian life which occupied the stage, he was suddenly struck with a familiar tone in the voice and a familiar expression in the countenance of the stately queen of the Zenana. He looked again, the resemblance seemed to grow upon him; he went round to the stage box, and in that near proximity to the actress all doubt vanished. He looked upon the still resplendent beauty of Laura Oriel.

SIGHTS FROM MY WINDOW—ALICE.

BY RUFUS W. GRISWOLD.

I sit beside my window,
And see the crowds go by,
With joy on every countenance,
And hope in every eye,
And hear their blended voices,
In many a shout and song,
Borne by the spring's soft breezes
Through all the streets along.

And peering through a lattice
Of a humble cottage near,
I see a face of beauty,
Adown which glides a tear,—
A rose amid her tresses
Tells that she would be gay,
But a thought of some deep sorrow
Drives every smile away.

She whom I see there weeping,
Few save myself do know,—
A flower in blooming blighted
By blasts of keenest wo.
She has a soul so gentle,
That as a harp it seems,
Which the light airs wake to music
Like that we hear in dreams.

A common fate is that poor girl's,
Which many yet must share,—
In the crowd how little know they
What griefs its members bear!
One year ago a radiance
Like sunlight round her played,
Heart felt, eyes spoke of gladness,—
She was not then betrayed.

There was one of gentle manners,
Who e'er met her with a smile,
And a voice so full of kindness,
That she could not deem it guile,
And her trusting heart she gave him,—
She could give to him no more,—
Oh! daughter of the poor man,
Soon thy dream of bliss was o'er!

'Twere vain to tell the story
Of fear, hope, and joyous passion;
She forgot her father's station,
He forsook the halls of fashion;
She loved him well—he knew it,—
'Twas a pleasing interlude,
Fitting to enjoy more keenly
Scenes the poor might ne'er intrude.

Hark! the sound of music swelling!—
Now the crowd are rushing by,
Horses prancing, banners flying,
Shouts ascending to the sky!—
There's a sea of life beneath me,
And *his* form is there,—
For his fearful sin who spurns him?
On his brow what sign of care?

I see *her* now—she trembles—
    There is phrensy in her eye;
Her blanchéd lip is quivering;
    There is no good angel nigh;—
She falls,—the deep-toned bugle
    Breaks on the quiet air;
Look to the calm blue heaven—
    That sound—her soul—are there!

In the cavalcade she saw him,
    In his plumes and armor drest,
And more closely to her bosom
    His treasured gifts she prest;
Her eye met his—'twas finished—
    Not a word by tongue was spoken;
A cold glance—a look of passion—
    And her heart was broken!

How common are such histories,
    In the cottage and the hall;
From prison bars how many eyes
    Look on life's carnival!
The joys we seek are phantoms
    That fade ere closed the hand
In the dark reached forth to grasp them,
    But the brain receives their brand.

THE TWO DUKES.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

(Concluded from page 245.)

The duke saw his wife, and at first seemed willing to avoid her, but after moving forward a step or two, he turned back, took her hand in his with an energy that startled her, and pressing his lips to it, turned away and hurried on with the guard still surrounding him.

The duchess stood gazing after him, filled with strange apprehension. The force with which he had wrung her hand was still painful, and there was an expression in his face which made her heart sink with sad forebodings. What had befallen him? Where was her daughter—and why did he, who so seldom forgot the etiquette of his high station, take leave of her thus, when only going forth for a morning? As the gentle and yet proud lady stood pondering these things in her mind, the old counsellor, whom we have mentioned, returned slowly up the corridor, and approaching her with touching reverence, told her all. She thanked him, tried to smile as she extended her hand—but in the effort her strength gave way, and she fell pale and helpless on the stone floor. The old man lifted her in his arms, and carrying her to the Lady Jane Seymour's room, placed her on the bed, and bathed her temples with water, which he laved from a silver basin with his hand, till at last he went forth in despair to call assistance, for she lay upon the glowing counterpane pale and still, like a draped statue reposing in the purple gloom which filled the chamber; and for many long hours the lady who had always seemed so quiet, proud, and almost void of feeling, remained as one dead.

It was half an hour before Lady Jane was informed of her mother's condition. She was still in her father's closet, with her hand locked in that of Lord Dudley, and her large troubled eyes bent earnestly upon him, as he spoke to her in a voice so deep, so earnest and impassioned, that every tone thrilled through her heart with a power that made it tremble.

"Do not look at me thus. In the name of heaven, speak to me, Jane. I have not done this; it is no fault of mine. Do I not love you?—ay, and will

forever! I will follow my father, beseech him, kneel to him if needs be, and put an end to this dreadful contest; but speak to me first—my own—my dearest—say that you will struggle for power to aid me that—nay, Jane, nay, do not shrink from me; one kiss—one look, to prove you love me as before, and I will go at once. All will terminate well—God bless you!"

As the young man finished his hurried speech, he lifted the young girl from his bosom, where she had fallen in utter abandonment to her tenderness and grief, pressed her forehead with his lips again and again—then folding her to his heart once more, he carried her to the chair her father had just occupied, and placing her within it, was about to leave the room. Lady Jane put back the long ringlets that had fallen over her face with both hands, and looked after him through the tears that almost blinded her. Then rising to her feet, she tottered toward him with outstretched arms, and when he turned for a last look, sprang forward and wound them almost convulsively round his neck. It was but the paroxysm of a moment, for scarcely did she feel his clasp together about her, when she drew gently back, checked the tears that gushed into her eyes afresh, and spoke breathlessly, as one whose very heart was ebbing with the words, as they came laden with pain to her lips—

"It is in vain, Dudley, all in vain. There have been words and deeds, this day, between your father and mine, which must separate us forever. Farewell!"

He would have expostulated, have soothed her with hopes which had no foundation in his own mind, for his thoughts were in confusion, and his heart seemed ready to break with contending feelings; but as he spoke, her slender fingers wreathed themselves convulsively around his hand, her face was uplifted to his for a moment, and she glided swiftly through the door and along the corridor to the chamber where her mother was lying, and left him standing bewildered and in pain, as if a guardian spirit had been frightened from its brooding place in his heart.

In an apartment belonging to that portion of the tower occupied by the sovereigns of England sat a pale, slender boy reading. The room was furnished in a style of magnificence, befitting one of high rank and of habits more elegant and studious than were usual to the court of Henry the Eighth during his reign. The books which it contained were richly bound, and some of them encrusted with jewels; all had clasps either of silver or of gold, and a portion were entirely filled with manuscript in the hand-writing of the late King Henry.

Tall windows cut deep into the massive walls in one side of the room filled it with light. The massive stone sills were cushioned with velvet, and upon the cushions, musical instruments of the most precious wood and inlaid with gold, had been flung down, as if their owner had become weary of one amusement only to seek another. The boy arose from his easy leathern chair, and moving toward the window, ran his fingers thoughtfully over the strings of a lute that lay on the cushion, gazing idly through the glass at a court below, as he was thus occupied. After a moment he sauntered back to the chair, took up the volume of manuscript which he had left open on a small and curiously carved table standing near the window, and sinking once more to his seat he began to read again, but the book seemed to fatigue him at last, so allowing it to sink, still open, to his lap, the youth gradually sank to a fit of abstracted musing, and sat with his head resting on his hand, and his large eyes fixed dreamily on the face of a great ebony clock which stood opposite the window, its burnished face glittering through a whole bower of carved wood, and its huge pendulum swaying to and fro with a dull, sleepy motion, well calculated to continue the state of languid thoughtfulness into which the youth had fallen.

As King Edward the Sixth—for the boy was no less a personage—sat musing, thus languid from ill health, and rendered somewhat more sad than usual from the manuscript and book which he had been reading, a page entered, and before he had time to speak, Lord Dudley, son of the reigning protector, followed him into the room. The young nobleman looked pale and much agitated, and Edward himself seemed a little startled by his abrupt entrance, for he was so little accustomed to being consulted on matters regarding the welfare of his kingdom, that any person thus nearly connected with the Lord Protector became an object of nervous dread to him; for such persons seldom interrupted his retirement except to counsel some change of residence, or dictate regarding his personal habits, which to a person naturally shy, and rendered sensitive by illness, was always a subject to be dreaded, but never opposed. It was therefore with something of dismay in his pale features, that Edward received his visiter.

Dudley advanced close to the king's chair, and sinking to one knee, pressed his lips reverently to the slender hand which the royal youth extended with habitual courtsey, though a languid and deprecatory smile, rather than one of welcome, stole over his lip.

"My lord," he said in a voice low and almost femininely sweet, "I am not well to-day, but if your good father recommends that we remove to Windsor, let the household be prepared; he is the best judge, though in his

strong health and great energy he does sometimes tax our weakness a thought too far with these sudden removals."

Edward motioned the young nobleman to arise as he spoke, and when he still retained a kneeling posture, looked in his face with something of astonishment.

"My liege," said Dudley in a respectful and low voice, "I did not come from my father. Alas, since he became Duke of Northumberland and Protector of this realm, there has been little of confidence between us. I have come to you, my liege, on a subject dear as my own life, one which I dare not again intrude upon him, though every feeling of friendship and honor should make him listen to my prayer."

"Of what speak you?" said Edward apprehensively, while his large eyes wandered from the young nobleman's face to other objects in the room, as if he would gladly have avoided any subject of interest, "of whom speak you —and of what?"

"I would speak, my liege, of the duke, your highness' uncle, of his suffering wife and daughter, who now lie with him, prisoned within these very walls; I would claim that justice and clemency at your hands, which I have sought and knelt for in vain, at the feet of my own father."

The king sank back into his chair, and passed his pale hand across his forehead, as if the subject were not only a painful one but not entirely comprehended in its full import.

"We know," he said at length, "that our uncle has been found or thought guilty of many evil practices against the good people of our realm, and that our present able protector has seen it best to imprison him for a season; but we did not know that our noble aunt and sweet cousin Jane were the companions of his captivity. Pray, can you inform us, my good lord, how this all happened? Of what wrong has our sweet playmate and cousin been accused, that she too must be drawn from her home? His Grace of Northumberland forgets that the same blood which fills the veins of his king fills hers also; pray explain, my lord. We have no power to sift all the evil practices of our government, but even his grace, your father, must be careful how he deals with one of our mother's house."

The feeble youth became animated with a spirit which surprised Lord Dudley, as he uttered these words. A bright flush spread over his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with the excitement which sprang both from disease and a resentful feeling, perhaps the most violent that ever visited his gentle heart. Naturally kind and most affectionate in his nature, he had always clung with fondness to those members of his family connected with his mother, and,

since her birth, the Lady Jane had been his especial favorite. It therefore aroused all the strong feelings of royal pride in his heart to hear that a creature so pure and delicate had been, through an abuse of power, made the inmate of a prison. Nor was he better reconciled to the fact when Dudley informed him that it was through her own affectionate desire to mitigate the confinement of her persecuted parent that she had abandoned all to follow him. The youthful monarch was touched by an act of devotion such as his own heart would have prompted, and he questioned Lord Dudley regarding the arbitrary power by which the fallen protector had been imprisoned, with a degree of energy, and an evident determination to know the exact position of affairs, which astonished as much as it pleased the anxious nobleman.

Lord Dudley's was a difficult and painful explanation. It was scarcely possible to place the proceedings against the Duke of Somerset in a favorable light before the young king, without in some degree exposing the conduct of his own parent to condemnation. Still he had entered the presence of his sovereign with a firm resolve to explain all, and throw himself and his hopes on the generosity of a mere boy, and an invalid, who had ever been completely controlled by his guardians, those guardians the very men whom he was called upon to brave. It was with faint hopes, that Dudley undertook this last appeal, when all other efforts to assist his friends failed, and when he had done speaking, when he saw the feeble youth lying back in his chair, pale and exhausted from the emotions which his narrative had excited, he felt almost condemned, that any motive could have induced him to disturb the repose of a being so fragile and sensitive.

"My liege, my kind, gracious master," said the young man, starting to his feet as the overpowered monarch sank back to his chair, faint, pale, and with his golden lashes quivering upon his thin cheeks as they closed his eyes; "my gracious king, forgive me that I have thus intruded—that for any reason I have disturbed a repose which should be sacred to the whole nation; but the persecution of a being so fair—so good—one whom I have long looked upon as my future wife—who is now suffering and in prison"—

Dudley broke off abruptly, for all at once the hectic color rushed back into the king's face, and his languid blue eyes kindled with the brilliancy of a spirit, for the first time, thoroughly aroused.

"Were we indeed a king," he said, "a true, free king as our father was, and not the invalid child which men see in us, these things could not happen. No man would dare to enter the councils of a nation and cast their leaders into prison without the sanction, nay, command of his monarch. But, alas! there is not in the kingdom a being more completely held in thrall than ourself! Until now, we were scarcely made aware of the persecution which

has been so ruthlessly urged against our uncle—but it shall not be! The new duke, thy father, must not thus abuse the authority with which the council, rather than ourself, has invested him!"

Edward arose, excited to some degree of strength by the indignation of his generous heart, and walked up and down the room once or twice, as if to tranquilize his spirit, then seating himself once more, he requested Lord Dudley to explain the cause and all the particulars of Somerset's arrest.

It was a difficult task which the young monarch imposed on his visiter; for Dudley loved his father, and it was impossible to enter into the desired explanation without, in some degree, implicating him; but a sense of justice, and that true love which brought him to Edward's presence, urged him to obedience, and while he so guarded each word as to cast as little blame as possible on his own parent, he pleaded the cause of his friends with a degree of enthusiasm that aroused all the love of justice and family affection, which were strong and predominating qualities in the heart of the youthful monarch.

Edward sat perfectly still, shading his eyes with his small, thin hand, till Dudley had finished speaking; and even for several moments after, he remained motionless, and as if lost in thought. At last, he allowed the hand to drop from his eyes, and looked up.

"My lord," he said, in a firm, clear voice, "you have acted rightly and well in laying this subject before us. Our reign may be a brief one, but it shall be marked, at least, by one act of justice. Come hither again after nightfall. Meantime we will consider the subject and decide what can best be done."

Dudley bent his knee reverently, kissed the pale hand extended toward him, and left the presence. As his fine, healthy form disappeared through the door, and the vigorous footfall of youth and firm health sounded back from the corridor, Edward looked after him, smiled very sadly, and sinking down to his chair, exhausted with the scene, murmured:

"How well he is! how full of life and hope! and I—" He covered his face with both hands, and tears trickled through his fingers, till they fell like rain amid the sables that lined his robe. "And yet," he added at last, removing his hands and wiping away the tears, while a brighter expression stole over his face, "and yet I have the power to make him happy—and Jane, my sweet cousin. Let me act while I have yet strength!"

Edward arose once more, unlocked a miniature cabinet which stood upon the table, and taking out a small golden flask, drank off its contents. The potion seemed to compose and strengthen him; a color came to his lips,

and his eyes had within them that strange, glittering fire which springs from artificial excitement. A small branch of twisted ebony, hung with a cluster of tiny bells, lay upon the table. The king took it up, and rang the bells till the apartment seemed haunted in every nook and corner with a gush of fairy music. As the sound died away, the door was opened, and a page presented himself, evidently much astonished at the energy with which his summons had been rung.

"Go to the lieutenant of the tower," said Edward, promptly, as the page advanced to receive his orders. "Tell him that the king desires his presence without delay."

The boy disappeared instantly; and when his companions in the ante-room crowded near to know why it was that a sound so full and bold had summoned him, in place of the faint, silvery tinkle which usually came from the king's apartment, he put on a look of profound mystery, and, after describing the change which had come upon his royal master, gave it as his decided opinion, that something very tremendous and extraordinary was about to happen, but what the event might be he was not at liberty to inform them. This much he would, perhaps, venture to say. The lieutenant of the tower would soon be ordered to present himself before the king, and after that something might transpire to surprise them all. With these profound sayings, the boy departed from the ante-room, putting on his plumed cap with an important air, and placing a finger to his saucy red lips, in token of secrecy, as he looked back in passing through the door.

After an absence of half an hour, the page returned, following the lieutenant of the tower, for whom he ceremoniously held the door opening to King Edward's chamber. The lieutenant passed in to the royal apartment, while his young escort closed the door after him, dexterously managing to leave it unlatched, and sufficiently ajar to command, for himself, a view of all that was passing within, while he stood toying with his cap, and, as his companions supposed, retaining his station merely to be within hearing of the king's bell.

So little had Edward mingled in the affairs of his nation, that, for the first time in his life, he addressed an officer of his kingdom in the man who stood before him, who stood lost in astonishment at a summons so strange and unexpected.

Though a little restrained and shy in his manner, from almost constant illness and seclusion, there was a degree of quiet dignity about the young king's bearing as he extended his hand to raise the lieutenant from his kneeling posture, that well became his station and his royal nature.

“We have sent to command your presence, sir lieutenant, somewhat against our usual habit; having been informed, to-day, that our uncle, the Duke of Somerset, with the gentle ladies of his household, have been placed prisoners under your care. Our desire is, that they be discharged the tower, at once, and sent, with all due honor in our own royal barge, to the duke’s palace on the Strand. You are commanded to see to this; retaining only, in pledge, the solemn word of our uncle, that he present himself before us, his king, in three days, to be confronted with his accusers, and to answer the charges brought against him.”

Edward slightly waved his hand, when he finished speaking, as if he deemed farther conversation or ceremony unnecessary; and, after thus quietly expressing his wishes, desired to be alone.

The lieutenant was a shrewd man, who held his station under favor of Northumberland, and who had been taught, like most of his fellow subjects, to regard the king as a mere shadow in his own realm. He was taken by surprise—so completely deprived of all presence of mind, by a command totally unexpected, and most important in its nature, that for a moment he stood gazing hard upon the floor, completely at a loss how to act, or what to say. At last, he cast a furtive look on the young monarch, who stood tranquilly regarding him, but instantly turning his eyes away, again bowed almost to the ground, and said, in a soft, deprecating voice, that he would mention the king’s desire to the Lord Protector forthwith, and that he would, doubtless, sign the order necessary for a release of the noble prisoner.

A fire, like that in the eye of an angry falcon, shot into the large, blue orbs which Edward fixed upon his officer. A streak of crimson flashed across his forehead; his slight figure was drawn proudly up, and, as his velvet robe, with its heavy facings of sables, fell back and swept the floor, there was a majesty in his look which well became a son of Henry the Eighth. After regarding the confused lieutenant a second, with a glance, which made that personage more desirous to leave the room than he had even been to enter it, the young monarch turned away, saying, in the same calm and tranquil tone in which his first command had been given—

“The King of England will write his own orders—wait.”

Seating himself by the table, Edward took up a pen, and though his fingers trembled with weakness upon the parchment, wrote and signed an order for his uncle’s release, the first and last legal document that his own free will ever originated. After it was written, he took up a small agate cup, perforated in the side, and after shaking a quantity of gold dust over the damp ink, he folded the parchment and held it toward the still irresolute

lieutenant. There was something in the manner with which all this was done; so quiet, so firm and full of dignity, that, in spite of himself, the officer was awed by a feeling of respect which could not be resisted. Bending his knee, he reverently took the parchment, pressed his lips to the hand which extended it, and left the presence, irresolute how to act, and yet deprived of sufficient courage to resist the command of his sovereign.

As the page ran forward to open a door which led from the ante-room to a corridor, through which the lieutenant was obliged to pass, he saw, at the farther extremity, the Duke of Northumberland, now Lord Protector, moving toward the king's apartments, followed by some half dozen retainers whom he left near the entrance, while he advanced to meet the lieutenant with a look of surprise and displeasure at seeing him there. The page observed that when the duke and his officer met, they conversed earnestly and with considerable animation together, but in low voices, and all the time looking suspiciously around to be certain that no person was within hearing. They were thus engaged for more than ten minutes, while the restless page stood, with the door in his hand, regarding them through a crevice thus conveniently created to gratify his curiosity.

"Now," said he, muttering to himself as he softly swung back the door a little to increase his opportunity of survey—"now, if I could but steal through without making these rusty hinges sound an alarm, it would be rare pastime to creep along the wall and hear what treason those lofty old fellows are plotting. It is no light matter, I'll warrant—see, how the tall old duke clutches his fingers and bends his dark forehead over his eyes till one can scarcely see them, beneath the hoary brows—see, his lips are pressing hard upon each other like a vice—now is his turn to speak—nay, if I were master lieutenant now, beshrew me! but I should get away from that beautiful old gentleman without waiting to say 'by your leave!' There he stands, looking the king a thousand times more than my young master yonder, and I doubt not berating that poor lieutenant, as if he were a hound. See, how slowly, and with what a manner he lifts that right hand, holding the finger up, and shaking it before the poor lieutenant as if it were the blade of a dagger. Beshrew me! but I must learn more of this game—the corridor is half in shadow, and they can but kick me out, like a troublesome dog, if I am discovered—so be quiet, latch and hinge, if you can, for once."

As the boy half muttered, half thought these words, he gently pushed back the door, and was about forcing himself through the opening, but a noise, created by the rusty hinges, was not the only means of betraying his attempt. A space large enough to admit his body also served to fling a line of light far into the dim corridor, which startled the two persons he was

regarding more than a noise could have done. They both turned and looked keenly toward the door. The duke uttered a brief sentence and moved on, waving his hand imperatively to the lieutenant. He also went down the passage, and passing the group of attendants in a hurried manner, disappeared through a door at the opposite extremity, through which the duke had entered the corridor.

Meantime the page, finding himself in danger of detection, had escaped to his post near the king's chamber. When Northumberland approached, he arose from the bench on which he had flung himself, looked up from beneath the feathers of his cap, with a sleepy yawn, and moved forward to announce the Lord Protector, rubbing his eyes as he went, and laughing with silent mischief beneath the concealment of his drooping plumes. As the duke passed him at the door, he paused an instant and fixed a keen glance on his face, which the boy returned by taking off his cap, and bending his curly head almost to the ground, while, with the most frank and cheerful of all voices, he prayed for long life to the noble Lord Protector.

If Northumberland had any suspicion of the boy at first, it was half disarmed by that clear voice and the handsome face sparkling with intelligence lifted to his. There was something mischievous and yet affectionate and pleasing in it, which brought a smile to his own face as, with careless munificence, he flung a piece of gold into the boy's cap and entered the king's chamber.

The page was not so much elated by the gift but that he would have been at his old trick of listening once more; but after advancing a pace into the chamber, Northumberland turned back, looked at the urchin with a half smile, and closed the door himself.

A laugh from his companions, who witnessed his defeat from another end of the room, sent a flood of crimson over the boy's face, but shaking his curls with an air of good-natured bravado, he gave the golden coin a triumphant toss, which sent it flashing like a star up into the sunshine which poured through a neighboring window, and catching it in his hand again, sprang forward and joined the laugh merrily as the most gleeful among them. Instantly, the noisy troop were silenced by a sharp bell-tone from the king's chamber.

"Hush!" said the page, balancing the coin on his finger and eyeing it with a roguish look as he bent his head to listen. "That was the crusty old duke! such fellows hate an honest laugh as King Harry did holy water! they would keep us cooped up here like a flock of pigeons without the privilege of a coo. Hark! again, I must keep quiet till the old one is away, and then we

will try a game of chuck farthing in the corridor, if we can get this shiner changed into half crowns and farthings." So, grasping his fingers over the gold, the page nodded to his companions, leaving them half terrified by the thoughts that their merriment had reached—not the king, he was too good and lenient to chide them for harmless mirth—but the stern duke, whom they all feared beyond measure. The page looked back upon them, as he entered the chamber, tried to smile and seem courageous, though he was half frightened out of his wits—and the next instant stood in the presence of his sovereign, with his bright, black eyes—half concealed by their long lashes—bent to the floor, and a brilliant red burning through the ringlets that fell over his cheek. He seemed the very picture of a living and healthy Cupid in disgrace.

"What noise was it that reached us but now from the ante-room?" said the Lord Protector, sternly, as the boy appeared before him. "Is it with this rudeness and riot you surround the chamber of our invalid king? Begone, sirrah! strip off the royal livery at once and return to your mother, if you have one."

The boy lifted his face to that of the stern duke and his cheek dimpled even while it turned white with fear, a smile was so natural to it. But when the last cruel words were spoken, the long lashes drooped over his eyes again and grew heavy with moisture. He turned away from the face frowning upon him, and, kneeling at the king's feet, lifted his eyes—now full of tears—to those of his master and said,

"I have no mother."

Edward's kind heart was deeply touched by the sadness with which this was said. He was but a youth himself, and forgetful of his dignity and of all but the sweet, pleading face lifted to his, he laid his thin hand upon the curls which fell back from it, and would have kissed the forehead, but an exclamation from Northumberland warned him of the impropriety. Still the page had seen the impulse and the generous tears which filled the mild eyes of his master. His young heart swelled with grateful affection, and, burying his head in Edward's robe, he sobbed aloud.

"Poor boy! he is an orphan like ourself. You will not send him hence, my lord duke," said the young king, turning his face with an anxious and almost pleading look upon his guardian. "The offence was not heavy; and see how penitent he is."

"The offence not heavy, my liege?" replied the duke harshly, "have I not given orders that no sound shall disturb your highness' repose, and

notwithstanding this, am I not distracted almost in my first private audience by the riotous mirth of this urchin and his mates?"

"Nay, we have ourself somewhat to blame in this—having little cause for merriment in our own heart, and pining here day after day—for, alas! kings have no companions—it has sometimes been a comfort to hear the merry laugh of these thoughtless boys—to know that cheerfulness is not shut out from our presence forever. That health and laughter—which is its music—is yet a thing of earth; though, alas! a blessing which we may witness, but never enjoy. Shut out the sunshine which smiles through these windows, the stars which at night time glimmer through that narrow line of glass, and which we have learned to read when pain has made our couch sleepless, till they have become as old friends; break yon lute, whose music is to this faint heart like the voice of a good child to its parent, and, above all, send away the cheerful voices which sometimes fill the next room, and you have wrested from the King of England the only fragment of his inheritance that was ever his."

The page looked up as his master was speaking, the tears were checked in his eyes, and he knelt breathlessly, as one who listened to the voice of an angel. The proud Northumberland turned his eyes from the pale, spiritual face of his royal ward, and bent them on the floor. There was a look of patient suffering in those features which touched his better nature; something in the sad, broken-hearted feelings which filled that voice, which found a passage to his soul, even through the selfishness and ambition that encased it. Other thoughts, too, were busy in his mind. He had a point to carry with the young monarch—a difficult and doubtful one. His animosity against the page only arose from resentment, excited by his conversation with the lieutenant, and some faint suspicion that he had played the listener while that conversation was held. A moment's reflection convinced him that to have heard any part of his conference, from the distance at which he had caught a glimpse of the boy in the corridor, was impossible; so, resolving to make his concession the means of obtaining a much greater one from the king, Northumberland determined to seem won to mercy by sympathy and regard for his ward.

While these thoughts were passing through the mind of that crafty man, Edward remained in his chair, supporting his head with one hand, while the other still lay caressingly, and half buried amid the bright ringlets of the kneeling culprit, who gathered the royal robe between his small hands, and kissed the glowing velvet with grateful eagerness, while his bright face was again deluged with tears—such tears as can only know their birth in a warm, wayward, and affectionate nature.

“Forgive the pain my zeal in behalf of a health so precarious has occasioned,” said the duke, advancing graciously to the king, while his face relapsed into one of those bland smiles which sometimes beamed like magic over his proud features. “Heaven forbid that anything which is dear to your highness, however faulty, should be condemned by one whose first aim is to render his king happy! Let the boy go at once! Far be it from me to desire his chastisement. Go, sirrah,” he added, taking hold of the boy’s arm and lifting him from his knees, but still giving to the action and words a tone of good-natured encouragement, “go to the ante-room; here is another piece of gold to repay the fright we have given you.”

The page stood up; his checks flushed once more beneath the tears that stained them. He looked upon the proffered gold, and, with a motion of the head, betraying both pride and boyish petulance, seemed about to refuse it, but a glance from his master, and something in the duke’s eye which awed him, checked the resentful impulse, and taking the gold, with half muttered thanks, he knelt once more at Edward’s feet, kissed the hand which was kindly extended, and bursting into tears again, left the chamber.

The moment he reached the ante-room, our page flung himself on a bench, and burying his face in the tapestry that cushioned it, sobbed aloud. His companions gathered about him in dismay, anxious to learn the cause of his tears; but it was a long time before he would reply to their questions. At last he started up, dashed the two pieces of gold on the stone floor till they rang again, and told his friends to take them up—fling them into the court below—toss them for farthings—do anything with them—but protested that he would never touch them again. After this ebullition of boyish wrath, he gave a glowing description of the tyranny which had been practised upon him by the duke; of the goodness of his royal master; and of the great danger which had threatened them all. Whereupon, they jointly and severally entered into a contract never to laugh again during the whole course of their lives—a resolution they persisted in keeping for a full half hour, when our young hero set them all into convulsions by a most ludicrous imitation of the protector’s manner as he took leave of the lieutenant. When this new burst of merriment died away, the group of youngsters stood for a while frightened by their own boldness, and expecting each moment to hear another summons to the royal chamber; but instead of the sound they feared, came another which overwhelmed them with surprise. It was the voice of their royal master, louder than any one had ever heard it before, and powerful with strong feeling. The duke’s voice was also heard, sometimes stern and almost disrespectfully harsh, again soothing and persuasive, with

something of that cajolery in its tone which one might expect from the hired nurse of a wayward child.

While these unusual sounds were continued in the king's apartment, the pages gradually drew nearer to the door, till they could command some broken sentences of what was passing within. At length the king's voice grew fainter and less distinct. Northumberland now and then uttered a brief sentence, and his heavy footsteps were plainly heard as he strode up and down the room. At last a sharp ringing of the bells sent the listeners to a distant part of the room, where they stood gazing in each other's faces, uncertain whether they ought to obey the summons or not. Their doubts were speedily relieved, for the door was flung open and the Duke of Northumberland appeared, looking pale and much agitated. He beckoned with his hand, and the page that we have mentioned so often entered the chamber. He found the king lying back in his chair, faint and pale as death; his lips were perfectly bloodless, and though he seemed insensible, the silken vest worn beneath his robe was agitated by the quick and terrible beating of the heart it covered.

With instinctive affection, the page untied the silken fastenings of his master's dress, and exposing the delicate neck and chest, which heaved and throbbed as if the heart were forcing a passage through, he commenced chafing it with his hands, till the agitation became less painful and apparent.

At length, Edward unclosed his eyes and drawing his doublet together with a trembling hand, tried to sit up. Northumberland advanced and seemed about to address him, but he shrank back with a nervous shudder. After a moment, he got up again and would have spoken, but his lips only trembled; he had no strength to utter a word. Northumberland walked to a window, where he stood some time with his arms folded, gazing gloomily through the thick glass. Still the page knelt by his master, chafing his hands, and folding the robe over his feet with that kind assiduity which bespoke an affectionate nature.

At length Edward spoke, and the duke turned eagerly from the window, evidently relieved by this proof that his late attack would not be immediately fatal.

"My lord," said the king, faintly, "you see how impossible it is that this subject can be discussed farther. I beseech your grace, have my wishes obeyed, both regarding your son and all the parties concerned."

Again Northumberland's brow darkened, and he seemed about to expostulate, but Edward looked him gravely in the face and added,

"It *must* be so, my lord duke, or England will not brook the imprisonment of a protector who, with all his faults, knew how to respect the rights of his king."

The color forsook Northumberland's face, but still he frowned and looked unyielding. Edward arose feebly from his chair, and leaning upon the shoulder of his page, moved toward an inner bed-chamber. The duke saw by this movement that all hope of further conference was cut off, and feeling himself baffled and forced to act against his wishes by a mere youth, he once more forgot his usual crafty composure and the respect due to his sovereign.

"My liege," he said, almost imperatively, "this is requiring too much; I cannot grant it."

Edward turned so as to face the angry noble, and while still supported by the page, answered mildly, but with the same steady will as before,

"My Lord of Northumberland," he said, "either our uncle, the Duke of Somerset, returns to his palace to-morrow as we have directed, or on the next day he goes there Lord Protector of England."

With a slight wave of the hand, and with his features contracted with the pain which his effort to speak occasioned, Edward turned away and passed into his bedchamber without waiting for a reply, which, in truth, Northumberland was unable to give, so completely was he astounded by what had already been said.

The page would have called other assistance when Edward reached his bedchamber, but the invalid prevented him, and after having the points of his dress untied, lay down upon the bed, faint and exhausted. The boy moved about him with that soft, gentle tread so grateful in the chamber of an invalid. He smoothed the pillows, drew the counterpane of embossed velvet over the recumbent monarch, and, taking some scented woods from a closet, flung them into a brasier that stood in the fire-place, and nursed the flame beneath till the chamber was filled with a soft, drowsy atmosphere, grateful to the sense, and almost certain to produce tranquil sleep. Then he would steal once more to the bed, pull back the voluminous curtains, and bend over the pale form resting there till his dimpled cheek, so damask and healthy, almost touched that of the monarch, and the wreath of his bright curls fell amid the damp masses of hair which swept over the pillow, in a contrast that was lovely and yet painful to behold. When satisfied that his master was asleep, the boy stole softly from the chamber, as had always been his habit, to await the time of his waking in the next room. He started with surprise on seeing it still occupied by the Duke of Northumberland, who stood before the window gazing sternly into the court below, and evidently lost in a train

of most unpleasant thoughts. When the boy entered he started impatiently, and, clearing the frown from his face with an effort, crossed the room.

"Tell your master," he said, addressing the page, "tell your master that his wishes shall be obeyed—say that all shall be in readiness by eight this evening;" and with these words Northumberland left the royal apartments.

Either the protector's voice aroused Edward, or he had not slept, for scarcely was the door closed when his voice summoned the page to his bedside. When the duke's message was repeated to him, a smile of satisfaction settled on his face, and he sank into a tranquil slumber. After awhile those usually quiet apartments were full of bustle and preparation. Attendants passed in and out; pages were seen running to and fro with mysterious faces. More than one laden wherry untied its contents at the tower stairs, and everything bespoke the approach of some uncommon event.

One little month had scarcely passed when the Duke of Somerset, bereft of wealth and station, sat in a gloomy prison room of the tower, expecting each moment to be dragged forth to trial, and, perhaps, an ignominious death. It was a large room, but so dimly lighted that persons sitting together looked sallow and careworn in the dusky atmosphere that filled it. The very sunbeams forced themselves sluggishly through the high window, as if rusted by the masses of old iron which blocked their passage, and were lost, long before they reached the floor, in a web of ragged and dusty cobwebs, which covered the ceiling like mouldering tapestry, moth-eaten and turning to dust where it hung. There, on the gloomy floor of this desolate place, sat the prisoner, striving to read by the unhealthy light, which was only sufficient to make the effort a painful one. He lifted his eyes to the grating with an impatient exclamation, and, flinging his book on the floor, began pacing up and down the stone flags. Instantly a figure started forward from an inner room and lifted the book; while the sweet, pale face of Lady Jane Seymour was raised for a moment to that of her suffering parent, as he moved rapidly up and down the room. She laid the book once more upon the flags, and exerted all her frail strength to move the chair her father had occupied to a station nearer the window. This done, she again lifted the ponderous volume with her two fair hands, smoothed out the dark letter page which had been doubled in the fall, and bearing it to the duke, besought him to sit down, while she read aloud to him.

Somerset paused a moment in his walk, impelled by the persuasive but sad tones of his child; but confinement had made him irritable; so,

extricating his disordered cloak from the slight grasp which she had fixed upon it, he pushed the book from him with a violence which sent it crashing to the floor again, and resumed his restless occupation. The book had fallen upon the flags, with its broad leaves downward, and crushed beneath the heavy binding, that, with the ringing of the heavy clasps, as they struck the stones, brought another person into the room, but so changed, so thin, and broken-hearted in appearance, that few persons who had seen the dignified, proud, and lovely Duchess of Somerset, in her high estate, could have recognised her as she stood within the sickly atmosphere of her husband's dungeon.

The gentle lady moved across the room, her rich, but now soiled, vestments sweeping the dusty floor as she passed; while her daughter was patiently occupied in smoothing the pages which had been injured in their fall, and in brushing away the dust which they had gathered, she approached her husband, placed a hand upon his arm, and looked with a sad smile into his face.

"The apartment within is less gloomy than this," she said; "come and sit with us; you, who never failed to share the sunshine of life with us, should not thus brood alone, now that sorrow has befallen us. Come!"

Somerset turned abruptly from his noble wife, and to conceal the emotions her sweet, patient manner had awakened, rather than from continued moodiness of spirit, he still paced up and down the darkest part of his dungeon, with all the appearance of continued irritation, for he was ashamed of the tears which, in spite of himself, sprang to his eyes on witnessing his gentle and yet proud wife so fallen and so patient in her ruin.

The duchess was rendered quick-sighted by affection, and, speaking in a low voice to her daughter, the two left the fallen man to the liberty of grief. The room which they entered was scarcely superior to the other, but more light was admitted to it; and where is the spot so dark, or so full of discomfort, that a loving and intelligent woman cannot give some domestic charm to it? When the unfortunate lady and her still more unfortunate child left their palace home, and besought permission to share the confinement of a husband and a father, they had been permitted to bring a few objects of comfort to cheer the desolation which surrounded him. Several leathern chairs, and a stool or two, cushioned and embroidered by the fair beings who selected them for that reason, stood within the room. Lady Jane had swept and garnished the stone floor with her own delicate hands, all unused as they had been to such menial service. A rude table was there, a few favorite books lay upon it, and a lute, the companion of many a happy, childhood hour, was now taken up by that gentle girl, that its sweet tones

might soothe the moody spirit of the proud man, who seemed scarcely conscious of her effort to tranquilize him.

Lady Jane knew that it but mocks a broken spirit to see anything it loves over-cheerful; so her strain, though not gloomy, was touching, and a sad one, so sad that her father, as he walked in the adjoining room, forgot the selfishness of his sorrow and wept like a child, that two creatures so gently nurtured should thus inhabit a prison, and, for his sake, exert their broken spirits to render it cheerful. After a while he entered the apartment where they were, and going up to the duchess he bent down and kissed her, while his right hand rested on the head of the young girl sitting at her feet. Lady Jane lifted her grateful eyes to his face and smiled. When her father kissed her forehead also fondly, and with the affection of former times, a swarm of kindly feelings sprang to her heart; her light fingers touched the lute again, and a gush of music, not gay, and yet scarcely sad, filled the dungeon room. It was a home song, such as they had loved in better days, and it awoke many pleasant memories; so, amid all their sorrows, these three persecuted beings sat together in domestic companionship, almost happy. If chains were upon them, their love of each other twisted a few golden links amid the iron which no human power could wrest away.

The memories which the song awakened gradually led the conversation to brighter themes, and for awhile the inmates of that dungeon almost forgot their present condition. They talked of former days, and, as they talked, an expression amounting almost to a smile rose to the face of the father. The sunshine, too, seemed to partake of their joy, streaming in more gaily through the narrow window, and playing, like a wilful but merry child fitfully across the floor; while a bird—a wanderer from green fields far away—pausing a moment outside the casement, poured forth such a gush of music that it thrilled the inmost hearts of the listeners with joy. Could the duke have seen them then how would he have envied them.

But, as the day wore on, their thoughts once more were brought back to the full consciousness of their present situation, and again a shadow came over the souls of the members of that little family, typical of the sunshine which but just before had been shining so merrily through the casement, but which now had vanished, leaving the dungeon room dark and forbidding.

The gloom of coming night at last gathered thickly in the dungeon, rendering it still more cold, desolate and prison-like. The duke still retained his sombre mood and gazed gloomily on the stone flags at his feet, while his patient wife sat by his side, her hand resting in his, and her sweet, low voice now and then whispering words of endearment, such as her proud and modest nature had considered too bold at any time save when the beloved

one was in affliction, or in any place except that miserable dungeon room. Hers was the love of a true and delicate nature. And, like the flame of a lamp which, scarcely seen amid the glare of sunshine, grows brighter and more vivid when surrounded by darkness, it seemed the only faithful or bright possession left to the fallen man. Nay, there was yet another, scarcely less wretched than himself, or less clinging and affectionate than the woman who would have comforted him. That gentle girl, still tireless in her wish to please, crouched at his feet, and the soft notes of her lute stole up tremblingly and thrilled amid the darkness which shrouded them all. She felt that her father's thoughts were far from her, that the melody which sprang from her weary fingers was all unheeded, and yet she played on, glad that in the darkness she could weep without being seen. So, as her hand wandered over the strings, tears streamed down her pale cheeks, unchecked, and fell upon it till the fingers were damp as if they had been laved in a fountain. Sometimes a sob would escape with the tears, but then came a gush of wilder music and the voice of her sorrow was concealed by it.

The wife still wound her fingers lovingly in the prisoner's hand, grieved that no answering clasp was given back, and yet chiding herself for selfishness that she could expect to be thought of at such a time. The daughter wept on, and still coined her tears into music. But the husband and father had become almost unconscious of these efforts; he was like a caged lion indignant with his keepers, and with his heart full of the forest where he had once prowled a king. At last there was a sound of feet mustering at the prison door. It was about the hour when their evening meal might be expected. The little group looked listlessly up when the bolts were withdrawn, and the glare of a torch fell bright and crimson through the door. Somerset started to his feet, while the duchess withdrew her hand, and resuming her usual air of gentle dignity moved back a pace, where she stood pale and composed, ready to receive the lieutenant who, for the first time, entered their dungeon in person.

"My lord duke," said the lieutenant, addressing his prisoner with some embarrassment, but throwing into his voice and manner that respectful homage which the fallen protector had scarcely hoped to witness again; "my lord duke, I am sorry to intrude on your privacy, or to interrupt the music with which this gentle lady soothes your prison hours, but I have orders for your removal to another room."

"To another room!" exclaimed the duchess, while her cheek blanched whiter and her voice was changed with apprehension, "and we, his daughter Lady Jane and myself, surely, surely, we go also!"

“Not yet, noble lady; the protector has ordered it otherwise; but I beseech you take it not to heart, the separation will be a brief one,” said the lieutenant, bending before the terrified duchess as he spoke. “Nay, sweet lady, do not weep,” he continued, turning to Lady Jane, who had dropped her lute to the floor, and stood directly in the light, with her hands clasped firmly together and her tearful face exposed; “it pains me to witness such sorrow for a cause so groundless. It is but a change of apartments! A short time and you will doubtless receive the Lord Protector’s sanction to cheer the noble duke’s apartments once more; meantime, my orders are imperative! My lord duke, I trust that you will not be displeased with the change. Permit me to lead the way!”

“I will be ready to attend you in a moment,” replied the duke, “but first grant me a moment’s privacy. As my return is uncertain, I would take leave of the duchess and my child without so many witnesses!”

The lieutenant bowed, and withdrawing from the dungeon, closed the door. Then all the strong affections of his nature rushed back upon the wretched duke, for he believed that they were separating him from his family forever. He tried to speak, but could not; a rush of feelings, that had weighed down his heart to apathy before, choked his utterance; a silent embrace and the clinging arms of his wife were forced from his neck; another embrace, a blessing on his child, and before they could cry out or strive to detain him, the door swung to with a sharp crash, the light disappeared, and those suffering and helpless creatures were left alone.

“Mother!” That word arose amid the darkness faint and broken with tears.

“My child, we are alone!” replied a second voice, made strong by the agony of parting.

“No, not alone, mother, God is with us!” And, as she spoke, that noble girl stretched forth her hands and groped the way to her mother in the darkness. As she passed the lute, which still remained on the floor, her garments brushed the strings and a tone of music stole through the room—a pleasant tone—and it seemed that an angel had answered to those trustful words.

The duchess, who had sunk down in agony of heart, began to weep when she heard the sound, and so, in that dark and lonesome prison room, those two helpless beings clung together and comforted each other.

An hour went by, and once more a sound of heavy feet was heard outside their dungeon. The bolts shot back and a flood of light revealed the duchess sitting in the chair left vacant by her husband. Kneeling upon the floor, and

half lying in her mother's lap, was the Lady Jane; her face had been buried in the vestments of her parent, and she had been praying, but, as the door opened, her head was thrown back and a joyful expression filled the soft brown eyes turned eagerly upon the entrance. It was crowded with people, and an exclamation of pleasant surprise burst from the duchess and her daughter when two females entered the dungeon, each with a heavy bundle under her arm. In the foremost Lady Jane recognised her old nurse, and the other had long been chief tyring-woman to the duchess. Never were human beings so welcome, never two beings "so happy without knowing why," as these old warm-hearted women.

"There," said the nurse, holding the Lady Jane in her arms, and kissing her fondly between the words; "there, I say, you with the crusty face, roll in the coffer—that will do!" she added, as one of the men brought in a good sized coffer, which the duchess recognised as her own.

"Now," continued the old woman, still with her arms around her astonished foster-child, "place that mirror on the table; softly, man, softly, you are not wielding your iron bolts now, and that silver frame is easily bruised if you knock the fillagree work about after that fashion!—there, set it down, for a bungler as you are; place the lamp in front; be careful, knave, you are treading on my lady's lute—pick it up!" The man pushed the lute aside with his foot, and set the lamp down without regard to the old woman's order.

"So, you cannot pick up the lute which a noble lady has fingered, forsooth! Wait a few days, and we shall see you creeping on your knees for the honor, instead of standing there with a look as stubborn as your own iron bars. Go, bring in the case of essence bottles, if that does not prove too heavy a task, and then take yourself off, for a clumsy cur; a pretty serving-man you would make, I trow!"

The man, on whom the old woman's eloquence was exercised, seemed very willing to obey her last command. He brought in the case which she had desired, and, placing it on the table, left the dungeon and was about to lock the door, but just as he was closing it a clear cheerful voice was heard in conversation with him. After a moment's delay, the half-closed door was swung open again to admit a handsome boy in the king's livery, who carried a casket under his arm.

"That was well thought of, my pretty page," said the nurse, approaching to take the casket, "but who has found courage to break the new protector's seal? If it was you, boy, I only hope that handsome head may be firm on your shoulders six weeks hence. I would as soon have touched a red-hot coal

as the bit of wax sticking to the smallest cabinet in the palace, and I saw all my lady's jewels counted and locked up weeks ago."

As she spoke, the old nurse allowed the Lady Jane to escape from her embrace, while she advanced to the page, and would have taken the casket from under his arm, but he stepped aside, with a roguish toss of the head, and dropping on his knee before the young lady, placed the casket in her hand. Bewildered, and as one in a dream, she gazed first upon the casket, then, wonderingly, on the handsome boy at her feet.

"What means this?" she said at last, looking doubtfully toward the duchess, who sat gazing upon the scene with equal wonder. "Our crest is upon the lid, but underneath are the royal arms of England."

The duchess arose, and, taking the casket from her daughter's hand, touched a spring. The lid flew open, and, with an exclamation of surprise, the ladies saw, not their own jewels, but a magnificent suite of diamonds which had once belonged to Jane Seymour, the Queen of Henry the Eighth; a young creature who had perished in giving birth to the present king—fortunate, perhaps, in being taken from her earthly state before she had learned how terrible a thing it was to "outlive her husband's liking."

"What means this—whence came the jewels?" exclaimed both ladies at once, turning their eyes from the gems that flashed and glowed in the lamplight, to the boy who had risen from his knees, and, with his plumed cap, was brushing away the dust which his vestments had caught from the floor.

"They were entrusted to me by my royal master, the king," replied the boy, who paused in his occupation and gazed upon the casket, as he spoke, fascinated by the rich hues that played and quivered about it. "I was bade to deliver them to the Lady Jane Seymour—to say that the king desired that she would mingle them with the adornments of her fair person before she placed herself under the escort of the lieutenant, who will be here anon to bring farther orders from the Lord Protector."

Before the astonished ladies could question him farther, he had obeyed some signal given him from the door, and left the dungeon.

It was in vain the noble duchess questioned the nurse and the tyring-woman. They were too much elated to gratify the anxiety of their mistress, even if they had not been as much mystified as herself. All they could say was, that a messenger had been sent from the Duke of Northumberland with orders to convey them to the tower; that they were commanded to take from the wardrobe, in the palace, every thing necessary for the toilet of their ladies. Though scarcely half an hour was allowed them for a choice, they

had filled a coffer, and, with a few things hastily collected, were hurried into a barge and so to the dungeon of their mistress, scarcely realizing how it had all been brought about.

This unsatisfactory information only served to increase the excitement already produced in the minds of the prisoners; while their attendants were busily searching for keys, and smoothing the rich vestments that had been somewhat roughly crowded into the coffer, they looked on as people in a dream. The glare of lights which filled every gloomy angle of their dungeon; the velvet robes flung in glossy robes over the armed chair; the jewels, twinkling and flashing like a cluster of stars, on the table—all seemed like enchantment, and they looked on with a strange emotion of hope mingled with foreboding and almost with affright. Still there was something in all that had transpired, calculated to encourage more than to depress. So after a few brief words of consultation, the mother and daughter sat down and permitted the two women to adorn their persons without farther question. The duchess was speedily arrayed. In spite of her fears, a ray of hope had been awakened, and her face, before so pale and care-worn, became almost happy in its expression, save that a color, far more vivid than was natural to her cheek, betrayed the anxious fears that struggled against the more hopeful feeling that had sprung to life in her heart. She stood by as they wreathed the diamond tiara amid the tresses of her daughter's hair, and, with her own fair hand, put back two or three of the brown curls where they fell over the young cheek, which gradually became warm and damask from the influence of anticipations which she could not entirely control, and yet which she trembled to encourage. How beautiful she looked in her robe of glowing velvet, with the tiara which had once adorned a queen, shedding its starry brightness amid her hair and over that pure forehead. Her neck, always beautiful, now gleamed out with more pearly whiteness beneath the string of brilliants that shed a rich light upon it; and, as the old nurse busied herself with the point lace which draped her rounded arms, she looked up to her mother, and a sweet, natural smile came faintly over her face. The mother did not smile, but a brighter expression lighted up her eyes, and the two looked almost happy making their strange toilet in a dungeon. The nurse had taken that little hand, which trembled in her clasp with conflicting emotions, and after pressing her lips upon the rosy palm, was drawing on the snowy glove with its embroidery of seed pearls, when there was a sound at the door, as of some person knocking against it with his knuckles, and, after a moment, the lieutenant of the tower once more presented himself. When the duchess advanced eagerly toward him, demanding a reason for all that had transpired, he answered with the calm politeness which usually marked his

demeanor, that the Lord Protector had given orders that they should be removed to another room.

"But, tell me," said the lady, almost beside herself with anxiety, "tell me, is it to the duke—is it to my husband you conduct us?"

A smile stole up to the lieutenant's face. It might be one of irony aroused by the keen anxiety which she displayed: it might be a sign of admiration for the two beings that could look so lovely amid the gloom of a dungeon; but they could not read its meaning, and he would give no other reply to their question.

The Lady Jane began to tremble, but she placed her arm within that of the duchess, and was supported from the dungeon. Her heart died within her bosom as she found herself in a long, damp passage, surrounded by strange faces, and going, she could scarcely dream where. She looked in her mother's face; it had become very pale again, and the arm on which she leaned shook beneath the weight of hers. All at once, she felt that the train of her dress had been lifted from the floor. She looked round, and there was that handsome little page grasping the folds of velvet in his small hand, while his bright face was lifted smilingly to hers. He seemed to comprehend and pity the anxiety betrayed by the troubled expression of her face, for drawing close to her side, he whispered—

"Have no fear, sweet lady, there is nothing of harm to dread."

"Sirrah, fall back to your place," said the lieutenant, looking sternly over his shoulder.

The boy shrank back, but not till his words had brought comfort to the heart of Lady Jane, and were whispered in the ear of her mother.

On they went, through dark passages and gloomy chambers;—the flambeau carried by their guard, crimsoning the walls as they passed on, and their shadows changing, and seeming to dance in fantastic groups around them as the lights were tossed upwards and flared in the chill currents of air that drew down the corridors. At last, they entered a large room, lighted up and surrounded by a range of cushioned benches, from which some half dozen pages arose with great show of respect as the party entered. The lieutenant and his officers remained standing at the entrance to the room, while two of the pages ran forward to an opposite door, which they held open as if the ladies were expected to pass through. The duchess turned her eyes on the lieutenant, uncertain how to act; he bent his head, and drawing respectfully back, answered her appeal in a low voice.

"Lady," he said, "my charge ends here; pass on to the next room, where the king awaits you."

The duchess started as she heard this, and grasping the hand which rested on her arm, whispered—

"Courage, my child, all will be well!"

Though taken by surprise, the noble lady had been so long accustomed to courts that, in crossing the ante-chamber, she resumed the quiet and dignified manner which anxiety had previously disturbed, but the quick feelings of youth could not be so readily controlled, and when the duchess presented herself in King Edward's apartments, the young creature leaning on her arm was pale as death beneath all the warm glow of her jewels, and trembled visibly with suppressed agitation. The duchess cast a quick glance over the room. Her husband was there, not in his prison garments but robed as became his station, and by his side stood the Duke of Northumberland—though her heart leaped at the sight, she remained to all appearance composed and ready to sustain the dignity of her noble house before the man who had been its bitter enemy. Lady Jane also looked up, and recognised her father, with a thrill of joy such as she had seldom known before, but instantly the happy glow died from her face, and almost gasping for breath she clung to the duchess for support. She had seen another face, that made her heart tremble as she gazed—a face which had haunted her soul with a memory which would not be shaken off, but which in darkness and in sorrow had clung there as "the scent of roses hangs forever around the vase which once preserved them." It was the face of Lord Dudley—the son of her father's enemy. The man whom she had loved with all the truth and fervency of a pure and most affectionate heart, but from whom she was separated forever. Was it strange that her cheek and lips grew white or that those heavy lashes drooped sorrowfully beneath the look with which he regarded her? a look which made her heart turn faint with the memories which crowded upon it. She could not meet that glance again. Her father, the highborn and persecuted, was there, and yet that one look had made her almost forgetful of his wrongs.

Before these thoughts could fairly pass through her mind, and while the duchess hesitated at the door that she might have time to gain something of composure, the duke of Northumberland arose from his seat with that air of graceful and proud courtesy which no man could adopt with so much ease, and crossing the room, gave his hand to the duchess, inquired kindly after her health, and requested permission to lead her before the king, who sat in his large easy chair looking almost healthful, and made quite happy in the newly aroused power of conferring happiness upon others. Edward stood up to receive the duchess, and when she would have knelt, he took her hand in his and pressed it affectionately to his lips.

“His Grace of Northumberland will bear witness for us,” he said, “how ignorant we have been of all that you have suffered, and how deeply the knowledge grieved us when it did come. For our sake let all be forgotten; if any power is left to our feeble state, these persecutions shall not happen again.”

The lady, thus kindly addressed, made a grateful reply, which was somewhat restrained by the presence of Northumberland. He must have heard all that was passing, though his face wore the same bland and tranquil smile with which he had first approached her.

After pressing his lips once more to the fair hand in his, Edward turned to the Lady Jane, a smile broke over his pale face, and those large eyes, usually so regretful and sad in their expression, now sparkled with pleasant feelings.

“And our sweet cousin,” he said, looking down upon her lovely face as she sank to his knees, “methinks the prison fare has added to a beauty which was bright enough before. Nay, fair one, if you must do us homage, another hand must raise you.”

As he spoke, Edward had extended his hand as if to raise the young girl from his feet, but instead of this he laid it among the rich tresses of her hair, where it rested pale and caressingly lighted up by his own princely gift of jewels, and sinking to his seat again he bent forward and addressed the wondering girl in a low and earnest voice, smiling as he spoke, and faintly blushing as he saw that his words made the warm color deepen and glow in the cheek that had a moment before looked so cold and pale.

“Nay, do not rise yet,” he said, checking the modest impulse which prompted the bewildered girl to seek the shelter of her mother’s side, and as he spoke, Edward lifted his eyes from the drooping lashes that began to quiver upon the now red, now pallid cheeks, and looked expressively toward Lord Dudley, still keeping his hand upon the young creature’s head. He felt her start and tremble beneath his touch as Lord Dudley came eagerly forward, and though she did not look up, he knew by the trembling of her red lip and the rosy flood that deluged her face and neck, that the music of that familiar footstep had reached her heart.

Dudley returned the young monarch’s smile, as his hand was removed from its beautiful resting place, with a look of gratitude, and bending down he whispered a few words to the Lady Jane as he raised her from the king’s feet. She cast one timid glance on his face; it was eloquent with happiness, so eloquent that her eyes sought the floor again.

The king looked toward the ante-room and gave a signal with his hand. It was obeyed by our favorite page, who glided across the room and softly opened a door leading to the royal oratory. There, within the gleam of a silver sconce which flooded the little room as with a stream of moonlight, stood the king's chaplain, in his sacerdotal robes, and with a book open in his hand. Upon the marble step at his feet lay two cushions of purple velvet fringed and starred with silver. Lord Dudley led his trembling charge forward, and they knelt down upon these cushions, while King Edward and all within the outer room stood up. A moment, and the deep solemn tones of the chaplain, as he read the marriage ceremony, filled the two apartments. The sweet face of Lady Jane was uplifted, and the pure light fell upon it, as she made her response in a voice rendered low by intense feeling—another response, louder and more firmly uttered—a benediction—and then Lord Dudley led his bride from the oratory.

"Your blessing, my father," murmured the half happy, half terrified young creature, as she knelt with her lord at Somerset's feet.

The Duke of Somerset bent down, kissed the beautiful forehead so bewitchingly uplifted, and gave the blessing which made his child happy. The duchess smiled, and wept amid her smiles.

"Ah, Jane," she murmured, fondly putting back the ringlets her own hand had arranged, "ah, Jane, we little thought this evening would end so happily."

The king stood by, and turned away to conceal the pleasant tears which filled his eyes.

"One thing more," he said, "and our slumber will be sweet to-night;" as he spoke, the royal youth advanced to "The two Dukes," where they stood side by side, and linking their hands together, placed his own upon them.

"Be friends," he said, "the kingdom has need of you both."

Edward felt their hands beneath his clasped together, and was satisfied. He was young, full of generous impulses, and believed that two ambitious men toiling for the same object *could* be friends.

THE ABSENT WIFE.

BY ROBERT MORRIS.

At twilight's soft and gentle hour
When shadows o'er the dull earth creep,
And nature feels the soothing power
Of coming night and balmy sleep—
When the tired laborer hastens home
His wife and little ones to kiss,
And the young beauty anxiously
Awaits love's hour of dream-like bliss—
When nest-ward hie both bird and bee,
My fondest thought is still for thee!

Again at midnight's solemn hour,
When eyes are closed and lips are still,
And Silence, like a spirit's form,
Rests sweetly on each vale and hill,
When Love and Grief sit side by side
Around some sinking sufferer's bed,
Or Crime in shadow seeks to hide
A form to every virtue dead,—
E'en then in dreams thy form I see,
Or waking fondly turn to thee!

At rosy morn, when like a gleam
From some far brighter sphere than ours,
The sunlight with its golden sheen
Awakes the world and tints the flowers—
When birds their tuneful numbers raise
And chant a welcome to the dawn,
When Nature lifts her voice in praise,
And day, creation-like, is born—
Then, when are hymns from land and sea,
I bow to Heaven and think of thee!

My lonely room—my quiet hours,
No hand to press—no voice to cheer,
No form to meet in Pleasure's bowers,
No song to melt the soul to tears—
No welcome home with looks of joy,
No gentle song to tell of love,
No day-dreams of our cherished boy,
No child-like eyes to point above—
No hand to soothe the ruffled brow,
Alas! how much I miss thee now!

Pity the wretch, who, doomed to roam
From day to day this lower sphere,
Unloved by any—loving none,
Still wasting on from year to year,
As lonely as some twinkling orb
That trembles in the distant sky,
A watcher mid the hosts of night
With none to share its company—
Unloved while living, and when dead,
With none a heart-wrung tear to shed!

Alas! how cold and desolate
The path of such a one must be,
How dim his hopes—how sad his fate,
How cheerless his lone destiny!
No eye to mark each changing look,
No lip his fever'd brain to press;
No gentle one in whisper low,
With kindly words his ear to bless,—
To point his thoughts from earth to sky,
And paint some bright Futurity!

Why do we live? Affections—ties
That well and form within the breast,
That intertwine our sympathies
With hopes and joys that make us blest—
These point the panting spirit up
To milder realms beyond the skies,
And whisper to the trembling soul
New bliss awaits in paradise!
Oh! what were life with love away,
Where earth its bound—its limit clay!

Then soon return, fond one, return,
Thy greeting shall be kind and true,
Love's lamp again shall brightly burn,
And life its purest joys renew!
Oh! absence, like the clouds that throw
Thick shadows o'er the summer sky,
But, passing, leave a brighter glow,
A deeper, purer blue on high:
So now I wait the passing gloom,
That light again may gladden home!

SONG.

Oh! sing unto my soul, my love,
That all-entrancing lay,
Such as the seraphim above
Are singing far away—
It comes as some familiar strain
Once heard in heaven, now heard again.

For sure—as olden sages tell—
We are not all of earth:
The soul, by some mysterious spell,
Has glimpses of its birth;
And memories of things divine
Thrill o'er me at that voice of thine.

They come as half-forgotten dreams
From that eternal land,
The sounds of its celestial streams,
The shores of silver sand,
The angel faces in the air—
Oh! sing, and waft my spirit there!

A. A. I.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Zanoni, a Novel. By the Author of "Pelham," "Rienzi," &c. Two Volumes. Harper & Brothers.

A few years ago, in the first volume of "The Monthly Chronicle," a tale, or rather the fragment of one, appeared, professedly from the pen of Bulwer. But the story defied critical as well as common sense to understand it. It opened abruptly and closed abruptly. It had, properly speaking, neither beginning nor end. It was incomprehensible. By general consent, "Zicci" was regarded as a freak of the author—its only merit was the novelty of having no merit at all. After being the jest of the reviewers for years, this story has been completed, and now lies before us, under the altered name of "Zanoni."

The idea of the novel is borrowed from the dreams of the old Rosicrucians, and of the predecessors of that sect as far back as the Chaldeans. These visionaries imagined that man, by a rigid practice of virtue and the sublimation of every earthly feeling, could attain to a perfect comprehension of the most hidden secrets of nature—could hold communion with, and exercise control over, the unseen powers of the air—and could even preserve human life to an indefinite extent, by acquiring the means by which it might be perpetually renovated. The story opens at Naples, towards the close of the last century. The hero is a noble Chaldean, who, having attained to the knowledge of this last secret of his sect while yet in the prime of youthful manhood, wears now the same aspect as when he gazed on the stars from his home in Assyria, before the temple had been built on Mount Zion—before the Greeks had fought at Marathon—before the builders of the pyramids had died. To an imaginative mind, such a character possesses peculiar charms. He comes before us with all the solemnity of the past, making vivid to us the great deeds of buried ages. He has seen the army of Alexander on the Indus. He was in Egypt when Antony's fleet set sail for Actium. He remembers when Demosthenes thundered for the crown, when Cæsar fell in the Senate House, when Rome was sacked by Attila. For three thousand years he has gazed on mankind with a face as unchanging as that of the weird Sphinx of the desert. For ninety generations, he has survived war, and pestilence, and the slow decay

of the system,—a being mysterious in his subtle power, wonderful in his awful and majestic beauty. This exemption from death he has won by the subjugation of every feeling and passion to the mastery of a PURE INTELLECT. But still retaining his *youth*, he retains the capacity to *love*; and though, for such a lapse of ages, he has withstood temptation, he is destined at last to yield to it. He meets with and loves a beautiful Italian girl. He thus endangers his earthly immortality; for the moment he yields to earthly passion, however pure, his intellect becomes clouded, and he loses the prophetic faculty as well as others of his high attributes. Conscious of this, and knowing that he will bring peril and sorrow around the path of Viola by linking her fate with his, he struggles long against his passion, and even after yielding to it, endeavors to avert from her head the dangers which, as consequences of his conduct, thicken around her. In this Titanic conflict betwixt the intellect and the heart—in the alternation of the aspirations of the one and the agonizing throes of the other, lies the *burden*—as the old writers would call it—of the novel.

The idea, as thus stated, is simply grand. It has a unity that overpowers us. Had the author contented himself with merely developing this idea, omitting every thing which had no necessary bearing on the *dénouement*, he would have produced an almost faultless story. But he has, in a great measure, failed in carrying out his conception. He has weakened the effect by diverging from the *burden* of the story. As the novel has been circulated in various cheap forms throughout the country, we shall take it for granted that our readers have perused the book. This will save us the necessity of recapitulating the plot as the basis of our remarks.

The plot is grossly defective in several important particulars. Many even of the leading incidents have no bearing on the *dénouement*. The compact betwixt Zanoni and the EVIL EYE, at Venice, is of this character. The author's original intention was to make the condition exacted from the husband play a prominent part at the crisis; but he subsequently changed his mind, and brought about the *dénouement* by other means, forgetting, however, to rewrite this scene, so as to adapt it to the altered aspect of the story. The EVIL EYE, when he comes to assert his rights, is cavalierly dismissed, in a very inartistical manner. It would have contributed far more to the unity of effect of which we have spoken, if the author had pursued his original design, and made the condition exacted from Zanoni, the sacrifice of his own life, when, at any future period, he should wish again to preserve the life of Viola. By following out this plan, Bulwer would have been saved the necessity of introducing the sanguinary scenes of the French Revolution; and the crisis would have been brought about in a far more natural manner

than it is at present. The introduction of Robespierre and his associates is *forced*; it renders involved an otherwise simple and effective plot. We are astonished that an adept in Art, such as Bulwer professes to be, should have committed a blunder for which, if he had been a schoolboy, he should have been soundly whipped. If he intended to enlist and keep up the interest of his readers in his two chief characters, why has he distracted the attention by the introduction of The Reign of Terror, that most real of tragedies, whose horrors exceed anything that romance can imagine, whose thrilling story stops the pulsation of the heart for anything less terrible? The mind should have been left undistracted to contemplate the stern, Doric self-sacrifice of Zanoni! The author should not have sacrificed the unity of effect for the dying struggles of Robespierre, or any other human butcher in the blood-bespattered shambles of Paris. We can see what misled Bulwer. Not satisfied with the grandeur of his original conception of the *dénouement*, he sought to increase the interest by the clap-trap effect of rapidly shifting the perilous incidents in which all the chief actors are involved. This is a trick he has learned behind the foot-lights, and not in the study of the great old masters.

There are numerous minor errors in the plot. Glyndon's *liaison* with Floretta does not advance the story, and the only part she plays in evolving the crisis, is the betrayal of Viola at Paris. If the plot had been handled properly, there would have been no necessity for her agency here. But the desire to paint mere sensual love, in this character, induced Bulwer to patch her into the tale. He has been persuaded, from the same reason, to introduce other unimportant characters we might name. In short, his motley array of personages reminds us of Burke's graphic picture of Chatham's last piebald ministry, where he compares it to a piece of mosaic, "here a bit of black stone and there a bit of white," and humorously depicts the consternation of men, who had been all their lives libelling each other, on finding themselves "pigging together in the same truckle-bed." In like manner the robber figures in the scene. So do Mervale and that worthy shrew his wife. These are all gross faults; for the necessity of preserving that oneness and entireness of effect, of which we have spoken so much, exists in peculiar force in a highly imaginative work like this. The introduction of supernal agents is, at all times, a dangerous experiment; and, when they are introduced, the illusion is to be kept up at every sacrifice. This can scarcely be done where the reader listens on one page to the converse of immortal powers, and on the next to the wrangling of a cross, sleepy wife with a drunken husband—when we are hurried from the lofty aspirations of Menjour and Zanoni, to the silly love toying betwixt Glyndon and Floretta. This brings us to another error in the author—an error which lies at the very bottom of all his errors.

The subject is unfit for prose. It properly belongs to the drama. The true province of the imagination is poetry, and although this divine faculty may stoop to prose, it can never truly shine but in the celestial garments of the muse. We do not deny the impossibility of treating an ideal theme in prose—we only assert the superior advantages which poetry affords for the same object. Transitions may be tolerated in the drama which should be anathematized in prose. But, above all, poetry would favor the preservation of the illusion to which we have already referred. The *tone* of a story such as Zanoni is, could be better preserved in poetry. The idea of the tale is inexpressibly grand, and might have been worked out with terrible effect. The struggle in Zanoni's mind betwixt his love for Viola and his longing for an earthly immortality would have produced, if evolved by a master hand, a tragedy equal to Manfred, Faust, we had almost said Prometheus.

But we have said enough under this head. Let us look at the characters.

Of Zanoni we have already spoken. His character belongs to a lofty region of the ideal. The conception of Pisani, also, is highly imaginative. He comes in, at the opening of the tale, with the same effect with which a fine overture precedes an opera. He prepares the mind, by his unearthly music, for the mysteries that are to follow. His barbican, his solitary life, his dreams of wild figures and wilder music in the air, entitle him to a high rank in the ideal. What a grand thought is that which represents him at the theatre, mechanically performing his part, while all the time his soul is thinking of his beloved opera, so that often, unconsciously to himself, he bursts out into its weird and startling music!

Viola, the impersonation of the purest love, unalloyed by any sensual feeling—Glyndon, the weak, vacillating, yet aspiring man—and Menjour, the embodiment of mere intellect, apart from any influence of the heart, good or bad, are well drawn characters—*of their kind*. Their fault is that they have no individuality. All Bulwer's personages partake of this error. There is not, in his numerous novels, a single personage whom we can look back on as on a real individual. Falstaff and Nicol Jarvie are so life-like that it seems as if we had drunk canary with the one, at the Boar's Head, and "had a crack" with the other, on the causeway of Glasgow. Bulwer's characters have none of this personal identity—they are only embodiments of certain passions or peculiarities. His actors are like the knights of Spencer, mere stalking horses for particular vices or virtues—or, like a wigmaker's block, the representative in turn of the heads of all his customers. Every personage in Zanoni, without, as we remember, a *single* exception, is thus ticketed for a particular vice or virtue, like passengers in a railroad car. Now, we do not object to the introduction of these personages if

they are necessary to the plot; but, for heaven's sake, Mr. Bulwer, give us something more than mere automatons! Don't ask us in to a second Mrs. Jarley's wax-works!

We have spoken, in terms of high praise, of the character of Zanoni. We have, however, said that the theme was more adapted for poetry than prose. Having chosen prose, the author has erred in calling his book A NOVEL. Let us be understood. Feeble as is the province of prose to do justice to so ideal a character as Zanoni, we do not base our present objection to the book on that ground. It is one of the inalienable rights of man to show his ignorance, to make a blunder, or in any other way to play the fool. This is not the question now. The work before us purports to be a novel, and nothing but a novel. It might have been named a romance, a mystery, or the Lord knows what! But it is put forth as a novel, under the *imprimatur* of the writer of "ART IN FICTION," of the man who sets up to be the high priest of the synagogue! Is it such?

A novel, in the true acceptation of the name, is a picture of real life. The plot may be involved, but it must not transcend probability. The agencies introduced must belong to real life. Such were Gil Blas and Tom Jones, confessedly the two best novels extant. Whether the title was properly applied, in the inception, is not the question. Usage and common sense have affixed a definite meaning to the word. When authors cease to paint real life they cease to write novels. The tales may be very good of their kind, but they are no more novels than a sirloin is a mutton chop, or than Bulwer is the artist he pretends to be. Judged by this standard, Zanoni is not a novel. There are pictures of real life in it; but to paint society, *as it is*, was only collateral to the chief aim of the work.

We say nothing of the moral of the story; for all that is truly noble in Bulwer's imaginary doctrines of the Rosicrucians is stolen from the pure precepts of our holy religion.

The English of the author is neither better nor worse than in his former novels. His language was always inflated, often bombastic. He personifies as desperately as ever. His allegories are as plentiful as Sancho Panza's proverbs, or as an old maid's ailings. The same straining after effect, the same attempts at fine writing which were such glaring defects in his former novels, are here perceptible. Through every line, the author looks out, eager, like Snug the joiner, to tell you he is there.

There are many fine thoughts, nevertheless, in these volumes; and, on the whole, the book is a valuable addition to our imaginative literature.

If we have dwelt longer on the faults than on the merits of "Zanoni," it is because the latter are more apparent to the popular eye. We have dealt out, however, even-handed justice to the book, since the province of a critic is not that of the state advocate, who argues only on one side, but rather that of the judge who sums up the case, and of the jury who are sworn "a true verdict to give according to the evidence." With this remark, we leave "Zanoni" to its fate.

The Poets and Poetry of America, with an Historical Introduction. By Rufus Willmot Griswold. One vol. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

This is the best collection of the American Poets that has yet been made, whether we consider its completeness, its size, or the judgment displayed in its selections. The volume is issued in a style commensurate with its literary worth. The paper, type and printing are unexceptionable. Messrs. Carey & Hart have, in "The Poets and Poetry of America," published the finest volume of the season.

The editor begins his selections of American Poets with Frenau, prefacing them, however, with an historical introduction evincing considerable research. In this introduction he shows that, prior to the revolution, the pretenders to the muse in the colonies scarcely rose to the level of versifiers. From Frenau downwards, the chain is kept up to the youngest poet of the day. About eighty-eight authors are embraced in the body of the work. To the selections from each author is prefixed a short but clear biography. The editor has not always been guided, in making his selections, by the relative merit of the various authors, but, in cases where the writers have published editions of their poems, he has been less copious in his extracts, than when the poet has left his works to take care of themselves. Thus we have the whole of Dana's "Buccanier," of Whittier's "Mogg Magone," of Sprague's "Curiosity," and of Drake's "Culprit Fay." Most of C. Fenno Hoffman's songs are also included in the collection. But Pierpoint's "Airs of Palestine," are excluded, as are the longer and best poems of Willis. At the end of the volume is an appendix, in which about fifty writers, whom the editor has not thought worthy of a place in the body of his book, figure under the name of "Various Authors." Such is the plan of the work. A word, in detail, on its merits.

We have said that this volume is superior to any former collection of the American Poets, whether we regard its size, its completeness, or the taste displayed in the selections. This is our *general* opinion of the book. We do not, however, *always* coincide with the judgment of the editor. There are several writers in the Appendix who have as good claims to appear in the body of the work, as others who figure largely in the latter more honorable station. There are many mere versifiers included in the selection who should have been excluded, or else others who have been left out should have been admitted. Perhaps the author, without being aware of it himself, has unduly favored the writers of New England. Instances of all these faults will be noticed by the reader, and we need not further allude to them.

The editor has scarcely done justice to some of our younger poets, either in his estimate of their genius, or in his selections from their poems. A glaring instance of this is the case of LOWELL, a young poet, to whom others than ourselves have assigned a genius of the highest rank. We would have been better pleased to have seen a more liberal notice of his poems. We know that, with the exception of "Rosaline," better selections might have been made from his works. A few years hence, Mr. Griswold himself will be amazed that he assigned no more space to LOWELL than to M'Lellan, Tuckerman, and others of "Οι Πολλοι." Holmes is another instance of the injustice done an author by the editor's selections. The author of "Old Ironsides" has written better poems than that, all about the old man, of whom

> "My grandmamma has said—
> Poor old lady! she is dead
> Long ago—
> That he had a Roman nose,
> And his cheek was like a rose
> In the snow."

And again,

> "I know it is a sin
> For me to sit and grin
> At him here,
> But the old three-cornered hat,
> And the breeches—and all that,
> Are so queer!"

Little more can be said in the way of criticism, unless we should follow up these remarks by further examples in detail. For this we have no inclination, since, after all, the book, as a whole, is one of high merit; and, from the very nature of the work, it is impossible for an editor to produce a faultless volume. A thorough analysis of the book might induce many, whose minds are not comprehensive, to think it a bad, instead of what it really is, a good work.

The Two Admirals, a Tale, by the Author of "The Pilot," "Red Rover," &c., &c. Two Vols. Lea & Blanchard: Philadelphia.

Mr. Cooper, in the book before us, has re-asserted his right to the rank of the first living American novelist. The "Two Admirals" is not inferior to the best of his works. The scenes are described with that graphic force for which our author is distinguished above all writers of sea-tales. The two combats betwixt Sir Gervaise Oakes and the French fleet are told with unusual power. But there is nothing like character in the tale, and the plot is shamefully commonplace. Mr. Cooper seems to be aware of his want of ability to write a story, or paint a character, and he therefore wisely expends his whole strength on particular incidents and scenes. In his line he is without a rival here or in Europe.

The Poetical Works of John Sterling. First American Edition. One vol. Herman Hooker: Philadelphia.

Every man of taste will rejoice at this collected edition of the poems of Sterling, the "Archæus" of Blackwood. To Rufus W. Griswold, the editor, and Herman Hooker, the publisher, the American public is indebted for this edition of the works of one of the most pure, delicate, fanciful, and idiomatic, of the poets of the present day.

Essays for Summer Hours. By Charles Lanman. Second Edition. Boston: Hilliard, Grey & Co. London: Wiley & Putnam.

These essays are distinguished by grace, sweetness, and graphic force of language. The author is a devout lover of nature in all her moods, but especially in her more quiet aspects. He has produced a book which will be no discredit to him.

Tecumseh, or the West thirty years since. A Poem. By Geo. H. Colton. Wiley & Putnam: New York & London. Moore & Wiley: Philadelphia.

This book is an elegant specimen of American typography. Of the merits of the poem we shall not speak until July, when we trust to have leisure and space for the task.

Transcriber's Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious punctuation and typesetting errors have been corrected without note.

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. XX No. 6 June 1842* edited by George Rex Graham]