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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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RICHARD SOMERS.

BY J. FENIMORE COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE SPY," "THE PIONEERS," ETC.

Few men in this country have left names as distinguished as that of Somers, around whose personal history there remains so much doubt. Had he not given up his life in the service of the republic, he would most probably have now been living, in a green old age. While many of his friends and shipmates still survive to bear testimony to his bravery and his virtues, yet no one seems to possess the precise information that is necessary to a full and accurate biographical sketch of more than his public services. The same mystery that has so long clothed the incidents of his death, appears to have gathered about those of his early life, veiling the beginning and the end equally in a sad and uncertain interest.

The family of Somers emigrated from England to America in the early part of the eighteenth century, establishing itself at Great Egg Harbor, Gloucester county, New Jersey. Here the emigrant became the proprietor of a considerable landed property, most of which still remains in the hands of his descendants, the place bearing the name of Somers' Point. This Point forms the southeastern extremity of the county, being separated from that of Cape May merely by the Harbor. Gordon, in his gazetteer of New Jersey, thus describes the spot, viz:—"Somers' Point, post-office and port of entry for Great Egg Harbor district, upon the Great Egg Harbor bay, about 43 miles S. E. from Woodbury, 88 from Trenton, and, by post-route, 196 from Washington. There is a tavern and boarding-house here, and several farm-houses. It is much resorted to for sea bathing in summer, and gunning in the fall season."

It is believed that the Christian name of the emigrant was John, and as this was also the baptismal designation of the celebrated jurist, who came

from the middle class of society, the circumstances, taken in connection with the fact that the family was known to have been respectable in England, leaves the strong probability that the parties had a common origin. At all events, this John Somers, by his possessions and position, must have been of a condition in life much superior to the great body of the emigrants to the American colonies. Report makes him a man of strong English habits and character, while there is a tradition among his descendants of the existence of a mother, or of a mother-in-law, who was of French extraction, and a native of Acadie. This person may have been the mother of the wife of the emigrant, however; but the circumstance is not without interest, when it is remembered that the regretted Somers himself, like his intimate friend, Decatur, had more of the physical appearance of one descended from a French stock, than of one who was derived from a purely Anglo-Saxon ancestry.

The property at Somers' Point descended principally, if not entirely, to the two sons of the emigrant, John and Richard. John, the eldest, lived and died on the estate, where his descendants are still to be found. Richard, the youngest, married Sophia Stillwell, of the same part of his native province, by whom he had four children, Constant, Sarah, Jane and Richard.

Constant Somers married Miss Leaming, of Cape May county, and died young, leaving a son and a daughter. The former, who bore his father's name, was accidentally killed at Cronstadt, in Russia, while yet a youth, and the daughter married a gentleman of the name of Corsen, also of Cape May county, and has issue. These children are the only descendants, in the third generation, of Richard Somers, the second son of the emigrant.

Sarah Somers married Captain Keen, of Philadelphia, and still survives as his widow, but has no children. Richard, the youngest child, is the subject of our memoir.

Richard Somers, the elder, would seem to have been a man of considerable local note. He was a colonel of the militia, a judge of the county court, and his name appears among those of the members from his native county in the Provincial Congress, for the year 1775; though it would seem that he did not take his seat. Col. Somers was an active whig in the Revolution, and was much employed, in the field and otherwise; more especially during the first years of the great struggle for national existence. His influence, in the part of New Jersey where he resided, was of sufficient importance to render him particularly obnoxious to the attacks of the tories, who were in the practice of seizing prominent whigs, and of carrying them within the British lines; and Great Egg Harbor being much exposed to descents from the side of the sea, Col. Somers was induced to remove to

Philadelphia with his family, for protection. As this removal must have been made after the town was evacuated by Sir Henry Clinton, it could not have taken place earlier than the autumn of 1778; and there is good reason for thinking it occurred two or three seasons later. Here Col. Somers remained for several years, or nearly down to the period of his death.

Richard Somers, the son of Richard, and the grandson of the emigrant, was born September 15th, 1778, and it is known that his birth took place prior to the removal of his parents to Philadelphia. As his father was born November 24, 1737, it determines two facts: first, that the family must have emigrated at least as early as 1730, if not some years earlier; and, secondly, that Col. Somers had reached middle age when his distinguished and youngest child drew his earliest breath. Somers first went to school in Philadelphia, and was subsequently sent to Burlington, where there was then an academy of some merit for the period. At the latter place the boy continued until near the time of the death of his father, if not quite down to the day of that event.

Col. Somers died in 1793 or 1794; two records of his death existing, one of which places it in the former, and the other in the latter year.

There is even some uncertainty thrown around the precise period when Somers first went to sea. His nearest surviving relative is of opinion that he had never entered upon the profession when he joined the navy; but this opinion is met by the more precise knowledge of one of his shipmates in the frigate in which he first served, who affirms that the young man was a very respectable seaman on coming on board. The result of our inquiries is to convince us that Somers must have gone to sea somewhere about the year 1794, or shortly after the death of his father, and when he himself was probably between fifteen and sixteen years of age. The latter period, indeed, agrees with that named by the relative mentioned, as his age when he went to sea, though it is irreconcilable with the date of the equipment of the man-of-war he first joined, and that of his own warrant in the navy. From the best information in our possession, therefore, we are led to believe that the boy sailed, first as a hand and then as a mate, if not as master, on board a coaster, owned by some one of his own family, of which more than one plied between Great Egg Harbor and the ports of New York and Philadelphia. This accords, too, with his known love of adventure and native resolution, as well as with his orphan condition; though he inherited from his father a respectable property, including a portion of the original family estate, as well as of lands in the interior of Pennsylvania.

In his boyhood and youth, Somers was remarkable for a chivalrous sense of honor, great mildness of manner and disposition, all mingled with

singular firmness of purpose. His uncle, John Somers, who was the head of the family, and as such maintained an authority that was more usual in the last century than it is to-day, is described as an austere man, who was held in great awe by his relatives, and who was accustomed to meet with the greatest deference amongst his kindred, not only for all his commands, but for most of his opinions. The firmness and decision shown by his nephew Richard, however, in a controversy about a dog, in which the uncle was wrong and the boy right, are said to have astonished the whole family, and to have created a profound respect in the senior for the junior, that continued as long as the two lived. Richard could not have been more than twelve when this little incident occurred.

Somers received his warrant as a midshipman in the spring of 1798. This was, virtually, at the commencement of the present navy, the Ganges 21, Capt. Dale, the first vessel that got out, being ordered to sea May 22d of that year. The Ganges was soon followed by the Constellation 38, and Delaware 20, the three ships cruising on the coast to prevent the depredations committed by French privateers. The next vessel out was the United States 44, bearing the broad pennant of Com. John Barry, the senior officer of the service. To this vessel Somers was attached, making his first cruise in her.

The United States was then, as now, one of the finest frigates that floats. Equipped in Philadelphia, the capital of the country, and the centre of American civilization, and commanded by an experienced and excellent officer, no young man could have commenced his professional career under more favorable auspices than was the case with Somers. The ship had for lieutenants, Ross 1st, Mullowney 2d, Barron 3d, and Stewart 4th. The two latter are now the senior officers of the service. Among his messmates in the steerage, Somers had for friends and associates Decatur and Caldwell, both Philadelphians. It is a proof that Somers had been previously to sea, that, on joining this ship, he was named as master's mate of the hold, a situation uniformly given, in that day, to the most experienced and trustworthy of the midshipmen. It was while thus associated, that the close connection was generated between Somers and Decatur, which, for the remainder of their joint lives, rendered them generous professional rivals and fast personal friends.

The United States sailed on her first cruise early in July, 1798, going to the eastward, where she collected a small squadron, that had come out of the ports of New England, and with which she soon after proceeded to the West Indies. She remained cruising in those seas for the remainder of the year, as the commanding vessel; Com. Barry having collected a force of some twenty sail under his orders by the commencement of winter. Shortly after

Mr. Ross left the ship, and Messrs. Mullowney and Barron were promoted. This occurred in the spring of 1799, when Mr. Stewart became 1st lieutenant of the frigate, Mr. Edward Meade 2d, Somers 3d, and Decatur 4th. Thus the service of Somers, as a midshipman, could not have exceeded a twelvemonth: conclusive evidence of his having been at sea previously to joining the navy, were any other testimony required than that of his shipmates. In the autumn of 1799, the United States sailed from Newport, Rhode Island, for Lisbon, having on board, as commissioners to the French republic, the gentlemen who subsequently arranged the terms of peace. It is probable that Somers, whose previous experience had been in the American seas, crossed the Atlantic for the first time in this cruise. Mr. Stewart being placed in command of the Experiment 12, in the year 1800, Somers ended the war as second lieutenant of the ship he had joined as a midshipman about three years before.

The war of 1798 allowed but few opportunities for officers to distinguish themselves. But two frigate actions were fought, and, singularly enough, on the side of the Americans, both fell to the share of the same commander and the same ship, Truxtun and the Constellation; leaving little but vigilant watchfulness and activity to the lot of the other officers and vessels. While the United States had no chance for earning laurels, she was always a model cruiser for discipline and seamanship, and the young men who served in her during the quasi-war, had no grounds of complaint on the score of either precept or example. They had been in an excellent school, and the "Old Wagoner," as this vessel was afterwards called, turned out as many distinguished officers as any vessel of the day.

At the formation of the peace establishment, in 1801, Somers was retained as the twelfth lieutenant, in a list that then presented only thirty-six officers of that rank. The rapid promotion which marked the first few years of the existence of the present marine, belongs to the history of the day, and must be ascribed to the occurrence of two wars in quick succession, and to the wants of an infant service. The list alluded to forms a subject of melancholy and yet of proud interest to every American who is familiar with this branch of the republic's annals. It is headed by the name of Charles Stewart, and it closes with that of Jacob Jones. Hull, Shaw, Chauncey and Smith precede Somers on this list; Decatur stands next to him; and Dent, Porter, the elder Cassin, Gordon and Caldwell follow. A long list of names that have since become distinguished, including those of M'Donough, Lawrence, the younger Biddle, Perry, the younger Cassin, Trippe, Allen, Burrows, Blakely, Downes, Crane, Morris, Ridgely, Warrington, the elder Wadsworth, &c. &c., was then to be found among the midshipmen. Not a

name below that of the seventeenth captain of the present day (Woodhouse,) was on the navy register of that period at all; that of Sloat, now the thirty-third captain, having lost its place in consequence of a resignation. When Commodores Stewart and Hull examine the present register, they find on it but eleven names, besides their own, that were there even when they were made commanders. They both remain captains themselves to this hour!

The United States was laid up in ordinary at the peace of 1801, and there was this noble frigate suffered to remain, until she was again commissioned for the coast service, a few months previously to the war of 1812. Among the vessels that were built to meet the emergency of the French struggle, was a frigate called the Boston, a vessel that it was usual then to rate as a thirty-two, but which was properly a twenty-eight, carrying only twenty-four twelves on her gun deck. This little ship had fought a spirited action with a heavy French corvette called the Berceau, in the war that had just terminated, and had brought in her antagonist. This circumstance rendered her a favorite, and she was kept in commission at the termination of hostilities, under the command of Captain Daniel M'Niell, an officer of whose eccentricities there will be occasion to speak, when we come to the record of his extraordinary career. Somers, on quitting the United States, was transferred to the Boston as her first lieutenant. The ship sailed from New York in the summer of 1801, for L'Orient, in France, having on board Chancellor Livingston and suite, the newly appointed legation to that country. After landing the minister, the Boston proceeded to the Mediterranean. The cruise of this ship was remarkable for its entire independence. Capt. M'Niell had been ordered to join the Mediterranean squadron, then under the pennant of Com. Dale; and, although he was in that sea during parts of the commands of that officer and his successor, Com. Morris, he so successfully eluded both as never to fall in with them; or, if he met the latter at all, it was only for a moment, and near the end of his own cruise. Capt. M'Niell, notwithstanding, wanted for neither courage nor activity. He visited many ports, gave frequent convoys, and even went off Tripoli, the scene of the war; but, from accident or design, all this was so timed as to destroy every thing like concert and combination. In this cruise Somers had an opportunity of seeing many of the ports of Italy, Spain, and the islands, and doubtless he acquired much of that self-reliance and experience which are so necessary to a seaman, in his responsible station of a first lieutenant. He was then a very young man, not more than twenty-four; and this was a period of life when such opportunities were of importance. Nor does he seem to have neglected them, as all of his cotemporaries speak of his steadiness of character, good sense, and amiable, correct deportment,

with affection and respect. The Boston returned home at the close of 1802, when Capt. M'Niell retired from the service, under the reduction law, and the ship was laid up, never to be employed again. The commander subsequently returned to the seas, in the revenue service, but the frigate lay rotting at Washington, until she was burned at the inroad of the enemy, in 1814, a worthless hulk.

At the reduction of the navy in 1801, but one vessel below the rate of a frigate, the Enterprise 12, was retained in the marine. Most of the sloops that had been used in the French war were clumsy vessels with gun-decks, that had been bought into the service. They were not fit to be preserved, and the department was not sorry to get rid of them. By this time, however, the want of small vessels was much felt in carrying on the Tripolitan war, and a law providing for the construction of four vessels of not more than sixteen guns, passed in the session of 1802-3. These vessels were the Siren 16, Argus 16, Nautilus 12, and Vixen 12. As the country at that day had no proper yards, it was customary to assign certain officers to superintend the building and equipment of vessels on the stocks, the selections being commonly made from those who it was intended should subsequently serve in them. On this occasion Decatur was attached to the Argus, it being understood he was to take her to the Mediterranean and give her up to Hull, receiving the Enterprise from the latter in exchange, as the junior officer. Stewart was given the Siren, as his due; Smith got the Vixen; and Somers the Nautilus. By this time, or in the spring of 1803, owing to resignations, the latter stood seventh on the list of lieutenants, Smith being one before him, and Decatur one his junior. Stewart and Hull headed the register. Of the thirty-six officers of this rank retained under the reduction law, but twenty-five then remained in service. To-day their number is lowered to three, viz: Stewart, Hull and Jacob Jones!

The Nautilus, the first and only command of Somers, was a beautiful schooner of about 160 or 170 tons, and mounted twelve 18 lb. carronades, with two sixes, having a crew of from 75 to 95 souls. This was a handsome situation for a young sailor of twenty-four, who had then followed his profession but about nine years, and who had been in the navy but five, having commenced a midshipman. In that day, however, no one envied Somers, or believed him unduly favored, for he was thought to be an old officer, though he had not been half the time in service which is now employed in the subordinate situations of midshipman and passed midshipman.

The Mediterranean squadron, which sailed in the summer and autumn of 1803, was that which subsequently became so celebrated under the orders of

Preble. It consisted of the Constitution 44, Preble's own ship; the Philadelphia 38, Capt. Bainbridge; Argus 16, first, Lieut. Com. Decatur, then, Lieut. Com. Hull; Siren 16, Lieut. Com. Stewart; Vixen 12, Lieut. Com. Smith; Enterprise 12, first, Lieut. Com. Hull, then, Lieut. Com. Decatur; and Nautilus 12, Lieut. Com. Somers. These vessels did not proceed to their station in squadron, but they left home as they got ready. The Enterprise was already out, but, of the ships fitting, the Nautilus was the first equipped, and the first to sail. Somers left America early in the summer, and anchored in Gibraltar Bay on the 27th July. The remaining vessels arrived at different times, between the last of August and the first of November. After a short stop at Gibraltar, the Nautilus went aloft, giving convoy when required, returning to the Rock in time to meet the commodore in September.

The relief and the homeward bound squadrons, or at least that part of the former which had then arrived and was below, and the return ships under Com. Rodgers, met at Gibraltar early in September. The state of the relations with Morocco being very precarious, Com. Preble determined to make an effort to avert a new war, and Com. Rodgers handsomely consenting to aid him, the former proceeded to Tangiers with all the force he could assemble. Here he succeeded in awing the Emperor into a treaty, and in putting a stop to a system of depredations which the subjects of that prince had already commenced. The Nautilus formed a part of the force employed on this occasion, and was particularly useful on account of her light draught of water.

After arranging the difficulty with Morocco, Preble made a formal declaration of the blockade of Tripoli, before which town he believed that the Philadelphia and Vixen were then cruising; though, unknown to him, the latter had been temporarily detached, and the Philadelphia was in possession of the enemy. From this time until the succeeding spring, the Nautilus was employed in convoying, or in carrying orders necessary to the preparations that were making for the coming season; but in March she formed a part of the blockading force in front of Tripoli. In consequence of the captivity of Capt. Bainbridge, Lieut. Com. Stewart was the officer second in rank in the squadron, and he was consequently kept much upon the coast in command, while Preble was carrying on the negotiations by means of which he obtained the gunboats and other supplies necessary to the attacks he contemplated. In March, 1804, while the Siren and Nautilus were alone maintaining the blockade, the two vessels had been driven to the eastward of their port by a gale, and early in the morning, while returning, they made a warlike looking brig lying to off the place, with which she was evidently in

communication. Signal was made to the Nautilus to stand close in, and watch the gunboats, while the Siren ran alongside of the stranger, who was captured for a violation of the blockade. The prize proved to be a privateer called the Transfer, with an English commission. She carried 16 guns and 80 men, and hailed from Malta, but, in fact, belonged to the Bashaw of Tripoli; her papers having been obtained through the Tripolitan consul in Malta, who was a native of that island. This vessel was appraised, equipped by the squadron, and used in the war, having had her name changed to the Scourge. Owing to certain scruples of Mr. Jefferson on the subject of blockades, the vessel was not condemned until the war of 1812, nor were the captors paid their prize money until Somers had been dead nearly eleven years.

Between the time of the capture of the Transfer and the month of July, the Nautilus was much employed by the commodore, going below and visiting different ports in Sicily. On the 20th of that month, Somers sailed from Malta, in company with the Constitution, the Enterprise, two bomb ketches and six gunboats that had been obtained from the Neapolitans, bound off Tripoli. On the arrival of the commodore, his whole force was collected, and that series of short but brilliant operations commenced, which has rendered the service of this season so remarkable in the history of the American navy.

A spirit of high emulation existed among the young commanders by whom Preble now found himself supported. Hull was the oldest in years, and he had hardly reached the prime of life; while Stewart, Smith, Somers and Decatur were all under six-and-twenty. With the exception of the commodore, no commanding officer was married, and most of them were bound together by the ties of intimate friendships. In a word, their lives, as yet, had been prosperous; the past left little to complain of, the future was full of hope; and there had been little opportunity for that spirit of selfishness which is so apt to generate quarrels, to get possession of minds so free and temperaments so ardent.

This is the proper place to allude to a private adventure of Somers', about the existence of which there would seem to be no doubt, though like so much that belonged to this interesting man its details are involved in obscurity. While at Syracuse, where the American vessels made their principal rendezvous, he was walking in the vicinity of the town in company with two brother officers, when five men carrying swords, who were afterwards ascertained to be soldiers of the garrison, made an attack on the party, with an intent to rob. One of the gentlemen was provided with a dirk, but Somers and the other were totally unarmed. The officer with the dirk used the weapon so vigorously as soon to bring down one assailant, while

Somers grappled with another. In the struggle Somers seized the blade of his antagonist's sword, and was severely cut in the hand by the efforts of the robber to recover it, but the latter did not succeed, the weapon being wrested from him and plunged into his own body. This decided the matter, the three remaining robbers taking to flight. The dead bodies were carried into the town and recognized. This adventure is believed to have occurred while the Nautilus was absent on her last visit to Sicily, though it may have been of older date; possibly as old as the time when Somers was in the Boston. We think the latter improbable, however, as the circumstance seems to be unknown to his nearest relatives in this country, which would hardly have been the case had it taken place previously to his last visit to America. Our information comes from an intimate friend, who received the facts from Somers himself, but who was not at Syracuse at the moment the attempt to rob occurred.

A gale of wind prevented the American vessels from commencing operations before the 3d of August. On that day Com. Preble stood in within a league of Tripoli, with a pleasant breeze from the eastward. Here he wore ship, with his head off the land, and signaled all the vessels to pass within hail of the Constitution. As the brigs and schooners passed the frigate each commander was ordered to prepare for an attack. Every thing was previously arranged, and the ardor of the young men under the orders of Preble being of the highest character, in one hour every man and craft were ready for the contemplated service.

The harbor of Tripoli lies in a shallow indentation of the coast, being tolerably protected against easterly and westerly gales by the formation of the land, while a reef of rocks, which stretches for a mile and a half in a northeasterly course, commencing at the town itself, breaks the seas that roll in from the northward. This reef extends near half a mile from the walls, entirely above water, and is of sufficient height and width to receive water batteries, containing the Lazaretto and one or two forts. It is this commencement of the reef which constitutes what is usually termed the mole, and behind it lies the harbor proper. At its termination is a narrow opening in the reef which is called the western entrance, through which it is possible for a ship to pass, though the channel is not more than two hundred feet in width. Beyond this passage the rocks reappear, with intervals between them, though lying on shoals with from one and a half to five and a half feet of water. The line of rocks and shoals extends more than a mile outside of the western entrance. Beyond its termination is the principal entrance to Tripoli, which is of sufficient width though not altogether free from shoals. The distance across the bay, from the northeastern extremity of

the rocks to what is called the English fort, on the main land, is about two thousand yards, or quite within the effective range of heavy guns. In the bottom of the bay, or at the southeastern angle of the town, stands the bashaw's castle, a work of some size and force. It lies rather more than half a mile from the western entrance, and somewhat more than a mile from the outer extremity of the reef. Thus any thing within the rocks is commanded by all the water defences of the place, while shot from the castle, and more especially from the natural mole, would reach a considerable distance into the offing. Some artificial works aided in rendering the northwestern corner of the harbor still more secure, and this place is usually called the galley mole. Near this is the ordinary landing, and it is the spot that may properly be termed the port.

The Tripolitans fully expected the attack of the 2d of August, though they little anticipated its desperate character, or its results. They had anchored nine of their large, well-manned gunboats just outside of what are called the Harbor Rocks, or the northeastern extremity of the reef, evidently with a view of flanking the expected attack on the town, which, lying on the margin of the sea, is much exposed, though the rocks in its front were well garnished with heavy guns. Accustomed to cannonading at the distance of a mile, these gunboats expected no warmer service, more especially as a nearer approach would bring their assailants within reach of the castle and batteries. In addition to the nine boats to the eastward, there were five others which also lay along the line of rocks nearer to the western entrance, and within pistol shot of the batteries in that part of the defences. Within the reef were five more gunboats and several heavy galleys, ready to protect the outer line of gunboats at need, forming a reserve.

Com. Preble had borrowed only six gunboats from the King of Naples, and these were craft that were much inferior in size and force to the generality of those used by the enemy. Each of these boats had a few Neapolitans in her to manage her on ordinary occasions, but, for the purposes of action, officers and crews were detailed from the different vessels of the squadron. These six boats were divided into two divisions; to the command of one was assigned Lieut. Com. Somers, while Lieut. Com. Decatur led the other. Somers was thought to be the senior lieutenant of the two, though Decatur was at this time actually a captain, and Somers himself was a master commandant; as well as Stewart, Hull and Smith, though the intelligence of these promotions had not yet reached the squadron. The three boats commanded by Somers were

No. 1. Lieut. Com. Somers, of the Nautilus.

No. 2. Lieut. James Decatur, of the Nautilus.

No. 3. Lieut. Blake, of the Argus.

Decatur had under his immediate orders,

No. 4. Lieut. Com. Decatur, of the Enterprise.

No. 5. Lieut. Joseph Bainbridge, of the Enterprise.

No. 6. Lieut. Trippe, of the Vixen.

Somers had with him in No. 1 a crew from his own schooner, and Messrs. Ridgely and Miller, midshipmen; the former being the present Com. Ridgely. Decatur had the late Lieut. Jonathan Thorn, who was subsequently blown up on the Northwest Coast of America, and the modest, but lion-hearted, M'Donough. Trippe had with him in No. 6 the late Com. J. D. Henley and the late Capt. Deacon, both then midshipmen. Of all these gallant young men Ridgely alone survives!

It was the intention of Preble to attack the eastern division of the enemy's boats with his own flotilla, while the ketches bombarded the town, and the frigate and sloop covered both assaults with their round and grape. With this object in view, the whole force stood in towards the place at half past one, the gunboats in tow. Half an hour later the latter were cast off and formed in advance, while the brigs and schooners, six in number, formed a line without them, and the ketches began to throw their shells. The batteries were instantly in a blaze, and the Americans immediately opened from all their shipping in return.

Circumstances had thrown the division of gunboats commanded by Somers to leeward of that commanded by Decatur. It was on the right of the little line, and, under ordinary occurrences, it would have been the most exposed, being nearest to the batteries and the weight of the Tripolitan fire, but Decatur gave a new character to the whole affair by his extraordinary decision and intrepidity. The manner in which this chivalrous officer led on in a hand-to-hand conflict will be related in his own biography, but it may be well to state here that he was sustained only by Trippe, in No. 6, and his brother James, in No. 2; the latter being far enough to windward to fetch into the easternmost division of the Tripolitan boats, though belonging to the division commanded by Somers. No. 5, Lieut. Bainbridge, was disabled in approaching, though she continued to engage, and finally grounded on the rocks. Deprived of the support of No. 2, by the successful effort of her gallant commander to close with the easternmost division, and of that of No. 3, in consequence of a signal of recall that was made from the Constitution, which arrested the movements of that boat though it was either unseen or disregarded by all the others, Somers found himself alone, within the line of small vessels, and much exposed to the fire of the leeward division of the enemy's boats, as well as to that of the nearest battery. The struggle to

windward was too fierce to last long, and Preble fearing that some of the gunboats might be pushed into extreme peril, made the signal of recall, at least an hour before the firing ceased, No. 1 with Somers and his brave companions being all that time in the very forlorn hope of the affair so far as missiles were concerned. As soon as it had been ascertained that he could not fetch into the most weatherly division of the enemy, Somers had turned like a lion on that to leeward, and engaged the whole of that division, five in number and at least of five times his own force, within pistol shot; one party being sustained by some of the vessels outside, and the other by the batteries and the craft within the rocks. In consequence of the direction of the wind, the only means, short of anchoring, that could be devised to prevent No. 1 from drifting directly down, as it might be, into the enemy's hands, was to keep the sweeps backing astern, while the long gun of the boat delivered bags of musket balls filled with a thousand bullets each. In the end, the enemy was obliged to make off, and Somers was extricated from his perilous position by the approach of the Constitution, which enabled him to obey the commodore's signal and bring out his boat in triumph.

Although the extraordinary nature of the hand-to-hand conflict in which Decatur had been engaged threw a sort of shade over the efforts of the other vessels employed that day, the feeling of admiration for the conduct of Somers, in particular, was very general in the squadron. Apart from the struggles with the pike, sword and bayonet, his position was much the most critical of any vessel engaged in the attack, and no man could have behaved better than he was admitted to have done. In short, next to Nos. 4 and 6, No. 1, it was conceded, had most distinguished herself, although No. 2, under James Decatur, did as well as the circumstances would allow. One of the best evidences which can be given of the spirit of this attack is to be found in the trifling nature of the loss the Americans suffered. But fourteen men were killed and wounded in all the vessels, and of these thirteen were on board the gunboats. No. 1, notwithstanding her great exposure, had only two casualties.

The Americans employed themselves, between the 3d and 7th of August, in altering the rigs of the three boats they had taken in their first assault, and in equipping them for service. They were all ready by the morning of the last day, and were taken into the line as Nos. 7, 8 and 9. At half past 2, the ketches began again to throw their shells, and the nine gunboats opened a heavy fire, still in two divisions commanded as before, though the enemy this time kept his small vessels too far within the rocks to be liable to another attempt at boarding. While No. 1 was advancing to her station, on this occasion, Somers stood leaning against her flag-staff. In this position he

saw a shot flying directly in a line for him, and bowed his head to avoid it. The shot cut the flag-staff, and on measuring afterwards, it was rendered certain that he escaped death only by the timely removal. The boats were under fire three hours in this attack; one of them, commanded by Lieut. Caldwell, of the Siren, having been blown up. Between 5 and 6 P. M., the brigs and schooners took the lighter craft in tow, and carried them beyond the reach of the batteries. In this affair Somers' boat was hulled by a heavy shot, and was much exposed.

A strange sail hove in sight near the close of this attack, and she proved to be the John Adams 28, Capt. Chauncey, last from home. This ship brought out the commissions already mentioned, as having been issued some time previously. By this promotion, Somers became a master commandant, or a commander, as the grade is now termed; a rank in the navy which corresponds to that of a major in the army, and which entitles its possessor to the command of a sloop of war. Several of these commanders were made at this time, of whom Somers ranked as the seventh, which was precisely the number he had previously occupied on the list of lieutenants. There was a peculiarity about this promotion which is worthy of comment, and which goes to show the irregularities that have been practised in a service which is generally understood to be governed and protected by the most precise principles and enactments.

Certainly some, and it is believed that *all* the commissions of commanders, bestowed upon the service in 1804, were issued without referring the nominations to the Senate for confirmation. We have examined one of these commissions, and find that it contains no allusion to that body, as is always done in those cases in which a confirmation has been had; and the omission raises a curious question as to the legality of the appointments. As the rank of commander in the navy has never been declared by law to be one of those offices in which the appointing power is exclusively bestowed on the president, or a head of a department, it follows that it comes within the ordinary provision of the constitution. Now, in all the latter cases, the power of the executive to appoint is confined to that of filling vacancies which occur in the recess of the Senate, and the commission issued, even under this strictly constitutional authority, is valid only until the expiration of the succeeding session of that body. Thus three questions present themselves as to the legality of these commissions. First, that the grade of masters and commanders had been indirectly, if not directly, abolished by the reduction law of 1801; and, such being the fact, the constitution giving to Congress full powers to pass laws for the government of the army and navy, it may well be questioned if the president and Senate united had any

legal right to reestablish the grade by the mere use of the appointing power. Second, whether such a vacancy existed as to authorize the president to fill it in the recess of the Senate, had Congress renewed the rank by law, which, however, is believed not to have been the fact; and, third, whether the commissions actually granted, being without the advice and consent of the Senate, could be legal, after the close of the succeeding session of that body, under any circumstances. As to the last objection, it is understood all the gentlemen who received these commissions continued to serve under them until they died, resigned, or were promoted.

The grave considerations connected with courts martial, commands, and other legal consequences, which unavoidably offer themselves when we are made acquainted with so extraordinary a state of facts, are materially lessened by the circumstances that all the gentlemen thus irregularly promoted were officers in the navy under their former commissions, and that no relative rank was disturbed. Thus if Messrs. Stewart and Hull were not legally the two oldest commanders in the service, they were the two oldest lieutenants, and all the other commanders being in the same dilemma with themselves, their relative rank remained precisely as it would have done had no new commissions been granted. So also as regards courts; the judge having a right to sit as a lieutenant, unless, indeed, the informality of annexing a wrong rank to the orders might raise a legal objection.[1]

That so gross an irregularity should have arisen under a government that professes to be one purely of law, excites our wonder; and this so much the more, when we remember it occurred in a service in which life itself maybe the penalty of error. The explanation is to be found in the infancy of the establishments, and in practices in which principles remained to be settled, aided by the known moral courage and exceeding personal popularity of the statesman who then presided in the councils of the republic. While Jefferson affected, and probably felt, a profound respect for legality, he is known to have used the power he wielded with great political fearlessness, and to have considered himself as the head of a new school in the administration of the government, which did not always hesitate about the introduction of new rules of conduct. To these remarks, however, it must in justice be added, that no party or personal views could have influenced the appointments in question, which, apart from the irregularity of their manner, were certainly required equally by justice and the wants of the service, and which were made in perfect conformity with the rules of promotion as observed under the severest principles of military preferment. They prove even more in favor of the statesman, as they show that he did not deserve all the accusations of hostility to this branch of the national defences that were

heaped upon him; but rather that he was disposed to stretch his authority to foster and advance it. The introduction of a new class of vessels, too, required the revival of a class of officers of a rank proper to command them; and, though we wish never to see illegality countenanced in the management of interests as delicate as those of a marine, it is desirable to see the proper authorities of the country imitate this feature of the case, now that the republic has fleets which flag officers alone can ever lead with a proper degree of dignity and authority.

It was the 28th of August before another attack was made on Tripoli, in which Somers participated. The ketches bombarded it on the night of the 24th; but finding little impression made by this mode of assault, Com. Preble determined to renew the cannonading. On this occasion Capt. Somers led one division of the gunboats, as before, while Capt. Decatur led the other; the latter having five of these craft under his orders, and the former three. The approach was made under the cover of darkness, all the boats anchoring near the rocks, where they opened a heavy fire on the shipping, castle and town. The brigs and schooners assisted in this attack, and at daylight the frigate stood in, and opened her batteries. The Tripolitan galleys and gunboats, thirteen in all, were principally opposed to the eight American gunboats, which did not retire until they had expended their ammunition. One Tripolitan was sunk, two more were run on shore, and all were finally driven into the mole by the frigate.

On the 3d of September, a fourth and last attack was made on Tripoli by the gunboats, aided by all the other vessels. The Turkish boats did not wait, as before, to be assaulted off the town, but, accompanied by the galleys, they placed themselves under Fort English, and a new battery that had been built near it, with an intention to draw the American shot in that direction. This change of disposition induced Preble to send Captains Decatur and Somers, with the gunboats, covered by the brigs and schooners, into the harbor's mouth, while the ketches bombarded more to leeward. On this occasion, Somers was more than an hour hotly engaged, pressing the enemy into his own port.

The season was now drawing near a close, and the arrival of reinforcements from America had been expected, in vain, for several weeks. It was during this interval that a plan for destroying the enemy's flotilla, as it lay anchored in his innermost harbor, was conceived, and preparations were soon made for putting it in execution. The conception of this daring scheme has been claimed for Somers himself, and not without a share of reason. There existed between him and Decatur a singular professional competition, that was never permitted, however, to cool their personal friendship. The

great success of the latter, in his daring assaults, stimulated Somers to attempt some exploit equally adventurous, and none better than the one adopted then offered. The five attacks made on Tripoli, with the vigorous blockade, had produced a sensible effect on the tone of the bashaw, and it was hoped that a blow as appalling as that now meditated, might at once produce a peace. The delicacy that a commander would naturally feel about proposing a service so desperate to a subordinate, renders it highly probable that the idea originated with Somers himself, who thus secured the office of endeavoring to execute it. It is proper to add, however, that Com. Preble says the project had long been in contemplation, though he does not say who suggested it. The plan was as follows: The ketch that had originally been taken by Decatur in the Enterprise, and in which he had subsequently carried the Philadelphia frigate, was still in the squadron. She had been named the Intrepid, for the brilliant occasion on which she had first been used, but had since fallen from her high estate, having latterly been employed in bringing water and stores from Malta. This craft had been constructed for a gun vessel by the French, in their expedition against Egypt; from their service she had passed into that of Tripoli; had fallen into the hands of warriors from the new world; by them she had been used in one of the most brilliant exploits of naval warfare, and was now about to terminate her career in another, of the most desperate and daring character. It was proposed to fit up the ketch in the double capacity of fire-ship and infernal, and to send her into the inner harbor of Tripoli, by the western passage, there to explode in the very centre of the vessels of the Turks. As her deck was to be covered with missiles, and a large quantity of powder was to be used, it was hoped that the town and castle would suffer, not less than the shipping. The panic created by such an assault, made in the dead of night, it was fondly hoped would produce an instant peace, and, more especially, the liberation of the crew of the Philadelphia. The latter object was deemed one of high interest to the whole force before Tripoli, and was never lost sight of in all their operations.

Com. Preble having determined upon his plan, Somers received the orders to commence the preparations; a duty in which he had the advice and assistance of Decatur, Stewart, and the other commanders of the squadron; for all these ardent and gallant young men felt a common sympathy in his daring, and an equal interest in his anticipated triumph. The first step was to prepare the ketch for the desperate service in which she was to be engaged. With this object a small apartment was planked up in the broadest part of her hold, or just forward of the principal mast; this was rendered as secure as was believed necessary against accidents. Into this room a hundred barrels

of gunpowder were emptied in bulk. A train was led aft to a cabin window, through a tube, and, by some accounts, another was led into the fore-peak. A port-fire, graduated to burn a certain number of minutes, was affixed at the end of the train, and a body of light, splintered wood was collected in another receptacle abaft the magazine, which was to be set on fire, with the double purpose of making certain of the explosion, and of keeping the enemy aloof under the apprehension of its flames. On the deck of the ketch, around the mast and immediately over the magazine, were piled a quantity of shells of different sizes with their fuses prepared, in the expectation that the latter would ignite and produce the usual explosion. The number of these shells has been variously stated at from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty, the size ranging from nine to thirteen and a half inches. The best information, however, would seem to place the number below two hundred. Some accounts give the quantity of powder as high us fifteen thousand pounds, which was probably near the truth.

Two boats were to accompany the ketch, one an exceedingly fast rowing four-oared boat, being lent for the purpose by the Siren, and the other a six-oared cutter of the Constitution. The service requiring but few men, no more were employed than were necessary to pull the two boats. To have gone in with a single boat would have been unnecessarily hazardous, as a shot might have disabled her, while the chances of escape were nearly doubled by adding a second, at the same time that the additional men did not more than make an ordinary crew for a Mediterranean craft of the size of the Intrepid. A second officer, however, was thought necessary, and Lieut. Henry Wadsworth, of the Constitution, volunteering, his offer was accepted. Mr. Joseph Israel, of the same ship, who had just been promoted, was also anxious to be of the party, but Com. Preble deeming his assistance unnecessary, permission to go was refused him. Thus it was intended that the adventurers should be limited to twelve, of whom ten were common seamen, one a lieutenant, and the other a commander; or Somers himself.

It now became necessary to obtain volunteers for the Siren's boat, and a call for this purpose was made by Somers on the crew of his own vessel, the Nautilus. Notwithstanding the desperate character of the service, when the want was stated to the people of this little vessel every man in her offered himself to go. This compelled their superior to make a selection. The other six seamen were obtained from the Constitution, and were chosen, it is believed, by Mr. Wadsworth, under the supervision of the ship's first lieutenant, who at that time was the late Capt. Gordon. The four men belonging to the Nautilus were James Simms, Thomas Tompline, James Harris and William Keith; all seamen rated. Mr. Wadsworth took with him

from the Constitution William Harrison, Robert Clark, Hugh M'Cormick, Jacob Williams, Peter Penner and Isaac W. Downes, all seamen rated also.

Several days were necessary to complete all these arrangements, more especially to equip the ketch in the manner described, and the action of the 3d had taken place even after the Intrepid was ready. Somers made one or two attempts to go in before the night finally selected, but they were abandoned on account of the lightness of the air. At length there were appearances in and about the harbor that induced him to think that the movements of the fire-vessel were distrusted, and, fearful of detection, he decided to go in on the night of the 4th September, if the thing were at all practicable.

Several interviews had taken place between Preble and Somers in the course of the preparations for the attempt. On one occasion the commodore burnt a port-fire in order to ascertain its time, and when it was consumed he asked Somers if he thought the boats could get out of reach of the shells within the few minutes it was burning. "I think we can, sir," answered Somers. Preble looked intently at the young man a moment and then inquired if he should have the time reduced, or the port-fire made shorter. "I ask for no port-fire at all, sir," was the reply, firmly but quietly expressed.

After this interview, Somers expressed his determination not to allow himself to be captured. The commodore had felt it to be his duty to point out the great importance of not letting so large an amount of powder fall into the enemy's hands, the Tripolitans being thought to be short of ammunition, and all the circumstances united had a tendency to increase the feeling of stern determination in the minds of the two officers who were to go in. Both were singularly quiet men in their ordinary habits, perfectly free from any thing like noisy declarations or empty boastings of what they intended to perform, and this simple announcement of their intentions not to be taken, appears to have made a deep and general impression among their brethren in arms.

On the afternoon of the 4th September, Somers prepared to take his final departure from the Nautilus, with a full determination to carry the ketch into Tripoli that night. Previously to quitting his own vessel, however, he fell that it would be proper to point out the desperate nature of the enterprise to the four men he had selected, that their services might be perfectly free and voluntary. He told them he wished no man to accompany him who would not prefer being blown up to being taken; that such was his own determination, and that he wished all who went with him to be of the same way of thinking. The boat's crew gave three cheers in answer, and each man is said to have separately asked to be selected to apply the match. Once assured of the temper of his companions, Somers took leave of his officers,

the boat's crew doing the same, shaking hands and expressing their feelings as if they felt assured of their fates in advance. This was done in good faith, and yet cheerfully; and, of all the desperate service undertaken by that devoted squadron, none was ever entered on with so many forebodings of the fatal consequences to those concerned in it. Each of the four men made his will verbally; disposing of his effects among his shipmates like those who are about to die with disease.

It would seem that the Constitution's boat did not join the ketch until it was dusk. When the two crews were mustered, it was found that Mr. Israel had managed to get out of the frigate and to join the party; whether by collusion, or not, it is now impossible to say. Finding him on board, and admiring his determination to make one of the party, Somers consented to his remaining. One account says he was sent by Preble with a final order, but it is hardly probable Somers would have allowed him to remain under such circumstances. He was more likely to be smuggled in by means of the cutter, and to be kept when there was no boat by which he could be sent back. The night of the 4th was not particularly dark, though it could scarcely be accounted clear. The stars were visible, but there was a haze on the water that rendered objects more uncertain than they would otherwise have been. In this respect the light was favorable enough, as the rocks could be seen, while the real character of the ketch would not be so likely to be discovered from the shore. The wind was light, from the eastward, but fair.

Several of Somers' friends visited him on board the Intrepid before she got under way. Among them were Stewart and Decatur, with whom he had commenced his naval career in the United States. These three young men, then about twenty-six each, were Philadelphia-bred sailors, and had been intimately associated in service for the last six years. They all knew that the enterprise was one of extreme hazard, and the two who were to remain behind felt a deep interest in the fate of him who was to go in. Somers was grave, and entirely without any affectation of levity or indifference, but he maintained his usual tranquil and quiet manner. After some conversation, he took a ring from his finger and breaking it into three pieces gave each of his companions one, while he retained the third himself. As the night shut in, three gunboats were seen at anchor a short distance within the western entrance, by which the Intrepid was to pass, and Decatur, who felt a strong anxiety for the success of his friend, admonished Somers to take care they did not board him, as it was the intention to carry the ketch some distance within them. To this Somers quietly replied that the Turks had got to be so shy he thought they would be more likely to cut and run on his approach, than to advance and meet him.

It was eight o'clock in the evening before the Intrepid lifted her anchor; the Argus, Vixen and Nautilus weighing and standing in, in company. The night was sufficiently advanced to cover this movement, and all four vessels stood down towards the rocks under their canvass. The last person who left the ketch was Lieut. Washington Reed, then first of the Nautilus. This officer did not quit his commander until it was thought necessary for him to rejoin the vessel of which he was now in charge. When he went over the side of the Intrepid, all communication between the gallant spirits she contained and the rest of the world ceased. At that time every thing seemed propitious; Somers was cheerful, though calm; and perfect order and method prevailed in the little craft. The leave-taking was affectionate and serious with the officers, though the common men appeared to be in high spirits. This was about nine o'clock.

The Argus and Vixen lay off at a little distance from the rocks to attack the galleys or gunboats, should either attempt to follow the party out on their retreat, while the Nautilus shortened sail and accompanied the ketch as close in as was deemed prudent, with the especial intention of bringing off the boats. Lieut. Reed directed the present Com. Ridgely, then one of the Nautilus' midshipmen,[2] to watch the ketch's movements with a night-glass; and, as this order was strictly complied with, it is almost certain that this officer was the last person of the American squadron who saw the vessel. It was thought she was advancing slowly to the last moment, though the distance and the obscurity render this fact a little doubtful.

Preble had directed the Siren to weigh and stand in, shortly after the other vessels left him, and in obeying the orders he received Capt. Stewart kept more in the offing than the vessels which preceded him. As the direction of the western entrance and the inner harbor were known, every eye in this brig was riveted on that quarter in silent suspense. It was not long before the enemy began to fire at the ketch, which, by this time, was quite near the batteries, though the reports were neither rapid nor numerous. At this moment, near ten o'clock, Capt. Stewart and Lieut. Carrol were standing in the Siren's gangway looking intently towards the place where the ketch was known to be, when the latter exclaimed, "Look! see the light!" At that instant a light was seen passing and waving, as if a lantern were carried by some person in quick motion along a vessel's deck. Then it sunk from view. Half a minute may have elapsed when the whole firmament was lighted with a fiery glow, a burning mast, with its sails, was seen in the air, the whole harbor was momentarily illuminated, the awful explosion came, and a darkness like that of doom succeeded. The whole was over in less than a minute; the flame, the quaking of towers, the reeling of ships, and even the

bursting of shells, of which most fell in the water, though some lodged on the rocks. The firing ceased, and from that instant Tripoli passed the night in a stillness as profound as that in which the victims of this frightful explosion have lain from that fatal hour to this.

The Nautilus showed lights in hopes to guide the retreating boats to her side; all eyes in the squadron looked in vain for the expected signal; a moaning gun occasionally was heard from the frigate, a fitting knell for such a disaster; but in vain. No one ever came back from the ill-fated Intrepid to relate the history of her loss. The Argus, Vixen and Nautilus hovered near the rocks until the sun arose, but nothing was discovered to throw any light on the manner in which the ketch was lost. The gunboats anchored near the pass had been moved; one, it was thought, had entirely disappeared, and two or three more were hauled ashore as if shattered.

In the American squadron the opinion was general that Somers and his determined companions had blown themselves up to prevent capture. In the absence of certainty, facts were imagined to render such a desperate step probable if not necessary. It was supposed that gunboats had advanced to board the ketch, and that Somers had fired the train in preference to falling into the hands of the Tripolitans, or allowing them to get possession of the powder. Such appears to have been the opinion of Com. Preble, who reported as much to the government; and the country, receiving its impressions from this source, has long entertained the same idea. A few, however, of the more thoughtful have always doubted, and subsequent discoveries have rendered these doubts more and more probable.

Among the American prisoners in Tripoli was a surgeon's mate of the name of Cowdery, now the oldest surgeon in the navy, who was permitted to go very much at large in the town, his professional services being found useful. From this gentleman, from Capt. Bainbridge's private journal, and from other sources equally credible, the following interesting facts have been obtained, leaving no question of their accuracy.

In the first place, neither the works, the town, nor the Tripolitans themselves, appear to have suffered any injury by the explosion. Captain Bainbridge, in his journal, where he speaks of this explosion, says:—"which unfortunate scheme did no damage whatever to the Tripolitans; nor did it appear even to heave them into confusion." The bashaw, being desirous of ascertaining how many Americans had been lost in the explosion, offered a dollar for each body that could be discovered. This produced the desired effect, and by the 6th, the dead were all brought up. The bottom of the ketch had drifted among the rocks, on the north side of the round battery, which is near the western entrance, and there it grounded. In the wreck, two bodies

were found. The Constitution's cutter, or the six-oared boat, had drifted on the beach, a short distance to the westward of the town. One body was in it. Six more bodies were found on the shore to the southward, and the remaining four were discovered floating in the harbor. This makes the entire number of the thirteen who were lost in the ketch. Captain Bainbridge describes the six dead whom he saw as "being so much disfigured, it was impossible to recognize any known feature to us, or even to distinguish an officer from a seaman." Those six bodies were the two found in the wreck, and the four floating in the harbor. But Mr. Cowdery was more successful. He selected three of the bodies as those of officers, being guided by some fragments of dress still remaining on them, and still more by the delicate appearance of their hands. As this was just the number of the officers who were actually lost, and the Americans in Tripoli were then entirely ignorant of the character of the party sent in, it leaves scarcely a doubt that this gentleman decided accurately. Indeed, if the palms of the hands were not much injured, it would not be easy to make a mistake in such a matter; and any portions of the dress would be almost as safe guides. The ten seamen were buried on the beach, outside the town and near the walls; while the three officers were interred in the same grave, on the plain beyond, or a cable's length to the southward and eastward of the castle. Small stones were placed at the four corners of this last grave, to mark its site; but they were shortly after removed by the Turks, who refused to let what they conceived to be a Christian monument, disfigure their land. Here, then, lie the remains of Somers, and his two gallant friends; and it might be well to instruct the commander of some national cruiser to search for their bones, that they might be finally incorporated with the dust of their native land. Their identity would at once be established by the number of the skeletons, and the friends of the deceased might find a melancholy consolation in being permitted to drop a tear over the spot in which they would be finally entombed.

The facts related leave little doubt that Com. Preble was mistaken in, at least, a portion of his conjectures. That no Turks suffered, is shown by the direct testimony of Captain Bainbridge's journal, a record made at the time, and that, too, under circumstances which will not well admit of mistakes. This truth is also corroborated by other convincing testimony. Those who saw the explosion, saw no signs of any vessel near the ketch at the time it occurred, nor were the vestiges of any wreck, but that of the Intrepid, to be seen in the harbor. The officer who saw the ketch to the last moment, by means of the glass, is not understood to have seen any thing near her, and the thirteen bodies found, the precise number of the Americans known to

have been lost, go to confirm the fact. It adds value to the testimony, too, that a written memorial of this very number of the dead was made, before the prisoners in Tripoli had any information concerning the force of the party sent in from the squadron.

Nor is there sufficient reason for supposing that the Americans blew themselves up, on this occasion. That Somers went in with a full determination to put in force this desperate expedient in the event of its becoming necessary to prevent capture, is beyond dispute; but there is no proof of the existence of the necessity. To suppose the *match* would have been applied, except in the last emergency, is to accuse him who did it, with a want of coolness; a virtue that Captain Somers possessed in an eminent degree; and this emergency could hardly have existed without some of the enemy having been near enough to suffer by the explosion. The whole party was accustomed to fire, and it is scarcely possible that they could have been driven to this desperate step, by means of injury received in this manner, as they always had their boats for a flight, when required. There was a vague rumor that most of the bodies found had been perforated by grape-shot, and a conjecture was made that the survivors fired the train, in order to prevent the Turks from getting possession of the powder. But the report can be traced to no sufficient authority, and it is not probable that so many would have suffered in this way as to prevent the unhurt from using the boats and the train in the mode originally contemplated. But one man was found in the Constitution's cutter, and he, doubtless, was the boat-sitter, who lost his life at his post. This indicates any thing but hurry or alarm.

It is also certain that the splinter-room was not lighted, as its flame would have been both quick and bright; and, with a thousand anxious eyes on watch, it could not fail to have been seen. This circumstance goes further to show, that no gunboat or galley could have been approaching the ketch at the time she exploded, one of the purposes of these splinters being to keep the enemy aloof, through the dread of a fire-vessel. To suppose a neglect of using the splinter-room, in a case of necessity, would be to accuse the party of the same want of coolness as is inferred by the supposition of their blowing themselves up when no foe was near. Both were morally impossible, with such a man as Somers. Admitting that no Tripolitan vessel was near the Intrepid, and still insisting that the train was fired by the Americans, no reason can be given why the preparations for the safety of the latter's crew, should not have been used. The Constitution's cutter was found with its keeper alone in it, but of the Siren's boat we have no account. The latter was probably alongside the ketch and destroyed; it may have been sunk by a falling shell; or it may have been privately appropriated to himself

by some Turk. That no one was in it, however, is shown by the twelve bodies that were found out of the boats; for, if manned, and a few yards from the ketch, the crew would have been blown into its bottom, and not into the water.

Abandoning the idea that the Intrepid was intentionally blown up, by Somers and his party, we have the alternatives of believing the disaster to have been the result of the fire of the enemy, or the consequences of an accident. The latter is possible, but the former appears to us to be much the most probable. The light seen by Captain Stewart and Lieutenant Carrol, taken in connection with the circumstance that the explosion occurred immediately after, and apparently at that precise spot, is certainly an incident worthy of our consideration, though it is not easy to see how this light could have produced the calamity. Accidents are much less likely to happen on board such a vessel, than on ordinary occasions, every care being taken to prevent them. As the intention was to fire the splinters, all caution was doubtless used to see that no loose powder was lying about, and that the flames should not communicate with the train, except at the right moment, and in the proper manner. Still an accident from this source *may* have occurred, through some unforeseen agency. If this light was really on board the ketch it was probably carried from aft, where it had been kept under the eye of the officers, to the main-hatch in order to kindle the splinters, a step that it was about time to take. Commodore Preble, in his official letter, adverts to the circumstance that this splinter-room had not been set on fire when the ketch blew up, as a proof that the party had been induced to act on an emergency; for he always reasoned as if they blew themselves up; believing that the Intrepid was surrounded, and that many of the enemy were killed. Reasoning on the same circumstance, with the knowledge we now possess that no Turks were near, or that any suffered, and it goes to show that the explosion occurred at a moment when it was not expected by Somers, who would not have neglected to fire this room, in any ordinary case. If the accident had its rise on board the ketch, it probably occurred in the attempt to take this preliminary step.

But the Intrepid may have been blown up, by means of a shot from the enemy. This is the most probable solution of the catastrophe, and the one which is the most consoling to the friends of the sufferers, and which ought to be the most satisfactory to the nation. Commodore Preble says, “on entering the harbor several shot were fired at her (the Intrepid) from the batteries.” The western entrance, in or near which the ketch blew up, is within pistol shot of what is called the Spanish fort, or, indeed, of most of the works on and about the mole. Even the bashaw’s castle lies within fair

canister range of this spot, and, prepared as the Turks were for any desperate enterprise on the part of the Americans, nothing is more probable than that they jealously watched the movements of a vessel that was entering their harbor after dark, necessarily passing near, if not coming directly from the American squadron. These batteries may even have been provided with hot shot, for any emergency like this. Gunboat No. 8, Lieutenant Caldwell, was blown up in the attack of the 7th August, and that very circumstance would probably induce the Turks to make a provision for repeating the injury. A cold shot, however, might very well have caused the explosion. The breaking of one of the shells on deck; the collision with a bolt, a spike or even a nail in passing through the hull, may have struck fire. It is possible a shot passed through the splinter-room, and exposed the powder of the train, and that in running below with a lantern to ascertain what damage had been done, the accident may have occurred. The moving light seen by the present Commodore Stewart, would favor such a supposition; though it must be remembered this light may also have been on board some vessel beyond the ketch, or even on the shore.

Only one other supposition has been made concerning this melancholy affair. It has been thought that the ketch grounded on the rocks, in the western entrance, and was blown up there, to prevent the enemy from getting possession of her powder. That the Intrepid may have touched the rocks is not improbable, the pass being laid down in the most accurate chart of the harbor, as less than eighty fathoms wide, with shoal water on each side, the visible rocks being more than double that distance asunder; but grounding does not infer the necessity of blowing up the ketch's crew. To suppose that Somers would have destroyed himself through mortification, at finding his vessel on shore, is opposed to reason and probability; while it is doing gross injustice to a character of singular chivalry and generosity to believe he would have sacrificed his companions to any consideration so strictly selfish.

In this case, as in all others, the simplest and most natural solution of the difficulty is the most probable. All the known facts of the case, too, help to sustain this mode of reasoning. Those who saw the ketch, think she was advancing to the lost moment, while it is agreed she had not reached, by several hundred yards, the spot to which it was the intention to carry her. By the chart alluded to, one recently made by an English officer of great merit, it is about eleven hundred yards from the western entrance to the bashaw's castle, and about five hundred and fifty to the inner harbor, or galley mole. Here, close to windward of the enemy's vessels, Somers intended to have left the ketch, and there is no doubt she would have drifted into their midst,

when the destruction must have been fearful. God disposed of the result differently, for some wise purpose of his own, rendering the assailants the sole victims of the enterprise. It is only by considering the utter insignificance of all temporal measures, as compared with what lies beyond, that we can learn to submit to these dispensations, with a just sense of our own impotency.

All agree that the Intrepid blew up, in or quite near to the western entrance. This was the result of direct observation; it is proved by the fact that portions of the wreck and some of the shells fell on the rocks, and by the positions in which the Constitution's cutter and the bottom of the ketch were found. With the wind at the eastward, the wreck could not have "grounded on the *north* side of the rocks, near the round battery," as is stated in Commodore Bainbridge's private journal, had the Intrepid been any distance *within* the entrance; nor would the Constitution's boat have drifted past the intervening objects to the westward. The wind had probably a little northing in it, following the line of coast, as is usual with light airs, and, as is shown by the wreck's touching on the *north* side of the rocks, all of which goes to prove, from an examination of the chart, as well as from the evidence of those who were present, that the accident occurred quite near the place stated. Occurring so far out, with nothing near to endanger the party, it leaves the moral certainly that the explosion was the result of accident, and not of design; or, if the latter, of an attempt of the enemy to destroy the Intrepid.

Thus perished Richard Somers, the subject of our memoir, and one of the "bravest of the brave." Notwithstanding all our means of reasoning, and the greatest efforts of human ingenuity, there will remain a melancholy interest around the manner of his end, which, by the Almighty will, is forever veiled from human eyes in a sad and solemn mystery. In whatever way we view the result, the service on which he went was one of exceeding peril. He is known to have volunteered for it, with readiness; to have made his preparations with steadiness and alacrity; and, when last seen, to have been entering on its immediate execution, with a calm and intrepid serenity. There was an ennobling motive, too, for undertaking so great a risk. In addition to the usual inducements of country and honor, the immediate liberation of Bainbridge and his brave companions was believed to depend on its success. Exaggerated notions of the sufferings of the Philadelphia's crew prevailed in the squadron before Tripoli, as well as in the country, and their brethren in arms fought with the double incentive of duty and friendship. Ten minutes more would probably have realized the fondest hopes of the adventurers, but the providence of God was opposed to their success, and the cause, if it is

ever to be known to man, must abide the revolutions that await the end of time, and the commencement of eternity.

In person, Somers was a man of middle stature—rather below than above it—but stout of frame; exceedingly active, and muscular. His nose was inclining to the aquiline, his eyes and hair were dark, and his whole face bore marks of the cross of the French blood that was said to run in his veins. It is a remarkable circumstance in the career of this distinguished young officer, that no one has any thing to urge against him. He was mild, amiable and affectionate, both in disposition and deportment, though of singularly chivalrous notions of duty and honor. It has been said by a writer who has had every opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that when a very young man he fought three duels in one day—almost at the same time—being wounded himself in the two first, and fighting the last, seated on the ground, sustained by his friend Decatur. Although such an incident could only have occurred with very young men, and perhaps under the exaggerations of a very young service, it was perfectly characteristic of Somers. There was nothing vindictive in these duels. He fired but once at each adversary—he wounded the last man—and was himself, in a physical sense, the principal sufferer. The quarrels arose from his opponents imputing to him a want of spirit for not resenting some idle expression of Decatur's, who was the last man living to intend to hurt Somers' feelings. They loved each other as brothers, and Decatur proved it, by offering to fight the two last duels for his friend, after the latter had received his first wound. But Somers fought for honor, and was determined that the men who doubted him, should be convinced of their mistake. Apart from the error of continuing the affairs after the first injury, and the general moral mistake of supposing that a moral injury can be repaired in this mode at all, these duels had the chivalrous character that should ever characterize such meetings, if meetings of this nature are really necessary to human civilization.

Although it is scarcely possible that a warm-hearted young man, like Somers, should not have felt a preference for some person of the other sex, it is not known that he had any serious attachment when he lost his life. Glory appears to have been his mistress, for the time being at least, and he led no one of this nature behind him to mourn his early loss. He died possessed of a respectable landed property, and one of increasing value; all of which he bequeathed to the only sister mentioned.

Somers was thought to be an expert seaman, by those who were good judges of such qualifications. As a commander he was mild, but sufficiently firm. His education, without being unusual even in his profession at that day, had not been neglected, though he would not probably have been classed

among the reading men of the service. A chivalrous sense of honor, an unmoved courage, and perfect devotion to the service in which he was engaged, formed the prominent points of his character, and as all were accompanied by great gentleness of manner and amiability of feeling, he appears to have been equally beloved and respected. The attachment which existed between him and Decatur had something romantic about it. They were rivals in professional daring, while they were bosom friends. As we have already said, it is by no means improbable that the exploits of Decatur induced Somers, through a generous competition, to engage in the perilous enterprise in which he perished, and on which he entered with a known intention of yielding up his life, if necessary to prevent the enemy's obtaining the great advantage of demanding ransom for his party, or of seizing the powder in the ketch.

Congress passed a resolution of condolence with the friends of the officers who died in the Intrepid, as well as with those of all the officers who fell before Tripoli. Of these brave men, Somers, on account of his rank, the manner of his death, and his previous exploits, has stood foremost with the country and the service. These claims justly entitle him to this high distinction. Among all the gallant young men that this war first made known to the nation, he has always maintained a high place, and, as it is a station sealed with his blood, it has become sacred to the entire republic.

It is a proof of the estimation in which this regretted officer is held, that several small vessels have since been called after him. Perry had a schooner, which was thus designated, under his orders on the memorable 10th September, 1813; and a beautiful little brig has lately been put into the water on the seaboard, which is called the Somers. In short, his name has passed into a watchword in the American navy; and as they who are first associated with the annals of a nation, whether in connection with its institutions, its arms, its literature, or its arts, form the germs of all its future renown, it is probable it will be handed down to posterity, as one of the bright examples which the aspiring and daring in their country's service will do well to imitate.

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[1] There are so many modes for evading the simplest provisions of a written constitution, when power feels itself fettered, that it is not easy to say in what manner the difficulties of this case were got over. The reduction law said that there should be only nine captains, thirty-six lieutenants, and one hundred and fifty midshipmen *during peace*, and, as the country was at war with Tripoli in 1804, there was a show of plausibility in getting over the force of this particular enactment. Still the appointments of the commanders were not to fill vacancies, under any common sense construction of their nature; and, even admitting that political ingenuity could torture the law of Congress to build four vessels like those actually put into the water, into an obligation to appoint proper persons to command them, these appointments could have no validity after the termination of the next session of the Senate. Of the *facts* of the case we believe there can be no doubt.

[2] Mr. Ridgely signed a letter to Preble just two months later as a lieutenant. He may possibly have been promoted at the time the Intrepid went in.

WINTEMOYEH.

A LEGEND OF MACKINAW.

BY GEORGE H. COLTON.

The incident related in the following lines is recorded of a young British officer, commanding at Fort Mackinaw, soon after the French war. His name was Robinson; and the cliff, from which the enraged Indian sprung with his daughter, rising to three hundred feet above the water, is called, to this day, ROBINSON'S FOLLY. They had been married about two weeks when the tragical event took place.

How glorious, gleaming o'er the wave,
  Whereon the evening sun is shining,
With woods, and bannered fortress brave,
And chalky cliff, and scallop cave,
  And vines o'er gray old rocks entwining,
Proud Mackinaw uplifts her form,
Unchanged by years of sun and storm!
Borne from afar, around her feet
The purple waters murmuring meet;
In milder beauty's dimpling smiles
Rise, near, her deep-born sister isles,
And, winding wild, with forests green,
Low banks, and lonely coves unseen,
Stretch wide away, on either hand,
Shores fair as an enchanted land.

Ah, me! there is no spot of earth,
    Though brightest with the smile of God,
Where'er the human heart hath birth,
    Or human foot hath trod,
That doth no deed of terror know,
Or thought of unrecorded wo!
Nor ever hath the evening sun
Looked forth the rounded world upon,
And witnessed in no lovely place
Some scene of sin or dark distress!

Of all the sons of Tarke[3] none
In battle braver deeds had done,
Or mightier in the council sat
Where chieftains joined the deep debate,
Than proud Peechiki. He had trod
With Pontiac on the path of blood;
With Pontiac had at every chance
Still struggled for the love of France;
With Pontiac in the battle's crash
Hewed down the hated Sagaunash;[4]
And when his last the Ottowa breathed,
To stern Peechiki was bequeathed
A hidden hatred—such as burns
Where Ætna's heart to ashes turns.

But suddenly a terror came,
A swift disease of fearful name.
All whom he loved, or could have wept,
One hour beheld to darkness swept—
All but his youngest, fairest child,
On which the mother dying smiled,
Sweet Wintemoyeh, sweetest flower,
Lone lingerer in his rifled bower,
The loveliest far of Tarke's daughters
Beside St. Mary's rushing waters.

And now beyond their empty home
No more the mourning sire would roam,
But all his moody hours employ
In hovering near his only joy.
So sweet to gaze upon her face,
Why should his foot the wild deer trace?
So light her step green leaves among,
Why should he seek the warrior throng?
Or where could tones so soft and clear
Make music to his aged ear?
Oh! thus to love can only be
Refined, absorbing misery!

But cloudy years were gathering fast,
And ere they should their shadows cast
Upon his grave, the sole, fair flower
He would might grace some chieftain's bower.
And when, to woo her for his bride,
The Children-of-the-Reindeer's pride,
Great Assiboin, his love gifts bore:
From far Superior's farthest shore,
The father gave her youthful age,
With joy, to be his heritage.
For who like him could hunt the roe?
Who track so fast a flying foe?
Whose feet by lake and lonely glen
So oft had led his dauntless men
From Mississippi's haunted cave
To Saskatchawan's gloomy wave?
Beloved by one so brave as he
How happy would her portion be!

In truth, he was a warrior bold,
But wedded, ugly, fierce and old,
To maiden's heart a terror, were
No brighter image worshiped there:
And ah! the maid had chanced to see
A face that lived in memory!
The wild flowers of the early spring
Her gentle hands were gathering,
When lo! before her gazing stood
A pale-face in the leafy wood.
And as she looked upon him there,
So young, so proud, so nobly fair,
A thrill of strange emotion stole
In tremblings through her timid soul.

Yet turned she not—and then he took
His seat beside her, where the brook
Ran rippling o'er its pebbly bed;
And soft and earnest things he said
With broken words and many a sign
That only Love could e'er divine.
He was a white man—hated race!
But ah! what looks, what winning grace!
And who such gentle words could say?
Her simple heart was stol'n away!

The hideous bridegroom comes at last—
The feast is gorged—the night is past—
At morn behold the father lie
In writhing, wildered agony!
He hastes the nuptials that his eyes
May see her blest before he dies:
Alas! her father's couch of pain!
But how with such a spouse remain?
Poor girl! how sad the lot that laid
Such choice upon a guileless maid!
She trembles—flees—that gentle being—
Her lover clasps her—trembling—fleeing.

An April day was hers—so brief,
With tears and sunshine, joy and grief.
Upon the island's lofty verge,
That overhangs the chiding surge,
Within a sylvan bower, arrayed
Of cedars green and woven shade,
In festive mirth with comrades boon,
The lover sat, from radiant noon
Till shadowy eve: and by him smiled
Fair Wintemoyeh, now beguiled
Of thought by melting music wild;
Love keeping watch in her dark eye,
How fast the speaking moments fly!

Now sank the sun, but lingering gave
Last looks of love each rising wave,
That wooed his smile—when suddenly
A rifle rang, and, bounding high
In baffled rage, as, with a yell,
By death-bolt at the lover sped,
Another than his victim fell,
The father, minister of dread,
Whom wrath had rescued from the dead,
Dashed through the revel—seized his child—
Yelled in her frighted ear "defiled!"
At one stride bore her to the ledge,
Then, turning darkly on the edge,
His clenched hand shook. The lover sprung
  To save his love. With whoop and whirl,
Far from the cliff exulting flung,
  The savage bore the wretched girl;
And as to every gazing eye
They gleamed, like meteor hurled from high,
Wild rose through mid air to the sky
  His cry of triumph, *hers* of terror:
Down, down, careering, headlong borne,
Dashed on the rocks, disjointed, torn,
The chieftain found his vengeance sworn,
  The maid atoned her first, last error.
The waves, the broken rocks that lave,
Received them to a restless grave,
Whose mangled forms, unclasping never,
Move with the moving tide forever.

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[3] "*Tarke*," *the crane*, was the totem, or animal chosen as the head and symbol of a Chippewa tribe, formerly resident along the St. Mary.

[4] "Sagaunash" is the Indian for "English."

DE PONTIS.

A TALE OF RICHELIEU.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE; OR THE DAYS OF THE LEAGUE."

(Continued from page 141.)

CHAPTER IV.

Marguerite had cause of self congratulation in the issue of the second interview with the all powerful Richelieu. Difficulties, which the imagination paints as an Herculean labor to remove, shrink to trifles when the will is resolute and stern necessity impels.

The dread audience over, she flew with the intelligence to the zealous and faithful advocate, but when the first tumult of the mind had subsided, there was much to ponder over ere she could meet Monsieur Giraud. What account could be rendered concerning the page? Would he not question, and perhaps tax her with imprudence, and misplaced confidence? And was there no one else, fair Marguerite, interested? No question to ask thy own heart?

Richelieu's page was daring, reckless, and seemingly a very unscrupulous youth, following the impulses of his will even to the periling of liberty and life! Yet her heart pleaded in his favor—the homage he paid was flattering—even the peril was incurred for her sake—and though their first rencontre was humiliating to her delicacy, and strangely indecorous on his part, yet, ere parting, it must be confessed that the rudeness had been forgiven, and his frankness and sincerity won favor. We will not say how far atonement was rendered easier in the culprit by the advantages of a handsome figure, youthful tresses and the fire of a proud dark eye!

Could she with honor, even with safety, expose his secret to the advocate? Nay, to confess that her intelligence was derived from a page in a confidential interview, would it not bring more blushes to the cheek than being exposed to the gaze of the score of cavaliers who environed Richelieu?

It could not be thought of—yet must the intelligence be communicated to the worthy Giraud—it was even so intended by François himself, although in terms so flattering to her discretion, he left the means to the maiden's own judgment, making no stipulation, merely the memento that life and liberty were in her hands. And ought they not to be held sacred? Yes! even the very shadow of his name should be secret, no allusion escape her lips, which might in the slightest degree compromise the youth, even to so trusty a friend as Giraud.

The advocate was at home, waiting anxiously her appearance, for to-morrow would the sharp *procureur* pray for the decree of sequestration, and the venal president doubtless affirm it.

She had not taken his advice, but preferred a second appeal to the flinty cardinal rather than beseech the king's interference. Yet had she been successful! He was delighted, prayed that every particular might be narrated, exclaimed that no such maiden had graced the lineage of De Pontis these five centuries past.

Gravely bidding the learned man cool his ardor, and take repose in the easy chair, the oracular seat in which he gave audience to clients, she detailed the circumstances of the meeting with the cardinal in the garden.

But who pointed out to Mademoiselle the locality? Who dictated the stratagem—for such it appeared to be—as the garden was not the usual gate of egress to the minister?

These questions the maiden solemnly declared that she must not answer—under whosever guidance she had acted, Monsieur Giraud might perceive that it had been successful. He must not even make further inquiries, or she would withhold secrets yet in store. It was not perhaps delicate or befitting, that one of her age should obtain intelligence from sources which she dare not reveal to her father, or her father's friend—yet Monsieur Giraud must remember that the *rôle* she played in the affair was altogether unsuitable to her sex, and parental affection alone had stimulated her to endure what she had undergone. As the advocate had encouraged the resolution, he must not complain of an inevitable consequence—as she had ventured on a business, and strayed into haunts fitting only a man to explore, it must be permitted her to retain a privilege of manhood—the keeping her own secret.

There was no answering this positive declaration, so the wondering, but good natured lawyer, shifted ground, and requested a recital of such secrets as he might be permitted to hear. At the mention of the Count De Fontrailles, a flush overspread his pale face, and when Mademoiselle had concluded the narration, he sat awhile in deep thought. "Fontrailles!" cried the advocate,

breaking silence, “he was one of three whom I suspected—but I am glad he is the man, for if I mistake not, I hold that which will ruin him with the cardinal. Shall we consult with Monsieur De Pontis to-morrow morning? I might obtain an order at the bureau this evening. No! he is useless to our plans. Mademoiselle and myself, and,” he added, looking significantly at the maiden, “her unknown friend, with his budget of secrets, are a trio equal to the emergency. But tell me, Marguerite, have you not been to the Tuileries to-day?”

She assured him that she had not.

“Then my conjectures are all vain,” cried Giraud, “but let us to council.”

He pointed out with clearness the position in which the affairs of De Pontis now stood in relation to all the parties with whom he was unfortunately engaged. The suit of Pedro Olivera gave but little concern. If all the presidents of that court were not biased, he thought he should be able to disprove the equity of Pedro’s claim, through documents in his possession, or failing this he could produce many sets-off, moneys lent to the claimant of which he acknowledged no account, of itself tending to cast suspicion on the suitor, and at any rate convict him of dishonesty.

But it mattered little what became of Pedro’s suit, if the estate of De Pontis, together with the *droit d’aubaine*, were sequestered by the *procureur’s* decree in the meanwhile. The week’s grace would afford the opportunity wanted to arrange a plan of operations.

“But if Monsieur should lay these papers before the cardinal, is he sure that it would effect the count’s ruin?—he may be so necessary, that his eminence cannot part with him,” remarked the damsel.

“A very pertinent question,” cried Giraud, “but still betraying ignorance of a proper procedure with Fontrailles. If I went to his eminence, and succeeded in ruining the favorite, that would not likely stop Pedro’s suit, or the *procureur’s* proceedings, as the cardinal is now embittered personally against Monsieur De Pontis, and might divert the *droit d’aubaine* to some other channel than the treacherous count, Mademoiselle’s unknown friend for instance, whom I am persuaded holds the keys of the cardinal duke’s cabinet.”

Marguerite blushed, but made no reply, and the advocate continued.

“Effectually to serve my good friend, I must make Fontrailles so tremble in his shoes at the very idea of the ruin I hold over his head, that he shall himself intercede with Richelieu to cancel all the court’s proceedings, and leave your father in peaceful possession of the *droit*. These are the terms I shall offer!”

“But how will the count get over the surprise of his eminence at what will appear such extraordinary conduct on his part?” asked Marguerite.

“When Mademoiselle has had longer experience in the haunts into which she strayed,” replied the advocate, “more communings with her all-wise secret friend, she will not need be told that when a man of Fontraille’s stamp has chosen a line of conduct, nothing is easier than to assign a motive for it. I have no positive objection, if he need such aid, that we should give the count a helping hand on that point.”

“And what remains to be done?” asked Marguerite.

“Nothing but for your humble servant to arm himself for conflict with the dark-souled intriguer,” replied the advocate, smiling; “it will be a desperate strife, I can assure Mademoiselle, a hard struggle ere the count, overwhelmed with debts, and panting for the rich effects of the Spaniard, will yield the prey!”

“And what part shall I take in the contest?” said the maiden, “how can I aid Monsieur?”

“I have little doubt,” replied the advocate, taking the damsel’s hand, and raising it to his lips with an air of gallantry, “that this soft hand has been pressed before to-day, but if a grave man in years, like myself, were to repeat the foolish things that were said over it, as for instance, that to press such a treasure to my lips, were overpaying me for all the secrets I disclosed, I have little doubt that for me to say so, would look very silly! You blush, Marguerite, it is very hard to deceive an old advocate, our profession is learned in the world’s ways. But beware, Mademoiselle! beware! danger lurks in the precincts of courts.”

“Has Monsieur faith in my discretion?” asked Marguerite, smiling through her blushes.

“I have,” replied Giraud with earnestness, “and I am about to afford such proof of it, as might with many men rank me as one capable of acting with deliberate folly.”

He then informed Marguerite, what had not before struck her, that in attacking Fontrailles, he ran risk in many shapes, even of personal danger; he might lose his life in bearding the count in his own hotel. Every species of menace and intimidation would be undoubtedly employed to silence one armed, like the advocate, with documents threatening ruin; these failing, personal violence might be resorted to.

“Nay, Marguerite! look not so pale,” said Giraud, whose language had awakened extreme terror in the maiden, “I am a bachelor, and my life would be well lost in defending a just cause—but the count, I believe, would

venture on a different system, though equally desperate. It appears your unknown friend confirms what we have all surmised respecting these papers, and when I acknowledge possession he will, I have reason to fear, avail of some scheme of villany to dispossess me. No means, however reckless, will he fail of using. If I loose the proofs of his treachery my weapon is broken—and then farewell the cause of De Pontis!"

"And how is this to be avoided? O! go not near such a man!" cried Marguerite, distressed and alarmed.

The advocate laughed at her fears. He knew, he said, whom he had to deal with too well to venture into the arena of conflict unprepared. That he might not be deprived by force of the documents, it were necessary that they should no longer remain in his custody—nor would he meet the count till he knew they were in the hands of a party who would still hold them *in terrorem* over Richelieu's favorite, should he, Giraud, be kidnapped, thrown into prison, or otherwise disposed of. And that his safety might rest on securer footing, he should take especial care to let Fontrailles understand that whatever became of the humble advocate the haughty noble had not removed one iota of the peril which menaced himself.

But whom could he trust? Not De Pontis, for the veteran had neither place of concealment for them, nor freedom to make an active use of the weapons should circumstances require it. And whom else confide in? Certainly none of his professional brethren—and he had no near kinsman, save De Pontis—nor did he know any friend of the latter to whom he could delegate the trust, for the veteran had been abandoned when Richelieu became his foe. Marguerite herself was eminently trustworthy, but the papers could not remain, even with the shadow of safety, in her possession—her lodging would undoubtedly be subjected to a domiciliary visit.

And yet he was about to confide the charge to her, but with the condition that it be immediately transferred to sure hands, and to one who had the courage and heart to stand in his place should he fall.

"You see, Marguerite De Pontis, how weighty will be the responsibility," said he, "and yet, I confess, I know not what other course to pursue. As you have not made me your confidant, I know not all your friends—but if you are aware of none other to whom so precious a charge can be conveyed, involving your father's, your own, and my fortunes, then place the papers in the hands of his majesty—he is no match for the cardinal or Fontrailles either—but he has pledged himself to Monsieur De Pontis, and his faith is good though his courage be poor."

He then handed her the rather bulky packet, repeating the injunction, if she were cognizant of no abler or trustier friend, to make Louis the depositary.

"I am acting strangely," said the advocate, "in permitting Mademoiselle, so young, to choose her own and her father's champion, but I feel an impulse to which I yield without strictly satisfying my reason. When Marguerite informs me that the packet is transferred, then I go forth to the encounter."

Kissing her forehead, he bade the damsel farewell. Concealing the packet under her mantle, the tears starting to her eyes at the solemnity of the injunction, she retraced her way sadly to the *Rue St. Denis*.

In the solitude of her chamber—only broken by the occasional entrance of the aged female, the last link of a once numerous household—she had much to reflect on. The noble, though eccentric, behavior of Giraud; the proud Richelieu, serene and tranquil even in his implacability; the poor, weak Louis; the dark, intriguing Fontrailles; and, lastly, the page, with his sudden birth of passion.

Was it a dream? Was she Marguerite De Pontis, daughter of a poor gentleman of Limousin, and so deeply involved in the thickening strife of the master intellects of France? It was even so—the fatal packet met her eyes, cause of past, present and future contest—and her own destiny it was to cast the firebrand at the enemies which beset her imprisoned father!

Whilst indulging these meditations, the tinkling bell of the *houblieur*, or itinerant dealer in wafer cakes, fell upon her ear. She started from the reverie, and, hastening to the door, beheld the slim vender, apron tied round the waist, basket on arm, and bell in hand, seemingly more anxious to attract a customer from the lodging of De Pontis than solicitous to dispose of his cakes to the frequenters of the *Rue St. Denis*.

Perceiving the door open, he made no hesitation in entering, although Marguerite had been careful not to expose herself to view. The noise, however, attracted old Marie, bringing her from her retreat in the domestic offices of the domicil.

"Holy Virgin!" cried the ancient dame, "there is a man in the hall."

"Yes, *ma bonne mère*!" said the disguised page, "and he has a tongue which will rival the loudest gossip in the *Rue St. Denis*;" and thereupon the youth commenced ringing his bell violently, to the extreme vexation of Marguerite, and the astonishment of the old crone.

Alarmed at the noise, and the unexpected apparition in the gloom, the old woman shouted for help. The damsel knew not what to do, or how to

explain the matter to her ancient retainer—something must be done to silence both parties, so suddenly seizing the bell, she wrested it from his grasp; then approaching the old woman, she spoke in a loud whisper that the man was not what he appeared to be, that he came on her father's business by direction of Monsieur Giraud, and that the visit must be kept secret. With these words she quieted and dismissed Marie, and then turning to the youth, said disdainfully, that she was much beholden for his services—that their second meeting was in strict keeping with their first rencontre.

"Pardon me, Mademoiselle," said François, apologizing, "but I am in such good spirits that my joy cannot contain itself."

"Such feelings may agree with the prosperity of the *Palais-Cardinal*," replied Marguerite, "but you are now in a house of mourning, and it will be so as long as my poor father lies in the *Conciergerie*."

The course Marguerite was embarked on necessitated courage and decision, nor was she deficient. Without fear, or at least without betraying any, she led the youth to the *salle*, or parlor, and requesting him to be seated, said she was afraid that more discretion than he possessed would be requisite to aid her father. Still she was very grateful for the interview with the cardinal, obtained, as she confessed, solely through his directions; also for the clue to the machinations of the Count De Fontrailles.

"I have been employed alone both in Germany and in England, young as I appear to be, and on the cardinal's business," said the page, in rather a haughty tone, "and his eminence is not the man to employ those in his affairs who lack discretion. Does my present garb indicate want of precaution, or imply foresight? I appeal to Mademoiselle's candor!"

"But consider, sir—consider, Monsieur Romainville," exclaimed Marguerite, "if the troubles of our family should have led me to place confidence in a stranger, does that warrant him in entering our house in a style and with a noise calculated to bring observation and remarks on my conduct?"

"Suppose there were a disposition to scandal, which Heaven forbid!" replied the youth, "the real object of my visit would still be masked. In the short period which I hope will terminate Monsieur De Pontis' imprisonment, it were even better that I were suspected wrongly than my real motives guessed at. But I have not unfolded my news."

He then informed the damsel that the Count De Fontrailles was in attendance on the cardinal when he left the palace, and of course heard Mademoiselle's petition and the favorable though sarcastic reply of the minister. A little scene of remonstrance and replication occurred afterwards,

as the page knew, though he would not say how he became possessed of the information, between patron and dependent, in the course of which the cardinal rallying his favorite, declared the *droit d'aubaine* was worth another week's waiting, and the affairs of De Pontis would stand at the expiration exactly where they did. The count left the presence much disappointed, remarking that he was happy to find Monseigneur regaining the feelings of youth—if a taste for beauty were a criterion. Richelieu only smiled, for the count was a useful man.

Elsewhere, Fontrailles swore horribly at the delay, and vowed vengeance against all who stood in the way of his desires. His creditors were gaping for their claims, and there were debts of honor unpaid. This statement Mademoiselle might rely on.

"Alas!" exclaimed Marguerite, "I tremble for my father's kind friend, Monsieur Giraud, he will fall a sacrifice to the count's rage. It is far better we should abandon the *droit* than expose so worthy a man to peril."

In explanation, she ventured to inform François of the advocate's intention. But Pedro Olivera's statement of claim on Fontrailles—where was it? demanded the youth eagerly. The maiden was silent! Had she disclosed aught concerning himself to Monsieur Giraud? Marguerite repeated what had passed on that topic.

De Romainville, who observed her hesitation, assured her that in aught which concerned her father's affairs she might safely confide in him. He did not profess to be disinterested—he might even claim a boon, but on this point would be silent till M. De Pontis were liberated. That she might know the history of one who asked her confidence, he related that his father had been sacrificed by a similar juggle to that attempted against Monsieur, and for the benefit of the same party, Fontrailles. The count pretending to pity his orphan state—and well he might, as he had himself wrought the calamity—recommended him to the cardinal. He served his eminence, it is true, and on occasions usefully, but hatred to the two prominent authors of his father's ruin was not diminished thereby; and this feeling had twice produced a refractoriness leading to incarceration in the guard-room of the *Palais-Cardinal*.

Sympathizing with De Pontis, detesting Fontrailles and the tyrannical Richelieu—but for whom he might still have had a parent alive, and been himself very different from the reckless scapegrace he was now accounted—he might, he thought, be fairly trusted with any scheme which promised revenge on either the count or his patron.

Monsieur Giraud, he said, acted wisely in attacking Fontrailles in the way pointed out, but there was one matter which it behoved him to take care of with the count, which was to have especial regard that he be not robbed of the documents.

Marguerite replied that that subject had been already considered by the advocate, and he had bestowed the papers elsewhere.

“They are not safe from Fontrailles with Mademoiselle De Pontis,” said the page, smiling.

“Would they be safe with the Sieur De Romainville in the *Palais-Cardinal*?” asked the maiden significantly.

“Not so safe as this hand is from my lips!” exclaimed François, suiting the action to the word and kneeling at her feet; “if Mademoiselle permit—”

“That she remind him of his promise not to show interested motives till her father be free,” cried Marguerite, interrupting him.

“Indeed, I had forgotten it!” said the page, laughing and springing to his feet; “but before I depart let me give proof of disinterestedness, at least to one of the household. Let Marie have this cargo of wafers, it will requite the alarm and may help to stop her mouth. The basket I shall want again.”

So saying, he upset the entire stock in trade on the table, and replacing the basket on his left arm, seized the hand-bell, which Marguerite construing into an intention of inflicting another serenade on the quiet household, cried,

“For my sake, Monsieur, forbear!”

“I can assure Mademoiselle I shall not be guilty a second time of such folly,” replied François, “but I was so delighted with the check given to Fontrailles!”

In place of the wafers, he took with him the packet, and the good wishes of her who had given it in charge.

BEAR ON!

Kind Nature hath a sympathizing tone
For every mood of human joy or pain.
Sad heart from humblest flower may courage gain,
Daring the storm with smiling brow alone!
The “brave old oak,” around whose head have blown
A hundred winters, still maintains his place;
The hoary cliff uprears his storm-scar’d face
Tho’ round his base the wrecks of Time are strown;
The stars shine on as at their birth they shone;
The glorious sun runs his immortal race:
Faint spirit! bowed ’neath Life’s o’erburdening ills,
Lift up thine eye to Heaven’s eternal scope,
Look out upon the everlasting hills,
And see a firm foundation still for Hope!

S. S.

THE SPANISH STUDENT.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted.
BURNS.

(Continued from page 113.)

ACT THE SECOND.

SCENE I.—*Preciosa's Chamber. Morning. Preciosa and Angelica.*

Pre. Why will you go so soon? Stay yet awhile.
The poor too often turn away unheard
From hearts that shut against them, with a sound
That will be heard in Heaven. Pray tell me more
Of your adversities. Keep nothing from me.
What is your landlord's name?
Ang. The Count of Lara.
Pre. The Count of Lara? O beware that man!
Mistrust his pity—hold no parley with him!
And rather die an outcast in the streets
Than touch his gold.
Ang. You know him, then!
Pre. As much
As any woman may, and yet be pure.
As you would keep your name without a blemish,
Beware of him!

Ang. Alas! what can I do?
I cannot choose my friends. Each word of kindness,
Come whence it may, is welcome to the poor.
Pre. Make me your friend. A girl so young and fair
Should have no friends, but those of her own sex.
What is your name?
Ang. Angelica.
Pre. That name
Was given you, that you might be an angel
To her who bore you! When your infant smile
Made her home Paradise, you were her angel.
O be an angel still. She needs that smile.
So long as you are innocent, fear nothing.
No one can harm you! I am a poor girl,
Whom chance has taken from the public streets.
I have no other shield than my own virtue.
That is the charm which has protected me!
Amid a thousand perils, I have worn it
Here in my heart! It is my guardian angel!
Ang. (*rising.*) I thank you for this counsel, dearest lady!
Pre. Thank me by following it.
Ang. Indeed I will.
Pre. Pray do not go. I have much more to say.
Ang. My mother is alone. I dare not leave her.
Pre. Some other time, then, when we meet again.
You must not go away with words alone. (*Gives her a purse.*)
Take this. Would it were more.
Ang. I thank you, lady.
Pre. No thanks. To-morrow come to me again.
I dance to-night—perhaps for the last time.
But what I gain, I promise shall be yours,
If that can save you from the Count of Lara.
Ang. O my dear lady! how shall I be grateful
For so much kindness!
Pre. I deserve no thanks.
Thank Heaven, not me.
Ang. Both Heaven and you.
Pre. Farewell!
Remember that you come again to-morrow.
Ang. I will. And may the blessed Virgin guard you,
And all good angels. [*Exit.*

Pre. May they guard thee too,
And all the poor: for they have need of angels.
Now bring me here, dear Dolores, my basquiña,
My richest maja dress—my dancing dress,
And my most precious jewels! Make me look
Fairer than night e'er saw me! I've a prize
To win this day, worthy of Preciosa!

Enter Beltram Cruzado.

Cruz. Ave Maria!
Pre. Oh God! my evil genius!
What seek you here to-day?
Cruz. Thyself—my child.
Pre. What is thy will with me?
Cruz. Gold!—gold!
Pre. I gave thee yesterday; I have no more.
Cruz. The gold of the Busné—give me his gold!
Pre. I gave the last in charity to-day.
Cruz. That is a foolish lie.
Pre. It is the truth.
Cruz. Curses upon thee! Thou art not my child!
Hast thou given gold away, and not to me?
Not to thy father? To whom, then?
Pre. To one
Who needs it more.
Cruz. No one can need it more,
No one so much as I.
Pre. Thou art not poor.
Cruz. Not poor! not poor! what, I who lurk about
In dismal suburbs and unwholesome lanes;
I who am housed worse than the galley slave;
I who am fed worse than the kenneled hound;
I who am clothed in rags—Beltram Cruzado—
Not poor!
Pre. Thou hast a stout heart and strong hands.
Thou canst supply thy wants; what wouldst thou more?
Cruz. The gold of the Busné!—give me his gold!
Pre. Beltram Cruzado! hear me once for all.
I speak the truth. So long as I had gold,
I gave it to thee freely, at all times—
Never denied thee; never had a wish
But to fulfill thine own. Now go in peace!

Be merciful—be patient—and, ere long,
Thou shalt have more.
Cruz. And if I have it not,
Thou shall no longer dwell here in rich chambers,
Wear silken dresses, feed on dainty food,
And live in idleness; but go with me—
Dance the romalis in the public streets,
And wander wild again o'er field and fell;
For here we stay not long.
Pre. What! march again?
Cruz. Aye, with all speed. I hate the crowded town!
I cannot breathe, shut up within its gates!
Air—I want air—and sunshine—and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze upon my face—
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong—once more myself:
Beltram Cruzado—Count of the Calés!
Pre. God speed thee on thy march—I cannot go.
Cruz. Not go!—thou shall go! or, remaining here,
Purchase thy freedom with red gold. Mark that!
I will return to-morrow. Until then
Reflect on what I say. Thou knowest me—
Take heed. [*Exit.*
Pre. Alas! of what shall I take heed?
I have a strange misgiving in my heart!
But that one deed of charity I'll do,
Befall what may; they cannot take that from me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A room in the Archbishop's Palace. The Archbishop and a Cardinal seated.*

Arch. Knowing how near it touched the public morals,
And that our age is grown corrupt and rotten
By such excesses, we have sent to Rome,
Beseeching that his Holiness would aid
In curing the gross surfeit of the time,
By seasonable stop put here in Spain
To bull-fights and lewd dances on the stage.
All this you know.
Car. Know and approve.
Arch. And farther,
That by a mandate from his Holiness
The first have been suppressed.
Car. I trust forever.
It was a cruel sport.
Arch. A barbarous pastime,
Disgraceful to the land that calls itself
Most Catholic and Christian.
Car. Yet the people
Murmur at this; and if the public dances
Should be condemn'd upon too slight occasion,
Worse ills might follow than the ills we cure.
As *Panem et Circenses* was the cry
Among the Roman populace of old,
So *Pan y Toros* is the cry in Spain.
Hence I would act advisedly herein;
And therefore have induced your grace to see
These national dances, ere we interdict them.

Enter a Servant.

Servant. The dancing girl, and with her the musicians
Your grace was pleased to order, wait without.
Arch. Bid them come in. Now shall your eyes behold
In what angelic yet voluptuous shape
The devil came to tempt Saint Anthony.

Enter Preciosa, with a mantilla thrown over her head. She advances slowly, in a modest, half-timid attitude.

Car. (*aside.*) O what a fair and ministering angel
Was lost to Heaven, when this sweet woman fell!
Pre. (*kneeling before the Archbishop.*) I have obeyed the order of your grace.
If I intrude upon your better hours,
I proffer this excuse, and here beseech
Your holy benediction.
Arch. May God bless thee,
And lead thee to a better life. Arise.
Car. (*aside.*) Her acts are modest, and her words discreet!
I did not look for this! Come hither, child.
Is thy name Preciosa?
Pre. Thus I am called.
Car. That is a gipsy name. Who is thy father?
Pre. Beltram Cruzado, Count of the Calés.
Arch. I have a dim remembrance of that man;
A bold and reckless character was he,
Who never once beheld the face of fear.
Car. Dost thou remember still thy earlier days?
Pre. In the green woodlands by the Darro's side,
My childhood passed. I can remember still
The river, and the mountains capped with snow;
The villages, where yet a little child
I told the traveller's fortune in the street;
The smuggler's horse, the brigand and the shepherd;
The march across the moor; the halt at noon;
The red fire of the evening camp, that lighted
The forest where we slept; and, further back,
As in a dream or in some former life,
Gardens and palace walls.
Arch. 'Tis the Alhambra,
Under whose walls the gipsy camp was pitch'd.
But the time wears; and we would see thee dance.
Pre. Your grace shall be obeyed.

(*She lays aside her mantilla. The music of the Cachucha is played, and the dance begins. The Archbishop and the Cardinal look on with gravity and an occasional frown; then make signs to each other; and, as the dance continues, become more and more pleased and excited; and at length rise from their seats, throw their caps in the air, and applaud vehemently as the scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*The Prado. A long avenue of trees leading to the gate of Atocha. On the right the dome and spires of a convent. A fountain. Evening. Don Carlos and Hypolito meeting.*

Don C. Halloo! good evening, Don Hypolito.
Hyp. And a good evening to my friend Don Carlos.
Some lucky star has led my steps this way.
I was in search of you.
Don C. Command me always.
Hyp. Do you remember, in Quevedo's dreams,
The miser who, upon the day of judgment,
Asks if his money-bags have risen?
Don C. I do:
But what of that?
Hyp. I am that wretched man.
Don C. You mean to tell me yours have risen empty?
Hyp. And amen! said the Cid Campeador.
Don C. Pray, how much need you?
Hyp. Some half dozen ounces,
Which with due interest—

Don C. (*giving his purse.*) What, am I a Jew
To put my moneys out at usury?
Here is my purse.
Hyp. Thank you. A pretty purse,
Made by the hand of some fair Madrileña;
Perhaps a keep-sake.
Don C. No, ’tis at your service.
Hyp. Thank you again. Lie there, good Saint Chrysostom,
And with thy golden mouth remind me often
I am the debtor of my friend.
Don C. But tell me,
Come you to-day from Alcalá?
Hyp. This moment.
Don C. And pray, how fares the brave Victorian?
Hyp. Indifferent well; that is to say, not well.
He is in love.
Don C. And is it faring ill
To be in love?
Hyp. In his case very ill.
Don C. Why so?
Hyp. For many reasons. First and foremost
Because he is in love with an ideal;
A creature of his own imagination;
A child of air; on echo of his heart;
And like a lily on a river floating
She floats upon the river of his thoughts!
Don C. A common case with poets. But who is
This floating lily? For in fine, some woman,
Some living woman—not a mere ideal,
Must wear the outward semblance of his thought.
Who is it? Speak!
Hyp. Who do you think it is?
Don C. His cousin Violante.
Hyp. Guess again.
To ease his laboring heart, in the last storm
He threw her overboard with all her ingots.
Don C. I cannot guess; so tell me who it is.
Hyp. Not I.
Don C. Why not?
Hyp. (*mysteriously.*) Why? Because Mari Franca
Was married four leagues out of Salamanca!

Don C. Jesting aside, who is it?
Hyp. Preciosa!
Don C. Impossible! The Count of Lara tells me
She is not virtuous.
Hyp. Did I say she was?
The Roman Emperor Claudius had a wife
Whose name was Messalina, as I think;
Valeria Messalina was her name.
But hist! I see him yonder through the trees,
Walking as in a dream.
Don C. He comes this way.
Hyp. It has been truly said by some wise man
That money, grief and love cannot be hidden.
Pray stand this way, and let the dreamer pass.
(*Enter Victorian in front.*)
Vic. Where'er thy step has passed is holy ground!
These groves are sacred! I behold thee walking
Under these shadowy trees, where we have walked
At evening, and I feel thy presence now;
Feel that the place has taken a charm from thee
And is forever hallowed. [*Exit.*
Hyp. Mark him well!
See how he strides away with lordly air
Like that odd guest of stone—that grim commander
Who comes to sup with Juan in the play.
Don C. What ho! Victorian!
Hyp. Wilt thou sup with us? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Preciosa's chamber. She is sitting near a table, working a scarf. A bird singing in its cage. The Count of Lara enters behind unperceived.*

Pre. Thou little prisoner in a motley coat,
That from thy vaulted, wiry dungeon singest,
Like thee I am a captive. In my cage
Imprisoned, bound with silken bands I stay,
And my heart sings in its captivity.
Would'st thou away? Is a grass-woven nest,
That swings among green boughs, a better home?
My cradle swung under the swinging forest,
As well as thine. We will go back together.
Dolores!
(*Turning to lay her work down, perceives the Count.*)
Ha!
Lara. Fair lady, pardon me!
Pre. How's this? Dolores!
Lara. Pardon me—
Pre. Dolores!
Lara. Be not alarmed; I found no one in waiting.
If I have been too bold—

Pre. (*turning her back upon him.*) You are too bold!
Retire! retire, and leave me!
Lara. My dear lady,
First hear me! I beseech you, let me speak!
'Tis for your good I come.
Pre. (*turning towards him with indignation.*) Begone! begone!
What means this outrage? What gives you the right
Thus to insult an unprotected woman?
You are the Count of Lara, but your deeds
Would make the statues of your ancestors
Blush on their tombs! Is it Castilian honor
To outrage thus the honor of a maid?
Is it Castilian pride to steal in here
Upon a friendless girl, to do her wrong?
O shame! shame! shame! that you, a nobleman,
Should have so base a soul!
Lara. I pray you, hear me!
Pre. Should be so little noble in your thoughts
As to send jewels here to win my love,
And think to buy my honor with your gold
As you would buy food in the market place!
I have no words to tell you how I scorn you!
Begone! The sight of you is hateful to me!
Begone, I say!
Lara. Be calm; I will not harm you.
Pre. Because you dare not.
Lara. I dare anything!
Therefore beware! You are deceived in me.
In this false world we do not always know
Who are our friends and who our enemies.
We all have enemies, and all need friends.
Even you, fair Preciosa, here at court,
Have foes, who seek to wrong you.
Pre. If to this
I owe the honor of the present visit,
You might have spared the coming. Having spoken,
Once more, I beg you, leave me to myself.
Lara. I thought it but a friendly part to tell you
What strange reports are current here in town.
For my own self I do not credit them;
But there are many who, not knowing you,

Will lend a readier ear.
Pre. There was no need
That you should take upon yourself the duty
Of telling me these tales.
Lara. Malicious tongues
Are ever busy with your name.
Pre. (*in some agitation.*) Alas!
I've no protectors here. I'm a poor girl,
Exposed to insults and unfeeling jests.
They wound me, yet I cannot shield myself.
I give no cause for these reports. I live
Retired; am visited by none.
Lara. By none?
O then indeed you are much wrong'd.
Pre. How mean you?
Lara. Nay, nay; I will not wound your gentle soul
By the report of idle tales.
Pre. Speak out!
What are these idle tales? You need not spare me.
Lara. I will deal frankly with you. Pardon me;
This window, as I think, looks towards the street,
And this into the Prado, does it not?
In yon high house, beyond the garden wall—
You see the roof there just above the trees—
There lives a friend, who told me yesterday,
That on a certain night—be not offended
If I too plainly speak—he saw a man
Climb to your chamber window. You are silent!
I would not blame you, being young and fair—
(*He tries to take her hand. She starts back and draws a dagger from her bosom.*)
Pre. Beware! beware! I am a gipsy girl!
Lay not your hand upon me. One step nearer
And I will strike!
Lara. Pray you put up that dagger.
Fear not.
Pre. I do not fear. I have a heart
In whose strength I can trust!
Lara. Listen to me.
I come here as your friend—I am your friend—
And by a single word, can put a stop

To all those idle tales, and make your name
As spotless as the falling snow.
(*Victorian enters behind.*)
I love you,
Fair Preciosa! and will save your honor!
Give me some sign I do not love in vain!
Give me some token—but one word of promise—
Let me but kiss your hand!
Pre. Avaunt! avaunt!
O save me from this demon!
(*Rushes towards Victorian, who repulses her.*)
Vic. Count of Lara!
What means this outrage?
Lara. First, what right have you
To question thus a nobleman of Spain?
Vic. I too am noble, and you are no more!
Out of my sight!
Lara. Are you the master here?
Vic. Aye, here and elsewhere, where the wrong of others
Gives me the right!
Pre. (*to Lara.*) Go! I beseech you, go!
Vic. I shall have business with you, count, anon!
Lara. You cannot come too soon! [*Exit.*
Pre. Victorian!
O we have been betray'd!
Vic. Ha! ha! betrayed!
'Tis I have been betrayed, not we!—not we!
Pre. Dost thou imagine—
Vic. I imagine nothing;
I see how 'tis thou whilest the time away
When I am gone!
Pre. O speak not in that tone!
It wounds me deeply.
Vic. 'Twas not meant to flatter.
Pre. Too well thou knowest the presence of that man
Is hateful to me!
Vic. Yet I saw thee stand
And listen to him, when he told his love.
Pre. Indeed, I heard him not.
Vic. Indeed thou did'st!
Pre. Such base suspicions are unworthy of thee!

Cast them away. Be not so angry with me.
Vic. I am not angry; I am very calm.
Pre. If thou wilt let me speak—
Vic. Nay, say no more.
I know too much already. Thou art false!
I do not like these gipsy marriages!
Where is the ring I gave thee?
Pre. In my casket.
Vic. There let it rest! I would not have thee wear it!
I thought thee spotless, and thou art polluted!
Pre. I call the Heavens to witness—
Vic. Nay, nay, nay!
Take not the name of Heaven upon thy lips!
They are forsworn!
Pre. Victorian! dear Victorian!
Vic. I gave up all for thee; myself, my fame,
My hopes of fortune, aye, my very soul!
And thou hast been my ruin! Now, go on!
Laugh at my folly with thy paramour,
And sitting on the Count of Lara's knee,
Say what a poor, fond fool Victorian was!
(*He casts her from him and rushes out.*)

SCENE IV.—*The Count of Lara's rooms. Enter the Count.*

Lara. There's nothing in this world so sweet as love,
And next to love the sweetest thing is hate!
I've learned to hate, and therefore am revenged.
A silly girl to play the prude with me!
The fire that I have kindled—
(*Enter Francisco.*)
Well, Francisco,
What tidings from Don Juan?
Fran. Good, my lord;
He will be present.
Lara. And the Duke of Lermos?
Fran. He was not in.
Lara. How with the rest?
Fran. I've found
The men you wanted. They will all be there,
And at the given signal raise a whirlwind
Of such discordant noises that the dance
Must cease for lack of music.
Lara. Bravely done.
Ah! little dost thou dream, sweet Preciosa,
What lies in wait for thee. Sleep shall not close
Thine eyes this night! Give me my cloak and sword.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A retired spot beyond the city gates. Enter Victorian and Hypolito.*

Vic. Oh shame! oh shame! Why do I walk abroad
By daylight, when the very sunshine mocks me,
And voices, and familiar sights and sounds
Cry hide thyself! O what a thin partition
Doth shut out from the curious world the knowledge
Of evil deeds that have been done in darkness.
Disgrace has many tongues. My fears are windows
Through which all eyes seem gazing. Every face
Expresses some suspicion of my shame,
And in derision seems to smile at me!
Hyp. Did I not caution thee? Did I not tell thee
I was but half persuaded of her virtue?
Vic. And yet, Hypolito, we may be wrong,
We may be over-hasty in condemning!
The Count of Lara is a damnéd villain.

Hyp. And therefore is she damnéd, loving him.
Vic. She does not love him! 'Tis for gold—for gold!
Hyp. Aye, but remember, in the public streets
He shows a golden ring the gipsy gave him,
A serpent with a ruby in its mouth.
Vic. She had that ring from me! God! she is false!
But I will be revenged!
The hour is passed.
Where stays the coward?
Hyp. Nay, he is no coward;
A villain, if thou will, but not a coward.
I've seen him play with swords: it is his pastime.
And therefore be not over-confident,
He'll task thy skill anon. Look, here he comes.
(*Enter Lara, followed by Francisco.*)
Lara. Good evening, gentlemen.
Hyp. Good evening, count.
Lara. I trust I have not kept you long in waiting?
Vic. Not long, and yet too long. Are you prepared?
Lara. I am.
Hyp. It grieves me much to see this quarrel
Between you, gentlemen. Is there no way
Left open to accord this difference,
But you must make one with your swords?
Vic. None! none!
I do intreat thee, dear Hypolito,
Stand not between me and my foe. Too long
Our tongues have spoken. Let these tongues of steel
End our debate. Upon your guard, Sir Count!
(*They fight. Victorian disarms the Count.*)
Vic. Your life is mine; and what shall now withhold me
From sending your vile soul to its account?
Lara. Strike! strike!
Vic. You are disarmed. I will not kill you!
I will not murder you. Take up your sword.
(*Francisco hands the Count his sword, and Hypolito interposes.*)

Hyp. Enough! Let it end here! The Count of Lara
Has shown himself a brave man, and Victorian
A generous one, as ever. Now be friends.
Put up your swords; for, to speak frankly to you,
Your cause of quarrel is too slight a thing
To move you to extremes.
Lara. I am content.
I sought no quarrel. A few hasty words
Spoken in the heat of blood have led to this.
Vic. Nay, something more than that.
Lara. I understand you.
Therein I did not mean to cross your path.
To me the door stood open, as to others,
But had I known the girl belonged to you
Never should I have sought to win her from you.
The truth stands now revealed; she has been false
To both of us.
Vic. Aye, false as hell itself!
Lara. In truth I did not seek her; she sought me;
And told me how to win her, telling me
The hours when she was oftenest left alone.
Vic. O cursed, cursed folly, to have loved her!
Say, can you prove this to me? O pluck out
These awful doubts, that goad me into madness!
Let me know all—all—all!
Lara. You shall know all.
Here is my page, who was the messenger
Between us. Question him. Was it not so,
Francisco?
Fran. Aye, my lord.
Lara. If farther proof
Is needful, I have here a ring she gave me.
Vic. Pray let me see that ring! It is the same!
(*Throws it upon the ground and tramples upon it.*)
Thus may she perish who once wore that ring!
Thus do I spurn her from me; do thus trample
Her memory in the dust! O Count of Lara,
We both have been abused, been much abused!
I thank you for your courtesy and frankness.
Though, like the surgeon's hand, yours gave me pain,
Yet it has cured my blindness, and I thank you.

I now can see the folly I have done,
Though ’tis, alas! too late. So fare you well!
To-night I leave this hateful town forever. Once more, farewell!
Regard me as your friend.

Hyp. Farewell, Sir Count.

[*Exeunt Victorian and Hypolito.*

Lara. Farewell! farewell!
Thus have I cleared the field of my worst foe!
I have none else to fear; the fight is done,
The citadel is stormed, the victory won!

[*Exit with Francisco.*

SCENE VI.—*Preciosa's bed-chamber. Midnight. She is sleeping in an arm-chair, in an undress; Dolores watching her.*

Dol. Poor girl, she sleeps at last; yet hardly sleeps;
She lives her sorrows o'er again in dreams,
Doubling her grief.
Pre. I must go hence, I say!
Give me my cloak.
Dol. She murmurs in her sleep.
Pre. Go tell them that I cannot dance to-night—
I am too ill. Look at me! See the fever
That burns upon my cheek. I must go hence.
I am too weak to dance. If you're a man
You will not ask it of me.
Dol. She dreams still
Of what has passed to-night.
Pre. Did you say must?
Then by the heavens I will not. Tell them so!
Have they no feeling? I am not their slave.
I must go hence. I pray you do not harm me!
Shame—shame! to treat a feeble woman thus!
Be you but kind, I will do all things for you.
I'm ready now—give me my castañets.
Where is Victorian? Oh, those hateful lamps!
They glare upon me, like an evil eye.
I cannot stay! Hark! how they mock at me!
They hiss at me, like serpents! Save me! save me!
(*She wakes.*)
Dol. Alas! poor girl!
Pre. How late is it, Dolores?
Dol. It is past midnight.
Pre. And he has not come?
He will not come to-night; and yet I thought
He stood here by my side, and held my hand.
We must be patient. Smooth this pillow for me.
Thank thee.
(*She sleeps again.*)

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

THE SMILE.

I looked on Beauty when the sudden light
Of Intellect and generous Feeling high
Blazed on the Cheek and lightened in the Eye
And Genius flashed from every feature bright!
I looked on Beauty when a wild delight
Laughed from beneath her silken lashes fair;
And Mirth, awaking from her rosy lair,
Led forth his dimples like the waves of Night
When the full heaven of stars is shining there!
But not the flash of Genius may compare,
Nor the gay summer of the radiant cheek
With the soft *Smile* of twilight sweetness rare,
On Beauty's brow, which *thoughts of kindness* wear
When the Eye *looks*, more than the tongue may speak.

SILENT LOVE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

Oh! call it by some better name,
For Friendship is too cold;
And love is now a worldly flame,
Whose shrine must be of gold;
And passion, like the sun at noon,
That burns o'er all it sees,
Awhile as warm, will set as soon—
Oh! call it none of these.
Imagine something purer far,
More free from stain of clay,
Than Friendship, Love, or Passion are,
Yet human still as they.

MOORE.

"Many are poets who have never penned their inspiration;" and still more truly might it be said, "Many are lovers who have never breathed their adoration."

If there be much "unwritten poetry" in the world, there is also much *unuttered love*, much that should have been spoken to hearts where it would have found a response, much that would have contributed to honor and happiness, much that has existed in secrecy and silence, glimmering, like the lamp in an ancient sepulchre, only over the ashes of departed hopes.

Mr. Allison was one of those persons who are usually considered "lucky men," though his luck lay in his industry, perseverance and economy, while the talisman which secured his success was most probably inscribed with the word, "*Patience*." He had grown rich slowly, not from the sudden influx of speculative wealth, but by the gradual accumulations of toilsome years, and his progress from poverty to riches had been marked by no startling transitions. Upright in all his dealings, and justly conscious of his own native respectability, he sought no devious ways to fortune, and, when her favors were gained, he aimed at no ostentatious display of them. He lived in plain but handsome style, spared no expense in the education of his family, gratified them with every luxury that was consistent with his ideas of

propriety, and, contrary to the practice of most American merchants, indulged *himself* with sufficient leisure even amid the cares of business, to enjoy the society of his wife, his children and his friends. Remembering his own early struggles, he was always ready to extend a helping hand to the young and unfriended, so that many a poor boy, who now enjoys the blessings of competence, has looked back with joy to the day which brought him within the notice of the benevolent merchant.

Among those whom Mr. Allison had most efficiently aided was a youth, named Ernest Melvyn, who, when scarcely fourteen years of age, had been so fortunate as to secure a situation in his warehouse. In little more than two years after he entered Mr. Allison's employ the boy had the misfortune to lose his father, and thus the maintenance of a sick mother and an almost infant sister devolved upon him. Mr. Allison, with that promptness which always doubles the value of a generous act, immediately promoted Ernest to a more responsible station, and increased his salary, while he appropriated to the use of the widowed mother comfortable apartments in one of his own houses. But his kindness did not stop here. Finding that the family of his young clerk were highly respectable though now reduced to great indigence, and that the boy's early education had been suited rather to his father's former station than to his present fortunes, Mr. Allison determined to give him every advantage in the prosecution of his studies. He invited Ernest to his house, gave him the use of his library, directed him to the most instructive books, and, in short, left nothing undone which could contribute to his future welfare.

Deeply grateful to his benefactor for all his kindness, and fully sensible of the importance of such advantages, Ernest showed his thankfulness both by his close attention to his duties, and his ready acceptance of Mr. Allison's offers. He became a regular resident in the family; a timid, quiet, unobtrusive haunter of that pleasant fireside, where he always found a kind welcome, cheerful companions and excellent books. Every body liked him, from the merchant, who was pleased with his fidelity to business, and Mrs. Allison, who found him very useful in the execution of those thousand little commissions of which husbands are so provokingly forgetful, down to the smiling servant maid who opened the door at the knock of the pale and pleasant-faced clerk. His quiet cheerfulness and unruffled good-temper made him a great favorite with Mr. Allison's daughters, but his most especial friend in the family was the "youngling of the flock," the petted and lovely little Mary. Though scarcely four years old when Ernest became so associated with them, Mary attached herself to him, with all the warmth of childish affection. Ernest loved her for her resemblance to his own little

sister, who had been the idol of his boyhood, and who had early followed his father to the grave. He seemed to have transferred to Mary Allison the love which had once been lavished upon his lost darling, and fondly did the child respond to his tenderness. She was in truth one of the loveliest of creatures, with large, soft, blue eyes, a profusion of golden curls, and lips like the berries of the cornel-tree, while her frank and joyous temper, her sunny cheerfulness, and the overflowing affection which seemed ever gushing up from the depths of her innocent heart, added new charms to her infantine beauty. She was the idol of her parents, the delight of her elder sisters, the plaything of the servants, and, above all, the cherished pet of Ernest Melvyn. Hour after hour would he sit with Mary nestled upon his knee, while he displayed to her wondering gaze the beautiful engravings in her father's costly volumes, or traced on her little slate many a rough but spirited sketch of castle and cottage, to be effaced and renewed with every childish whim. He carved fairy baskets of cherry-pits, fashioned clay models of Indian figures, and practiced, for the gratification of his favorite, those thousand little devices which can be accomplished by a skilful hand, good taste and patience. When infancy gave place to childhood, with its increasing cares, it was Ernest Melvyn who became the confidant of all little Mary's anxieties and pleasures. It was he who wrought out the tedious sum, and explained the wonderfully abstruse rules of that hated grammar, and aided her in remembering those troublesome chronological tables, and, in short, removed every stumbling-block, while he lightened every burden of her school life.

In the mean time Mr. Allison's elder daughters were growing up to womanhood, as beautiful as they were gentle and good. Their personal attractions, their gracefully feminine characters, and the known wealth of their father, all contributed to draw around them a crowd of admirers, whose motives were as various as their minds. Amid such persons Ernest never mingled. Retiring in his manners, and humble in his feelings, he never obtruded himself into the gay circle which gradually formed itself around the young ladies. His visits were as frequent as ever, but his evenings were usually passed in the library, aiding Mary in her lessons, giving her such primary instructions in drawing, as his fine but uncultivated taste would permit, or reading some useful book, which, if rather above the child's comprehension, was yet listened to with pleasure because Ernest was the reader. Mr. Allison beheld with pleasure the innocent attachment which existed between them. He believed it to be an advantage to both, since it gave Mary a new impulse and aid to mental cultivation, while it preserved Ernest from many of the temptations which assail the youth of a large city; and even the prudence of age could see nothing to fear from the affection

which had thus been awakened in the days of infancy. But the love which had thus sprung up between the child of four summers, and the boy of sixteen, had lost none of its tenderness when Mary could count her twelfth birthday. “How I love,” says the Ettrick Shepherd, “how I love a little girl of twelve;” and those who have made children a study will heartily agree with him. It is the sweetest of all ages, the loveliest of all periods in woman’s life: because it is perhaps the only season when the developing mind and expanding heart display their beautiful feminine traits without one shadow from the coming cloud of passion, when the flowers of affection give out their richest perfume, unmingled with the envenomed sweets with which future years will imbue them.

Ernest Melvyn had grown up tall and handsome, but with the pale cheek and thoughtful brow of the habitual thinker. His eyes were usually veiled beneath their full and drooping lids, but they were full of intelligence and sweetness, while his form was as graceful and his step as free as if he had never trod other soil than that of the green hills where his sunny hours of childhood had been passed. His application to business had given him a degree of gravity beyond his years, and his love of reading had made him a quiet observer of society rather than an actor in its busy scenes. His time was divided between his duties in the warehouse, his attention to his infirm mother, and his visits to Mr. Allison’s family; the first tended to create stability of character, the second to cultivate the domestic affections, and quicken his delicate sense of duty, while the last gave him the inestimable advantage of polished and virtuous female society. Could he have overcome his reserve, and learned to think less humbly of himself, Ernest Melvyn might have shone in the gayest circles, for, even in a place where wealth too often determines a man’s social position, the protégé of the rich Mr. Allison would have found little difficulty in winning his way. Had Ernest understood the “*art of pushing*,” an art, by the way, which deserves to be made the subject of a course of lectures, he could easily have become a general favorite in society, and might, in all probability, by some fortunate marriage, have compassed what the world pleasantly calls “*Independence*,” in other words, a lifelong subsistence upon the alimony of a wife. But Ernest was too modest, too single-minded to think of such things. The liberal stipend which he received from Mr. Allison more than sufficed for all his mother’s necessities, and his own wants were very few. A small sum was annually left in his benefactor’s hands, to form a fund for his mother’s future support in case of his death, and with this provision he was perfectly content. As his tastes developed, his gradually increasing means enabled him to gratify them without encroaching upon this consecrated hoard. Books, purchased

chiefly at auction, and remarkable rather for their solid worth, than their exterior decorations, had accumulated around him, a few choice paintings which he had found among the rubbish of a deceased picture dealer, now adorned the walls of his neat apartment, a collection of minerals, made with no other expense than that of healthful fatigue, a small but very complete cabinet of shells, miniature casts from the antique, moulded by himself in moments of leisure, and a portfolio of exquisite pencil-drawings by his own hand, all attested the elegance of his tastes and the innocence of his pursuits.

To Mr. Allison's daughters Ernest Melvyn appeared in the light of a valued relative, a sort of "Cousin Tom," useful on all occasions and obtrusive on none, universally liked, and allowed to come and go with all the freedom of a family friend, less noticed when present than missed when absent. But to the little golden-haired Mary he was an object of far more importance, and even when the flush of womanhood began to brighten the cheek of the little maiden, and her innocent bosom thrilled with those "impulses of soul and sense," which mark the first step beyond the limit of girlish gayety, Ernest was still the friend, the confidant of all her joys and sorrows. Exceedingly sensitive in character, with feelings keenly alive to every emotion, full of affection and gentleness, and quick to receive impressions, Mary Allison was a creature of impulse rather than judgment. The circle which had long surrounded her sisters now opened to admit her also. Two of Mr. Allison's daughters were on the verge of matrimony, while two still remained free to win new lovers to their feet, when Mary made her entrance into society. Conscious that she possessed no small share of the beauty which had made her sisters so attractive, vague dreams of future triumphs and successes began to mingle with her gentler feelings. The spirit which often leads a beautiful woman into the mazes of coquetry, was striving in the heart of the fair girl, and but for the quiet counsels of Ernest, who was now her mentor in the perilous days of womanhood, even as he had been her playfellow in the sunny hours of childhood, she might have become a vain and frivolous votary of fashion. But there was something in the calm reproach of Ernest's thoughtful eye, which restrained the wayward follies of the flattered belle, and Mary felt, long ere she acknowledged even to herself the truth, that, whatever might be the charms of adulation, the approval of one noble heart was worth them all. When lovers came around her, Ernest gently withdrew from all apparent competition, content to watch from afar, lest danger or deception should touch the object of his hallowed interest. Keeping always aloof from the throng of admirers who now found their way habitually to a house where such varied attractions were ever to be met, Ernest seemed abstracted and indifferent. The incense offered by the

professed danglers, the attentions of beaux, the heavy *bon-mots* of would-be witlings, fell on his ear unheeded; but when one of lofty mind and noble character, a man worthy of respect and affection, when such an one offered his homage at the shrine of youthful beauty, Ernest was all eye, all ear, aye, and all heart.

Was Ernest in love with Mary Allison? Who can tell? surely he was too unpresuming, too calm, too free from jealousy to be in love. Yet what meant his eager watchfulness over her every look and word, his keen perception of her every impulse, his deep devotion to her every wish? It was most strange, and yet might not a warm fraternal affection for one who had taken the place of his dead sister in his heart, account for all his feelings? Such was Ernest's belief, and if he deceived himself, his was the punishment as well as the error.

One after another, the beautiful daughters of Mr. Allison were wedded, until only Mary, the lovely Mary, whose very changefulness of temper formed one of her brightest charms, alone was left. From her sixteenth year Mary had received the homage of flattery and affection. Some had wooed her for her fortune, some for her gayety, some for her warm-heartedness, but all had alike been unsuccessful. When questioned as to her motives for this indiscriminate coldness, she would only laugh, and toss back her golden locks with a look of mischievous mirth that seemed the index of a light and unfettered heart. Utterly free from the coquetry which can deliberately win hearts but to wound them, she yet loved admiration, and could seldom resist the temptation of making herself agreeable. Indeed she could scarcely avoid making conquests, for her usual sweetness of manner was sufficient of itself to attract all who came within its influence. As Miss Edgeworth has beautifully expressed it, "even from the benevolence of her own disposition she derived the means of giving pain, as the bee is said to draw the venom of its sting from its own honey." Too sensitive for frivolous coquetry, Mary was in far more danger from those sentimental flirtations which are so fascinating to the romantic and the imaginative, and often so fatal to the peace of those who indulge in them. Few women—I mean warm-hearted, high-souled women—have escaped the influence of these "opium dreams of too much youth and reading," as they are contemptuously called by the worldly and the cold. Few but have, at the early dawn of womanhood, cherished a pure and passionless affection, which the world may have sneered at as "Platonic," and the prudent may have censured as indiscreet, but which was a source of infinite happiness while it endured, and which, perhaps, by the very anguish of its dissolution, afforded the best of all discipline for the future trials of the heart. Yet, like all other exquisite

pleasures in this changing world, such joy is only to be bought at the price of future pain. Rarely does such an attachment terminate without suffering—rarely does that passionless dream fade into the splendors of a brighter reality—rarely does the heart awake from its trance of sublimated feeling to find loftier and sweeter impulses in actual life and perfect love.

From such perils, to which her romantic temper would probably have exposed her, Mary Allison was preserved by the watchfulness of Ernest. Indeed their mutual regard seemed to possess much of the character of such an affection as has just been described, but without its dangers. He was her friend, her counsellor, the guide of her wayward feelings; but there was none of that high-wrought sensibility, that fervent language which would be impassioned were it not so pure, that ardor of feeling which gives to such a friendship the semblance of love—but of love *wingless*, and with bow unbent. Ernest never ventured to be other than the friend, the honored, trusted and humble friend. Not that he was a servile, mean-spirited contemner of himself because of his property—for he was in truth as high-souled, lofty-minded, and proud-hearted a being as ever wrestled with fortune—but gratitude had quickened his perception of duty, and, in the echoes of his own heart, he learned the nature of his own humility.

Mary had attained her twenty-second year when she received another offer of marriage from a gentleman whose character and standing in society made him a most eligible match. He was refused, but so kindly and gently, that he resolved not to be repulsed. He persevered in a course of delicate attentions which even Mary's fastidiousness could not reject, and he demanded the consideration due to friendship till he could make good his claims to a warmer interest. He was certainly not distasteful to Mary, and had she been called to choose one from among her professed lovers, Charles Walton would probably have been the object of her choice. But she was conscious that she was capable of a much stronger emotion than he had inspired, and a very slight examination into her heart showed her one sealed recess which she dared not venture to unlock. Within that holy of holies, which every mortal shrouds within his bosom, she knew that an image was enshrined on which maiden pride forbade her to look, and the fair girl turned away dismayed from her self-imposed task. But her lover was patient and persevering, and, after months of assiduous wooing, he sought her father's aid. Mr. Allison had never interfered to control the inclinations of his children. If the suitor was only a man of integrity and honor, mere pecuniary disparity was never allowed to influence his opinions, but, in this case, he certainly was disposed to wish that Mary might decide in Mr. Walton's favor. He wished to retire from business, and Walton was very competent to

supply his place in a concern which might still be conducted for the benefit of the family, if Mary would become the wife of the new partner. Actuated by these motives he promised his influence to the ardent lover; but the more he reflected upon his task the more reluctant he felt to perform it. He could not bear to influence the affections of his favorite child, and yet he earnestly wished her to think as he did. Like most men in a similar predicament, he adopted a middle course, and quieted his scruples by committing the trust to another.

One evening, just at twilight, Mary was in a small apartment communicating with the drawing-room, when her father approached in close conversation with Ernest Melvyn. They took a seat in the parlor, and, as the door was ajar, Mary could not avoid hearing her own name several times repeated. She was about entering the room when she heard her father say, "I wish, Ernest, you would use your influence with Mary. I am sure she prefers Mr. Walton, and it is only a woman's whim which prevents her acceptance of him."

"Are you sure she is attached to Walton?" asked Ernest, in a low and hurried tone.

"Oh, I cannot be mistaken about it; she likes him better than any lover she has ever had, for she confessed as much to me yesterday. It is full time she came to some decision, and I wish she would accept him. He is exactly the kind of person whom I should have selected for her, and I am sure he will make her happy. She is greatly influenced by your opinions, Ernest, and I really wish you would advise her to marry Walton."

Mary listened breathlessly for Ernest's answer. After a long pause she heard him say, "Certainly, sir, if you wish it, I will do so." Mary staid for no more. Hurrying to her room, she flung herself on the floor in an agony of excited feeling. The secret of her heart was now revealed to her, and the anguish which overwhelmed her proved how fondly she had cherished the delusion. She now knew what before she more than suspected; she no longer doubted that her heart and happiness had long been in the keeping of the modest and gentle Ernest. But with this knowledge came the startling fact that Ernest loved her not.

"He could coldly promise his influence to give me to another—me, whom he has cherished from childhood—me, who have loved him from my very infancy! Yes, his is but a brother's love, and never shall my nature be disgraced by the disclosure of an unrequited passion. It shall be plucked away even if entwined with the very fibres of my heart." Such were the reflections of the unhappy girl, as the violence of her emotions subsided.

Could she have seen the bitter struggle in the breast of Ernest—could she have divined the hidden agony of his spirit when he controlled his voice to utter those cold words—could she have known the sudden wretchedness of that moment which first revealed to him the depth and breadth of his own absorbing passion, she would have decided differently. One word then would have secured the happiness of both; but the word was *unspoken*, and the destiny of both was sealed.

That very night Charles Walton renewed his suit to Mary and *was accepted*—the next morning Mr. Allison informed Ernest that his influence was no longer necessary in the matter. The next week preparations for the marriage were commenced.

For several days Ernest absented himself from Mr. Allison's house, but just as every body was beginning to wonder what could ail him, he came, and took his accustomed seat, as quiet and perhaps rather more silent than was his wont. He looked pale and care-worn, but his mother's renewed paroxysm of illness was sufficient to account for his appearance, and though his lip quivered and his hand trembled as he offered his congratulations to Mary, yet no one could have dreamed that beneath his calm seeming he concealed an immolated heart. Mary's pride rose to her aid when she beheld Ernest's undisturbed demeanor. She almost despised herself for the weakness which made her shudder as with an ague, when he offered his wishes for her future happiness; and, resolutely closing her bosom against all such emotions, she determined to perform the duties she had undertaken with a firm and unyielding spirit.

The increasing illness of the invalid, Mrs. Melvyn, soon confined Ernest so closely to his home, during his leisure hours, that he thus escaped the torture of witnessing the arrangements for Mary's marriage. It was perhaps fortunate for both, since the tie between them was now to be severed, that it should be done thus gradually, and from a sense of duty to others, rather than from selfish feelings. At times Mary half suspected that Ernest loved her, but the stern, self-sacrificing devotion of him who believed that she had chosen wisely and well, destroyed the fancy ere it became a hope. "She has fulfilled the wishes of her father—she has found love and happiness," said Ernest to himself, "and not one shadow from the cloud which impends over my fate shall ever darken her path." And with a courage far more exalted than that which binds the martyr to the faggot and the stake, did this noble-hearted being crush his own heart within him, lest he should mar the hopes of her whom he loved better than life.

Ernest did not see Mary wedded. On the very night of her bridal his mother died, and, in the awful stillness of the death-chamber, the voice of

passion was hushed into silence. It was not until his only companion was laid in her humble grave, and the quiet of exhaustion had gradually stolen over the tortured feelings of the bereaved and heart-sick Ernest, that he ventured to approach the dwelling of Mr. Allison. Amid their festivities the family had not been regardless of his sorrow, and many an act of unobtrusive kindness had shown him that he was affectionately remembered among them. But he had learned some sad and solemn truths as he watched beside his dying mother. The nothingness of human cares, the vanity of human hopes, the fruitlessness of human affections had been deeply impressed upon his heart. His mother's last lesson, imparted in the peacefulness of her dying hour, came with thrilling power to his bosom, and in the loneliness of his deep grief he learned life's hardest lesson—"*to suffer and be still*."

One more trial yet awaited him. Not long after his mother's death, Mr. Allison took him aside and offered him a partnership in his lucrative business.

"I am old," said the merchant, "and want to be released from toil; Charles Walton is to be the principal in our firm, and we wish to secure your future services, as well as to reward a fidelity which has never once failed in twenty years of duty. Indeed, Mary insisted that her husband should accept no proposition which did not include you. I require no capital from you; the profits arising from your yearly deposit in my hands have swelled your little fund to some ten thousand dollars, which I am ready to pay over to you before commencing our new arrangement."

"You are kind—very kind, my dear sir," was Ernest's reply, while tears filled his eyes, and his emotions choked his utterance; "believe me, I am not ungrateful, and while life and health remain I shall ever be devoted to your service. But I cannot accept your noble offer—let me still be your clerk—your servant, if you will—I am no longer fitted for the responsibilities of a partner."

"My dear fellow, you are as healthy, active, and industrious as ever you were; you are in the very prime of life, and must not talk of want of fitness."

"The spring of life is gone," said Ernest, mournfully, "I have no motive now for exertion."

"You are dispirited, Ernest—the loss of your mother has saddened and depressed you. Think over my proposition in a calm and dispassionate manner, and I am convinced you will not refuse it."

Ernest did think long and deeply on the subject, but his decision was unalterable.

“It comes too late; my life is now an aimless one, and riches might only tend to make it a useless one also; there are none to share my fortunes, and why should a solitary and isolated man heap up riches when he knows not who shall gather them? it comes too late!”

Alas! how often has that thought paralized the energies and stricken the heart of the patient sufferer. Even he, who in the flush of manhood can proudly exclaim, “*I bide my time*,” as if in defiance of fortune’s frowns, is often heard, when all was gained, to sigh mournfully in after life over the chilling reflection, “*it comes too late!*”—too late for the fulfilment of hope—too late for the attainment of happiness.

Ernest Melvyn never rose above the station of confidential clerk, but the respect and esteem of his employers testified his integrity and usefulness. Mr. Walton learned to regard him with as much friendship as Mr. Allison, and it was not long before he was as welcome a guest in Mary’s new home as he had ever been in the scenes of her joyous childhood. Whatever might have been her feelings towards Ernest, his perfect self-possession and calm demeanor, by convincing her that he had never loved her, aided her in the subjugation of her own rebellious heart. Her husband was kind, affectionate, and good. She had always respected his talents and esteemed his virtues, and now, as time wove the new and strong ties of parental affection between them, the quiet happiness of domestic life gradually effaced the brightest tints of her youth’s romance. It may be that a shadow rested long on her path—it may be that the spectre of blighted love sometimes stood beside the shrine of her household gods—but Time, the true exorciser of all such ghosts, wrought his work of kindness, slowly but surely, and Mary became a cheerful, useful and happy woman.

Ernest experienced the usual changes which come upon a solitary man. He lived alone among his books, and pictures, and shells, until they became actually objects of tender interest to him. Regularly, every afternoon, he visited Mr. Allison, and read the newspapers for his benefactor, whose failing sight rendered the perusal of his favorite journals a task of some difficulty. This done, Ernest returned to his home and passed the remainder of the evening in study—aimless it is true, but still pleasing; or in a dreamy and vague reverie so enticing to a reserved and imaginative man. But on one certain evening in each week, he always took his seat at Mrs. Walton’s tea-table, and as regularly ensconced himself in the chimney-corner as soon as tea was over. To the isolated man this weekly visit, and those claspings of the hand with which he was always greeted, were as dear as the “memorable kiss” with which the “apostle of passion” fed his wild idolatry; aye, full as precious and far more pure was the joy thus imparted than any refinement of

infidel philosophy and illicit love. Mary's children climbed his knee, even as Mary had done in her own glad infancy, and loved him with all the fervent affection which had once characterized her feelings. Like all old bachelors, he became somewhat of a humorist, and, at last, was voted by the dandies of the rising generation, to be decidedly eccentric. But his kindliness of heart, his firm integrity, and his purity and delicacy of feeling never forsook him.

To the day of his death he never disclosed the secret of his early love. When the frosts of three-score winters had whitened his locks, the solitary old man withdrew to his lonely room, and there, amid those inanimate objects which had been his solace through so many weary years, he yielded up his gentle spirit to the God who gave it. He was found one morning lying in the quiet sleep of death—his arms crossed upon his breast, his bible on the table at his bedside, and his features settled in such sweet repose that none looked upon them without feeling that Death had indeed dealt mercifully with the righteous.

His will was found in his cabinet, and Mary Walton was made the sole heiress of his little fortune; although no reason was assigned for this exclusive preference. Perhaps the little casket which was discovered in a secret recess of the same cabinet disclosed somewhat of the truth to her conscious heart. It contained a lock of golden hair, marked: "*given me by Mary on her twelfth birthday*," together with a withered bouquet, which, from the silken band around it, Mary remembered to have given him the night preceding her betrothal, and a penciled sketch in which she had no difficulty to recognize her own girlish beauty.

Reader, does my tale seem tame and trite? it is the history of a blighted heart; and if the secrets of that strange world of mystery were more frequently revealed, many such a tale of simple pathos would enlist the sympathies of the glad and gay. The picture of that self-forgetting being, subduing his love, at first, from the very humility of true affection, and, afterwards, crushing it within his heart lest its living presence should mar the happiness of his beloved, is to me one of ineffable tenderness. That he was mistaken in his views of her happiness does not destroy the beauty of his self-devotion; and what shall we say of the moral courage which could relinquish all claims to *posthumous* sympathy, by bearing his secret to the grave, lest a shadow from the past should fall upon her present peacefulness?

THE RETURN OF YOUTH.

BY WILLIAM C. BRYANT.

My friend, thou sorrowest for thy golden prime,
   For thy fair youthful years too swift of flight;
Thou musest, with wet eyes, upon the time
   Of cheerful hopes that filled the world with light,
Years when thy heart was bold, thy hand was strong,
   And prompt thy tongue the generous thought to speak,
And willing faith was thine, and scorn of wrong
   Summoned the sudden crimson to thy cheek.

Thou lookest forward on the coming days,
   Shuddering to feel their shadow o'er thee creep;
A path, thick-set with changes and decays,
   Slopes downward to the place of common sleep;
And they who walked with thee in life's first stage,
   Leave one by one thy side, and, waiting near,
Thou seest the sad companions of thy age—
   Dull love of rest, and weariness and fear.

Yet grieve thou not, nor think thy youth is gone,
   Nor deem that glorious season e'er could die.
Thy pleasant youth, a little while withdrawn,
   Waits on the horizon of a brighter sky;
Waits, like the morn, that folds her wing and hides,
   Till the slow stars bring back her dawning hour;
Waits, like the vanished spring, that slumbering bides
   Her own sweet time to waken bud and flower.

There shall he welcome thee, when thou shalt stand
On his bright morning hills, with smiles more sweet
Than when at first he took thee by the hand,
Through the fair earth to lead thy tender feet.
He shall bring back, but brighter, broader still,
Life's early glory to thine eyes again,
Shall clothe thy spirit with new strength, and fill
Thy leaping heart with warmer love than then.

Hast thou not glimpses, in the twilight here,
Of mountains where immortal morn prevails?
Comes there not, through the silence, to thine ear
A gentle murmur of the morning gales,
That sweep the ambrosial groves of that bright shore,
And thence the fragrance of its blossoms bear,
And voices of the loved ones gone before,
More musical in that celestial air?

SKETCH OF A CASE,

OR A PHYSICIAN EXTRAORDINARY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A NEW HOME," ETC.

Doctor R—— sat alone in his study when a lady was announced.

"Mrs. Waldorf, sir," and the doctor laid down his pen and received his visiter very cordially. She was the wife of a rich German merchant, and a distant cousin of his own; a handsome woman of about five and thirty, with sufficient repose of manner, but too spirited an eye to pass for a mere fashionable machine.

"I have come to you, doctor, instead of sending for you," began the lady, "because I do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know I have thought it necessary to consult you. He is so easily alarmed, that if he knew you had prescribed for me he would watch me so closely and insist so much upon my observance of your directions to the very letter, that I should have no peace."

The doctor smiled, as if he thought Mr. Waldorf would not be so far wrong as his lady might suppose.

"But what is it, my dear madam?" he said, taking Mrs. Waldorf's hand and giving a look of professional scrutiny to her face. "You look well, though there is a slight flaccidity about the eyes, and not quite so ruddy a nether lip as one might wish to see. What is it?"

"Oh! a thousand things, doctor; my health is miserable—at least I sometimes think so; I have pains in the right side—and such flutterings at my heart—and such lassitude—and such headaches—and sleep so miserably—"

"Are your pains very severe? are they of a heavy, dull kind, or sharp and darting? and how often do you experience them?"

"They are not very constant—no, not constant, certainly, nor very severe—but, doctor, they fill me with apprehensions of future evil. It is not present suffering of which I complain, so much as a fear of worse to come. I dread lest disease should make such progress, unnoticed, that it will be vain to

attempt a cure." And Mrs. Waldorf's eyes filled with tears at the very thought of her troubles.

"You are wise to take it in time," said Doctor R——. "But tell me more of these symptoms. At what time of the day do you generally feel most indisposed?"

"Oh! I can scarcely say. When I wake in the morning, I am always very miserable. My head is full of dull pain, especially about the eyes. My lips are parched; I find it a great exertion to dress myself, and never have the slightest appetite for breakfast."

"Ah! indeed!" mused the doctor, "you breakfast as soon as you arise, I presume. At what hour do you retire?"

"We make it a rule to be in bed by twelve, unless we happen to be engaged out, which is but seldom. Waldorf detests parties and late hours. We spend our evenings with music or books, very quietly."

"At what hour do you sup?"

"We have nothing like a regular supper, but for mere sociality's sake we have a tray brought up about ten. I take nothing beyond a bit of chicken or a few oysters, or a slice of cake, and sometimes only a cracker and a glass of wine. You look as if you thought even this were better omitted; but I should scarcely know how to cut off one of my husband's few social pleasures. He would touch nothing if I did not partake with him. He thinks as ill of suppers as you do."

"I beg your pardon—I interrupted your detail of symptoms to ask these questions as to the evening. You say you have no appetite for breakfast—how long do these feelings of languor and exhaustion continue to trouble you?"

"Oh! I generally feel better after a cup of coffee; and after practicing at the harp or the piano-forte for an hour or two, or sometimes three when I have new music, I generally drive out, and perhaps shop a little, or at any rate take a turn into the country for the air, and usually return somewhat refreshed."

"Do you take your airings alone?"

"Yes—perforce, almost. There are none of my intimate friends who can go with me. They drive out regularly, and take children with them, or they have other objects; and one cannot ask a mere acquaintance. So I go alone, which is not very exhilarating."

"Your own children are not at home?"

“No—if they were, I should need no other company for the carriage. The society of young people is pleasant to me, but Adelaide is at Madame ——’s and Ernest is with a German clergyman, a friend of his father’s. I fancy my rides would be of much greater service to me if I had a pleasant companion or two.”

“Undoubtedly—and I know a lady and her daughter to whom a regular morning airing with such society as that of Mrs. Waldorf would be the very breath of life! What a pity that etiquette comes in the way of so many good things! But go on, I beg.”

“Etiquette! say not another word, doctor—who and where are these friends or patients of yours? I should be happy if I could offer any service. I will call with you on them this very day if you like, and invite them to ride with me daily.”

“Thank you a thousand times, my dear madam,” said Doctor R——, “it is what I could not venture to ask. Yet I am not afraid you will not find my friends at least tolerably agreeable—but will you proceed with the account you were giving me of your daily habits—you dine at four, I believe?”

“That is our hour, but Mr. Waldorf is often detained until five, and I never dine without him. For my own part I should not care if dinner were stricken from the day. I lunch about one, and with tolerable appetite, and I never wish to eat again until supper time. We take tea, however, at seven, and—”

“Green tea, I presume—do you take it strong?”

“Oh! not very, if I take it *too* strong, I do not sleep at all.”

“You sleep but indifferently, you tell me?”

“Yes, generally; and wake many times in the night; sometimes in the horrors, so that I am full of undefinable fears, and dare not open my eyes lest the objects in the room should assume terrific shapes. The very shades cast by the night-lamp have power at such times to appal me.”

The doctor’s professional inquiries extended to a still greater length, but he had guessed Mrs. Waldorf’s complaint before he arrived at this point in the list. He had found solitude, inactivity, late hours, suppers, coffee, green tea, music and books—with not one counterbalancing item of that labor—effort—sacrifice—which has been affixed as the unchanging price of health and spirits. Mrs. Waldorf was one of the hundreds if not thousands of ladies in our land who walk through the world without ever discovering the secret of life. She had abundant wealth and a most indulgent husband, with all that this world can offer in point of comfort, and she imagined that health alone was wanting to complete her happiness. Passive happiness! what a dream!

Doctor R—— was at the head of his profession, and he had some medicines at his command which are not known at the hospitals. He thought he could cure Mrs. Waldorf, but he hinted that he feared he should find her but a poor patient.

"You do not wish Mr. Waldorf to know you are under my care lest he should object to your neglecting my remedies—"

"Oh, indeed doctor, I shall be very faithful! Try me! You cannot prescribe anything too difficult. Shall I travel to the Pyramids barefoot, and live on bread and water all the way? I am only afraid Waldorf should insist upon my taking odious drugs, and—You know cautions meeting one at every turn are so tiresome!"

"Then you are willing to undertake any remedy which is not at all disagreeable, and which may be used or omitted *à discretion*—"

"No, no—indeed you mistake me. I only beg that it may not be *too* unpleasant. I will do just as you say."

Mrs. Waldorf now had a fine color, and her eyes sparkled as of old. She had every confidence in the skill of Dr. R——, and the effort of recalling and recounting her symptoms had given an impetus to her thoughts and a quicker current to her blood.

The doctor apologized. He had an appointment and his hour had come.

"But before I leave you thus unceremoniously," he said, "it strikes me that there is a root in my garden which might be of essential service to you, to begin with at least. You know I have a little spot in which I cultivate a few rare botanical specimens. Might I venture to ask you to search for the root I speak of? It is in that little square compartment in the corner, which appears nearly vacant."

"Oh, certainly—but had I not better call John, as your own man is going away with you?"

"John! Bless my soul, my dear Madam, there is not a John in the world that I would trust in my sanctum! No hand but mine, and that of a gardener whom I employ occasionally under my own direction, ever intrudes among my pets. Let me entreat you, since I have not another moment to spare, to take this little trowel and search with your own hands until you discover an oblong white root like this—" opening a book of botanical plates and exhibiting something that looked very much like a Jerusalem artichoke —"Take that and have it washed and grated into a gill of Port, of which try ten drops in a little water three times a day. I will see you again very soon—but now I must run away—" and Doctor R—— departed, leaving Mrs. Waldorf in a musing mood.

She cast a look at the garden, which lay just beneath the window, full of flowers; then at the trowel—a strange implement in her hand. She thought Doctor R—— very odd, certainly, but she resolved to follow his directions implicitly. She went down stairs and was soon digging very zealously. Her glove was split by the first effort, of course; for a fashionably fitted glove admits not the free exercise of the muscles—but all was of no avail. Every corner of the little square was disturbed, but no talisman appeared. Weary at length of her new employment, Mrs. Waldorf gave up in despair, and sat down in a little arbor which offered its shade invitingly near her. Here she sank into a pleasant reverie, as one can scarcely help doing in a garden full of sweet flowers, and so pleasant was the sense of repose after labor, that she thought not of the lapse of time until she was startled by the voice of Doctor R——, returned from his visit and exceedingly surprised to find her still trowel in hand.

"Why, my dear Madam," he exclaimed, "you are forgetting your wish that Mr. Waldorf should not discover your visit to me! If he walks much in town he has had ample opportunity to observe his carriage at my door these two hours. You must learn to carry on clandestine affairs better than this! Have you the medicine?"

Mrs. Waldorf laughed and related her ill success, which the doctor very much regretted, although he did not offer to assist in the search.

"You are feeling tolerably well just now, I think," he said; "your color is better than when you came in the morning."

"Oh yes! much better just now! But how charming your garden is! I do not wonder that you make a pet of it. We too have a few square inches of garden, but it gives me but little pleasure, because I have never done any thing to it myself. I think I shall get a trowel of my own."

"You delight me! You have only to cultivate and bring to perfection a single bed of carnations, to become as great an enthusiast as myself. But it must be done by your own hands—"

"Yes, certainly; but now I must be gone. To-morrow I will hold myself in readiness to call on your friends at any hour you will appoint."

"What say you to eleven? Would that be too barbarous? The air is worth a good deal more at eleven than at one."

"At seven, if you like! Do not imagine me so very a slave to absurd fashions! I am determined you shall own me a reasonable woman yet."

Mrs. Waldorf called from the carriage window—"You'll not forget to send the medicine, doctor?"

“Certainly not! you shall have it at seven this evening, and I trust you will take it with exact regularity.”

“Do not fear me,” she said, and the doctor made his bow of adieu.

The medicine came at seven, with a sediment which looked not a little like grated potato, and without the slightest disagreeable taste. Accompanying directions required the disuse, for the present, of coffee and green tea; and recommended to Mrs. Waldorf a daily walk and a very early bed-hour.

The lady took her ten drops at nine, and felt so much better that she could not help telling her husband all about her visit to Doctor R——.

The next morning proved cloudy, and Mrs. Waldorf felt rather languid, but, after her dose, found an improved appetite for breakfast. She sat down to her music, but looked frequently at the clouds and at her watch, thinking of her appointment. When the hour arrived the envious skies poured down such showers as will damp any body’s ardor. The drive must be given up for that day, and it passed as usual, with only the interlude of the magic drops.

The next day was as bad, and the day after not a great deal better. Mrs. Waldorf’s pains and palpitations almost discouraged her. She was quite sure she had a liver complaint. But on the fourth morning the sun rose gloriously, and the face of nature, clean washed, shone with renewed beauty. At eleven the carriage and the lady were at Doctor R——’s door.

“Have you courage to see an invalid—a sad sufferer?” said the doctor.

“Oh, certainly! I am an invalid myself, you know.”

“Ah! my dear lady, my invalid wears a different aspect! Yet I hope she is going to recover, and I shall trust to your humanity if the scene prove a sad one. Sickness of the mind was, I think, the origin of the evil, but it has almost overpowered the frail body. This young lady and her mother have been giving lessons in music and in Italian, and have had but slender success in the whirl of competition. As nearly as I can discover, they came to this country hoping to find reverse of fortune easier to bear among strangers; and their course was determined hitherward in consequence of earlier family troubles which drove a son of Madame Vamiglia to America. He was a liberal, and both displeased his father and put himself in danger from government, by some unsuccessful attempt at home. The father is since dead, and the old lady and her daughter, left in poverty and loneliness, determined on following the young man to the new world. But here we are.”

And they stopped before a small house in a back street. Mrs. Waldorf was shown into a very humble parlor, while the doctor went to prepare his patient. He returned presently with Madame Vamiglia, a well-bred woman

past middle age. She expressed her grateful sense of Mrs. Waldorf's kindness, but their communication was rather pantomimical, for the lady found her song-Italian of little service, and the signora had not much conversational English. However, with some French, and occasional aid from Doctor R——, their acquaintance was somewhat ripened before they went to the bedside of the sufferer. Mrs. Waldorf turned pale, and felt ready to faint, at the sight which presented itself.

There was a low, narrow couch in the centre of the room, scarce larger than an infant's crib, and on it lay what seemed a mere remnant of mortality. Large dark eyes, full of a sort of preternatural light, alone spoke of life and motion. The figure had been always extremely small, and was now wasted till it scarce lifted the light covering of the mattress. Madame Vamiglia went forward and spoke in a low tone to her daughter, and Mrs. Waldorf was glad to sink into the chair set for her by Doctor R——. The ghastly appearance of the poor girl had quite *unwomaned* her.

The mother introduced her guest to her daughter, who could only look an acknowledgment; and then asked the doctor if he thought it possible that Ippolita could bear the motion of a carriage.

"She seems weaker to-day," he replied; "very weak indeed. Yet, if Mrs. Waldorf will allow the mattress to be put in, I think we may venture."

Madame Vamiglia seemed full of anxiety lest the experiment should prove too much for the flickering remnant of life; but, after much preparation, John was called, and the poor sufferer transferred, mattress and all, to the back seat. Mrs. Waldorf and her mother took the front, and in this way they drove slowly out towards the country.

At first the poor little signorina seemed exhausted almost unto death, and her mother watched her with the most agonized solicitude; but after awhile she became accustomed to the gentle motion, and seemed revived by the fresh air. As the road wound through a green lane shaded with old trees, Ippolita looked about her with animation, and made a sign of pleasure with her wasted hand. Tears started to her mother's eyes, and she looked to Mrs. Waldorf for sympathy, and not in vain.

At length the invalid murmured, "Assia!" and they turned about. When they reached the lodging-house, Ippolita was in a quiet sleep, and they carried her back to her own room almost undisturbed.

"To-morrow at eleven!" whispered Mrs. Waldorf, at parting. Madame Vamiglia pressed her hand, but could not speak.

We need not describe the morning rides which succeeded this auspicious commencement. We need not trace, step by step, the slow amendment of the

young Italian, nor attempt to express, by words, the gratitude of both mother and daughter. *They* felt words to be totally inadequate. We may mention, however, the rapid improvement of Mrs. Waldorf's health and spirits, which must of course be ascribed to that excellent medicine of Doctor R——'s. This enabled that lady to study Italian most strenuously, both at home and by familiar lessons from Madame Vamiglia and her daughter, during their prolonged excursions. This pursuit was never found to increase the palpitations, and seemed also a specific against headache.

Before Ippolita had so far recovered as to be independent of the daily airing, Mrs. Waldorf picked up a new object of interest. We say picked up, for it was a road-side acquaintance, and, as Mrs. Waldorf has since observed, one which she never would have made if she had been reading during her ride, as was her custom formerly. She had, every morning for some time, observed a poor woman drawing a basket-wagon of curious construction, in which lay a child much larger than is usually found in such vehicles. The child was pretty, and tastefully, though plainly, drest; but the whole establishment bespoke any thing but abundant means, so that Mrs. Waldorf was puzzled to make out the character of the group. The woman had not the air of a servant, and yet the child did not look as if it could be her child. In short, after seeing the same thing a dozen times, Mrs. Waldorf's curiosity was a good deal excited.

She did not, however, venture to make any inquiries until it so chanced that, in the very green lane we have spoken of—the favorite resort of the grateful Ippolita—they found the poor woman, with the child fainting in her arms. Grief and anxiety were painted on her honest face, and she was so absorbed in her efforts for the recovery of the child that she scarcely answered Mrs. Waldorf's sympathizing inquiries.

"Oh don't trouble yourself, ma'am! It is nothing new! She's this way very often. It's the hoopin'-cough, ma'am; and I'm afeard it'll be the death of her, poor lamb! in spite of all we can do!" And she tossed the child in the air, and fanned its face till the breath returned.

"Is it your own?" asked Mrs. Waldorf.

"No indeed, ma'am! mine are other guess lookin' children, thank God! This dear babe's mother is a delicate young lady that lives neighbor to me, as has a sick husband that she can't leave. I'm a washerwoman, ma'am, if you please, and I have to go quite away down town every day almost, and so I take this poor thing in my basket—it's large enough, you see—and so gives her a turn in the open air, 'cause the doctor says it's the open air, if any thing, that'll do her good."

“You are very good,” said Mrs. Waldorf, who had listened in a kind of reverie, her thoughts reverting to her lonely rides.

“Oh no, ma’am! it’s far from good I am! The Lord knows that! But a little bit of neighborly kindness like that, is what the poor often does for one another, *and don’t think any thing of it, neither*! To be sure this babe’s mother isn’t the likes of me, ma’am, but she’s far worse off than she has been. Her husband is what they call an accountant—a kind of clerk, like; and he can’t get no employ, and I think it’s breakin’ his heart pretty fast.”

Here Mrs. Waldorf fairly burst into tears. “Tell me where you live,” she said, “and say nothing to this lady you speak of, but come to me to-morrow, will you?” and she put a card into the poor woman’s hand.

“Surely I will, ma’am,” said the washerwoman, “and it’s a kind heart you have!”

Mrs. Waldorf rode home with her heart and head full. “How could I ever content myself with giving *money*,” she said to herself, “when there is so much to be *done*!”

“How do you find yourself, this morning, my dear madam?” said Doctor R——, shortly after this.

“Oh, quite well, thank you!”

“What! no more lassitude! no more headaches.”

“Nothing of the sort, I assure you! I never felt better.”

“When did your symptoms abate?”

“I can scarcely tell; I have been too much occupied of late, to think of symptoms. I am so much interested in the study of Italian that I am going to ask Madame Vamiglia and her daughter to come to us for awhile, and we shall have Adelaide at home to take advantage of so good an opportunity for learning to converse.”

“And your ardor in searching out the distressed has been the means of restoring the son to the mother! How happy you must be!”

“That is a happiness which I owe to you! and Mr. Waldorf is going to employ Mr. Vamiglia, who understands and writes half a dozen different languages, and will be invaluable to him. But first the family are to go to the sea-shore for a month, to recruit; and I imagine they will need a good deal of preparation—so that I have really no time to be ill.”

“Then you have given up the going to the Pyramids?”

“Ah! my dear sir! I must thank you for showing me better sources of interest and excitement. I believe it must have been a little *ruse* on your part—say! was not that famous medicine of yours only a trick—an *inganno felice*?”

“A trick! Oh! excuse me! ‘Call it by some better name!’ I beseech you,” said the doctor laughing, “it was a most valuable medicine! Indeed the whole Materia Medica would be often powerless without the *placebo*! But I confess I could not think of sending you to the Pyramids, when there are not only pyramids but mountains of sorrow and suffering at home, which shun the eye of common charity, but which must be surmounted by just such heads, hearts and purses as those of Mrs. Waldorf!”

THE FIRST AND LAST PARTING.

SUGGESTED BY THE LUCKLESS AMOUR OF A FRIEND.

BY C. F. HOFFMANN.

We parted at the midnight hour,—
  We parted *then* as lovers part.
The stars which pierced that trellis'd bower,
  They saw me press her to my heart!
I left her with no fear—no doubt!
  I left with her my hopes—my all—
I left her then,—oh! God!—without
  A dream of what would soon befall.

I went to toil—far from her sight,
  Far from her blessed voice away—
But still she haunted me by night,
  Still murmured in my ears by day.
The hours flew by in dreams of her,
  Those hours which claimed far other care,
I wasted them—fond worshiper—
  In dreams, whose waking was despair!

A month—no, not a month,—by Heaven!
  Had fled since she was pledged to me—
Since *I* love's parting kiss had given
  To seal *her* vows of constancy!
The very moon was not yet old,
  Whose crescent beam our loves had lighted—
Yet ere those few short weeks were told,
  She had forgot the faith she plighted!

I heard her lips that faith forswear—
   And, while those lips revealed the tale,
My very soul it blushed that e'er
   It could have loved a thing so frail!
Yet scorn—it was not scorn that stung—
   'Twas pity—horror—grief, that moved me—
I felt the wrong—the shameless wrong,
   But spared the heart that once had loved me!

Yes, faithless, false, as now I found it,
   That heart had beat against my own,
And I—I could not bear to wound it,
   When all its shielding worth was flown.
What though I could believe no more
   In *such* as her own lips revealed her!
Yet still when all Love's faith was o'er,
   Love's tenderness remained to shield her.

And when the moment came to break
   The subtle chain around me cast,
Like me she seemed in soul to ache
   At riving of its links at last.
Could they betray my mind once more,
   Those pleading looks? yes! even then,
So sweet the guise of truth they wore,
   I *wished* to be deceived again.

Ay! strangely, as at first we met—
   There did, by Heaven! around her hover
Such light of warmth and truth, that yet
   I, at the last, was still her lover!
And when I saw her brow o'ercast—
   Saw tears from those soft eyelids melt,
I recked not, cared not for the past,
   But there, adoring, would have knelt!

That moment to her lip and eye
    There came that calm and loveless air,
Light Beauty, when its triumph's nigh,
    Will tow'rd its easy victim wear.
No test—no time—no fate had wrought
    O'er soul like mine so strong a spell,
As in that moment chilled to naught
    Love that did seem unquenchable!

We parted—not as lovers part—
    No kind farewell—no fond regret
Was uttered *then* from either heart—
    We parted only to forget!
We parted, not as lovers part,
    As lovers we can meet no more.
Let Time decide in either heart
    Which most such parting shall deplore.

TO A LADY SINGING.

BY GEORGE HILL, AUTHOR OF "TITANIA'S BANQUET," "THE RUINS OF ATHENS," ETC.

When to my closing eye this world
And all its bright illusions fade,
And at my heart the dull, cold hand
Of Death, to still its throb, is laid;
O! Lady, let some voice like thine
Breathe, as from Heaven's own blissful air,
One cheering tone, and I shall deem
My spirit is already there.

SHAKSPEARE.

BY THEODORE S. FAY, AUTHOR OF "NORMAN LESLIE," "THE COUNTESS IDA," ETC.

NO. VIII.—MACBETH.

If man in all ranks is liable to be thus betrayed by appearances, the king is peculiarly exposed to this danger. Nearly all the beautiful forms around him are but the disguises of treachery and selfishness. He is at once master, dupe and victim. All the wisdom and philosophy he can learn from the experience of others, or from his own, are feeble protection against the profound and subtle duplicity which pervades the air he breathes and every moment of his contact with his fellow creatures. A king is as much confined within a certain circle of information and action as the salamander girt with fire. I have heard of the most extraordinary events of public notoriety being concealed from royal knowledge in a manner almost passing credit. In the following passage see how kings are duped:

ACT I.—SCENE IV.

King. Is execution done on Cawdor? Are not
Those in commission yet returned?
Malcolm. My liege,
They are not yet come back. But I have spoke
With one who saw him die: who did report,
That very frankly he confess'd his treasons;
Implored your highness' pardon; and set forth
A deep repentance: nothing in his life
Became him, like the leaving it; he died
As one that had been studied in his death,
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd
As 'twere a careless trifle.
King. There's no art,
To find the mind's construction in the face:
He was a gentleman on *whom I built*
An absolute trust. O worthiest cousin!!
[*Enter Macbeth, etc.*

I do not know whether we may safely at all times ascribe the remarkable reflection of facts upon each other in the works of Shakspeare to the deliberate intention of the poet, or whether we may suppose them in some degree accidental. I am inclined to think, however, that it belongs to the high order of genius with which he was invested to exercise a power which, in its sphere, and with reverence be it spoken, is not without something of *omnipresence*. Here the king has just rid himself of one traitor of the blackest dye, whose guilt is placed beyond doubt, as it is almost beyond parallel, by his open and nearly successful treason in the late battle, and by his own confession. The betrayed sovereign then, just barely escaped from the ruinous treachery of one villain—yet one in whom he had built "an absolute trust"—after all the experience which we may suppose him to have acquired, for he is an old man, turns to another gentleman in whom also he builds "an absolute trust," and, with a wise and just reflection scarcely ceased sounding from his lips—(a reflection to which every passing century will bear more and more ample testimony,

There's *no art*
To *find the mind's construction* in *the face*,)

he turns to the new arch villain whose dark mind is even at the moment busily employed in calculating the risks and gains of killing him in his sleep —he turns to his new "Cawdor" with

> O worthiest cousin!
> The sin of my ingratitude even now
> Lies heavy on me: thou art so far before,
> That swiftest wing of recompense is slow
> To overtake thee. Would thou hadst less deserved;
> That the proportion both of thanks and payment
> Might have been mine! only I have left to say,
> More is thy due, than more than all can pay.

Certainly were I a king I should either not read Macbeth, or the reading of it would often disturb my peace and check the flow of my feelings and opinions. Hence royalty *is*, and is obliged to be, closed in itself—surrounded by cold forms and highly artificial ceremonies, removed from the action of the common, simple and sweet impulses and emotions of life—removed from friendship—love—ordinary social society—from the pleasures of confidence and independence—from visits and acquaintance-making, and many others which the private subject enjoys and derives as much unconscious pleasure from as from the air and sun. If I were a king I should never trust a human being. I should feel ever as if I were led along blindfold to suit purposes, of the existence of which I could not be aware—to injure people whom perhaps, if I knew them, I should desire to protect—and to aid others, who, were their real natures open to my inspection, I might perhaps be the first to punish. I should shrink from offers of service lest, even in them who had most served me, might lurk a Macbeth to defend, honor and ruin me. The master of a household finds it impossible to follow with his eye or his mind the daily course of his own domestics. Watch them as he may they are sure of continually returning opportunities to deceive and cheat him. Neglect and fraud and duplicity, although on a minute scale, are in perpetual operation, the prevention of which, even when detected, baffles his utmost address. There are few families in the world—at least in the old European metropolises—where a certain description of dishonesty is not almost openly practiced and even consciously permitted. I have heard an anecdote of a master who made his servant an offer to add twenty pounds a year to his annual wages on condition of his swearing not to cheat him out of a cent. The valet, after calculating half an hour, declined the proposition. In humanity, the great central pervading principle is *selfishness*. It exists in

every bosom, as attraction exists in every object. In some it is modified, mastered and even beautified by warmth of heart, sincerity of religion and clearness of understanding. In others it is augmented beyond its natural proportions, by the peculiar temperament and the want of moral and intellectual cultivation. In the slender opportunities I have had of observing the world I have been particularly and painfully struck with the humiliating truth that *selfishness*—deepening, from the mere instinct of preservation, into various shades of meanness, dishonesty and crime, is the *great passion* of the world. Men are often intellectually and politically great notwithstanding it and perhaps in consequence of it, but no one is morally great without escaping from its earth-attracting and inglorious influence. This passion increases in the bosom of the bad, in proportion to the greatness of the object. In the precincts of a court, (although it is a vulgar error to suppose virtue and disinterestedness may not exist there also,) it becomes more condensed—more profound, more plausibly disguised, but more quietly and universally pervading than elsewhere. In a royal circle nearly every other feeling is extinct, and the pressure for favor and the sacrifice of minor (and how much more graceful and noble) considerations at the shrine of courtly or fashionable ambition are, to the observing eye, very visible beneath the glittering surface of society. The king *knows* no body. He has no opportunity of seeing, hearing or judging. The good and the bad address him alike in the language of homage and adulation, and he comes at last to lose his natural sympathies with the human race—to regard them as inferiors—machines, cattle. To him they are so. Before him they are contemptible. They too often lay aside in his presence, and in proportion as they approach his throne, their claims to respect and their habits of candor, dignity and goodness, and a crowd of people are rarely presented to a king without their overvaluing some things and undervaluing others most lamentably. At the same time the sovereign himself, however good and great he may be, cannot well be considered without a certain degree of regret and commiseration, when one reflects that the hypocrisy always more or less existing in polite society is redoubled in his presence, and that he has always lived and is destined ever to continue to live in a mist. The unveiled face of human nature he is doomed never to see. He is continually trusting things which nearly concern him to men of whom he knows literally nothing. Then Duncan with his kingly credulity hears his murderer declare—

Macbeth. The service and the loyalty I owe
In doing it pays itself. Your highness' part
Is to receive our duties; and our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants:
Which do but what they should by doing every thing
Safe toward your love and honor.

It is worthy of remark here, and is another instance of the exhaustless room there is in these plays for the observation of ages, that while Macbeth, who is ready crouched like a ferocious leopard to leap upon his prey, is warm and ardent in his expressions of loyalty and submission, Banquo, who is that somewhat rare character a really *honest man*, says but very few words to his sovereign.

I have always been accustomed to think that the murder scene of Macbeth involved one of those violations of probability so often found in works of fiction. It seemed that the murder, which is committed as soon as the guests in the castle are asleep, could not very well be interrupted by the knocking of Macduff entering in the morning to awake the king. This objection, like most of those advanced against the inspired bard, disappears upon a closer examination and the supposed fault turns out to be an exquisite beauty. Inverness is in a very northern latitude, and in the summer (the season in which the crime is perpetrated) the day dawns almost as soon as the night falls. I have never been more struck with the beauty of nature than while watching the coming on and passing away of one of these northern summer nights. The change is so brief and lovely—the sun sets so lingeringly and leaves behind him such a heaven of mild and scarcely fading glory, the stars come forth so sparklingly and in such small numbers, and the pale silver opening of day rises in the east so soon after the world has fallen under the shadowy silence of the night, that, to one who has only seen the nights of lower latitudes and who associates ten or twelve hours of darkness with every revolution of the globe, it appears almost the luminous change of some heavenlier planet.

That Macbeth's deed is committed in this season, we learn from the scene already noticed of the previous day when the king enters the castle and remarks, for the last time, the soothing effect of the summer air upon his senses.

I do not feel sure that all these corresponding beauties and proprieties were intended by Shakspeare, and we have all often heard it questioned whether he himself would not be surprised to see the exquisite things

discovered in his works. It is possible; but I do not think that alters his merit, since the beauties really exist. In his advances into the story he keeps everywhere nature and truth in view, and hence consequences and effects of that wonderful proportion and perfection may be visible to the reader not thought of in detail by the writer.

It is certain that, in the instance above alluded to, had the fatal incident occurred in the *winter*, and had the murderers thus been interrupted almost in the act by the incoming of Macduff and the commencement of the routine of the subsequent day, there would have been an inconsistency which does not now exist.

A NIGHT AT HADDON HALL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS FROM ANCIENT CASTLES."

The following extraordinary circumstance, which occurred to a young lady whilst on a visit at the house of an English nobleman of the highest rank, is, I believe, unparalleled for acute mental anguish and excitement, during the hours of its continuance. It was related to us by the descendant of a person who resided in the Hall during its occurrence, and I have every reason to believe it to be substantially true, in all its main features. In order to make it more intelligible, and give it that effect to which it seems well entitled, a short description of the place may perhaps be allowed.

Haddon Hall, in the county of Derby, is situated in the upper or mountainous part of the county, called, from that circumstance, the High Peak. The manor of Haddon, at the time of the Norman invasion, in the year 1066, was given by the conqueror to William Peverel, his natural son, whose descendants were named Avenel, and in them it remained till towards the close of the twelfth century, when it changed possessors by the union of Avicia Avenel with Sir Richard de Vernon, whose heirs held it for three centuries, at which time it became the properly of the noble family who now retain it, by the marriage of Dorothy, daughter of Sir George Vernon, with Sir John Manners, second son of the Earl of Rutland, in 1565, very nearly three hundred years ago. Sir George Vernon had the proud title of King of the Peak conferred upon him by courtesy, in consequence of his splendid hospitality, and immense number of servants and retainers, during the reign of King Henry the Eighth.

The gray towers of ancient Haddon are beautifully situated, on a rocky eminence, in the valley of the Derbyshire Wye, one of the many lovely streams in that picturesque county. It is surrounded by a park, abounding with ancient oaks of gigantic size, and a terrace garden of the greatest beauty. This noble old place, although long since abandoned by the family of the Duke of Rutland, for the more modern and magnificent Palace of Belvoir, in Lincolnshire, is still kept in perfect order and repair, and is probably the most perfect specimen of a baronial residence extant in England. The tapestries, teeming with subjects from holy writ and heathen

mythology, still adorn the walls, covering the wainscotings and doors; and any one wishing to exemplify the scenery of Shakspeare, where Hamlet slays Polonius behind the arras, has only to visit Haddon and find a true original of that from which the immortal poet painted his terrific scene. The antique heir-looms of the Vernons and Rutlands are all in place as they stood centuries ago. The lofty state-bed, with its gorgeous but faded hangings, worked by the fair hands of lady Katherine De Roos, wife of Sir George Manners, is a splendid specimen of the period. The suits of ancient armor, in which many a gallant knight did battle during the wars of the rival roses, are hanging on their original pegs in the armory under the long gallery. The chapel, in the crypt of the castle, the most ancient part of it, exhibits huge pillars coeval with the times of the Saxons, whilst the walnut tree pulpit and pews are richly carved with the symbols of the catholic faith. The silver dogs, or and*irons*, are yet on the ample hearths of the long gallery, and, at the upper end of the banqueting hall, on the *dais*, or elevated part of the floor, still stands, firm as a rock, the huge long oak table on which, heretofore, the lord of the mansion feasted his friends and tenants. Over one side of this hall is the music gallery, where the minstrels of yore played and sang, its antique and curious front highly adorned with gothic carving. Against the door post of the banqueting hall is the *hand bolt*—used in the old times as a mode of punishing the domestics who had been guilty of irregularities. It consists of an iron ring, by which the wrist of the offender can be locked in, and secured, as high as he can reach, above his head; and the unlucky culprit who refused to take off his horn of liquor in turn, or committed any petty offence against the laws of conviviality, had the alternative presented to him of quaffing a beaker of salt and water, or having his arm bolted in, whilst a quantity of cold spring water was poured down the upraised sleeve of his doublet, until it ran over the tops of his boots. The iron cresset is yet fixed on the loftiest pinnacle of the watch-tower, wherein the beacon fires blazed during alarms in the civil wars. All, all are there; and it is impossible to walk through the mazes of such a perfect, such a glorious specimen of the olden time, without an innate, reverential, awful feeling, as if you had been born and had lived during those antique days, and were removed backward in the world many hundreds of years. You *feel* as if you were become part and parcel of the ancient things which at every turn meet your wondering eye. Any stranger, used to a town life, might well be excused, on entering Haddon, for entertaining thoughts and feelings of a grave and sombre cast, when every article recalls the memory of those who, for so many ages, have departed for “that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns.”

It is now very many years ago, during the life of one of the dukes of Rutland, who was facetiously named “John of the Hill,” from his perpetual residence on the moors and ardor in the chase, that a large party had assembled at Haddon to enjoy the recreation of autumnal sports. Among the guests was a young lady named Chamberlain, of good birth but impoverished fortune, owing to lamentable reverses in her family. She was the companion of a lady of high rank, and as such, of course, possessed of superior accomplishments.

Miss Chamberlain was mistress of extraordinary acquirements, added to an energy of mind and force of character seldom to be found in a beautiful girl of eighteen. She, with the Countess of Carlisle, whose protégé she was, arrived at the Hall on the evening previous to the night of the terrifying scenes about to be related.

The house being full of company, the room which the groom of the chambers appropriated to Miss Chamberlain was that particular one still shown at the eastern angle of the inner, or rather upper quadrangle, overlooking the terrace garden. That particular room had not been occupied for many months, and, as it was then October, Miss Chamberlain found when she retired a good wood fire blazing on the hearth. She had found in the library the earliest known edition of the immortal Dante, and, being well versed in its language, she carried the volume to her room. Having carefully bolted the door, before letting fall the arras which covered it, she sat long reading the divine work. In such a place, at such an hour, there is no doubt that the terrific pictures presented to the imagination by the power of such an author as Dante, had much effect in imbuing her mind with a greater feeling of awe for what was to follow. Having closed the volume, made her toilet, and imprisoned the last ringlet, the innocent girl turned to the antique mirror to take a last smiling glance at those charms which had that evening called forth many a delicate compliment from the young and gallant Marquis of Granby, the Duke’s son. She then, with profound piety, recommended herself to the Divine protection, extinguished her lamp, and, by the light of the still clear fire, retired to the farther side of the great o’ercanopied bed. She lay long awake, recalling the incidents of the day, and ruminating on the fearful drama she had been perusing. Sleep at length assumed his dominion over her, and the last sounds of the numerous domestics about the hall had long died away, ere she awoke from her first slumber, during which she had dreamed a fearful dream. The moon, which was then in its last quarter, had just risen, and shed a faint pale light through the mullions of the gothic window, the glass whereof, being set in lead in small lozenge shaped squares, made that light less, and the fire, being now

all but extinguished, was not visible on the hearth. On awaking, Miss Chamberlain fancied she heard a slight—*very slight* movement, or breathing in the room, but it was so like the usual sighing amongst the old trees on the terrace, she imagined it proceeded from them. Yet she felt some apprehension, accompanied by a slight palpitation of the heart. Her eyes naturally turned toward the fire-place, but she could at first scarcely trace the outline of the mantel distinctly. After long gazing toward it, however, a horrible impression began by degrees to take possession of her mind, that she saw something like a human being reclining before the fire, but the idea stole over her senses so imperceptibly, that it was long before she could bring herself to believe it was any thing real. The antiquity of the place, the profound solitude of the room, its distance from the more inhabited parts of the castle, and, above all, the singularly grotesque figures worked on the faded arras, began by degrees to force ideas of spectral apparitions on her mind. A slight motion of the figure, whatever it was, at last put all doubt at rest, and convinced her it lived and moved; but whether it was human or brutal she could not decide. Miss Chamberlain was naturally courageous, but the unusual combination of circumstances kept her spell-bound. She tried to scream, but the will refused to obey the impulse, her eyes were riveted on the figure, and a cold shivering rushed through her nerves, and paralized every effort to master fear. With eyes strained to their utmost power, she at length fancied she could distinguish a pair of thin, bony hands, or paws, extended over the embers as if to gather warmth from them. Then she imagined she could see a long grizzly gray beard hanging down stiff from its breast or chin, but the head appeared to be so low there was no appearance of neck. There, however, the being or spectre certainly sat, in the posture of an Egyptian mummy. A cloud having passed from before the moon, a greater degree of light was now thrown into the chamber, and, as the spectral visitant turned toward the place whence the ray proceeded, the lady perceived, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that it was a man, whose head was entirely bald, having an immensely long white beard! The certainty appalled her—she had neither power to move nor speak, but lay as in a trance. Although reason did not desert her, horror overpowered every faculty, particularly when, at last, she saw him slowly rise from the hearth—a man of gigantic stature—with nothing upon him but the remains of a thin ragged garment. His rising upward was so exceedingly slow, as if to avoid noise or alarm, that before he attained a fully erect position his head seemed to touch the ceiling of the lofty room; his long spider-like limbs were of enormously disproportionate length, and the idea entered the appalled gazer's mind, that the shriveled fingers she had observed were those of a goule coming to strangle her. The moon now showed her his giant figure

distinctly, and the dismayed lady became petrified with horror on seeing him slowly and softly approach the bed where she lay. Silent and stealthily he moved until he was quite near, when, gently raising the bed clothes on the opposite side to where Miss Chamberlain reposed, he slid under them, apparently perfectly unconscious that there was any person there except himself. Who can describe the overpowering terror and dismay which now seized our appalled heroine? In the same bed with a loathsome and monstrous being whose purpose was unknown, and whose power, if exerted, was evidently irresistible. Although utterly deprived of volition, the lady yet retained presence of mind sufficient to know that her only safety depended on remaining as if perfectly unconscious and immovable. She did not dare to draw a breath—and surgeons know how astonishingly, how completely, respiration may be checked and mastered in moments of anxiety. There she lay, more dead than alive, almost as much paralized as a corpse in a coffin, and there too lay the demon visiter by her side, inanimate, and, apparently, as unconscious as a stone.

Long did both retain their respective positions, although once, in turning his head, Miss Chamberlain felt his grizzly beard brush her beautiful cheek. After a considerable interval, every second of which seemed to her an age, he began to breathe regularly and heavily, the sure prelude of sleep, and she began to entertain a hope that escape was not impossible—provided she could so far restrain her feelings as still to hold her breath, and remain immovable. This, by extraordinary exertion, and a noble firmness of purpose, she was enabled to do, and in half an hour she had the unutterable delight to feel assured, by the uniform regularity of his breathing, that her detested and loathsome companion was indeed asleep. But how to escape from the bed and the room, now became her sole consideration. It did occur that, if she could reach the door, raise the arras, and withdraw the bolt from the staple, without disturbing the sleeper, she could soon gain the long gallery through which she well remembered to have passed, and that, although the upper quadrangle of the castle was now still as the grave, there were watchmen in the lodge within the entrance tower both night and day. These, and the noble mastiffs which she had noticed and caressed, she fully expected to alarm in case of need.

Cautiously and gradually she withdrew one of her arms from under the silk coverlet, and began with extreme care to draw aside the clothes, pausing every second to listen whether there was the least irregularity in his respiration; but finding it still uniform, she became reassured, and at length succeeded in so far disengaging herself as to be enabled to place one foot on the matted floor. By degrees she withdrew the other also, and leaning on her

left arm began to glide softly from the bed; in retiring from which the slightest rustle of her drapery seemed to her strained ear like a crash of thunder. Well nigh did she expire with terror, when on finally withdrawing herself, the heavy breathing of her detested companion suddenly stopped! Already were his long bony fingers around her throat, she felt herself struggling, quivering, tugging in the agonies of death, and her eyeballs starting from their sockets. She felt all this, at least in imagination, as the heavy breathing ceased. Providentially for her, although the moon now shone in full upon the arras which covered the door, the heavy velvet curtains which fell in large folds from the frieze of the canopy overhead threw a deep shadow where the trembling fair one stood, and she was also partially hidden by one of those large and high old fashioned screens, which were then so much in use, and indeed indispensable, for intercepting drafts of air from the huge chimneys and ill closed windows. There in breathless anxiety she stood, as immovable and as cold as a marble statue. Although the dreaded giant appeared to rise up, she soon had the inexpressible delight to hear that he only turned on the bed, and that it was toward the opposite side to that she wished to gain. Long did she stand riveted to the spot, petrified with fear and shivering with apprehension, but she was every moment gathering fresh courage and resolution (now that she was relieved from such near contact with the mysterious visiter,) and determined, with an almost preternatural impulse, that, if assaulted, she would defend herself to the last extremity.

At length she heard the breathing become again regular, and unable longer to struggle against fear and hope, she stepped silently but determinedly toward the door. Cautiously and slowly was the arras raised and put aside with the left hand, while in her right she firmly grasped the bolt. Who can feel or describe the rapture which fluttered her heart, as she now bravely, fearlessly and rapidly drew the fastening from its staple! But, as it loudly started back, she heard the bedstead crash, and the tall figure of that monstrous being leaped from it toward her! The blood rushed to her heart as the door gave way to her concentrated strength, she rushed from the room, and flew with wild speed and dreadful screams, along the corridor and into the long gallery.

If any one has ever heard the quick, sharp, *piercing* shriek of a woman in the last extremity of peril, he can easily conceive the terrible energy of Miss Chamberlain's screams to escape from her pursuer, and awaken the Duke of Rutland and his gallant son. The deep shrillness of her anguished cries pierced every ear throughout the towers of Haddon. At that still moment, in the dead hour of midnight, there was not one living creature within the

walls, but started up appalled. The dogs set up a most dismal howl, and the castle bell quickly rung out its deafening tones on the night air. Upward of one hundred and thirty persons, who had been reposing in confident security, were flying in every direction. The watchmen in the entrance tower seized their iron lamps, flew across the lower quadrangle and rushed up the stone staircase leading to the state apartments, which they reached almost in a second, and to their inexpressible relief found the duke hurrying toward the long gallery, accompanied by his intrepid heir, who grasped a gleaming sabre in his hand. The awful screams, they knew, proceeded from that quarter of the building, but alas, if those terrific sounds had arisen suddenly, they had as suddenly ceased, for all was now hushed and still.

Lord Granby, preceding his father, flew toward the gallery, joined at every step by his numerous friends, and servants bearing lights, and arriving at the foot of the well known circular steps, which lead up to the gallery, he found, to his horror and dismay, the body of Miss Chamberlain lying on her face, in a pool of blood which was streaming from her mouth, whilst her long beautiful hair and dress were in the wildest disorder. Groans of mingled pity and indignation burst from all present, but it was no time to stand still. The marquis threw aside his sword, and kneeling down, raised the bleeding victim in his arms; but all animation was extinct, and life itself had apparently left her.

By desire of the duke's physician, the body was immediately borne to the apartments of the Countess of Carlisle, whilst the groom of the chambers led on the now large assembly to the apartment which had been assigned to the maiden. On reaching it a single glance revealed that it had been occupied by two persons, but who it was that had dared to violate the lady's privacy, remained a mystery, for the apartment was now as still and desolate as when its doors were first opened to the reader.

A thorough search throughout the entire castle was instantly commenced. As the fastening of Miss Chamberlain's apartment was on the inside, and could not be opened from without, it was plain that the intruder, whoever he was, must have concealed himself there before she retired. On this subject the groom of the chambers underwent a long and close examination, but nothing was elicited from him which tended in the remotest degree toward a discovery of the mystery.

It was remarked, and well remembered, that the whole of the gentlemen had remained in the great hall long after the ladies had retired to their respective apartments, and the eagerness with which every guest or retainer now joined in the search, indicated their general earnestness for the instant investigation of the subject, and the detection and punishment of the bold

adventurer who had been guilty of the wanton and unparalleled crime. Every effort, however, was unavailing.

Meantime, by a prompt application of the lancet, and other usual restoratives, the ladies had the unspeakable pleasure of seeing Miss Chamberlain begin to show signs of returning animation. The physician, however, gave strict injunctions that on the return of her reason no allusion whatever should be made to the terrible circumstances under which she was found, and that should she herself show an inclination to speak of them she should as gently as possibly be restrained. The Countess of Carlisle sat by her side, and with tender solicitude endeavored by every means which affection and good sense could suggest, to soothe and quiet her mind. In this she was so successful that although her lovely protégé had a long succession of fainting fits, she was finally near the break of day lulled into a gentle sleep, from which after a few hours she awoke perfectly rational. When she was apparently about to speak of her adventure the countess informed her of the physician's desire that she should refrain from mentioning the occurrences of the night until she had gained more strength, as it had been found that the injuries occasioned by her fall were so severe that her immediate restoration could be accomplished only by more than usual carefulness and quiet.

On the following day, however, the restriction was removed, and during the afternoon, as the Duchess of Rutland and Lady Carlisle were sitting beside the couch on which she reclined, she related to them nearly all the particulars with which the reader is now acquainted, but added that after her escape through the door of her apartment, she could recollect nothing whatever, except a frightful concussion, as if she had been suddenly struck down and killed by the dreaded spectre whom she supposed to be in pursuit of her. This was doubtless occasioned by the severity of her fall down the steps, the effect of which was increased tenfold by the velocity of her flight along the gallery, unconscious that there was any stair before her.

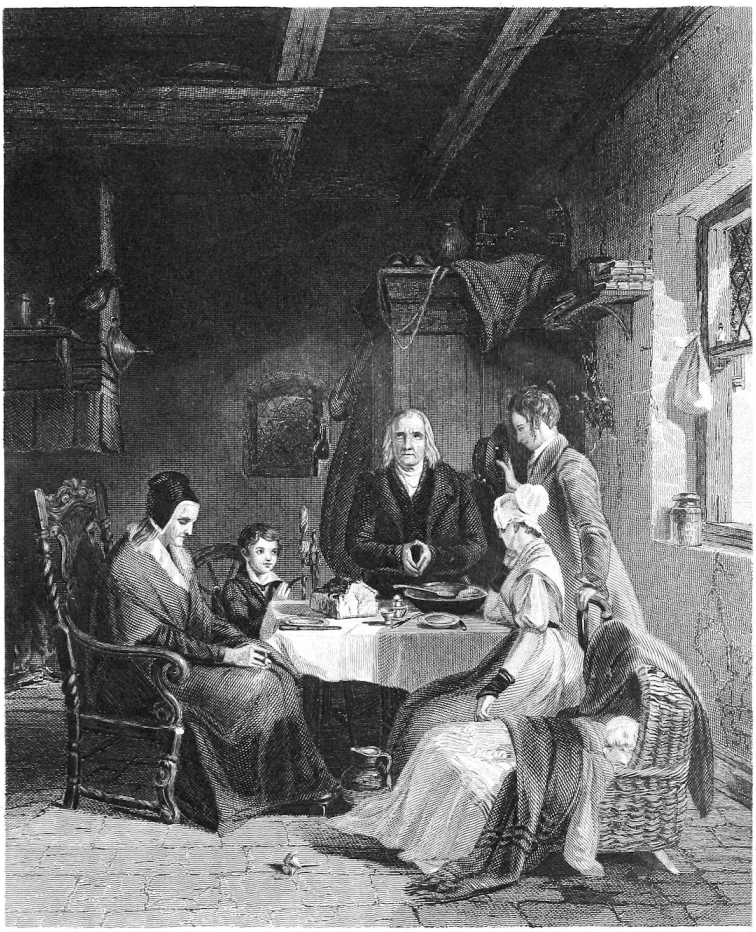
A more thorough search having been instituted in the room which Miss Chamberlain had occupied, it was discovered that under the arras, behind the bed, and *close to the floor*, there was a small square sliding panel, of sufficient size to admit a man's body. Such contrivances, in ancient buildings, not unfrequently lead into secret passages, but here, contrary to the usual custom, instead of descending it gradually rose within the massive pile of stone. The walls of old castellated buildings are sometimes of extraordinary thickness, varying from six to eighteen feet. This dark passage at Haddon, evidently erected for purposes of secrecy and safety during the feudal times, appeared to be coeval with the most ancient towers of the

edifice, and it was quite unknown to any servant, or even to a member of the Rutland family. After ascending to a considerable height it again descended and led into a subterranean passage which was followed with much difficulty, from the decay and falling in of the stones which once had formed the steps of stairs. There were also two or three abrupt, acute angles, which, at their turning, branched off and divided into others, but one of these was always found (after following it for some distance) to end in what is called a *blind alley*; apparently intended to mislead or waylay any one in pursuit who was unacquainted with the intricacies and windings of the labyrinth. The true path was, therefore, followed with extreme difficulty, particularly as the air within it was so impure that lights could not easily be made to burn. It was ultimately found that the passage terminated behind a handsome gothic stone pavilion which was erected on the upper terrace of the garden, and within a foot of the high wall that serves as an embankment to retain the steep rising ground of the hill park. The pavilion was overgrown with old tangled ivy, and encircled with aged lilac bushes, pleached and intertwisted so closely, in every fantastic form, as to preclude the possibility of ingress or egress through them, toward the back of the building, and there was no other way of getting at the secret entrance behind the pavilion, except by climbing over the pinnacle stone roof, a feat impossible without a ladder, or by going round into the hill park, and there descending by the very narrow space *between* the back wall of the pavilion and the stone rampart.

The miserable and monstrous creature who had occasioned the catastrophe which had so nearly proved fatal to Miss Chamberlain, was soon discovered, by the sagacity of a favorite beagle belonging to the duke, hid in the hollow of an old oak, which grew in the bottom of a secluded dell in a distant part of the park. When found, he was lying asleep, coiled up more in the manner of an adder than of a human being. His appearance when he emerged from the tree was indeed frightful, as, in addition to a stature far above the common standard, he was emaciated to the last degree of attenuation—a perfect living skeleton. His head was, as Miss Chamberlain had stated, entirely bald, and his long grizzly white beard hung down nearly to his waist. But beyond all these revolting circumstances, there was a terrific wildness in his manner and look which might well occasion doubts whether he was not some “goblin damned.” It turned out, however, that he was a harmless lunatic, who had escaped from an asylum in the vicinity. How he had discovered the secret passage leading into the castle, he could not or would not divulge. When the keeper of the asylum arrived to reclaim him, by the power which such people invariably acquire over maniacs he soon ascertained that for nearly a month previously he had frequented the

room which had so unfortunately been assigned to the heroine of our history, and during the nights reposed on the bed; and that he had sustained life in the mean time by the exertion of that inexplicable cunning with which maniacs are so frequently endowed, enabling him, without detection, to plunder the butler's pantry during the silence and darkness of the nights.

He was a native of Darly Dale, in the immediate neighborhood, and as Haddon, like most houses of the English nobility, was then, as it still is, freely shown to strangers, he had probably before he was deprived of reason become acquainted with the intricacies of the ancient Hall. The reason why he selected it as his place of retreat on escaping from the asylum arose, it was believed, from his having been a rejected suitor of pretty Maude, the house-keeper's daughter. The painful circumstance of his rejection had bereft the unfortunate being of reason. Sooth to say, the charms of Maude, if the traditions may be credited, had captivated one much less likely to be rejected than her gigantic admirer—no less a person than the then humble retainer of the Duke of Rutland but in after years commander-in-chief of the English cavalry, who at the bloody battle of Minden, by one irresistible charge performed at the exact moment when victory or defeat hung vibrating in the scales, gained for himself and his country immortal honor, by the total overthrow and rout of the French army.



T. Webster E. G. Dunnel

The Blessing.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

THE POWER OF RELIGION.

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE ENTITLED "THE BLESSING."

BY MISS A. C. PRATT.

How potent is its spell! With mystic chain,
Of adamantine strength, it binds to things
Beyond, invisible; reveals a world
Of such transcendance, that this lower sphere
Loses its brightness, and recedes to naught
But a dim shadow; while life's thousand charms
Are made to vanish like the beauteous stars
In morning's fervid rays!
Yet, radiant light
It sheds upon the dreariness of earth,
And softens down its woes; 'mid fiercest storms,
Dispenses sunshine; on the darkest cloud,
Paints a refulgent bow; aye, takes the dregs
From sorrow's bitter fount, and brings to view,
O'er sin's sad ruins, rising walls and towers!
With lightning's speed, temptation's fiery darts
Fall powerless beneath its mighty shield!
Thus, more than victor, girt anew with strength,
The soul may triumph o'er its deadliest foe!
It penetrates the dungeon's massive walls,
And pours in floods of such celestial rays,
That they in chains sing joyous notes of praise;
Makes dismal dens and caverns to resound
With strains melodious; writes most precious words
On all around, to stay the sinking soul
When danger threatens; shuts the lion's mouth,
Subdues the raging fire, and lends a charm
E'en to the martyr's fagot and his stake.

A soothing cordial to disease it brings—
And ’mid the strife of earth’s rude elements,
Peace, like a gentle rill. Yea, more than all,
Irradiates the tomb, and scatters flowers
Upon its pathway; bears from death its sting;
Throws open wide the “everlasting doors,”
As earth recedes, and such an antepast
Of endless glory gives, the pinioned one
Scarce lingers for the severing of the chain,
But panting, flutt’ring, seems to strive to flee!

Smiles on the dying lip, light in the eye,
And gentleness of that last sigh which frees
Th’ exulting spirit, speak the matchless worth
And lasting solace of this gift divine—
Sure antidote for sinful, ruined man,
Star only that can light his devious way,
Blest, golden wing! on which with eagle flight,
From deepest vales of sin, and death, and wo,
He soars to heights of purity, and peace!

CHARACTERLESS WOMEN.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

Coleridge has somewhere beautifully said, “the perfection of a woman’s character is to be characterless.” A sentiment of such obvious propriety would hardly seem to need a commentary, and yet no one of Coleridge’s appears to be oftener misunderstood. A characterless woman is, assuredly, any thing but an imbecile one. She must be one equal to all contingencies, whose faculties or powers are developed by circumstances, rather than by spontaneous action; and this implies the possession of all that is peculiar to her sex, but all in harmonious adjustment.

A characterless woman is often confounded with one deficient in the finest attributes of the sex, who is characterless indeed, but is so from imbecility—if the phrase do not, of itself, involve a contradiction; as if a creature, whose virtues were all negatives, could be characterless! A woman, too feeble to grasp at thought, too vapid for sentiment, too tame for mirth, too commonplace for enthusiasm, and too weak for passion, may be the ideal of those incapable of appreciating the higher characteristics of womanhood, but could never have been that of him whom Wordsworth calls the “heaven-eyed creature;” of him who conceived Christabel, and the sweet attaching Genevieve.

Such may do for the statue-like creations of Maria Edgeworth, and the thousand and one other romance writers, who expect woman to move by rule—who mistake dullness for goodness, and apathy for grace; but they awaken in ourselves no emotions of sympathy, for the human heart can respond only to *human* emotions, and it at once goes forth to greet its kindred impulses. Fielding’s Sophia is more lovable than Scott’s Rowena, simply because one is a live, earnest woman, and the other designed to be a very perfect one, and she turns out to be a very dull one.

Let Rebecca pass—the noble—the ideal—for, alas! human hearts are not prepared for the love of such as these; they may excite esteem, admiration, even passion, but love—the crowning boon of existence—may not be theirs. They gather not the household gods about them—they enter themselves into

the holiest of holies, but they minister alone at the altar. Their fate is that of the fabled bird, whose own intensity kindled its funeral pyre. They have a mission to perform. They are created not to enjoy but to suffer; aye, to suffer that human hearts may be made wiser and holier; therefore do the pale stars keep vigil with them, and therefore is the dew all night upon their heads, and their locks wet with the drops of the morning.

A characterless woman! We feel she must be so, to be perfect as a woman. But then she must have all the susceptibilities, all the sweet impulses, all the weaknesses of her sex; she must have a woman's thoughts, and a woman's utterance—her simplicity, her faith—and, beneath all, there must dwell that womanly endurance—wondrous and holy in its power—reserved for the day of trial.

Weakness as often imports character as strength. Any one attribute, in excess, imports a distinctive characteristic. We talk of vain women, coquettish, masculine, sensible, dull, witty, &c., running through all the defective grades of character. Now a true woman must, as circumstances warrant, exhibit something of all this; for she is a "creature of infinite variety."

She may have a dash of coquetry, but be no coquette—she hath pride, but may not be called proud—hath vanity, but is not vain—she suggests, rather than originates wit—wise she is, but, as Rosalind saith, "the wiser, the waywarder"—she is devout, but no devotee—she is good, but hers is not that dry, barren goodness, which ariseth from cold speculating reason, but is rather that of a beautiful instinct, that causeth her to feel that God hath done infinitely better for her than she could have done for herself. Like Desdemona, she will blush at the mention of herself, feeling she is so nicely balanced—and then, with a woman's best and sweetest attribute, she spreadeth forth her hand for support.

Let the crowning grace of womanhood be, that she is characterless. The beautiful and beloved of all ages may be thus defined. With all the queenly attributes of Isabella, of Spain, we feel she was all of woman. So was the lonely and unfortunate Mary Stuart, and she still holdeth a place in our hearts.

Joan, of Arc, Catharine de Medici, Mary and Elizabeth, of England, were all characters. We will not analize them, nor the emotions they excite, but simply cite them as illustrations.

The meek sister of Lazarus—she who sat at the feet—the gentle Mary, who was most honored with the friendship of the Savior, whom he could not reproach, even though incited thereto by her sister, was beautiful in her

womanhood—so was the mother of Jesus. A character is affixed to Martha, and to Mary the Magdalene. History is full of examples in support of our theory. Josephine was characterless, except in her sorrows; and too often do we find the lovely and beloved distinguished thus, and we weep with them, feeling we are beguiled, not challenged to sympathy. Mrs. Hemans, who hath given such eloquent utterance to a woman's soul, must have embodied all the attributes of womanhood, and all in harmony.

Shakspeare everywhere discriminates between his characters and his true women, those that are to be a part of the drama of life as the actors, the women swayed by discordant passions, and those that appeal to our love. Never does he confound them. Those that are designed for our love are not characters. Whatever maybe their dignity, their intellect, their fortunes, they are still women. The grace of womanhood invests all they say, and all they do. Such are Portia, Cordelia, Desdemona, Ophelia, Rosalind, &c. His characters may excite our admiration, our mirth, or abhorrence, but they find no lodgement in our hearts. Such are Cressida, Cleopatra, Lady Macbeth, Kate, &c.

Of Milton, Eve is characterless, till she hath fallen, and Spenser's Amoret sits in the very "lap of womanhood."

Need we call Byron's Medora weak, because she is supremely tender and feminine? Weakness creates eccentricities, and she had none. Gulnare hath character, and we recoil from her, as did the Corsair.

But enough—it is the "story without an end," to be read from the time that Eve first became a type of womanhood, down to the time when her sex shall realize all that of which she was prophetic.

TO A BELLE WHO IS NOT A BLUE BELLE.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

Fanny, in vain you've thrown your net;
Your beau is disenchanted;
You said, how can I e'er forget?
That you no "Rymer" wanted.
And said you not, my saucy belle,
For all my genius rare,
Although you liked me passing well,
My "Hobbes" you could not bear?

You say a "Spenser" you admire,
And "Glover's" works delight in;
But should your eyes behold a "Prior"
Your wits away 'twould frighten,
For why? you ne'er could bear a "Hood."
"Cotton" 's your detestation;
You place a "Locke" on what is "Good"
Nor give your "Cook" a ration.

You asked me t'other day to dine,
And if I'm not mistaken,
Told me—'twas when you "dropped the line"—
You knew not "Hogg" from "Bacon."
I brought you down a noble "Bird,"
My gift you did not praise;
And thought my "Blackwood," so I heard,
Was only fit to blaze!

Things hard as “Flint” and “Steele” you hate,
    You wish no lore to learn;
Your “Pope” you excommunicate,
    And laugh to find me “Sterne.”
In rings and seals your “Goldsmith” ’s fair,
    You must confess, as could be;
And yet that “Livy” is, you swear,
    No better than she should be!

“Moore” would I say to you! Ah me!
    O’er “Little” you grow cold;
You say that “Lamb” should quartered be,
    And “Young” you say is old.
Your “Johnson” you a “Walker” make,
    So merciless your ravage;
Though Crusoe took such pains to take
    You throw away—a “Savage.”

For “Sparks” you will no pity show:
    My love meets no returns;
Then why should still my bosom glow
    For one who laughs at “Burns?”
Why to a belle who likes not “Home,”
    Nor will my cares divide,
Should I a pensive suitor come,
    And bear an “Akenside?”

SONG—“LOVE’S TIME IS NOW.”

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

Oh, why delay the happy time,
   The hours glide swiftly by,
And oft we see a sombre cloud
   Obscure the fairest sky;
Then while the morn is rosy bright
   Accept my earnest vow,
And oh, believe me, dearest maid,
   Love’s time, love’s time is now.

Regard not, sweet, what graybeards tell
   Of fond, impetuous youth,
But trust my faith and constancy,
   And never doubt my truth—
I would not for the world dispel
   The sunshine from thy brow;
Then be mine own this very day,
   Love’s time, love’s time is now.

Ah, yes—’tis true! Love’s time is now,
   To-morrow may destroy
The flowers that bloom so fresh and fair
   Along the path of joy:
Then do not, sweet, an hour delay
   But at the altar bow,
And with consenting hearts we’ll sing
   Love’s time, love’s time is now.

HARRY CAVENDISH.

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

THE DOOM OF THE DART.

The day had been close and sultry, but, as sunset drew on, a light breeze sprung up, which diffused a delicious coolness throughout the ship, imparting new vigor to the panting and almost exhausted men. Invigorated by the welcome wind, a group of us gathered on the weather quarter to behold the sun go down; and those who have never seen such a spectacle at sea can have no idea of the vastness with which it fills the mind. Slowly the broad disc wheeled down toward the west, seeming to dilate as it approached the horizon, and, as its lower edge touched the distant seaboard, trailing a long line of golden light across the undulating surface of the deep. At this instant the scene was magnificent. Pile on pile of clouds, assuming every fantastic shape, and varying from red to purple and from purple to gold, lay heaped around the setting god. For a few moments the billows could be seen rising and falling against the broad disc of the descending luminary: while, with a slow and scarcely perceptible motion, he gradually slid beneath the horizon. Insensibly the brilliant hues of the clouds died away, changing from gorgeous crimson, through almost every gradation of color, until at length a faint apple-green invested the whole western sky, slowly fading into a deep azure, as it approached the zenith.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the skipper, "one might almost become poetical in gazing on such a scene."

The sun had now been hid for some minutes, and the apple-green of the sky was rapidly becoming colder and more indistinct, though the edge of a solitary dark cloud, hanging a few degrees above the horizon, was yet tipped with a faint crimson. Meantime the stars began to appear in the opposite firmament, one after another twinkling into sight, as if by magic, until the whole eastern heaven was gemmed with them. I looked around the horizon. Never before had its immensity so forcibly impressed me. The vast concave swelling high up above me and gradually rounding away toward the distant seaboard, seemed almost of illimitable extent; and when, over all the mighty

space of ocean included within its circuit, my eye rested on not a solitary sail, I experienced a sensation of loneliness such as no pen can describe. And when the breeze again died away, leaving the sails idly flapping to and fro as the schooner rocked on the swell, my imagination suggested that perhaps it might be our doom, as it had been that of others, to lie for days, nay weeks and months, powerless in the midst of that desert latitude, shut out from the world, enclosed within the blue walls of that gigantic prison: and I shuddered, as well I might, at the very idea of such a fate.

It was now a dead calm. No perceptible agitation could be discovered on the surface of the deep, except the long undulating swell which never subsides, and which can be compared to nothing but the heavy breathing of some gigantic monster when lulled to repose. Now and then, however, a tiny ripple, occasioned by the gambols of some equally tiny inhabitant of the deep, would twinkle sharp in the starlight; while, close under the shadow of our hull, a keen eye might detect hundreds of the fairy fire-flies of the ocean, their phosphoric lanterns glittering gaily as they shot to and fro. Absorbed in the contemplation of the spectacle, I suffered more than half an hour to pass unheeded; and it was not until the sea began to be sensibly agitated, and the wind to freshen, that I looked up. The change which had come over the firmament astonished me, and requires a passing description.

When I had last looked at the heavens, the whole eastern sky was thick sown with stars, though no moon had as yet appeared. Along the western seaboard still stretched the long line of pale apple-green which the setting sun had painted in that quarter. The firmament overhead was without a cloud, its dark azure surface spangled with stars. Between the zenith and the eastern horizon hung the dark cloud which I have already mentioned, a black opaque mass of vapor apparently not larger than a capstan head. But every thing now presented a different aspect. The first thing that met my eye was the upper portion of the disc of the moon, peeping above the eastern seaboard, the dark fiery red of its face betraying the existence of a thin mist in that direction. Fascinated by the sight, I remained gazing for more than a minute on the rising luminary, as she emerged gracefully and majestically from her watery bed. At length, and apparently with an accelerated motion, she slid suddenly above the line of the horizon, pouring a line of silver light along the crests of the undulating swell, while instantaneously, as if putting on all her glory, she emerged from the mist that had surrounded her, and rolled on in pearly brightness, calm and undimmed, the stars fading before her approach. One planet alone remained visible—it was the evening star, walking in almost equal beauty, a little to the right of her sister luminary. Never before had those fine lines of Milton, in which he pictures her as

leading on the choral hosts of heaven, rose so vividly before my imagination.

When I turned my gaze westward, how different the spectacle that met my eye! The little cloud which I have described, had grown to a gigantic size, and now obscured the whole larboard firmament, extending its dark and jagged front a third of the way around the horizon, and piling its gloomy masses high up toward the zenith. Here and there, where a thinner edge than usual was disclosed to the light, it caught the rays of the rising luminary which it reflected back, so that the cloud seemed lined with silver. The sea, immediately under this gloomy bank of vapor, was of the color of ink, and reminded me of the fabled waters of Acheron. The whole spectacle was calculated to fill the mind with dark and ominous forebodings; and, I confess, my own feelings partook of this uneasy character.

The wind was rapidly freshening; but, instead of setting in steadily from any quarter, it blew in fitful gusts, chopping all round the horizon. Yet it brought a delicious coolness with it, which was peculiarly refreshing after the heat of the day. The sea now began to rise, and as the dark billows heaved up in the spectral light, they wore an aspect so ghastly that I almost shuddered to look on them—an aspect, however, that was partially relieved when the unquiet puffs of air crisped their edges into silver, or rolled a sheet of crackling light along their surface. With the freshening of the wind the schooner began slowly to move ahead, but, ever and anon, as the breeze died away, or struck her from a new quarter, she would settle like a log on the water, moaning as if in pain. At such times the dying cadence of the wind, wailing through the rigging, smote on the ear with strange, weird power.

“A threatening prospect,” said the skipper, approaching me, and breaking the profound silence which had reigned for several minutes, “we shall have a tempest before long, and I fear it will be no child’s play.”

“I never saw such ominous signs before. The very air seems oppressed and sick, as if it trembled at approaching ruin. Mark the faces even of our oldest veterans—they betray a vague sentiment of fear, such as I never saw on their countenances before.”

“Aye!” replied the skipper, abstractedly, for he was gazing anxiously astern, “the cloud comes up like a race-horse. How it whirls over and over, rolling its dark masses along; it reminds me of the mountains which the old Titans, we read of in school, heaved against Jove. But here am I thinking of classic fables when I ought to be taking in sail. Ho!” he exclaimed, lifting his voice, as a sharp gust, premonitory of the coming hurricane, whistled across the hamper, “in sail—every rag!”

No time was to be lost. During the short space we had been conversing, the dark clouds astern had increased their velocity threefold, and, even as the skipper spoke, the most advanced of them had over-shadowed us with its sepulchral pall. As the momentary puff of air accompanying it died away, a few large heavy rain-drops pattered on the deck, and then all was still again. The men sprung to their stations, at the voice of their superior, and incited to double activity by these signs of approaching danger, soon reduced our canvass until the schooner lay, with bare poles, rocking on the swell. Scarcely had this task been completed, when the gale burst on us in all its fury, roaring, hissing, and howling through the rigging, and drenching us with the clouds of spray that it tore from the bosom of the deep and bore onward in its fierce embraces. For a few minutes we could scarcely stand before the blast. The schooner groaned, and starting forward at the first touch of the hurricane, like a steed when he feels the spur, went careering along, her tall masts curving over in the gale, and her hull shrouded in the flying spray which drove onward with even greater velocity than ourselves. In this desperate encounter with the elements, every rope and stick strained and cracked almost to breaking. All at once this hurricane died out, and then an awful stillness fell on the scene. Not a voice spoke, not a footfall was heard, scarcely a breath broke the appalling silence. The schooner rose and fell ominously on the agitated swell. Suddenly a flash of lightning played far off on the dark edges of the cloud behind us, and then followed a low hoarse growl of distant thunder. Scarcely a minute elapsed before a large rain-drop fell on my face, and instantaneously, as if the heavens were opened before us, a deluge of rain rushed downwards, hissing and seething along the decks, and almost pinning us to our places; while the wind, bursting out afresh, swept wildly across the sea, and driving the spray and rain madly before it, produced a scene of confusion and tumult almost indescribable. For some minutes I could see nothing in the thick darkness which now surrounded us —could hear nothing but the roar of the hurricane and the splash of the waters. But suddenly a blinding flash shot from a cloud almost directly overhead, lighting up the deck, spars, and guns, for an instant, with a supernatural glare, and striking the ocean a few fathoms distant, ploughed up the waters, which it flung in volumes of spray in every direction. Before a clock could tick, the report followed, stunning us with its deafening roar, and rattling and crackling fearfully as it echoed down the sky. Never shall I forget the ghastly looks of the men, as I beheld them in that unearthly glare. And minutes after darkness had resumed its sway, and the roar of the thunder had died in the distance, my eyes still ached with that intense light, and the crackling of the bolt rung in my ears.

Meantime the rain descended in torrents, not, however, falling vertically, but flying whistling before the hurricane. The uproar of the elements now became terrific. The thunder rattled incessantly—the wind shrieked through the hamper—every timber and spar groaned in the strife, and the deep boom of the angry surges, pursuing in our wake, sounded like the howlings of beasts of prey. The darkness was intense, only relieved by the glare of the lightning which streamed incessantly over the scene. Whither we were going it was impossible to tell, for all control of the schooner had been given up, and we were scudding before the tempest with breathless velocity. A quarter of an hour had thus passed, when I found myself standing by the skipper, who was watching the course of the ship.

"East, by east-sou'-east," he said, "and driving like death. God of heaven, what a storm!"

The words had scarcely left his mouth before another peal of thunder, even more awful than the preceding one I have described, burst overhead, and, stunning us for an instant with its terrific explosion, rattled down the sky, crackling and re-crackling in its retreat, as if the firmament were crashing to its centre: it was accompanied rather than preceded by a flash, such as I had never seen before, blinding me instantaneously with its glare, and making every object swim dizzily before the brain. On the moment I felt a stunning shock, and was prostrated on the deck, while a strong smell of sulphur pervaded the atmosphere. The deluge of rain revived me, and I looked up in alarm. Good God! the foremast was in flames. *We had been struck with lightning!*

Quick as thought the whole horrors of our situation rose before me. We were on a pathless sea amid a raging storm. That there was little hope of extinguishing the flames was evident, for, even while these thoughts flashed through my mind, a volume of smoke puffed up through the forecastle, and a cry ran through the decks that the whole forward part of the schooner was on fire. There was no time, however, to be lost, if we would make any effort to save ourselves; and, faint as was the hope of success, it was determined to attempt to smother the flames, by fastening down the hatches and excluding the air. But the fierce heat that filled the decks told us that the endeavor would be in vain; nor was it long before the forehatch was blown up with a loud explosion, while a stream of fire shot high up into the air; and, the next minute, the forked tongues had caught hold of the rigging, wrapping shrouds, ropes and yards in a sheet of lurid flame. The rapidity with which all this occurred was incredible. It seemed as if but a minute had elapsed since that terrific bolt had burst above us, and now the whole forward part of the schooner was a mass of fire, that streamed out before the tempest like a

blood-red banner; showers of sparks, and even burning fragments of the wreck, flying far away ahead on the gale. There are periods, however, even of long duration, which appear to be but momentary, and so it was now. So wholly had every energy been devoted to the preservation of the ship, that the time had passed almost unnoticed, though a full half hour had elapsed since we had been struck with lightning. The storm, however, still raged as furiously as ever; for, though the rain was less violent, the wind blew a hurricane, threatening to settle down into a long sustained gale. Had the torrents of water, which first drenched us, continued falling, there might have been some hope of extinguishing the flames; but the subsidence of the rain, and the unaltered violence of the wind, rendered the situation of the schooner hopeless.

"We can do nothing more, I fear," at length said the skipper, drawing me aside, "the fire is on the increase, and even the elements have turned against us. We must leave the little DART to her fate, unless you can think of something else to do?" and he looked inquiringly at me.

"Alas!" I replied, with a mournful shake of my head, "we have done every thing that mortal man can do; but in vain. We must now think of saving ourselves. Had we not better order out the boats?"

The skipper did not, for a moment, reply to my question, but stood, with his arms folded on his breast, and a face of the deepest dejection, gazing on the burning forecastle. At length he spoke.

"Many a long day have we sailed together, in many a bold fray have we fought for each other, and now to leave you, my gallant craft, ah! little did I think this would be your doom. But God's will be done. We must all perish sooner or later, and better go down here than rot, a forgotten hulk, on some muddy shore—better consume to ashes than fall a prey to some huge cormorant of an enemy. And yet," he continued, his eye lighting up, "and yet I should have wished to die with you under the guns of one of those gigantic monsters—aye! die battling for the possession of your deck inch by inch." At this instant one of the forward guns, which had become heated almost to redness in the conflagration, exploded. The sound seemed to recall him to himself. He started as if roused from a reverie, and, noticing me beside him, recollected my question. Immediately resuming his usual energy, he proceeded to order out the boats, and provide provisions and a few hasty instruments, with a calmness which was in striking contrast to the raging sea around, and the lurid fire raging on our bows.

The high discipline of the men enabled us to complete our preparations in a space of time less than one half that which would have been consumed

by an ordinary crew under like circumstances; and, indeed, in many cases, all subordination would have been lost, and perhaps the ruin of the whole been the consequence. The alacrity of the men and the forecast of the officers were indeed needed; for our preparations had scarcely been completed when the heat on the deck became intolerable. The fire had now reached the after hatch, and, notwithstanding the violence of the gale, was extending aft with great rapidity, and had already enveloped the mainmast in its embraces. For some time before we left the schooner the heat, even at the tafferel, almost scorched the skin from our faces; nor did we descend into the boats a minute too soon. This was a feat also by no means easily accomplished, so great was the agitation of the sea. As I looked on the frail boats which were to receive us, and thought of the perils which environed us, of our distance from land, and the slight quantity of provisions we had been enabled to save, I felt that, in all human probability, we should never again set foot on shore, even if we survived until morning. To my own fate I was comparatively indifferent, for life had now lost all charms to me; but when I reflected on the brave men who were to be consigned to the same destiny, and of the ties by which many of them were bound to earth—of the wives who would become widows, of aged parents who would be left childless, of children for whom the orphan's lot was preparing—the big tears gushed into my eyes, and coursed down my cheek, though unobserved.

"All ready," said the skipper, who was the last to leave the deck, and pausing to cast a mournful look at his little craft, he sprung into the boat and we pushed off from the quarter. For some minutes, however, it seemed doubtful whether our frail barges could live in the tumultuous sea that now raged. One minute we were hurried to the sky on the bosom of a wave, and then we plunged headlong into the dark trough below, the walls of water on either hand momently threatening to overwhelm us. But though small, our boats were buoyant, and rode gallantly onward. Every exertion was made, meanwhile, to increase our distance from the schooner, for our departure had been hurried by the fear that the fire would soon reach the magazine, and our proximity to the burning ship still continued to threaten us with destruction in case of an explosion. The men, conscious of the peril, strained every sinew to effect our object, and thus battling against wind and wave we struggled on our way.

With every fathom we gained, the sight of the burning ship increased in magnificence. The flames had now seized the whole after part of the schooner as far back as the companion way, so that hull, spars and rigging were a sheet of fire, which, caught in the fierce embraces of the hurricane, now whirled around, now streamed straight out, and now broke into a

thousand forked tongues, licking up the masts and around the spars like so many fiery serpents. Millions of sparks poured down to leeward, while ever and anon huge patches of flame would be torn from the main body of the conflagration and blown far away ahead. Volumes of dark, pitchy smoke, curling up from the decks of the schooner, often partially concealed a portion of the flames, but they reappeared a moment afterwards with even greater vividness. In some places so intense was the conflagration that the fire was at a white heat. The whole horizon was illuminated with the light, except just over and ahead of the schooner, where a black smoky cloud had gathered, looking like the wing of some gigantic monster of another world; and no description can adequately picture the spectral aspect of the gloomy waves that rolled up their ghastly crests beneath this canopy.

"She cannot last much longer," said the doctor, who was in my boat, "the flames will soon reach the magazine."

"Aye! aye! and look there—"

As I spoke, a vivid, blinding jet of fire streamed high up into the air, while the masts of the schooner could be seen, amid the flame, shooting arrow-like to the sky. Instantaneously a roar as of ten thousand batteries smote the ear; and then came the pattering of fragments of the hull and spars as they fell on the water. Even while these sounds continued, a darkness that brought to my mind that of the day of doom enveloped us, though that intense light still swam in our eyes, producing a thousand fantastic images on the retina. No word was spoken, but each one held his breath in awe; and then came a long, deep drawn sigh, that seemed to proceed simultaneously from each one in the boat. *The Dart was no more.* We were alone in the boundless deep, alone with a storm still raging around us, alone without any hope of rescue, and a thousand miles from land. God only knew whether it would be our lot to perish by starvation, or sink at an earlier hour a prey to the overwhelming deep! As I contemplated our situation I shuddered, and breathed an involuntary prayer that the latter might be our doom.

TO ALMEDA IN NEW ENGLAND.

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

Tell me not of greener mountains,
  Far away in other lands,
Nor of “Afric’s sunny fountains”
  Rolling over “golden sands”—
These few flowers to me recall
Fairer visions than they all!

Strange that things which soonest perish,
  Dying oft with close of day,
Memory will most fondly cherish,
  When their bloom has passed away—
Storms cannot efface forever
Bounding barks from youth’s bright river!

Then, lady, take this idle sonnet,
  Fragile though the lines may be;
I’m thinking of a Quaker bonnet,
  I wonder if you’ll think of me
Next season, when you fold with care
This crumpled leaf *to curl your hair*!

THE PLAYFUL PETS.

Sure never yet were pets so sleek,
So full of sportive play;
With them the gentle Marian
Will while the hours away.

Ah! childhood has a happiness
To other years unknown,
A joy it finds in slightest things,
A word, a look, a tone!

To it of brighter worlds above
Dim glimpses oft are given—
Alas! that age, which wisdom gains,
Should draw us down from Heaven.

C.

PAINTED BY W. DRUMMOND *ENGRAVED BY J. SARTAIN*

The Playful Pets.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine.

THE POETRY OF RUFUS DAWES.

A RETROSPECTIVE CRITICISM.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

"As a poet," says Mr. Griswold, in his late "Poets and Poetry of America," "the standing of Mr. Dawes is as yet unsettled; there being a wide difference of opinion respecting his writings." The *width* of this difference is apparent; and, while to many it is matter for wonder, to those who have the interest of our Literature at heart, it is, more properly, a source of mortification and regret. That the author in question has long enjoyed what we term "a high poetical reputation," cannot be denied; and in no manner is this point more strikingly evinced than in the choice of his works, some two years since, by one of our most enterprising publishers, as the *initial* volume of a series, the avowed object of which was the setting forth, in the best array of paper, type and pictorial embellishment, the *élite* of the American poets. As a writer of occasional stanzas he has been long before the public; always eliciting, from a great variety of sources, *unqualified* commendation. With the exception of a solitary remark, adventured by ourselves in "A Chapter on Autography," there has been no written dissent from the universal opinion in his favor—the universal *apparent* opinion. Mr. Griswold's observation must be understood, we presume, as referring to the *conversational* opinion upon this topic; or it is not impossible that he holds in view the difference between the criticism of the newspaper paragraphs and the private comment of the educated and intelligent. Be this as it may, the rapidly growing "reputation" of our poet was much enhanced by the publication of his first compositions "of length," and attained its climax, we believe, upon the public recitation, by himself, of a tragic drama, in five acts, entitled "Athenia of Damascus," to a large assembly of admiring and applauding *friends*, gathered together for the occasion in one of the halls of the University of New York.

This popular decision, so frequent and so public, in regard to the poetical ability of Mr. Dawes, might be received as evidence of his actual merit (and by thousands it *is* so received) were it not too scandalously at variance with

a species of criticism which *will not* be resisted—with the perfectly simple precepts of the very commonest common sense. The peculiarity of Mr. Griswold's observation has induced us to make inquiry into the true character of the volume to which we have before alluded, and which embraces, we believe, the chief portion of the published verse-compositions of its author.[5] This inquiry has but resulted in the confirmation of our previous opinion; and we now hesitate not to say, that no man in America has been more shamefully over-estimated than the one who forms the subject of this article. We say shamefully; for, though a better day is now dawning upon our literary interests, and a laudation so indiscriminate will never be sanctioned again—the laudation in this instance, as it stands upon record, must be regarded as a laughable although bitter satire upon the general zeal, accuracy and independence of that critical spirit which, but a few years ago, pervaded and degraded the land.

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[5] "Geraldine," "Athenia of Damascus," and Miscellaneous Poems. By Rufus Dawes. Published by Samuel Colman, New York.

In what we shall say we have no intention of being profound. Here is a case in which any thing like analysis would be utterly thrown away. Our purpose (which is truth) will be more fully answered by an unvarnished exposition of fact. It appears to us, indeed, that in excessive *generalization* lies one of the leading errors of a criticism employed upon a poetical literature so immature as our own. We rhapsodize rather than discriminate; delighting more in the dictation or discussion of a principle, than in its particular and methodical application. The wildest and most erratic effusion of the Muse, not utterly worthless, will be found more or less indebted to *method* for whatever of value it embodies; and we shall discover, conversely, that, in any analysis of even this wildest effusion, we labor without method only to labor without end. There is little reason for that vagueness of comment which, of late, we so pertinaciously affect, and which has been brought into fashion, no doubt, through the proverbial facility and security of merely general remark. In regard to the leading principles of true poesy, these, we think, stand not at all in need of the elucidation hourly wasted upon them. Founded in the unerring instincts of our nature, they are enduring and immutable. In a rigid scrutiny of any number of directly conflicting opinions upon a poetical topic, we will not fail to perceive that

principles identical in every important point have been, in each opinion, either asserted, or intimated, or unwittingly allowed an influence. The differences of decision arose simply from those of application; and from such variety in the applied, rather than in the conceived idea, sprang, undoubtedly, the absurd distinctions of the "schools."

"*Geraldine*" is the title of the first and longest poem in the volume before us. It embraces some three hundred and fifty stanzas—the whole being a most servile imitation of the "Don Juan" of Lord Byron. The outrageous absurdity of the systematic *digression* in the British original, was so managed as to form not a little portion of its infinite interest and humor; and the fine discrimination of the writer pointed out to him a limit beyond which he never ventured with this tantalizing species of drollery. "Geraldine" may be regarded, however, as a simple embodiment of the whole soul of digression. It is a mere mass of irrelevancy, amid the mad *farrago* of which we detect with difficulty even the faintest vestige of a narrative, and where the continuous lapse from impertinence to impertinence is seldom justified by any shadow of appositeness or even of the commonest relation.

To afford the reader any proper conception of the *story* is of course a matter of difficulty; we must content ourselves with a mere outline of the general conduct. This we shall endeavor to give without indulgence in those feelings of risibility stirred up in us by the primitive perusal. We shall rigorously avoid every species of exaggeration, and confine ourselves, with perfect honesty, to the conveyance of a distinct image.

"Geraldine," then, opens with some four or five stanzas descriptive of a sylvan scene in America. We could, perhaps, render Mr. Dawes' poetical reputation no greater service than by the quotation of these simple verses in full.

I know a spot where poets fain would dwell,
  To gather flowers and food for after thought,
As bees draw honey from the rose's cell,
  To hive among the treasures they have wrought;
And there a cottage from a sylvan screen
Sent up a curling smoke amidst the green.

Around that hermit home of quietude
  The elm trees whispered with the summer air,
And nothing ever ventured to intrude
  But happy birds that caroled wildly there,
Or honey-laden harvesters that flew
Humming away to drink the morning dew.

Around the door the honey-suckle climbed
  And Multa-flora spread her countless roses,
And never poet sang nor minstrel rhymed
  Romantic scene where happiness reposes,
Sweeter to sense than that enchanting dell
Where home-sick memory fondly loves to dwell.

Beneath a mountain's brow the cottage stood,
  Hard by a shelving lake whose pebbled bed
Was skirted by the drapery of a wood
  That hung its festoon foliage over head,
Where wild deer came at eve unharmed, to drink,
While moonlight threw their shadows from the brink.

The green earth heaved her giant waves around,
  Where, through the mountain vista, one vast height
Towered heavenward without peer, his forehead bound
  With gorgeous clouds, at times of changeful light,
While, far below, the lake in bridal rest
Slept with his glorious picture on her breast.

Here is an air of quietude in good keeping with the theme; the "giant waves" in the last stanza redeem it from much exception otherwise; and perhaps we need say nothing at all of the suspicious-looking compound "mult*a*-flora." Had Mr. Dawes always written even nearly so well, we should have been spared to-day the painful task imposed upon us by a stern sense of our critical duty. These passages are followed immediately by an address or invocation to "Peerless America," including apostrophes to Allston and Claude Lorraine.

We now learn the name of the tenant of the cottage, which is *Wilton*, and ascertain that he has an only daughter. A single stanza quoted at this juncture will aid the reader's conception of the queer tone of philosophical rhapsody

with which the poem teems, and some specimen of which is invariably made to follow each little modicum of incident.

> How like the heart is to an instrument
> A touch can wake to gladness or to wo!
> How like the circumambient element
> The spirit with its undulating flow!
> The heart—the soul—Oh, Mother Nature, why
> This universal bond of sympathy.

After two pages much in this manner, we are told that *Geraldine* is the name of the maiden, and are informed, with comparatively little circumlocution, of her character. She is beautiful, and kind-hearted, and somewhat romantic, and "some thought her reason touched"—for which we have little disposition to blame them. There is now much about Kant and Fichte; about Schelling, Hegel and Cousin; (which latter is made to rhyme with *gang*;) about Milton, Byron, Homer, Spinoza, David Hume and Mirabeau; and a good deal, too, about the *scribendi cacoïthes*, in which an evident misunderstanding of the quantity of *cacoïthes* brings, again, into very disagreeable suspicion the writer's cognizance of the Latin tongue. At this point we may refer, also, to such absurdities as

> Truth with her thousand-folded robe of error
> Close shut in her *sarcophagi* of terror—

And

> Where *candelabri* silver the white halls.

Now, no one is presupposed to be cognizant of any language beyond his own; to be ignorant of Latin is no crime; to pretend a knowledge is beneath contempt; and the pretender will attempt in vain to utter or to write two consecutive phrases of a foreign idiom, without betraying his deficiency to those who are conversant.

At page 39, there is some prospect of a progress in the story. Here we are introduced to a Mr. Acus and his fair daughter, Miss Alice.

Acus had been a dashing Bond street tailor
Some few short years before, who took his measures
So carefully he always cut the jailor
And filled his coffers with exhaustless treasures;
Then with his wife, a son, and three fair daughters,
He sunk the goose and straightway crossed the waters.

His residence is in the immediate vicinity of Wilton. The daughter, Miss Alice, who is said to be quite a belle, is enamored of one Waldron, a foreigner, a lion, and a gentleman of questionable reputation. His character (which for our life and soul we cannot comprehend) is given within the space of some forty or fifty stanzas, made to include, at the same time, an essay on motives, deduced from the text "whatever is must be," and illuminated by a long note at the end of the poem, wherein the *systime* (quere *systéme*?) *de la Nature* is sturdily attacked. Let us speak the truth; this note (and the whole of them, for there are many,) may be regarded as a glorious specimen of the concentrated essence of rigmarole, and, to say nothing of their utter absurdity *per se*, are so ludicrously uncalled-for, and grotesquely out of place, that we found it impossible to refrain, during their perusal, from a most unbecoming and uproarious guffaw. We will be pardoned for giving a specimen—selecting it for its brevity.

Reason, he deemed, could measure every thing,
And reason told him that there was a law
Of mental action which must ever fling
A death-bolt at all faith, and this he saw
Was Transference. (14)

Turning to Note 14, we read thus—

"If any one has a curiosity to look into this subject, (does Mr. Dawes *really* think any one so great a fool?) and wishes to see how far the force of reasoning and analysis may carry him, independently of revelation, I would suggest (thank you, sir,) such inquiries as the following:

"Whether the first Philosophy, considered in relation to Physics, was first in time?

"How far our moral perceptions have been influenced by natural phenomena?

> "How far our metaphysical notions of cause and effect are attributable to the transference of notions connected with logical language?"

And all this in a poem about Acus, a tailor!

Waldron prefers, unhappily, Geraldine to Alice, and Geraldine returns his love, exciting thus the deep indignation of the neglected fair one,

> whom love and jealousy bear up
> To mingle poison in her rival's cup.

Miss A. has among her adorers one of the genus loafer, whose appellation, not improperly, is Bore. B. is acquainted with a milliner—the milliner of the disconsolate lady.

> She made this milliner her friend, who swore,
> To work her full revenge through Mr. Bore.

And now says the poet—

> I leave your sympathetic fancies,
> To fill the outline of this pencil sketch.

This filling has been, with us at least, a matter of no little difficulty. We believe, however, that the affair is intended to run thus:—Waldron is enticed to some vile sins by Bore, and the knowledge of these, on the part of Alice, places the former gentleman in her power.

We are now introduced to a *fête champêtre* at the residence of Acus, who, by the way, has a son, Clifford, a suitor to Geraldine with the approbation of her father—that good old gentleman, for whom our sympathies were excited in the beginning of things, being influenced by the consideration that this scion of the house of the tailor will inherit a plum. The worst of the whole is, however, that the romantic Geraldine, who should have known better, and who loves Waldron, loves also the young knight of the shears. The consequence is a rencontre of the rival suitors at the *fête champêtre*; Waldron knocking his antagonist on the head, and throwing him into the lake. The murderer, as well as we can make out the narrative, now joins a piratical band, among whom he alternately cuts throats and sings songs of his own composition. In the mean time the deserted Geraldine mourns alone, till, upon a certain day,

A shape stood by her like a thing of air—
She started—Waldron's haggard face was there.

. . . . . .

He laid her gently down, of sense bereft,
And sunk his picture on her bosom's snow,
And close beside these lines in blood he left:
"Farewell forever, Geraldine, I go
Another woman's victim—dare I tell?
'Tis Alice!—curse us, Geraldine!—farewell!"

There is no possibility of denying the fact: this *is* a droll piece of business. The lover brings forth a miniature, (Mr. Dawes has a passion for miniatures,) *sinks* it in the bosom of the lady, cuts his finger, and writes with the blood an epistle, (*where* is not specified, but we presume he indites it upon the bosom as it is "close beside" the picture,) in which epistle he announces that he is "another woman's victim," giving us to understand that he himself is a woman after all, and concluding with the delicious bit of Billingsgate

dare I tell?
'Tis Alice!—curse us, Geraldine!—farewell!

We suppose, however, that "curse us" is a misprint; for why should Geraldine curse both herself and her lover?—it should have been "curse it!" no doubt. The whole passage, perhaps, would have read better thus—

oh, my eye!
'Tis Alice!—d—n it, Geraldine!—good bye!

The remainder of the narrative may be briefly summed up. Waldron returns to his professional engagements with the pirates, while Geraldine, attended by her father, goes to sea for the benefit of her health. The consequence is inevitable. The vessels of the separated lovers meet and engage in the most diabolical of conflicts. Both are blown all to pieces. In a boat from one vessel, Waldron escapes—in a boat from the other, the lady Geraldine. Now, as a second natural consequence, the parties meet again—Destiny is every thing in such cases. Well, the parties meet again. The lady

Geraldine has “that miniature” about her neck, and the circumstance proves too much for the excited state of mind of Mr. Waldron. He just seizes her ladyship, therefore, by the small of the waist and incontinently leaps with her into the sea.

However intolerably absurd this skeleton of the story may appear, a thorough perusal will convince the reader that the entire fabric is even more so. It is impossible to convey, in any such digest as we have given, a full idea of the *niaiseries* with which the narrative abounds. An utter want of *keeping* is especially manifest throughout. In the most solemnly serious passages we have, for example, incidents of the world of 1839, jumbled up with the distorted mythology of the Greeks. Our conclusion of the drama, as we just gave it, was perhaps ludicrous enough; but how much more preposterous does it appear in the grave language of the poet himself!

> And round her neck the miniature was hung
> Of him who gazed with Hell’s unmingled wo;
> He saw her, kissed her cheek, and wildly flung
> His arms around her with a mad’ning throw—
> Then plunged within the cold unfathomed deep
> While sirens sang their victim to his sleep!

Only think of a group of *sirens* singing to sleep a modern “miniatured” flirt, kicking about in the water with a New York dandy in tight pantaloons!

But not even these stupidities would suffice to justify a total condemnation of the poetry of Mr. Dawes. We have known follies very similar committed by men of real ability, and have been induced to disregard them in earnest admiration of the brilliancy of the minor beauty of *style*. Simplicity, perspicuity and vigor, or a well-disciplined ornateness, of language, have done wonders for the reputation of many a writer really deficient in the higher and more essential qualities of the Muse. But upon these minor points of manner our poet has not even the shadow of a shadow to sustain him. His works, in this respect, may be regarded as a theatrical world of mere verbiage, somewhat speciously bedizzened with a tinselly meaning well adapted to the eyes of the rabble. There is not a page of any thing that he has written which will bear, for an instant, the scrutiny of a critical eye. Exceedingly fond of the glitter of metaphor, he has not the capacity to manage it, and, in the awkward attempt, jumbles together the most incongruous of ornament. Let us take any passage of “Geraldine” by way of exemplification.

——Thy rivers swell the sea—
In one eternal diapason pour
Thy cataracts the hymn of liberty,
Teaching the clouds to thunder.

Here we have cataracts teaching clouds to thunder—and how? By means of a hymn.

Why should chromatic discord charm the ear
And smiles and tears stream o'er with troubled joy?

Tears may stream over, but not smiles.

Then comes the breathing time of young Romance,
The June of life, when summer's earliest ray
Warms the red arteries, that bound and dance
With soft voluptuous impulses at play,
While the full heart sends forth as from a hive
A thousand winged messengers alive.

Let us reduce this to a simple statement, and we have—what? The earliest ray of summer warming red arteries, which are bounding and dancing, and playing with a parcel of urchins, called voluptuous impulses, while the bee-hive of a heart attached to these dancing arteries is at the same time sending forth a swarm of its innocent little inhabitants.

The eyes were like the sapphire of deep air,
The garb that distance robes elysium in,
But oh, so much of heaven lingered there
The wayward heart forgot its blissful sin
And worshiped all Religion well forbids
Beneath the silken fringes of their lids.

That *distance* is *not* the cause of the sapphire of the sky, is not to our present purpose. We wish merely to call attention to the verbiage of the stanza. It is impossible to put the latter portion of it into any thing like intelligible prose. So much of heaven lingered in the lady's eyes that the wayward heart forgot its blissful sin, and worshiped every thing which religion forbids, beneath the silken fringes of the lady's eyelids. This we

cannot be compelled to understand, and shall therefore say nothing further about it.

> She loved to lend Imagination wing
> And link her heart with Juliet's in a dream,
> And feel the music of a sister string
> That thrilled the current of her vital stream.

How delightful a picture we have here! A lady is lending one of her wings to the spirit, or genius, called Imagination, who, of course, has lost one of his own. While thus employed with one hand, with the other she is chaining her heart to the heart of the fair Juliet. At the same time she is feeling the music of a sister string, and this string is thrilling the current of the lady's vital stream. If this is downright nonsense we cannot be held responsible for its perpetration; it is but the downright nonsense of Mr. Dawes.

Again—

> Without the Palinurus of self-science
> Byron embarked upon the stormy sea,
> To adverse breezes hurling his defiance
> And dashing up the rainbows on his lee,
> And chasing those he made in wildest mirth,
> Or sending back their images to earth.

This stanza we have more than once seen quoted as a fine specimen of the poetical powers of our author. His lordship, no doubt, is herein made to cut a very remarkable figure. Let us imagine him, for one moment, embarked upon a stormy sea, hurling his defiance (literally throwing his gauntlet or glove) to the adverse breezes, dashing up rainbows on his lee, laughing at them, and chasing them at the same time, and, in conclusion, "sending back their images to earth." But we have already wearied the reader with this abominable rigmarole. We shall be pardoned (after the many specimens thus given at random) for not carrying out the design we originally intended: that of commenting upon two or three successive pages of "*Geraldine*," with a view of showing (in a spirit apparently more fair than that of particular selection) the *entireness* with which the whole poem is pervaded by unintelligibility. To every thinking mind, however, this would seem a work of supererogation. In such matters, by such understandings, the brick of the *skolastikos* will be received implicitly as a sample of the house.

The writer *capable*, to any extent, of such absurdity as we have pointed out, *cannot*, by any possibility, produce a long article worth reading. We say this in the very teeth of the magnificent assembly which listened to the recital of Mr. Dawes, in the great hall of the University of New York. We shall leave "Athenia of Damascus," without comment, to the decision of those who may find time and temper for its perusal, and conclude our extracts by a quotation, from among the minor poems, of the following very respectable

ANACREONTIC.

Fill again the mantling bowl
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking!
None but slaves should bend the soul
Beneath the chains of mortal making:
Fill your beakers to the brim,
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow;
Let delight
But crown the night,
And care may bring her clouds to-morrow.

Mark this cup of rosy wine
With virgin pureness deeply blushing;
Beauty pressed it from the vine
While Love stood by to charm its gushing;
He who dares to drain it now
Shall drink such bliss as seldom gladdens;
The Moslem's dream
Would joyless seem
To him whose brain its rapture maddens.

Pleasure sparkles on the brim—
Lethe lies far deeper in it—
Both, enticing, wait for him
Whose heart is warm enough to win it;
Hearts like ours, if e'er they chill
Soon with love again must lighten.
Skies may wear
A darksome air
Where sunshine most is known to brighten.

Then fill, fill high the mantling bowl!
Nor fear to meet the morning breaking;
Care shall never cloud the soul
While Beauty's beaming eyes are waking.
Fill your beakers to the brim,
Bacchus soon shall lull your sorrow;
Let delight
But crown the night,
And care may bring her clouds to-morrow.

Whatever shall be, hereafter, the position of Mr. Dawes in the poetical world, he will be indebted for it altogether to his shorter compositions, some of which have the merit of tenderness; others of melody and force. What seems to be the popular opinion in respect to his more voluminous effusions, has been brought about, in some measure, by a certain general *tact*, nearly amounting to taste, and more nearly the converse of talent. This tact has been especially displayed in the choice of not inelegant titles and other externals; in a peculiar imitative speciousness of manner, pervading the surface of his writings; and (here we have the anomaly of a positive benefit deduced from a radical defect) in an absolute deficiency in basis, in *stamen*, in matter, or pungency, which, if even slightly evinced, might have invited the reader to an intimate and understanding perusal, whose result would have been disgust. His poems have not been condemned, only because they have never been read. The glitter upon the surface has sufficed, with the newspaper critic, to justify his hyperboles of praise. Very few persons, we feel assured, have had sufficient nerve to wade *through* the entire volume now in question, except, as in our own case, with the single object of criticism in view. Mr. Dawes has, also, been aided to a poetical reputation by the amiability of his character as a man. How efficient such causes have before been in producing such effects, is a point but too thoroughly understood.

We have already spoken of the numerous *friends* of the poet; and we shall not here insist upon the fact, that *we* bear him no personal ill will. With those who know us, such a declaration would appear supererogatory; and by those who know us not, it would, doubtless, be received with incredulity. What we have said, however, is *not* in opposition to Mr. Dawes, nor even so much in opposition to the poems of Mr. Dawes, as in defence of the many true souls which, in Mr. Dawes' apotheosis, are aggrieved. The laudation of the unworthy is to the worthy the most bitter of all wrong. But it is

unbecoming in him who merely demonstrates a truth, to offer reason or apology for the demonstration.

AN AUTUMN REVERIE.

BY WILLIAM FALCONER.

Hail! ye lone woods, in Nature's mourning clad;
   Hail! ye sere leaves, low melting in the breeze;
Meet is thy reign, pale Autumn, for the sad,
   And soft thy solace for the mind's disease;
Again I hail thee, sabbath of the year!
Upon us kindly smile, for Winter winds are near!

In this cathedral vast, by tall elms reared,
   While through yon leafy oriel streams the sun
On those old boughs, by many an Autumn seared
   I'd dream of friends who life's rude race have run—
Whose memory, like rare odor, fills my heart,
Nor fades, but richer grows, and is of it a part.

Where are the gay plumed warblers of the Spring?
   Those winged souls, at whose melodious songs
The green leaves danced with joy? On tireless wing
   To brighter bowers have flown the golden throngs;
But they, when winds are weary of their wrath,
Shall fill our groves once more, and glad the woodland path.

But what new Spring shall breathe upon thy tomb
   Or summon back friends wintry Death has banished?
They grow enamored of those bowers of bloom
   To which they soared when from our side they vanished,
And ne'er return, or, haply so, unseen—
Dwelling in Memory's dreams, pure, changeless, and serene.

Perchance we err, for, though no mortal eye
May look on Immortality, yet they
May clothe them in the azure of the sky,
Or shroud their light wings in the moon's pale ray;
Or, in the likeness of some mutual star,
Smile on repentant tears and soothe our mental war.

And art thou present in this solitude,
Thou early, only loved, sweet beam of youth?
Thou fairest of all Memory's sisterhood,
Bright as a poet's dream, and pure as Truth!
Fair guardian spirit, thou art with me now—
It is, it is thy sigh, which stirs the rustling bough!

Thee may I meet beneath some kindlier sky,
In seraph beauty decked, yet sad—more bright
To me, than when upon my mortal eye
Thy fair form glanced, and filled me with delight,
When thee I placed within my spirit's shrine
And turned on thee each thought, and loved thee as divine.

MALINA GRAY.

BY ANN S. STEPHENS.

"How is the warm and loving heart requited
In this harsh world, where it awhile must dwell;
Its best affections wronged, betrayed and slighted—
Such is the doom of those who love too well.
Better the weary dove should close its pinion,
Fold up its golden wings, and be at peace,
And early enter that serene dominion
Where earthly cares and earthly sorrows cease"
—L. E. L.

Now if I did but possess the magic pencil of my friend Doughty—his glorious power of dashing off a landscape, with all the truthfulness of nature in the outline—fresh and verdant, with shadows rendered almost transparent from the light with which they are so beautifully blended—mellow with that soft hazy atmosphere which hangs forever about his waterfalls, and slumbers along the green slopes where they lie in the sunshine till the gazer becomes almost drowsy as he admires.—If I had but his pencil and his power, instead of this golden pen and the one drop of ink which stains its point, never was there a more lovely picture than I would paint for your especial gratification. I would throw upon the canvass my own birth-place, a quiet old-fashioned village of Connecticut, one of the greenest and most picturesque spots that human eye ever dwelt upon, or that human ingenuity ever contrived to destroy. But alas! Doughty's genius can alone inspire his pencil, and a rude *pen sketch* from memory is all the idea that I can give you of "our village."

Imagine for a moment that we are standing on a picturesque old bridge down in a valley, through which a river of some considerable magnitude is wending its way to a juncture with the Housatonic.

We are looking to the north—your hand rests on the mouldering beams which form a side railing to the bridge, and as your eye is lifted from the deep waters at our feet, where they circle and whirl around the dark and sodden supporters, it is caught by one of the most beautiful waterfalls that

ever cooled the summer air with its spray. A little up the stream, it foams and flashes over a solid ledge of rocks like an army of laughing children romping together and running races in the sunshine. Now and then you catch a flash of prismatic color just beginning to weave itself amid the water-drops that are forever flashing up as if to provoke the sunshine into forming a rainbow, and then your attention is drawn away by the wreaths of snowy foam and the thousand dimpling whirlpools that form beneath the fall and melt idly upon the more quiet waters long before they reach the dark shadow flung downward from the bridge.

Is not that a magnificent bank stretching along the river's brink far above the fall?—here, looming up in a broken mass of rocks—there, falling with a gentle slope to the water's brink, sometimes cut into defiles and hollows by the rivulets that feed the brook, and everywhere covered with the quivering green of spring, the feathery red maple—wild-cherry trees, white with spring blossoms, and whole thickets of starry dog-wood flowers all tangled and luxuriating between sun and water. With what majesty the bank sweeps back at the fall, giving breadth to the valley below and hedging in, with its green rampart, this beautiful little plain with its fine grove which lies on our left, nestled almost entirely within its shadow! Now look down the stream. Follow the bank as it curves inward again, encompassing the rich surface of level ground in a semicircular sweep, till it terminates down the stream yonder, in a pile of rocks and foliage, half hill half mountain. There the river joins it again—winds around the precipice which forms its base, and is lost to sight, as if it terminated amid the dense shadows which lie sleeping there. Did you ever see anything more superb than that lofty pile of rocks and verdure, standing out over the very river, like a glorious old garrison guarding the passage? Its topmost trees are lost in a pile of fleecy clouds—the steep surface is burdened with foliage, and beautifully broken up with lights and shadows. See the sunshine flickering over those massive rocks and kindling with its silvery light the grape-vines that creep among the young trees, rooted in the clefts. A picturesque feature, in our sketch, is that old Castle-rock, and many a holiday have I spent, with a troop of school-mates, amid its clefts, piling up the rich mosses we found there, gathering honey-suckle apples, and sometimes doing terrible execution on the poor garter-snakes that crept harmlessly from their nests to sleep in the sunshine.

Turn once more, and mark how, like a serpent creeping through the thrifty herbage, the road leads, from the bridge where we stand, across the level ground and up the bank! See where it begins to curve back from the fall, till it is lost amid the trees and shrubbery which but half conceal that cluster of white houses standing against the sky so far above us, and looking

so quiet and rural among the fresh trees. Can any thing appear more religious than that white church in their midst, rising from its bed of vegetation and throwing the shadow of its taper steeple aslant the graves that are gathered to the very brink of the hill? How distinct are the white gravestones and the long grass shivering among them! My mother's grave is there beneath the old oak standing alone in that solitary graveyard. My playmates never went with me there, but often have I lingered beneath that old tree, listening to the music of its restless leaves, and the rushing waters below me, till aspirations awoke in my young heart, holy and deep as ever the pride of my womanhood has known. At nightfall I have wandered amid those graves—a little child, and yet fearless—till the stars have stationed themselves in the blue heavens above me, and the fireflies have flashed their tiny brilliants among the grass, like gentle spirits sent to light up the places of the dead; and thoughts, for which I had no name, would fill my heart with pleasant sadness till I went away, reluctantly, amid feelings that haunted me at night as I listened to the acorns rattling from the oak trees over the roof of our house, and colored my dreams long after the dash of the waterfall had lulled me to sleep.

I have wearied you, with my reminiscences, so you have turned away from the houses on Fall's-hill, to those on the opposite bank, which we have scarcely noticed yet. The hill which forms this side of the valley, is neither so lofty nor picturesque as the other. You will observe that the road branches off at that end of the bridge—that the turnpike which lends to the old Presbyterian meeting-house, and the dwellings which surround it, is cut through the bank some thirty feet down, but forms a steep ascent to the most thickly settled portion of our village. The roof of our old meeting-house—the belfry of our new academy, with the third story window blinds, all fresh and verdant with green paint—half the front of a dry goods store, with the gable end of a red farm-house, are all the signs of life which we can obtain from our station on the bridge—yet the most thrifty and industrious portion of our village is located on School-hill. The Episcopal church, and the white cottages opposite, can boast more of rural beauty, perhaps; but that old meeting-house has stood on School-hill almost a century, and many of the farmers who surround it have grown rich upon lands which they inherited from men who worshiped beneath its roof almost before the rafters were shingled.

Now permit me to draw your attention to the little plain at our left, in the river vale, between the two portions of our village, lying green, and fresh, like a garden run wild, and, but for one cottage house, left to its own leafy solitude. A magnificent grove of white pines stoops and murmurs to the

wind as it draws down the valley, the tufted boughs give out a healthy odor, and in their shadows are a thousand grassy nooks and hollows filled with wild blossoms that give a richer fragrance to the air. I have said there was but one house in the river vale. A little back from the river's brink, and just beyond the clump of chesnuts at the end of the bridge, are two large oak trees, sheltering, and almost hiding a low cottage house. A flower garden is in front, and a sweep of rich sward rolls from the back parlor windows down to the water's edge. It is a quiet rural dwelling, and the home of my childhood. Does it not look sequestered and deliciously cool? That waterfall, which sounds a perpetual anthem night and day, can be seen from the windows. The fine grove forever spreads its sea of green in front, and here are the old bridge, the village cut into fragments, and the rough hills giving a dash of the sublime to what is in itself so beautiful!

There is yet another object which cannot be seen from the bridge, but from our cottage door we may trace the road which branches off from the turnpike at the opposite end where it winds along the river's margin till it reaches a spot just opposite Castle-rock. There the high bank crowds close down to the water, thus forcing the projectors of the road to lead it up the brow of the hill, where a growth of underwood and some few trees that have been left standing partially conceal its course, and the exact spot where a cross road from School-hill intersects it. But just at that point and directly opposite the highest peak of Castle-rock, stood a handsome white dwelling-house, with green blinds and a portico of lattice work, covered half the year with crimson trumpet flowers and cinnamon roses. In the winter, when the trees were leafless, we had a full view of this house from our cottage, and could almost distinguish its inmates as they passed in and out through the portico. Even in the summer, its white walls might here and there be seen gleaming through the green foliage, and very frequently the figures of two young girls appeared at night-fall wandering through the garden which sloped down the hill, where the flower beds and thickets were at the twilight hour rendered golden by the sun as he plunged over Castle-rock, deluging it with a glory which kindled up the whole landscape.

This house was occupied by a widow, and the two girls were her daughters. The homestead was their joint property, with a small farm which lay further up the hill. They might have had other means of support, but I was too young at the time to be informed on the subject; certain it is that possession, or some other claim to standing which I could not appreciate, gave a distinction to the family which made the widow a sort of village aristocrat, a female leader in the church, and one of those sanctimonious domestic tyrants who profess to do every thing from principle, and to

consider those impulses and generous feelings of the heart which are its brightest waters, things to struggle with and pray against. Her husband had been dead many years, and must have been a man of some consequence in the village. Her daughters were pleasant girls, one of them decidedly handsome, but totally unlike both in person and character. Phebe, the eldest, had always been a gentle and quiet child, one of those retiring and sensitive creatures whose whole being seems imbrued with religion, naturally as flowers are with color and perfume. When a mere child she became a member of the old Presbyterian church on School-hill, and this circumstance served to make her a favorite with the mother, and to strengthen that most deceitful of all passions, spiritual pride, in her heart. In the church Mrs. Gray was feared and looked up to, for she was a strong minded, intelligent woman, bland in tone and smooth in manner, but in reality selfish in heart and stubborn of purpose. With these qualities she retained an influence among the brethren which strength of intellect, without goodness of heart, will often acquire over weaker minds, however pure they be, even to a dangerous extent. If the mother was feared and reverenced, little Phebe was loved and petted like a flower among the members—old and young, high and low—all looked with affection on the lamb of their flock, and so she grew up among them, perhaps the purest and sweetest creature that ever bloomed in the bosom of a Christian church. But Malina, the bright, romping, mischievous Malina, with her sunny brown eyes, her rosy cheeks and dimples that played about them like sunshine trembling in the heart of a rose, there was little hope of Malina—poor thing! The good old deacon shook his head gravely when she was mentioned, and more than once, when she had been observed in the widow's cushioned pew, peeping with a roguish smile from under her gipsy hat, at some schoolmate in the gallery, or smoothing the folds of her muslin dress, and tying her pink sash into all sorts of love knots during service, the clergyman had reproved her with a look from the pulpit, a proceeding which only frightened the dimples from her face and deluged it with crimson for a moment, which impulse of shame was soon followed by a saucy pout of the red lips, a toss of the gipsy bonnet which made the roses on its crown tremble, and perhaps a desperate jerk at the sash which destroyed all the love knots and left the ends crumpled in her lap, while her mother sat frowning majestically all the time, and poor Phebe was doing her best to hide the tears and blushes which her sister's disgrace had occasioned. Still, though Malina was a romp and a sad reprobate in the estimation of a sect which had made old Connecticut celebrated among the states by the strictness and sobriety of their lives, there was something about the girl which stole even upon their austere habits—a warmth of heart and generosity of feeling that no faults could check or conceal. She had a

winning, soft and exceedingly arch manner peculiarly her own, which few could resist; a ready wit, and a laugh that rang through the heart like the tones of a silver bell, and which made the old deacon smile, even while he was lecturing her. Before Malina was eighteen she had good cause to congratulate herself that she was not a "church member," for most assuredly would she have been ignominiously expelled had this been the case. At that season a sectarian feud had arisen between the Episcopal church and our old meeting-house, a difference of opinion which went well nigh to destroy all social intercourse in our village. The Episcopalians had offered a practical reproof to the upright manner in which the Presbyterians were in the habit of addressing the throne of grace, by erecting kneeling boards in the pews of their church, a course which led our minister into open denunciation of such heresy from the pulpit, where he eloquently defended his own manner of worship by a sermon containing manifold heads, and a prayer which was responded to by a congregation more resolutely upright both in body and mind than ever. This sermon of course was answered from the white church, with some spirit, and, in the midst of the controversy which arose, Malina Gray took it into her pretty head to exhibit a fashionable bonnet which she had purchased in New Haven, and a smart silk dress, in the Episcopal church, not only without asking her mother's consent, but directly against her known wishes. It was even rumored that she did not rise, but absolutely bent forward and covered her pretty face with her pocket handkerchief, during the whole time of prayer, and that, on leaving the church, three persons had heard her say that she was delighted with the sermon, and particularly with the chant, it was *so* droll. It was in vain that Malina defended her conduct, in vain she insisted that she had bent forward, and used her handkerchief only to conceal the motion of her lips as she ate half a dozen peppermint drops, and a head of green fennel which a companion had given her. She could not disprove her presence at the church, and that alone was considered as rank rebellion against her mother, and an insult to the congregation with which she had been taught to worship. Dark were the looks, and manifold the lectures which poor Malina was compelled to endure after this. When she entered the old meeting-house on the following sabbath every one looked coldly upon her. The minister even hinted at her delinquency in his prayers, and, during the sermon, two or three passages were applied directly to herself, by the steady and reproving glance which he fixed upon her from the pulpit. Now Malina was not of a temperament to bear all this patiently. She believed it intended to annoy and humble her. So, instead of receiving the chastisement with becoming humility, she arose from her seat, opened the pew door, in spite of her mother's detaining hand,

and hurried down the aisle, her eyes sparkling with tears, and her cheeks crimsoned with a degree of excitement which ill became the house of God.

To be perfectly aware of the enormity of Malina's conduct, our reader must bring to mind the discipline of the times, and the rigid decorum exacted by the people in their places of worship, where nothing short of a fainting fit or a dispensation of apoplexy could excuse the interruption of a sermon. Never was a body of people so overwhelmed with astonishment and dismay. The widow arose from her seat pale with resentment, for it was by her private request that the minister had pointed out the spirited girl as a transgressor before the congregation—she half opened the pew door, paused a moment and sat down again, with her lips firmly compressed, and a spirit burning in her dark eyes, which in another might have been thought as much to be condemned as that of her child. Phebe, the mild and gentle Phebe, blushed crimson with a feeling of sympathy for her sister, which could not, with all her meekness of disposition, be entirely suppressed. When the glow died away from her cheeks she was in tears and wept silently till the service closed.

When Mrs. Gray reached home that afternoon, sternly ruminating on the best means of conquering the refractory spirit of her child, she found the house locked, and the rooms empty as she had left them. Malina was no where to be found. It was in vain that Phebe searched for the culprit. She went to their mutual sleeping-chamber, hoping to find her there, but all was silent. She lifted the muslin drapery that fell over the bed like a summer cloud, put her hand through the open sash and parting the thick green leaves of a cinnamon rose tree that half darkened it, looked anxiously up and down the road, and along the footpath which threaded the river's brink. But the waters gliding quietly by, and a fish-hawk soaring up from the shore just below the bridge, with an unfortunate perch in his claws, alone rewarded her gaze. Still she leaned from the window, apprehensive on her sister's account, but afraid to extend her search beyond the house, for never in the whole course of her life had Mrs. Gray permitted her children to walk even in the garden on a sabbath day; a walk to and from the old meeting-house morning and evening was all the exercise that she had allowed them. Phebe felt as if almost transgressing a domestic rule even while she lingered with her head out of the window, and when the chamber door opened she started back like a guilty thing, and with a violence that sent a shower of pink leaves half over the room, from the full blown roses which fell rustling together from her hands.

Mrs. Gray entered the chamber quietly, but a little paler than usual, and with her lips still slightly compressed. She evidently expected to find the

culprit there, but when she saw only her elder daughter standing by the window, in tears and with a look of trouble on her sweet face, her own composure seemed a little shaken, still she did not speak, but going up to the toilet took a pocket bible from its snowy cover, and dusting away the rose leaves that had fallen there with her handkerchief, was about to leave the room again. As she passed through the door, Phebe found courage to follow her.

"Oh, mother," she said, "what can have become of her? Where can she be? Let me go and look."

"It is the sabbath," said Mrs. Gray, in her usual slow, mild voice.

"I know it is, mother," replied the weeping girl, "but when a lamb strays from the flock can there be wrong in bringing it home again, even on the sabbath?"

"You may search for your sister in the garden," was the reply, "and when she is found bring her to the parlor. Our minister will be there, and if she does not beg his pardon for her flagrant conduct, even on her knees if he desires it, she is henceforth no child of mine!"

"Oh, mother, do not urge her to-night. You know how high spirited and resolute she is—and, indeed, indeed, I must think they have been too hard with her—it was cruel to expose her fault before the whole village, her schoolmates and all, and she so proud and sensitive. I wonder it didn't kill her."

"Have you also become rebellious?" said Mrs. Gray, turning her eyes with steady disapproval on the agitated girl, and marveling within herself at the burst of feeling which she evinced.

"You will never, I trust, find me rebellious," replied Phebe meekly, but weeping all the time. "I know that Malina has faults; who has not? but they are such as harsh treatment will perpetuate, not conquer. She is so kind, so warm-hearted, that you can persuade her to any thing."

"I do not choose to *persuade* my children," said the mother, moving forward. "Go seek Malina in the garden, and bring her to me as I desired."

"But I fear that she is not in the garden," said Phebe, doubtingly.

"Then seek her elsewhere, but return soon," was Mrs. Gray's reply, and she went down stairs just as Phebe heard the minister knocking at the front door.

Phebe tied on her cottage bonnet, and flinging a scarf over her white dress went into the garden. She traversed the flower-beds, searched among the rose thickets, and the lilac trees, calling Malina by name, but all without

effect. More than once, when a rustling among the bushes, created by a tame rabbit, reached her ear, she started and listened with an expectation that her call would be answered. After searching through the garden and around the rock spring—a fountain of water that leaped through a hollow at the foot of the hill into a natural basin of solid granite—we saw her come out into the road and look anxiously toward the pine grove on our side of the river, with her hand shading her eyes and her scarf fluttering in the breeze.

As our cottage stood on neutral ground, between the two sections of the village, so our family was perhaps the only one within three miles which did not take part in the religious controversy going on. It was our usual custom to worship in the old meeting-house in the morning, and in the afternoon attend service in the Episcopal church. This habit left us ignorant of what had been passing on School-hill, and when we saw Phebe Gray out in the open street that sabbath evening, we felt that something unusual must have occurred. She remained, as I have described, with a hand shading her eyes for more than a minute, and then hurried down the road toward the bridge at a quicker pace than we had ever seen her walk before. After crossing the bridge, she paused a moment on seeing our family sitting at the door—some of us on the steps and others reading on the greensward in which they were bedded—as if prompted to come toward us, but changing her mind she followed the road a few steps and then turned into the pine grove, through a footpath which led along that portion which skirted the river. After a little time she came in sight again, retracing her steps with another person whom we recognized as Malina. Their progress was very slow, Phebe's arm was around her sister's waist, and she seemed to be talking with great earnestness. When they came opposite our house we could see Malina's face, though after the first glance toward us she turned it away, as if ashamed of the tears which stained her cheeks. Her dress was disordered and a little soiled by the moss on which she had evidently flung herself; her gipsy hat was blown on one side, exposing a profusion of brown ringlets slightly disheveled, and out of curl enough to make them fall more profusely than usual over her neck and shoulders. She walked with an impatient step, and seemed a little restless under the restraint of her sister's arm, but when they got within the shadow of the chesnuts, and as they supposed beyond our observation, we saw her pause all of a sudden, fling her arms round Phebe's neck and kiss her more than once with a degree of affection which spoke volumes in her favor. After this she arranged the hat on her head with considerable care and allowed the folds of her disordered dress to be smoothed. Then with another kiss the two girls crossed the bridge, each with

her arm circling the other, and in this position they walked up the hill and disappeared in the portico of their own dwelling.

The two girls entered the family parlor; Malina with her cheek flushed once more and a step tremulous but haughty. Poor Phebe clung to her side, looking frightened and much more like a culprit than her sister. Mrs. Gray was seated at a table looking cold, precise and courteous as if nothing had happened; her black silk dress was arranged with that scrupulous care which she always bestowed on her raiment. Her false curls were carefully fastened beneath the slate-colored ribands and the fine lace border of her cap, while a muslin neckerchief was folded on her bosom, beneath the dress, sufficiently low to reveal a neck that had not yet lost all its whiteness, and a string of large gold beads which encircled it. The family bible lay open before her, but she was not reading, for in an easy chair close by sat the minister. He had been pastor at School-hill for more than twenty years, was naturally a kind man, but believed the well-being of his congregation to be identified with certain doctrinal points, which to dispute was rank heresy. He looked very grave when the girls entered, and rather restless, as if the duty which brought him there was one which his naturally kind heart would have avoided.

“Phebe, you may go to your chamber,” said Mrs. Gray to her eldest daughter, who had followed Malina to a chintz sofa and was about to sit down by her side.

Phebe hesitated and looked toward her mother, as if anxious to remain; but as she parted her lips to speak, a more decided command sent her weeping from the room.

[*To be continued.*

TO THE EARTH.

BY JAMES ALDRICH.

How are thy charms, O maskéd Earth! displayed,
In hill and valley, rock and waterfall,
Flower-studded field, deep glen, and open glade,
With the blue sky in beauty bent o'er all.

Seekest with outward shows to win the heart?
Only their glare our grosser vision dulls;
The inward eye beholds thee, as thou art,
Great hearse of man, vast catacomb of skulls!

Thy moving forces, which we call the living,
Bustling and battling through their little day,
Are nought to thy great prostrate army, giving
Their flesh to worms, their bones to slow decay.

And what is that which life thy children call?
A little round of idle hopes and fears,
A dream prefig'ring being, this is all,
Made up of hope and smiles, despair and tears.

The countless millions all around us lying
With ghastly upturned faces, free from strife,
The unreturning dead, yet the undying,
How laugh they at the nothing we call life!

Enough! enough! if after our brief fretting,
Freed from thy fetters, we may rise in bliss
To some bright world where Life's sun knows no setting
Where we may meet the lost and loved of this.

REJOICE.

The world is full of Joy. The sweet rose flings
Her fragrance out to invite the zephyr's kiss:
The morning lark in wantonness of bliss
To meet the sun, with song of welcome, springs:
The little brook to her own motion sings:
The storm laughs wild—down comes the dancing rain,
The mountain stream leaps shouting to the plain
And with high glee the echoing valley rings.
The strong wind whistles in his desert caves;
The thick clouds ride triumphant down the sky;
The old green wood his trusty branches waves;
Huge ocean shakes his foamy crest on high;
Earth springs exulting in her fadeless prime;
And the glad sun rolls on his course sublime!

S. S.

THE CLAM-BAKE.

JEREMY SHORT AMONG THE RHODE ISLANDERS.

Well, sirs, Robin is a gallant poney, but riding over these confounded hills has almost shaken me to pieces, and, at every stride, for the last ten minutes, I've heard my bones rattling like pennies in a beggar's alms-box. My mouth's as parched as if dried up by lightning—but be sociable, lads, and give us a drinking cup, if it's no better than a clam shell. Ah! that's divine, better than ambrosia, real Cogniac I declare. How are you, captain? doctor? general?—bless my soul! if yonder isn't Providence. Egad! this is a delightful place—beats Rowseville all hollow—it only wants a few trees here, and a clump of woodland there, to make it as cool and shady as a Mussulman's paradise. The bay is alive with craft, and yonder—just look at them—are two jaunty rascals racing. How the little fellow eats to windward—they are throwing ballast overboard from the larger craft—whizz, whizz, one can almost hear the water bubbling along the wash-board as she bends to the blast—and now, side by side, they go, the foam crackling over the bow, and drenching the crew all the way aft. Huzza! the little fellow has won, and dances into the wind as Taglioni when she springs on the stage, more like a spirit than a human being.

They're opening the bake—are they? Then I'll take a seat by the heap here, with your leave, sir, and go to work. Heaven bless the Indians for having taught us how to cook clams! Yes, there's all the difference in the world between eating your clam at a table, and eating it hot and smoking from the heap. I'd as lief think of turning Grahamite, and going through a purgatory of bran bread and water, as give up a seat at the bake. It's there you get a clam in all its glory; in its spirituality, I may say—egad! it's as sweet as a kiss from a blushing angel of sixteen. The heap, sir! why it's an earthly paradise—the το χχλον of existence—the all in all of the epicure. Ah! the perfume of that steam is delicious—just see how poetically the vapor curls away into the air, for all the world like the morning mists rolling upward in the Catskill valley—you've been at the mountain house, no doubt. And then the clams themselves! Clams! egad, they are food for immortals! Isn't this a superb fellow?—how snowy his shell—how perfect his form—how savory his juice—how rich his color—how luscious his taste:—by the gods! if Apicius were here, he'd dance a saraband, or snap his

fingers through a cachuca, in sheer ecstasy at having found a dish that would have made jubilee on Olympus. Hip, hip, hurrah! haven't I caught a jewel of a fellow? None of your rascally quohogs, but the real Narragansett clam for me. The poor, deluded wretches on the Jersey shore, who think their round-shells are clams, and chew for half an hour at what isn't better than sole leather, have no more idea of what a real clam is, than a Hottentot of Heaven, or—what is the same thing—a crusty old bachelor of matrimony. The man who never ate a Narragansett clam can't expect to live long, or die happy; he may dwindle out a miserable existence, but—take my word for it—he is a poor devil after all, no better than the horse in the mill, going the same eternal round, and living on salt hay and stagnant water. Heaven have mercy on the souls of such wretches! Ah! that's a good fellow, stir up the heap; and here's as juicy a villain as ever roasted, tall and slender, "in linked sweetness long drawn out." Another and another—I shall faint with ecstasy, and must really take a little to calm my transports. Chowder may be fine, turtle soup glorious, tautog a dish for kings, but clams! clams!! sirs, would almost raise the dead.

"Wi' tippenny, we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae we'll face the devil."

Thank you for drinking my health, gentlemen—you ask me whether we have any such thing as a clam-bake in Philadelphia—bless my soul! if we had, it wouldn't be such a place for riots, broken banks, and all sorts of other eccentricities. Starvation was the cause of the French Revolution—to the fogs of England can be traced the suicides there—and it's my candid belief that the absence of clam-bakes whereat to recreate is the prime origin of the present difficulties. Don't ask me to demonstrate my position, for I hate logic as I hate olives and old maids. Assertion, sirs, is everything—a neat, portable affair that unrolls in a moment, and can't be turned into a dozen aspects like shot silk. No, no, if a man ain't convinced by a round assertion call him a fool, and if he resents it knock him down. There's more evil come upon the world from the habit of reasoning than a thousand penitents, walking around the globe with pebbles in their shoes, could redeem. If two friends disagree, what is the cause? Argument. If a man quarrels with his wife, it's because he stopped to reason with her. Bow deprecatingly, though with suavity, in the first case: kiss your wife and call her angel in the second case—and you keep your friend and helpmate; but get into an argument, and you are booked for a maelstrom from which St. Peter couldn't save you. The Transcendentalists understand this matter: *they* never argue. They lay down

something which they themselves can't understand, and then call on the gaping disciple to give credence to it: if they are believed, it is well; if not, they jabber a jargon of shibboleth, call him a world-deluded gull, and turn away talking of the light within, and the glories of Pantheism. And so with the ladies, dear creatures, whom Nature intends for peace-makers, and, therefore, never allows them to give any better reason for what they do than "because"—thereby saving them a world of trouble about major and minor premises, and other things "in concatenation accordingly." Glory be to the man who first invented assertion!—may the author of logic go to thunder, whence he came.

The young folks, further south, have, it is true, a sort of penance they call a pic-nic; but a pic-nic is no more like a clam-bake than vinegar is like champaigne. Imagine a dozen couple packed into an omnibus, after having got up before day—a thing no sane man was ever known to do—jolting over dusty roads for an hour or two, and then sitting down on the damp grass, on a greenish rock, or on a decaying trunk, to breakfast on cold ham and insipid water. Call you that fun? And, by and bye, the sentimental ones will wander off into the woods to read Tom Moore in company or alone—while those who affect field sports, Heaven save the mark! will go bobbing for eels with a skewer, or fish for trout in still waters and with a float. Others may rig out a rickety, leaky scow, shaded by an awning not bigger than a sun-screen, and take a sail—the gentlemen shoving the ark along with poles, and the ladies, all dressed in white, sitting with their feet in the water and singing "The Gondolier's Song," or "Shall we go a sailing!" Then, at noon, when the sun is hot enough to broil a steak, and the sweet dears' faces look as flushed as a cook's, they will huddle around a table cloth spread on the dusty grass, and try to keep each other in countenance by eating the remnants of their breakfast, washing the whole down with the interminable water, or lemonade so sour that a cupful would carry off a regiment with the cholera. Toward night they will start for home, regarding it as "a crowning mercy," as old Noll would say, if a thunder storm doesn't come up, and drench them through. Egad! it would make the tears run down your cheeks with laughter, if you could only see a pic-nic party after a shower—all draggled and dirty, dripping like drowned rats, or, to be more complimentary, like mermaids, hungry, tired, out of humor, and looking as unlike the dear angels we love as a radish looks unlike a claret bottle.

I never see a young man going on a pic-nic, but I ask if insanity doesn't run in his family. But a clam-bake, sirs, is a different affair. On the hard, smooth, white sand of the bay shore you pitch your tent, for music having the low voice of the ripples as they break on the beach, the fresh breeze the

while crisping the waves into silver, and fanning you with a delicious coolness that reminds you of the airs of that Eden you used to dream of when a child. It is not long before you have mustered a gay fishing party, and pushing from the shore, you row out by the well known stake, throw overboard the keelog, and idly rocking on the low, long swell, spend an hour, or it may be two, in the most delicious of pastimes. And when you tire of the sport, you lean lazily over the gunwale, and gaze far down into the transparent wave, where the fish float to and fro, the long grass waves with the tide, or the snowy bottom sparkles fitfully in the sun. Long ere noon has come your craft is laden with the spoil, and then it is "up keelog and away!" A few rapid, rollicking strokes bring you to the shore—your boat grates musically on the hard sand—and a joyous shout welcomes you back, while all hurry to inspect your cargo and wonder at your skill. By this time the table, spread by fair hands, is ready—and now the bake begins! A half hour, and lo! dinner is ready to be served—just at the very nick of time, too, for the sun is now at meridian, and the bay glitters like molten silver, while far and near the atmosphere boils in the sultry beams. Retreating to the shade of the tent—made more cool by a copious sprinkling of water—you are soon deep in the mysteries of clams, and sweet corn and, what would make a god's mouth water, tautog baked in the heap. Pop—pop go the corks of the champaigne flasks, and here, cool as the peaks of Mont Blanc, comes the foaming liquid, sparkling and bright as the wit of a Sheridan, egad! And thus ends the dinner; but think not it stops here. All day long you see bright faces and hear gay laughter; and when evening steals on, and the moon rises in the azure sky, trailing a fairy line of light across the waters, and flooding the snowy beach with her effulgence—when the night wind murmurs among the trees, or sighs over the sleeping bay—when the jocund music strikes up and you dance merrily on the hard white sand, while bright eyes sparkle and fair cheeks flush with love—then you have a foretaste of heaven, and wish to lie down and sleep, and, sleeping, dream of such delicious pastime. And, by and bye, when returning home, the air is vocal with songs, warbled by the seraphic voices of those you love—and, as you dash through the trees, the moon, all the while shimmering between the leaves, you almost shout aloud in the exhilaration of the moment. Gradually, however, you sink into a more pensive mood, and silence falls on you and the white-armed one beside you, so that, at length, you may hear nothing but a gentle (yet oh! how eloquent) sigh, and the low beating of her heart, audible in the stillness. Aye! and if you look into her eyes you will see there a music more soul-subduing than the softest strains. At length your hands will meet, and with a strange, delicious thrill through your whole frame, she will sink yielding on your

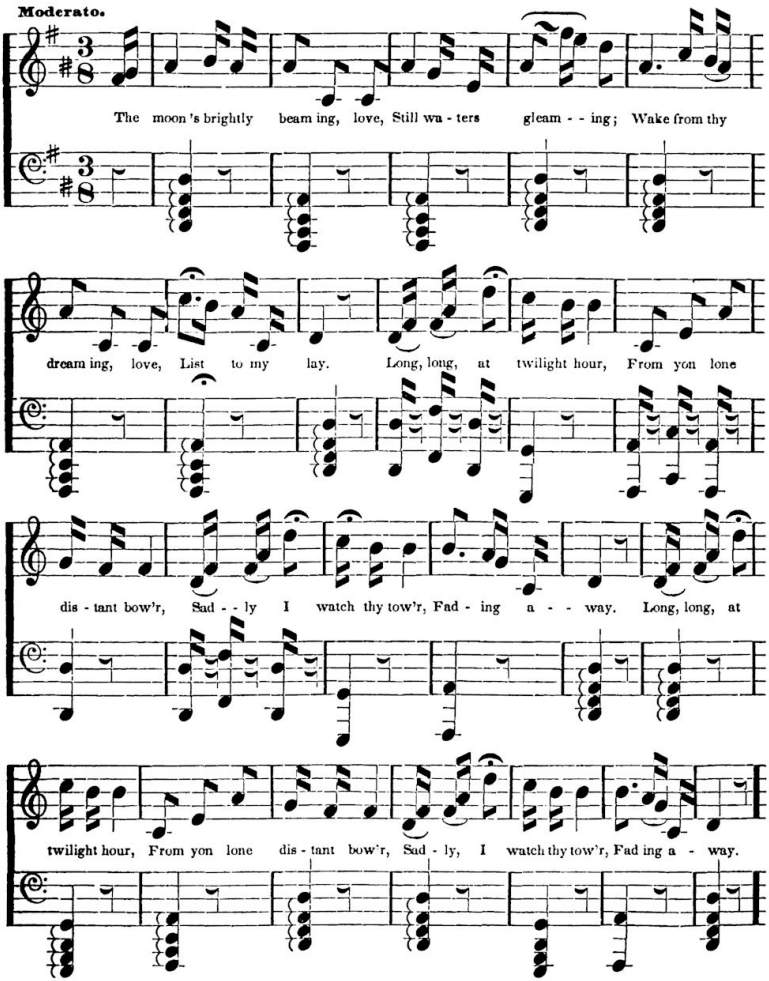
bosom, and then—and then, God bless me! I've been thinking of the way I used to make love, and forgot all about the clam-bake.

As the heap's empty and the bottle drained I'll stop, but since you all beg for it, I'll give you, some of these days, my notions on MAKING LOVE, egad! And now here's Robin—hip, ho, we're off.

THE SUMMER NIGHT.

ARRANGED FROM A GERMAN AIR FOR THE PIANO FORTE.

Presented to Graham's Magazine, by J. G. Osbourn.



The moon’s brightly beaming, love,
Still waters gleaming;
Wake from thy dreaming, love,
List to my lay.
Long, long, at twilight hour,
From yon lone distant bow’r,
Sadly I watch thy tow’r,
Fading away.
Long, long, at twilight hour,
From yon lone distant bow’r,
Sadly, I watch thy tow’r,
Fading away.

Low winds are sighing, love,
Day flowers dying,
Sweet moments flying, love,
Swiftly away.
Come e’er the morning dew,
Gemming the heather blue,
Green turf and mountain yew,
Our fond flight betray.

Young years are fleeting, love,
Warm bosoms heating,
Watch them retreating, love,
Sadly away.
Haste, o’er the summer tide,
Sweetly our bark will glide,
Thou my fond trust and guide,
On the blue way.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Thomas Noon Talfourd, author of "Ion," etc. In one volume. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1842.

It is doubted by many intelligent critics whether the present age has in very deed given birth to any work of genius which will withstand the restless beatings of the waves of time and carry down to remotest generations the embodied evidence of the power and greatness of the Nineteenth Century. There is certainly room for an honest difference of opinion on this point, for it cannot be denied that on looking around the eye meets not at every corner nor does the ear hear, acting or uttering their Life Poem from every house-top, HOMERS, SHAKSPEARES, LUTHERS, or MILTONS. But that our cotemporaries are eminently skilled in examining into and discovering the worth of what has been done aforetime cannot be denied. Criticism has been made an ART; and there is an evident tendency to exalt the man, with his telescope, to the star he looks at. We do not at present intend to find fault with this disposition, nor should we have mentioned it, but for the purpose of saying that it has produced some not distasteful fruits, among the best of which we rank these critical essays of Mr. Sergeant TALFOURD. We are glad they have been thus collected together, for the periodicals in which they first appeared reach but few of those who would fain read them. MACAULEY and CARLYLE write mainly for one or two works, so that with comparatively little difficulty the general reader may find all their productions; but Mr. TALFOURD writes for quarterlies, monthlies and weeklies, and a collective re-publication of his contributions was therefore greatly to be desired. He makes admirable speeches, too, on copyright, and in defence of the professors of high Art when they are assailed by the spirit of the world, or when, in their vagaries, not always the most orderly, they run athwart some of the good and unbending rules established for the general welfare. These, we are sorry to say, we do not find in the present volume. Still, we are too thankful for what we have, to complain of the absence of the defence of Shelley and the argument on the rights of authors.

The peculiar characteristics of Mr. TALFOURD'S criticism are its catholic liberality, its accurate and clear sighted discrimination, its insight, which is

really of the *scientific* kind, and its classical purity, both in thought and style. He never writes hastily or without elaboration, and yet his criticism is not cold and unsympathizing. He enters deeply into the spirit of the work he examines, is peculiarly sensitive to its beauties and excellencies, and speaks of them eloquently and with boldness. His language is strong, but polished, and there is always in his thought a cheerful confidence and a keen-eyed discernment, which instruct and strengthen. The essay on WORDSWORTH is among the best in the volume, written in the spirit of the poetry it dissects, and evincing skill in developing beauty, and a sharp sense which will detect it wherever it exists. The review of Wallace's Prospects of Mankind, and the paper on Modern Improvements, are valuable and instructive. The essays on the profession of the law, and on pulpit oratory, are also excellent. Indeed, the contents of this volume are so uniformly good and so alike in all their prominent characteristics, that it would be difficult, as it is certainly unnecessary, to point out any as pre-eminently deserving of applause.

Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of Sir Walter Scott.[6] *Collected by Himself. Now for the first time Published in America. Three volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.*

The Wizard of the North, as it was the custom a few years ago to call WALTER SCOTT, may be regarded in four aspects—as a novelist, a poet, a critic, and a historian. In the first character he was unequaled, in the second and third among the first of his age and country, and in the last, alone, utterly contemptible; and that not for lack of ability or painstaking, certainly, but on account of his perfect recklessness of all principle, truth or decency that did not tend to fill his pockets with money or advance the interests of his party. In the volumes before us we have his criticisms and miscellaneous essays, and though we had aforetime been accustomed to regard them as possessing comparatively slight merit, a reperusal of the greater number has left on our mind an impression in the highest degree favorable to them, as compared with the best productions of their kind. MACAULEY is our favorite reviewer; WILSON, SIDNEY SMITH, TALFOURD and SCOTT we rank next. With all his apparent rapidity and ease, MACAULEY is the most laborious of the fraternity. He spends his month in reading—*cramming* is the technical phrase—everything relating to his subject; sits for a week or two at his desk, writing, recurring to documents, and rewriting, until every fact or idea he deems worthy of retention is embodied in his article, which is then carefully retouched and copied for the "Edinburgh." TALFOURD meditates his subject,

too, and polishes with no less care or skill. But SCOTT glanced upon the surface of things, skimmed over the abstracts and summaries relating to his theme, and wrote off, in his smooth, vivacious, pleasant way, his paper—read the MS—marked in a few commas and colons—and sent it to the printer.

With too little time and space for an elaborate review of these volumes, yet anxious, as in all our notices of books, to give the reader a definite idea of their character, we place in the margin a list of their contents, and shall notice more particularly but a small number of the forty-eight articles of which they are composed. The essays on CHATTERTON and BURNS, in the first volume, are sympathizing, liberal and judicious, though less distinguished for nicety of discrimination than some others on the same subjects. In the second volume is his review of his own "Tales of My Landlord," from the *Quarterly*, for January, 1817, educed by a series of essays from the pen of Doctor MCCRIE, in which the views given of the Scottish covenanters in the Waverly novels were bitterly impugned. The authorship of these novels, it will be remembered, was then a secret. The modesty of Scott's estimate of himself may be inferred from the following passage, from page 144:

> "The volume which this author has studied is the great book of nature. He has gone abroad into the world in quest of what the world will certainly and abundantly supply, but what a man of great discrimination alone will find, and a man of the very highest genius will alone depict after he has discovered it. The characters of Shakspeare are not more exclusively human, not more perfectly men and women as they live and move, than those of this mysterious author."

Yet, this *is* modest, compared with numerous other puffs of himself from his own pen, written in his long and successful career, and justified on the ground that they were "fair business transactions." Washington Irving has done the same thing, in writing laudatory notices of his own works for the reviews, and, like Scott, received pay for whitewashing himself. We do not imagine that in either case there was any great injustice in the self-praise, but certainly Mr. Murray should not have been solicited to pay the "guinea a page." The articles in the third volume on Kemble, Kelly's Reminiscences, and Davy's "Salmonia," are all excellent, and equally so. We have understood, too, that the Letters from Malachi Malagrowther, Esquire, on the currency, are readable, but we never look into articles on such subjects.

[6] Vol. I.—Articles on Ellis's Specimens of the Early English Poets; Ellis's and Ritson's Specimens of the Early English Metrical Romances; Godwin's Life of Chaucer; Todd's Edition of Spencer; Herbert's Poems; Evans's Old Ballads; Moliere; Chatterton; Reliques of Burns; Campbell's Gertrude of Wyoming; The Battles of Tallavera (a poem); Southey's Curse of Kehama; The Fourth Canto of Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Amadis of Gaul; Southey's Chronicle of the Cid; Southey's Life of John Bunyan; Godwin's "Fleetwood;" Cumberland's John of Lancaster; Maturin's "Fatal Revenge;" Maturin's "Women, or Pour et Contre;" Miss Austin's Novels; and Remarks on Frankenstein.

Vol. II.—Novels of Ernest Theodore Hoffman; The Omen; Hajji Baba in England; Tales of My Landlord; Thornton's Sporting Tour; Two Cookery Books; Jones's Translation of Froissart; Miseries of Human Life; Carr's Caledonian Sketches; Lady Suffolk's Correspondence; Kirkton's Church History; Life and Works of John Home; The Culloden Papers; and Pepys's Memoirs.

Vol. III.—Life of Kemble; Kelly's Reminiscences; Davy's Salmonia; Ancient History of Scotland; On Planting Waste Lands—Monteith's Forresters' Guide; On Landscape Gardening—Sir H. Steuart's Planters' Guide; Tyler's History of Scotland; Pitcairn's Criminal Trials; and The Letters of Malachi Malagrowther, Esquire, on the Currency.

The History of the Reformation of the Church of England, by Gilbert Burnet, D. D., late Lord Bishop of Salisbury, with the Collection of Records and a copious Index, revised and corrected, with additional Notes and a Preface, by the Rev. E. Nares, D. D., late Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. Illustrated with a Frontispiece and twenty-three engraved Portraits. Four volumes, 8vo. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

Bishop Burnet's celebrated History of the Reformation in England is one of those standard works which a gentleman is ashamed not to have read. Respecting the important period to which it relates, there are few productions so frequently consulted by more modern writers, and its intrinsic excellence must ever make it desirable, not only to scholars and persons familiar with the advancement of civil and ecclesiastical affairs, but to young students in history and general readers. Of the ability of Doctor Nares, we confess we have not a very high opinion—having, it may be, imbibed some prejudices against him from Macauley—but, as the English critics all concur, so far as we have seen, in the opinion that his edition of this work is the best extant, we are bound to believe that he has, in one instance, done his duty well. If the work has any defects they are such as we are unable to detect.

Burnet's History of the Reformation, though frequently republished in England, has never before been printed in America, and the high price of the English impressions here kept it from the libraries of many who will now obtain it. The copy before us is creditable to the publishers, in all but the portraits, which, with deference to the taste of Messrs. Appleton, we think add very little to its value or beauty.

Cottage Residences; or a Series of Designs for Rural Cottages and Cottage Villas and their Gardens and Grounds, adapted to North America. By A. J. Downing. Illustrated by numerous Engravings. One volume, 8vo. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

Mr. Downing's previous publication, on Landscape Gardening, has made or should have made his name familiar to all for whom rural life has charms. This new book, on a cognate subject, the application of moderate means to country residences, is, like that, eminently calculated to advance among us elegance, comfort, in a word, *civilization*; and we hope, therefore, that it will be universally studied. Mr. Downing's object is to inspire the minds of his readers with a vivid perception of the beautiful in every thing that relates to our houses and grounds—to awaken a quicker sense of the grace or picturesqueness of fine forms that may be produced in these by rural architecture and ornamental gardening—a sense which will not only refine and elevate the mind, but pour into it new and infinite resources of delight. In his preface he remarks that he wishes to imbue all persons with a love of beautiful forms and a desire to assemble them around their daily walks of life; to appreciate how superior is the charm of that home where we

discover the tasteful cottage or villa, and the well designed and neatly kept garden or grounds, full of beauty and harmony—not the less beautiful and harmonious because simple and limited—and to become aware that these superior forms, and the higher and more refined enjoyment derived from them, may be had at the same cost and the same labor as a clumsy dwelling, and its uncouth and ill-designed accessories. "More than all," he continues, "I desire to see these sentiments cherished for their pure and moral tendency. 'All BEAUTY is an outward expression of inward good,' and so closely are the Beautiful and True allied, that we shall find, if we become sincere lovers of the grace, the harmony, and the loveliness, with which rural homes and rural life are capable of being invested, that we are silently opening our hearts to an influence which is higher and deeper than the mere *symbol*; and that if we have worshiped in the true spirit, we shall have caught a nearer glimpse of the Great Master whose words, in all his material universe, are written in lines of Beauty."

The whole volume, throughout, bears witness of the cultivated intellect from which it sprung, and of the author's fine taste and enthusiastic appreciation of the attractions of a country life. It is printed and embellished as such a work should be. We heartily commend it to the attention of country gentlemen.

Johnsoniana; or a Supplement to Boswell; being Anecdotes and Sayings of Doctor Johnson, Collected from Mrs. Piozzi, George Steevens, W. Pepys, Doctor Beattie, John Northcote, John Hoole, Sir John Hawkins, Sir Josh. Reynolds, Cowper, Dugald Stewart, Edmund Malone, Sir James Mackintosh, Doctor Moor, Doctor Parr, Bishop Horne, etc. Edited by John Wilson Croker. One vol. 12mo., pp. 530. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart, 1842.

This is a very entertaining volume, and an indispensable companion to Boswell—embodying, as it does, every anecdote of the literary dictator which that model biographer omitted in his life of him, gathered from nearly a hundred different publications. It might, however, have been made better, had its publication been deferred until the appearance of Madame D'Arblay's Memoirs. It is embellished with finely engraved portraits of Johnson, Boswell, Beauclerk, Mrs. Piozzi and Mr. Thrale.

The History of Fiction: Being a Critical Account of the most Celebrated Prose Works of Fiction, from the Earliest Greek Romances to the Novels of the Present Day. By John Dunlap. Two volumes, 12mo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

During the recent summer there has been republished in this country no book for the library more interesting or valuable than this History of Fiction. It was first printed at Edinburgh in 1814, and two years after a second and much improved edition appeared in the same city, of which this by Messrs. Carey & Hart is a reproduction. The History of Fiction is intimately connected with the history of the advancement of society, and is therefore interesting to the philosopher as well as the man of letters. Mr. Dunlap traces separately the progress of the romances of chivalry, the Italian tales, the spiritual romance, the pastoral stories, the French novels, the modern English novels and romances, etc., and gives analysis—so far as our very limited acquaintance with them enables us to judge, correct and sufficiently full to convey a just idea of their character and merit—of the early and rare productions which form the landmarks of his subject. Our own impressions do not on all points correspond with those of Mr. Dunlap; and we think he erred in confining his History to *prose* fictions only, as the creations of the poets, though earlier and in all ways superior, resemble them too nearly in their chief characteristics to be regarded separately.

Random Shots and Southern Breezes: Containing Critical Remarks on the Southern States and Southern Institutions, with semi-serious Observations on Men and Manners. By Louis Fitzgerald Tasistro, Author of "The Revolution of July," etc. Two vols. 12mo. New York, Harper & Brothers.

This is a lively and entertaining journal of a professional tour through the southern and western parts of the Union, in the autumn and winter of 1840. Blended with his narrative and comments on society, Mr. Tasistro has given opinions and critical essays on a great variety of subjects connected with literature and art, which with men of taste will be regarded as the most attractive parts of the work.

A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs, for the Voice. Philadelphia, J. Dobson.

The lovers of Scottish music will be gratified to learn that this celebrated work—originally published in five volumes at Edinburgh by G. Thompson—is being republished in this country. It has introductory and concluding symphonies and accompaniments to each air, for the piano-forte, violin, flute, etc. composed by Pleyel, Haydn, Weber, Beethoven and others, with the most admired ancient and modern Scottish and English songs, inclusive of the one hundred or more written for it by Burns. We know of no musical work that will be more prized by the professed artist or the amateur.

George Saint George Julian, the Prince. By Henry Cockton. With Illustrations. One volume, octavo. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

A novel of great popularity and little merit. The admirers of "Valentine Vox," by the same author, will doubtless be pleased with it.

Gems from the American Female Poets: With Brief Biographical Notices. By Rufus W. Griswold. Second Edition. One volume, 12mo. pp. 192. Philadelphia, Herman Hooker.

In this elegant little volume the editor has given what he deems the best compositions of some forty American ladies who have written in metre. The second edition is enlarged and otherwise improved. We understand the volume has been introduced into many of the young ladies' seminaries as a reading book, for which purpose it seems to be well adapted.

The Gift, a Christmas and New Year's Present, for MDCCCXLIII. One volume octavo. With Engravings from Malbone, Huntington, Inman, Chapman, Sully, etc., by Cheney, Dodson, Pease, etc. Philadelphia, Carey & Hart.

The new volume of the Gift surpasses in the style of its typography and the merit of its pictorial embellishments any annual ever published in this

country; and its literary contents will not suffer by comparison with those of any work, American or foreign, of the same description. To prove the correctness of this opinion we have only to remark that all the writers—save one or two of an indifferent stamp of whom we never heard before—are contributors to this magazine. The picture from Huntington—miscalled "Mercy's *Dream*"—is one of the most exquisite productions in its way with which we are acquainted; "The News-Boy," from Inman, represents the class which it is designed to portray to the life; and the head from Malbone shows that the high reputation of that artist was not undeserved. The picture from Chapman we cannot praise—a head of eight on a body of eighteen is in bad taste, to say the least of it. The best prose papers in the volume are those by Mrs. "Mary Clavers," Mr. Smith, Mr. Herbert and Mr. Simms; and the best poem is the one commencing on the first page, by Mrs. Seba Smith.

The Hand Book of Needlework: With Numerous Engravings. By Miss Lambert. One vol. 8vo. New York, Wiley & Putnam.

One of the most beautiful books of the season. It embraces ample instructions for drawing patterns, framing and properly finishing needlework, and a curious history of its progress from the days of Moses to the accession of Queen Victoria! The American edition is superior in its execution to that published in London. It will doubtless be among the most popular gift works of the approaching holiday season.

Hope Leslie: or Early Times in the Massachusetts. By the Author of "The Linwoods," "The Poor Rich Man," "Redwood," "Live and Let Live," "Letters from Abroad," etc. Two vols. New York, Harper & Brothers.

We are pleased to see a new edition of this popular novel—the first, and in some respects the best, of Miss Sedgwick's productions.

The Rose of Sharon: a Religious Souvenir; for 1843. Boston, Abel Tompkins.

A very elegant volume, in which the sentiments of the Universalist denomination are inculcated.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE MINSTRELSY OF THE REVOLUTION.

Permettez que je faisse les chansons d'un peuple, et il fera les lois qui le veut, remarked, in substance, some shrewd Frenchman; and that he rated not too high the power of song is shown by numerous instances in both ancient and modern history. It has been lamented that we have in America no martial lyrics comparable to those of the older nations. HOLMES exclaims in one of his admirable poems—

> When Gallia's flag its triple fold displays,
> Her marshaled legions peal the Marseillaise;
> When round the German close the war-clouds dim,
> Far through their shadows floats his battle hymn;
> When, crowned with joy the camps of England ring,
> A thousand voices shout "God save the King!"
> When Victory follows with our eagle's glance,
> Our nation's anthem is a *country dance*.[7]

[7] The popular air of "Yankee Doodle," like the dagger of Hudibras, serves a pacific as well as a martial purpose.

But the martial song belongs to more warlike countries. France, Germany and England are vast fortified districts, echoing forever the din of conflict or the notes of military preparation; while America is the resting-place of Peace, whence her influence is to irradiate the world. Or, if a different destiny awaits her, there is little danger but that—

> When the roused nation bids her armies form,
> And screams her eagle through the gathering storm,
> When from our ports the bannered frigate rides,
> Her black bows scowling to the crested tides,

Some proud muse

> Will rend the silence of our tented plains
> And bid the nations tremble at her strains.

The puritan settlers of New England, while carrying on war against the Indian tribes, deemed it right to spend the hours their enemies devoted to profane dances and incantations, in singing verses, half military and half religious; and their actions in the field were celebrated in ballads which lacked none of the spirit and fidelity of the songs of the old bards and scalds, however deficient they may have been in metrical array and sentiment. "Lovewell's Fight," "The Gallant Church," "Smith's Affair at Sidelong Hill," and "The Godless French Soldier," are among the best lyrical compositions of the early period in which they were written, and are not without value as historical records. At the commencement of the Revolution, BARLOW, TRUMBULL, DWIGHT, HUMPHREYS, and other "Connecticut wits," employed their leisure in writing patriotic songs for the soldiers and the people, "which," says a life of Putnam, "had great effect through the country." "I do not know," wrote Barlow on entering the army, "whether I shall do more for the cause in the capacity of chaplain than I could in that of poet; I have great faith in the influence of songs; and I shall continue, while fulfilling the duties of my appointment, to write one now and then, and to encourage the taste for them which I find in the camp. One good song is worth a dozen addresses or proclamations." The great song-writer of the Revolution, however, was FRENEAU, whose pieces were everywhere sung with enthusiasm. He was a keen satirist, and wrote with remarkable facility; but his lyrics were often profane and vulgar, while those written in New England, on account of their style and cast of thought, were stigmatized by the celebrated Parson PETERS as "psalms and hymns adapted to the tastes of Yankee rebels." The following is a characteristic specimen:

WAR SONG.—*Written in 1776.*

Hark, hark, the sound of War is heard,
And we must all attend;
Take up our arms and go with speed
Our country to defend.

Our parent state has turned our foe,
Which fills our land with pain;
Her gallant ships manned out for war
Come thundering o'er the main.

There's CARLETON, HOWE, and CLINTON too,
And many thousands more,
May cross the sea, but all in vain;
Our rights we'll ne'er give o'er.

Our pleasant land they do invade,
Our property devour;
And all because we won't submit
To their despotic power.

Then let us go against our foes,
We'd better die than yield;
We and our sons are all undone
If Britain win the field.

Tories may dream of future joys,
But I am bold to say,
They'll find themselves bound fast in chains
If Britain wins the day.

Husbands must leave their loving wives
And sprightly youths attend,
Leave their sweethearts and risk their lives
Their country to defend.

May they be heroes in the field,
Have heroes' fame in store;
We pray the Lord to be their shield
Where thundering cannons roar.

The oldest of the lyrics we shall present in this paper—we reserve, perhaps for a future number, the historical songs and ballads unconnected with the Revolution—is the "Patriot's Appeal," printed in the Pennsylvania Chronicle, at Philadelphia, on the 4th of July, just eight years before the Declaration of Independence. We copy it from a ballad sheet, dated in 1775.

THE PATRIOT'S APPEAL.

Come join hand and hand brave Americans all,
Awake through the land at fair Liberty's call;
No tyrannous acts shall suppress your just claim,
Or stain with dishonor America's name!
In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live;
Our purses are ready—
Steady, friends, steady!—
Not as slaves but as freemen our money we'll give!

Our worthy forefathers (let's give them a cheer!)
To climates unknown did courageously steer;
Through oceans to deserts for freedom they came
And, dying, bequeathed us their freedom and fame!
In freedom, etc.

Their generous bosoms all dangers despised,
So highly, so wisely, their birthrights they prized;
What they gave let us cherish and piously keep,
Nor frustrate their toils on the land or the deep.
In freedom, etc.

The tree their own hands had to liberty reared,
They lived to behold growing strong and revered;
With transport they cried, "Now our wishes we gain,
For our children shall gather the fruits of our pain."
In freedom, etc.

How sweet are the labors that freemen endure,
Of which they enjoy all the profits secure!
No longer such toils shall Americans know,
If Britons may reap what Americans sow!
In freedom, etc.

Swarms of *placemen* and pensioners e'en now appear
Like locusts deforming the charms of the year!
Suns vainly will rise and showers vainly descend,
If we are to drudge for what others may spend.
In freedom, etc.

Then join hand and hand, brave Americans all,
By uniting we stand, by dividing we fall;
In so righteous a cause we may hope to succeed,
For Heaven approves every generous deed.
In freedom, etc.

All ages and nations shall speak with applause,
Of the courage we show in support of our cause,
To die we can bear, but to serve we disdain,
For shame is to freemen more dreadful than pain.
In freedom, etc.

A bumper to Freedom! and as for the king,[8]
When he does deserve it his praises we'll sing!
We wish Britain's glory immortal may be,
If she is but just and we are but free!
In freedom we're born, in freedom we'll live,
Our purses are ready—
Steady, boys, steady!—
Our money as freemen, not slaves, we will give!

[8] In the copies of this song printed during the Revolution the last stanza is altered. In the Pennsylvania Chronicle, which we have examined, it is printed—

This bumper I crown for our sovereign's
health,
And this for Britannia's glory and wealth,
etc.

Soon after the passage of the stamp act many patriotic lyrics appeared in various parts of the country, one of the best of which is the following, by Doctor PRIME, of New York, the author of "Muscipula sive Cambromyomachia," a satire, and of several other poems of considerable merit.

A SONG FOR THE SONS OF LIBERTY.

In story we're told,
How our fathers of old
Brav'd the rage of the wind and the waves;
And cross'd the deep o'er,
To this desolate shore,
All because they were loath to be slaves, brave boys!
All because they were loath to be slaves.

Yet a strange scheme of late,
Has been formed in the state,
By a knot of political knaves;
Who in secret rejoice,
That the Parliament's voice
Has resolved that we all shall be slaves, brave boys! etc.

But if we should obey,
This vile statute the way
To more base future slavery paves;
Nor in spite of our pain,
Must we ever complain,
If we tamely submit to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Counteract, then, we must
A decree so unjust,
Which our wise constitution depraves;
And all nature conspires,
To approve our desires,
For she cautions us not to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

As the sun's lucid ray
To all nations gives day,
And a world from obscurity saves;
So all happy and free,
GEORGE's subjects should be,
Then AMERICANS must not be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Heaven only controls
The great deep as it rolls,
And the tide which our country laves
Emphatical roars
This advice to our shores,
O! AMERICANS, never be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Hark! the wind, as it flies,
Though o'errul'd by the skies,
While it each meaner obstacle braves,
Seems to say, "Be like me,
Always loyally free,
But ah! never consent to be slaves," brave boys! etc.

To our monarch, we know,
Due allegiance we owe,
Who the sceptre so rightfully waves;
But no sovereign we own,
But the king on his throne,
And we cannot, to subjects, be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Though fools stupidly tell,
That we mean to rebel,
Yet all each American craves,
Is but to be free,
As we surely must be,
For we never were born to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

But whoever, in spite
At American right,
Like insolent Haman behaves;
Or would wish to grow great
On the spoils of the state,
May he and his children be slaves, brave boys! etc.

Though against the repeal,
With intemperate zeal,
Proud GRANVILLE so brutishly raves;
Yet our conduct shall show,
And our enemies know,
That AMERICANS scorn to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

With the beasts of the wood,
We will ramble for food,
We will lodge in wild deserts and caves;
And live poor as Job,
On the skirts of the globe,
Before we'll submit to be slaves, brave boys! etc.

The birth-right we hold
Shall never be sold,
But sacred maintain'd to our graves;
And before we'll comply,
We will gallantly die,
For we must not, we will not be slaves, brave boys!
For we must not, we will not be slaves!

We have copies of four metrical accounts of the destruction of the tea in Boston Harbor, two of which appear to have been written since the close of the war. We give one of the oldest, which was sung to the tune of "The Hosier's Ghost."

BALLAD OF THE TEA PARTY.

As near beauteous Boston lying
On the gently swelling flood,
Without jack or pennant flying,
Three ill-fated tea-ships rode;

Just as glorious Sol was setting,
On the wharf a numerous crew,
Sons of Freedom, fear forgetting,
Suddenly appeared in view.

Armed with hammers, axes, chisels,
Weapons new for warlike deed,
Toward the tax'd-tea-freighted vessels
They came boldly and with speed.

O'er their heads in lofty mid-sky,
Three bright angel forms were seen,
This was HAMPDEN, that was SIDNEY,
With fair Liberty between.

"Soon," they cried, "your foes you'll banish,
Soon the triumph will be won,
Scarce the setting sun shall vanish
Ere the glorious deed is done!"

Quick as thought the ships were boarded,
  Hatches burst and chests displayed;
Axes, hammers, help afforded,
  What a crush that eve was made!

Deep into the sea descended
  Cursed weed of China's coast;
Thus at once our fears were ended!—
  British rights shall ne'er be lost!

Captains, once more hoist your streamers,
  Spread your sails and plough the wave,
Tell your masters *they were dreamers*
  When they thought to cheat the brave!

One of the most ingenious poets of our revolutionary era was Dr. J. M. Sewall, of New Hampshire. He translated the works of Ossian, which were then attracting much attention, into English verse, and wrote numerous songs, odes, elegies and dramatic pieces. His epilogue to Addison's Cato, beginning,

We see mankind the same in every age,

is still familiar, from having been incorporated into two or three books of reading lessons for the schools, in a time when it was thought to be of some consequence that works of that description should inculcate patriotic sentiments. The most famous of his productions, however, was "War and Washington," written soon after the battle of Lexington, and sung with enthusiasm, in all parts of the country, until the close of the Revolution. It has been too often printed to be regarded now as a curiosity, and we therefore quote from it but a few verses.

Vain Britons boast no longer, with proud indignity,
Of all your conquering legions, or of your strength at sea,
As we, your braver sons, incensed, our arms have girded on,
Huzza, huzza, huzza, huzza, for WAR and WASHINGTON!

Still deaf to mild entreaties, still blind to England's good,
They have, for thirty pieces, betray'd their country's blood.
Like Esop's greedy cur they'll gain a shadow for their bone,
Yet find us fearful shades indeed, inspired by WASHINGTON!

Mysterious! unexampled! incomprehensible!
The blundering schemes of Britain, her folly, pride and zeal.
Like lions how they growl and threat, like asses blunder on!
Yet vain are all their efforts still, against our WASHINGTON!

Great God! is this the nation, whose arms so oft were hurl'd,
Through Europe, Afric, India? whose Navy rul'd a world!
The lustre of her former deeds, whole ages of renown,
Lost in a moment, or transfer'd, to us and WASHINGTON!

Should George, too choice of Britons, to foreign realms apply,
And madly arm half Europe, yet still we would defy
Turk, Hessian, Jew or Infidel, or all those powers in one,
While Adams guides our senate, our army WASHINGTON!

We have not room to copy, *in extenso*, more of those songs which served no less than the most eloquent orations of the time to kindle the patriotic enthusiasm of our fathers, in the first years of the struggle for independence; and after giving specimen verses of one or two others, will pass to the more strictly historical ballads. We may as well here remark that the orthography and rhythmical construction of many of the old songs and ballads varies in the different editions—the earliest usually being most correct—and that we have copied from the least inharmonious and corrupt, sometimes giving one verse from one and another verse from another impression of the same production. The following stanzas are from "The Rallying Song," written soon after the friendly disposition of the government of the unfortunate Louis XIV. was made known in this country.

Freedom's sons who wish to shine
Bright in future story,
Haste to arms and join the line
Marching on to glory.
Leave the scythe and seize the sword,
Brave the worst of dangers!
FREEDOM is the only word—
We to fear are strangers.

From your mountains quick advance
Hearts of oak and iron arms—
Lo! the cheering sounds from France
Spread amid the foe alarms!
Leave the scythe and seize the sword,
Brave the worst of dangers!
FREEDOM is the only word—
Come and join the Rangers!

From "The Green Mountain Boys' Song," composed, apparently, in the early part of the contest, we have space for the chorus only. Though less poetical than some others, the entire production is animated in sentiment and smoothly versified. We have no clue to its authorship, though, like "The Rallying Song," "The American Rifleman," and many other lyrics of the same description, it appears to have been written in Vermont.

Then draw the trusty blade, my boys,
And fling the sheath away—
Blow high, blow low, come weal, come wo,
Strike for America!
Strike for America, my boys,
Strike for America!
Come weal, come wo, blow high, blow low,
Strike for America!

We have discovered but one narrative song relating to the Battle of Trenton, and that was probably written a year or two after the event.

BATTLE OF TRENTON.

On Christmas day in ’76,
Our rugged troops with bayonets fix’d,
For Trenton marched away.
The Delaware see, the boats below,
The light obscured by hail and snow,
But no signs of dismay.

Our object was the Hessian band,
That dared invade fair Freedom’s land,
And quarter in that place.
Great Washington he led us on,
Whose streaming flag, in storm or sun,
Had never known disgrace.

In silent march we pass’d the night,
Each soldier panting for the fight,
Though quite benumb’d with frost.
Greene on the left, at six began,
The right was with brave Sullivan,
Who ne’er a moment lost.

Their pickets storm’d, the alarm was spread,
That rebels risen from the dead
Were marching into town.
Some scamper’d here, some scamper’d there,
And some for action did prepare,
But soon their arms laid down.

Twelve hundred servile miscreants,
With all their colors, guns and tents,
Were trophies of the day.
The frolic o’er, the bright canteen,
In centre, front, and rear was seen
Driving fatigue away.

Now, brothers of the patriot bands,
Let's sing deliverance from the hands
Of arbitrary sway.
And as our life is but a span,
Let's touch the tankard while we can,
In memory of that day.

BURGOYNE, more frequently than other British officer, was the butt of the continental wits. His verses were parodied, his amours celebrated in songs of the mess-table, and his boasts and the weaker points in his nature caricatured in ballads and *petite* comedies. We obtained a manuscript copy of the song from which the following verses are quoted, from an octogenarian Vermonter who, with the feeble frame, shrill voice and silvered locks of eighty-seven, would give the echoing chorus with as much enthusiasm as when he joined in it with his camp-companions more than half a century ago.

THE PROGRESS OF SIR JACK BRAG.

Said BURGOYNE to his men, as they passed in review,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
These rebels their course very quickly will rue,
And fly as the leaves 'fore the autumn tempest flew,
When *him who is your leader* they know, boys!
They with *men* have now to deal,
And we soon will make them feel—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
That a loyal Briton's arm and a loyal Briton's steel
Can put to flight a rebel as quick as other foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

As to Sa-ra-tog' he came, thinking how to *jo* the game,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
He began to see the grubs, in the branches of his fame,
He began to have the *trembles* lest a flash should be the flame,
For which he had agreed his perfume to forego, boys!
No lack of skill, but fates,
Shall makes us yield to GATES,
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo, boys!
The devils may have leagued, as you know, with the States,
But we never will be beat by any mortal foe, boys!
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo—
Tullalo, tullalo, tullalo-o-o-o, boys!

We believe the "Progress of Sir Jack Brag" has never been printed. The only clue to its authorship with which we are acquainted is the signature, "G. of H." It was probably written soon after the defeat of its hero at Saratoga. Another ballad on the same subject is entitled

THE FATE OF JOHN BURGOYNE.[9][10]

When Jack the king's commander
Was going to his duty,
Through all the crowd he smiled and bowed
To every blooming beauty.

The city rung with feats he'd done
In Portugal and Flanders,
And all the town thought he'd be crowned
The first of Alexanders.

To Hampton Court he first repairs
To kiss great George's hand, sirs;
Then to harangue on state affairs
Before he left the land, sirs.

The "Lower House" sat mute as mouse
To hear his grand oration;
And "all the peers," with loudest cheers,
Proclaimed him to the nation.

Then off he went to Canada,
  Next to Ticonderoga,
And quitting those away he goes
  Straightway to Saratoga.

With great parade his march he made
  To gain his wished-for station.
While far and wide his minions hied
  To spread his "PROCLAMATION."

To such as staid he offers made
  Of "*pardon* on *submission*;
But savage bands should waste the lands
  Of ALL in OPPOSITION."

But ah, the cruel fates of war!
  This boasted son of Britain,
When mounting his triumphal car
  With sudden fear was smitten.

The sons of Freedom gathered round,
  His hostile bands confounded,
And when they'd fain have turned their back
  They found themselves surrounded!

In vain they fought, in vain they fled,
  Their chief, humane and tender,
To save the rest soon thought it best
  His forces to surrender.

Brave ST. CLAIR when he first retired
  Knew what the fates portended;
And ARNOLD and heroic GATES
  His conduct have defended.

Thus may America's brave sons
  With honor be rewarded,
And be the fate of all her foes
  The same as here recorded.

[9] The following curious account of the overthrow of Burgoyne at Saratoga, on the 17th of October, 1777, was probably written soon after that memorable event.

Here followeth the direful fate
Of Burgoyne and his army great
Who so proudly did display
The terrors of despotic sway.
His power and pride and many threats
Have been brought low by fort'nate Gates,
To bend to the United States.

[10]

British prisoners by Convention,	2142
Foreigners—by Contra-vention,	2188
Tories sent across the Lake,	1100
Burgoyne and his suite, in state,	12
Sick and wounded, bruised and pounded,} Ne'er so much before confounded,}	528
Prisoners of war before Convention,	400
Deserters come with kind intention,	300
They lost at Bennington's great battle, } Where Starke's glorious arms did rattle,}	1220
Killed in September and October,	600
Ta'en by brave Brown,[A] some drunk, some sober,	413
Slain by high-flamed Herkerman[B]} On both flanks, on rear and van, }	300
Indians, suttlers, butchers, drovers,} Enough to crowd large plains all over,} And those whom grim Death did prevent} From fighting against our continent;} And also those who stole away,} Lest they down their arms should lay,} Abhorring that obnoxious day: }	4413
The whole make fourteen thousand men, } Who may not with us fight again. }	14,000

This is a pretty just account
Of Burgoyne's legions' whole amount,
Who came across the Northern Lakes
To desolate our happy States.
Their brass cannons we have got all—
Fifty-six—both great and small;
And ten thousand stand of arms,
To prevent all future harms;
Stores and implements complete,
Of workmanship exceeding neat;
Covered wagons in great plenty,
And proper harness, no way scanty.
Among our prisoners there are
Six generals, of fame most rare;
Six members of their Parliament—
Reluctantly they seem content;
Three British lords, and Lord Belcarras,
Who came, our country free to harass.
Two baronets, of high extraction,
Were sorely wounded in the action.

[A] Col. John Brown, of Mass.

[B] Gen. Herkimer, of N. York, (probably.)

The Massacre of Wyoming was minutely described in several ballads written before the year 1785, which, we were surprised to find, are unnoticed by Mr. STONE and the other historians of that celebrated valley. They will probably be preserved in Mr. MINER's forthcoming "Annals." We quote a few stanzas from the longest one in our possession.

Now as they fly, they *quarters* cry,
  Oh hear, indulgent Heaven!
How hard to state their dreadful fate,
  No quarters must be given!

Some men were found, a-flying round,
Sagacious to get clear;
In vain they fly, the foe is nigh,
On flank, in front, and rear!

The enemy did win the day,
Methinks their words were these:
"You cursed rebel Yankee race,
Will this your Congress please?"

The death of Andre—just and necessary as it unquestionably was—has been lamented in a hundred songs; while the chivalrous and accomplished Hale, murdered with a brutality that would have shocked the sensibilities of the most depraved and desperate brigands, is alluded to in but a single ballad among those which have been preserved until our own time. We transcribe, from the oldest copy in our possession, the once popular lyric called

BRAVE PAWLING AND THE SPY.

Come, all you brave Americans, and unto me give ear,
And I'll sing you a ditty that will your spirits cheer,
Concerning a young gentleman whose age was twenty-two;
He fought for North America; his heart was just and true.

They took him from his dwelling, and they did him confine,
They cast him into prison, and kept him there a time;
But he with resolution resolved not long to stay;
He set himself at liberty, and soon he ran away.

He with a scouting-party went down to Tarrytown,
Where he met a British officer, a man of high renown;
Who says unto these gentlemen, "You're of the British cheer,
I trust that you can tell me if there's any danger near?"

Then up stept this young hero, John Pawling was his name,
"Sir, tell us where you're going, and also whence you came?"
"I bear the British flag, sir; I've a pass to go this way,
I'm on an expedition, and have no time to stay."

Then round him came this company, and bid him to dismount;
"Come tell us where you're going, give us a strict account;
For we are now resolved that you shall ne'er pass by."
Upon examination they found he was a spy.

He begged for his liberty, he plead for his discharge,
And oftentimes he told them, if they'd set him at large,
"Here's all the gold and silver I have laid up in store,
But when I reach the city, I'll give you ten times more."

"I want not the gold and silver you have laid up in store,
And when you get to New York you need not send us more.
But you may take your sword in hand, to gain your liberty,
And if that you do conquer me, O, then you shall be free."

"The time it is improper our valor for to try,
For if we take our swords in hand, then one of us must die;
I am a man of honor, with courage brave and bold,
And I fear not the face of clay, although 'tis clothed in gold."

He saw that his conspiracy would soon be brought to light;
He begg'd for pen and paper, and asked leave to write
A line to *General Arnold*, to let him know his fate,
And beg for his assistance; but now it was too late.

When the news it came to Arnold, it put him in a fret;
He walk'd the room in trouble, till tears his cheeks did wet;
The story soon went thro' the camp, and also thro' the fort;
And he called for the Vulture, and sailed for New-York.

Now Arnold to New York has gone, a fighting for his king,
And left poor Major Andre, on the gallows for to swing;
When he was executed, he look'd both meek and mild;
He look'd on his spectators, and pleasantly he smiled.

It moved each eye with pity, caused every heart to bleed;
And every one wish'd him released and Arnold in his stead.
He was a man of honor, in Britain he was born;
To die upon the gallows most highly he did scorn.

A bumper to JOHN PAWLING! now let your voices sound,
Fill up your flowing glasses, and drink his health around;
Also to those young gentlemen who bore him company;
Success to North America, ye sons of liberty!

In connection with this we give a specimen of the minstrelsy of the other party. The British and Tories were not often in a singing mood, and their ballads, with few exceptions, are inferior in spirit and temper to those of the Whigs. There is some wit, however, in the following, which is said to have been written by Major ANDRE—

THE COW CHASE.

PART I.

To drive the kine one summer's morn,
The tanner[11] took his way,
The calf shall rue that is unborn
The jumbling of that day.

And Wayne descending steers shall know
And tauntingly deride,
And call to mind in every low
The tanning of his hide.

Yet Bergen cows still ruminate
Unconscious in the stall,
What mighty means were used to get
And loose them after all.

For many heroes bold and brave
From New-bridge and Tappan,
And those that drink Passaic's wave,
And those that eat supaun;

And sons of distant Delaware
And still remoter Shannon,
And Major Lee with horses rare
And Proctor with his cannon.

All wond'rous proud in arms they came,
    What hero could refuse,
To tread the rugged path to fame,
    Who had a pair of shoes?

At six, the host with sweating buff
    Arrived at Freedom's pole,
When Wayne, who thought he'd time enough,
    Thus speechified the whole—

"O ye whom glory doth unite,
    Who Freedom's cause espouse,
Whether the wing that's doomed to fight
    Or that to drive the cows,

"Ere yet you tempt your further way
    Or into action come,
Hear, Soldiers, what I have to say,
    And take a pint of rum.

"Intemp'rate valor then will string
    Each nervous arm the better,
So all the land shall IO sing,
    And read the General's letter.

"Know that some paltry refugees,
    Whom I've a mind to fight,
Are playing h—l amongst the trees,
    That grow on yonder height.

"Their fort and block houses we'll level,
    And deal a horrid slaughter,
We'll drive the scoundrels to the devil,
    And ravish wife and daughter.

"I under cover of the attack,
    Whilst you are all at blows,
From English Neighb'rhood and Nyack
    Will drive away the cows;

"For well you know the latter is
The serious operation,
And fighting with the refugees
Is only demonstration."

His daring words from all the crowd,
Such great applause did gain,
That every man declar'd aloud
For serious work with Wayne.

Then from the cask of rum once more
They look a heady gill,[12]
When one and all they loudly swore,
They'd fight upon the hill.

But here the muse hath not a strain
Befitting such great deeds,
Huzza! they cried, huzzah for Wayne,
And shouting——. . . . .

---

[11] Alluding to Wayne's early occupation.

[12] It was a favorite idea with the Tories that the Whig party "embraced none of the temperate and respectable portion of the community."

PART II.

Near his meridian pomp, the sun
Had journey'd from the horizon,
When fierce the dusky tribe moved on,
Of heroes drunk as pison.

The sounds confus'd of boasting oaths,
Re-echoed through the wood,
Some vow'd to sleep in dead men's clothes,
And some to swim in blood.

At Irving's nod 'twas fine to see,
The left prepare to fight,
The while the drovers, Wayne and Lee,
Drew off upon the right.

Which Irving 'twas, fame don't relate,
Nor can the muse assist her,
Whether 'twas he that cocks a hat,
Or he that gives a clyster.

For greatly one was signalized,
That fought at Chesnut Hill,
And Canada immortalized
The vender of the pill.

Yet the attendance upon Proctor,
They both might have to boast of;
For there was business for the doctor,
And hats to be disposed of.

Let none uncandidly infer,
That Stirling wanted spunk,
The self-made peer had sure been there,
But that the peer was drunk.

But turn we to the Hudson's banks,
Where stood the modest train,
With purpose firm, though slender ranks,
Nor cared a pin for Wayne.

For them the unrelenting hand
Of rebel fury drove,
And tore from every genial band,
Of friendship and of love.

And some within a dungeon's gloom,
By mock tribunals laid,
Had waited long a cruel doom,
Impending o'er each head.

Here one bewails a brother's fate,
   There one a sire demands,
Cut off, alas! before their date,
   By ignominious hands.

And silver'd grandsires here appeared
   In deep distress serene,
Of reverent manners that declared,
   The better days they'd seen.

Oh, curs'd rebellion, these are thine,
   Thine are these tales of wo,
Shall at thy dire insatiate shrine
   Blood never cease to flow?

And now the foe began to lead
   His forces to the attack;
Balls whistling unto balls succeed,
   And make the Block-House crack.

No shot could pass, if you will take
   The General's word for true;
But 'tis a d——ble mistake,
   For every shot went through.

The firmer as the rebels press'd,
   The loyal heroes stand;
Virtue had nerved each honest breast,
   And industry each hand.

"In[13] valor's phrenzy, Hamilton,
   Rode like a soldier big,
And secretary Harrison,
   With pen stuck in his wig."

"But least their chieftain, Washington,
   Should mourn them in the mumps,[14]
The fate of Withrington to shun,
   They fought behind the stumps."

But ah, Thadæus Posset, why
Should thy poor soul elope?
And why should Titus Hooper die,
Aye, die—without a rope?

Apostate Murphy, thou to whom
Fair Shela ne'er was cruel,
In death shall hear her mourn thy doom,
"Och! would you die, my jewel?"

Thee, Nathan Pumpkin, I lament,
Of melancholy fate,
The grey goose stolen as he went,
In his heart's blood was wet.

Now as the fight was further fought,
And balls began to thicken,
The fray assum'd, the generals thought,
The color of a lickin'.

Yet undismay'd the chiefs command,
And to redeem the day,
Cry, SOLDIERS, CHARGE! they hear, they stand,
They turn and run away.

---

[13] Vide Lee's Trial.

[14] A disorder prevalent in the rebel lines.

PART III.

Not all delights the bloody spear,
Or horrid din of battle,
There are, I'm sure, who'd like to hear
A word about the cattle.

The chief whom we beheld of late,
Near Schralenberg haranguing,
At Yan Van Poop's unconscious sat
Of Irving's hearty banging;

Whilst valiant Lee, with courage wild,
Most bravely did oppose
The tears of woman and of child,
Who begg'd he'd leave the cows.

But Wayne, of sympathizing heart,
Required a relief,
Not all the blessings could impart
Of battle or of beef.

For now a prey to female charms,
His soul took more delight in
A lovely hamadryad's arms,
Than cow driving or fighting.

A nymph, the refugees had drove
Far from her native tree,
Just happen'd to be on the move,
When up come Wayne and Lee.

She in mad Anthony's fierce eye
The hero saw portray'd,
And all in tears she took him by
——The bridle of his jade.

"Hear," said the nymph, "O great commander!
No human lamentations;
The trees you see them cutting yonder,
Are all my near relations.

"And I, forlorn! implore thine aid,
To free the sacred grove;
So shall thy prowess be repaid
With an immortal's love."

Now some, to prove she was a goddess;
  Said this enchanting fair
Had late retired from the *bodies*,[15]
  In all the pomp of war;

That drums and merry fifes had play'd
  To honor her retreat,
And Cunningham himself convey'd
  The lady through the street.

Great Wayne, by soft compassion sway'd,
  To no inquiry stoops.
But takes the fair afflicted maid
  Right into Yan Van Poop's.

So Roman Anthony, they say,
  Disgraced the imperial banner,
And for a gypsy lost a day,
  Like Anthony the tanner.

The hamadryad had but half
  Received address from Wayne,
When drums and colors, cow and calf,
  Came down the road amain.

All in a cloud of dust were seen,
  The sheep, the horse, the goat,
The gentle heifer, ass obscene,
  The yearling and the shoat.

And pack-horses with fowls came by,
  Befeathered on each side,
Like Pegasus, the horse that I
  And other poets ride.

Sublime upon his stirrups rose
  The mighty Lee behind,
And drove the terror-smitten cows
  Like chaff before the wind.

But sudden see the woods above
Pour down another corps,
All helter skelter in a drove,
Like that I sung before.

Irving and terror in the van,
Came flying all abroad,
And canon, colors, horse and man
Ran tumbling to the road.

Still as he fled, 'twas Irving's cry,
And his example too,
"Run on, my merry men—For why?
[16]The shot will not go thro'."

As when two kennels in the street,
Swell'd with a recent rain,
In gushing streams together meet,
And seek the neighboring drain,

So met these dung-born tribes in one,
As swift in their career,
And so to Newbridge they ran on—
But all the cows got clear.

Poor parson Caldwell, all in wonder,
Saw the returning train,
And mourn'd to Wayne the lack of plunder,
For them to steal again.

For 'twas his right to steal the spoil, and
To share with each commander,
As he had done at Staten-Island
With frost-bit Alexander.

In his dismay the frantic priest
Began to grow prophetic,
You'd swore, to see his laboring breast,
He'd taken an emetic.

"I view a future day," said he;
"Brighter than this day dark is,
And you shall see what you shall see,
Ha! ha! my pretty Marquis!

"And he shall come to Paules-Hook,
And great achievements think on,
And make a bow and take a look,
Like Satan over Lincoln.

"And every one around shall glory
To see the Frenchman caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story,
In the next Chatham paper."

This solemn prophecy, of course,
Gave all much consolation,
Except to Wayne, who lost his horse
Upon that great occasion.

His horse that carried all his prog,
His military speeches,
His cornstock whiskey for his grog,
Blue stockings and brown breeches.

And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrior-drover, Wayne,
Should ever catch the poet.

---

[15] A cant appellation given amongst the soldiery to the corps that had the honor to guard his Majesty's person.

[16] Five refugees ('tis true) were found stiff on the block-house floor, But then, 'tis thought, the shot went round, and in at the back door.

From a large collection of naval ballads, we select the following, as one of the most curious of its class, and because, like several others in this

collection, it has never before been printed. It was written by the surgeon of the "Fair American," and was familiar to the Massachusetts privateersmen during the last years of the Revolution. The "noble captain," we believe, was an ancestor of the inimitable author, NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE, of Salem.

BOLD HAWTHORNE.

The twenty-second of August, before the close of day,
All hands on board our privateer, we got her under weigh;
We kept the Eastern Shore along, for forty leagues or more,
Then our departure took for sea, from the Isle Mauhegan shore.

Bold Hawthorne was commander, a man of real worth,
Old England's cruel tyranny induced him to go forth;
She, with relentless fury, was plundering all our coast,
And thought, because her strength was great, our glorious cause was lost.

Yet boast not, haughty Britons, of power and dignity,
Of all your conq'ring armies, your matchless strength at sea;
Since taught by numerous instances, Americans can fight,
With valor can equip their stand, your armies put to flight.

Now farewell fair America, farewell our friends and wives,
We trust in Heaven's peculiar care for to protect their lives,
To prosper our intended cruise, upon the raging main,
And to preserve our dearest friends till we return again.

The wind it being leading, it bore us on our way,
As far unto the southward as the Gulf of Florida,
Where we observed a British ship, returning from the main;
We gave her two bow chasers, and she return'd the same.

We hauled up our courses, and so prepared for fight;
The contest held four glasses, until the dusk of night;
Then having sprung our mainmast, and had so large a sea,
We dropped astern and left our chase till the returning day.

Next morn we fished our mainmast, the ship still being nigh,
All hands made for engaging, our luck once more to try;
But wind and sea being boist'rous our cannon would not bear,
We thought it quite imprudent, and so we left her there.

We cruised to the eastward, near the coast of Portingale;
In longitude of twenty-seven, we saw a lofty sail;
We gave her chase and soon we saw she was a British scow,
Standing for fair America, with troops for General Howe.

Our captain did inspect her, with glasses, and he said—
"My boys, she means to fight us, but be you not afraid;
All hands now beat to quarters, see everything is clear,
We'll give her a broadside, my boys, as soon as she comes near."

She was prepared with nettings, and had her men secured,
She bore directly for us, and put us close on board;
When cannon roar'd like thunder, and muskets fired amain,
But soon we were alongside and grappled to her chain.

And now the scene it alter'd, the cannon ceased to roar,
We fought with swords and boarding-pikes one glass or something more,
Till British pride and glory no longer dared to stay,
But cut the Yankee grapplings, and quickly bore away.

Our case was not so desperate as plainly might appear;
Yet sudden death did enter on board our privateer.
Mahoney, Crew, and Clemmons, the valiant and the brave,
Fell glorious in the contest, and met a watery grave.

Ten other men were wounded among our warlike crew,
With them our noble captain,[17] to whom all praise is due;
To him and all our officers, let's give a hearty cheer;
Success to fair America and our good privateer!

---

[17] Captain Hawthorne was wounded in the head by a musket ball. His ship was called "The Fair American."

We have extended this article already too far, and will present but one other specimen of our revolutionary lyrics. It is not known who wrote "American Taxation." In an edition printed in 1811, it is credited to B. Gleason, and on an earlier impression we find the name of Benjamin Franklin. We do not, however, believe it was written by the doctor, though in addition to the circumstance we have mentioned, Lieutenant Ellis alludes, in his Life, to "Franklin's song on the Stamp Act." It is an undoubted *antique*, and, excepting the satirical ballad by Major Andre, we know of nothing produced at so early a period in this country that is equal to it.

AMERICAN TAXATION.

While I relate my story, Americans give ear;
Of Britain's fading glory, you presently shall hear,
I'll give a true relation, attend to what I say,
Concerning the taxation of North America.

The cruel lords of Britain, who glory in their shame,
The project they have hit on they joyfully proclaim;
'Tis what they're striving after, our right to take away,
And rob us of our charter, in North America.

There are two mighty speakers, who rule in Parliament,
Who ever have been seeking some mischief to invent;
'Twas North and Bute, his father, the horrid plan did lay,
A mighty tax to gather, in North America.

They searched the gloomy regions of the infernal pit,
To find among their legions one who excell'd in wit,
To ask of him assistance, or tell them how they may
Subdue without resistance this North America.

Old Satan, the arch traitor, who rules the burning lake,
Where he's chief navigator, resolved a voyage to take,
For the Britannic ocean he launches far away,
To land he had no notion in North America.

He takes his seat in Britain, it was his soul's intent,
Great George's throne to sit on, and rule the Parliament;
His comrades were pursuing a diabolic way,
For to complete the ruin of North of America.

He tried the art of magic to bring his schemes about,
At length the gloomy project he artfully found out:
The plan was long indulged in a clandestine way,
But lately was divulged in North America.

These subtle arch-combiners address'd the British court,
All three were undersigners of this obscure report—
There is a pleasant landscape that lieth far away,
Beyond the wide Atlantic, in North America.

There is a wealthy people, who sojourn in that land,
Their churches all with steeples most delicately stand,
Their houses, like the gilly, are painted red and gay;
They flourish like the lily, in North America.

Their land with milk and honey continually doth flow,
The want of food or money they seldom ever know:
They heap up golden treasure, they have no debts to pay,
They spend their time in pleasure, in North America.

On turkeys, fowls, and fishes, most frequently they dine,
With gold and silver dishes their tables always shine,
They crown their feasts with butter, they eat and rise to play,
In silks their ladies flutter, in North America.

With gold and silver laces they do themselves adorn,
The rubies deck their faces, refulgent as the morn!
Wine sparkles in their glasses, they spend each happy day
In merriment and dances, in North America.

Let not our suit affront you, when we address your throne,
O king, this wealthy country and subjects are your own,
And you, their rightful sovereign, they truly must obey,
You have a right to govern this North America.

O king, you've heard the sequel of what we now subscribe,
Is it not just and equal to tax this wealthy tribe?
The question being asked, his majesty did say,
My subjects shall be taxed in North America.

Invested with a warrant, my publicans shall go,
The tenth of all their current they surely shall bestow,
If they indulge rebellion, or from my precepts stray,
I'll send my war battalion to North America.

I'll rally all my forces by water and by land,
My light dragoons and horses shall go at my command,
I'll burn both town and city, with smoke becloud the day,
I'll show no human pity for North America.

Go on, my hearty soldiers, you need not fear of ill—
There's Hutchinson and Rogers, their functions will fulfill—
They tell such ample stories, believe them sure we may,
One half of them are tories in North America.

My gallant ships are ready to hoist you o'er the flood,
And in my cause be steady, which is supremely good;
Go ravage, steal, and plunder, and you shall have the prey;
They quickly will knock under in North America.

The laws I have enacted, I never will revoke,
Although they are neglected, my fury to provoke,
I will forbear to flatter, I'll rule with mighty sway,
I'll take away the charter from North America.

O George! you are distracted, you'll by experience find
The laws you have enacted are of the blackest kind.
I'll make a short digression, and tell you by the way,
We fear not your oppression, in North America.

Our fathers were distressed, while in their native land;
By tyrants were oppressed, as I do understand;
For freedom and religion they were resolved to stray,
And try the desert regions of North America.

Kind Heaven was their protector while on the roaring tide,
Kind fortune their director, and Providence their guide;
If I am not mistaken, about the first of May,
This voyage was undertaken for North America.

To sail they were commanded about the hour of noon,
At Plymouth shore they landed, the twenty-first of June;
The savages were nettled, with fear they fled away,
And peaceably they settled on North America.

We are their bold descendants, for liberty we'll fight,
The claim to independence we challenge as our right.
'Tis what kind Heaven gave us, who can take it away?
O Heaven, sure, will save us, in North America.

We never will knock under, O George, we do not fear
The rattling of your thunder, nor lightning of your spear:
Though rebels you declare us, we're strangers to dismay;
Therefore you cannot scare us, in North America.

We have a bold commander, who fears not sword nor gun,
The second Alexander, his name is Washington,
His men are all collected, and ready for the fray,
To fight they are directed for North America.

We've Greene and Gates and Putnam to manage in the field,
A gallant train of footmen, who'd rather die than yield;
A stately troop of horsemen, trained in a martial way,
For to augment our forces in North America.

Proud George, you are engaged all in a dirty cause,
A cruel war have waged repugnant to all laws.
Go tell the savage nations you're crueler than they,
To fight your own relations in North America.

Ten millions you've expended, and twice ten millions more;
Our riches, you intended, should pay the mighty score.
Who now will stand your sponsor, your charges to defray,
For sure you cannot conquer this North America.

I'll tell you, George, in metre, if you attend awhile,
We forced your bold Sir Peter from Sullivan's fair isle;
At Monmouth too we gained the honors of the day—
The victory we obtained for North America.

Surely we were your betters, hard by the Brandywine;
We laid him fast in fetters, whose name was John Burgoyne,
We made your Howe to tremble with terror and dismay,
True heroes we resemble, in North America.

Confusion to the tories, that black infernal name,
In which Great Britain glories, forever to her shame;
We'll send each foul revolter to smutty Africa,
Or noose him in a halter, in North America.

A health to our brave footmen, who handle sword and gun,
To Greene, Gates, and Putnam and conquering Washington;
Their names be wrote in letters which never will decay,
While sun and moon do glitter in North America.

Success unto our allies in Holland, France, and Spain,
Who man their ships and galleys, our freedom to maintain,
May they subdue the rangers of proud Britannia,
And drive them from their anchors in North America.

Success unto the Congress of these United States,
Who glory in the conquests of Washington and Gates;
To all, both laud and seamen, who glory in the day,
When we shall all be freemen in North America.

Success to legislation, that rules with gentle hand,
To trade and navigation, by water and by land;
May all with one opinion our wholesome laws obey,
Throughout this vast dominion of North America.

The "old and antique songs" we have quoted are not eminently poetical, and the fastidious reader may fancy there are in some of them qualities that should have prevented their publication. We appeal to the antiquaries. The "Cow Chase" will live long after

the light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy paced times

are forgotten, and other songs and ballads of our Revolution will in the next century be prized more highly than the richest gems of Percy or Motherwell. They are the very mirrors of the times in which they were sung. As may have been observed, we have given none of the lyrics of FRENEAU. We shall, perhaps, review the "American Körner" in a future number. Free, daring, honest, and with sarcastic powers which made his pen as terrible to the Tories and the British officers as that of Coleridge was to Napoleon, he did as good service to the great cause from his obscure printing office, as many a more celebrated patriot did in camp or legislature. The energy and exultation with which he recounted, in rapidly written songs, the successes of the Whigs, were equaled only by the keenness of his wit, and the appositeness of his humor. Nor was it in satire and song alone that he excelled. Though we claim not for him, superior as he was to his American cotemporaries, the praise due to a true poet, some of his pieces are distinguished for a directness of expression, a manliness, fervor, and fine vein of poetical feeling, that will secure for them a permanent place in our literature. Yet FRENEAU—the patriot, poet, soldier—died miserably poor, within the last ten years, while the national legislature was anxiously debating what should be done with the "surplus money in the treasury."

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.—It affords us great pleasure to be able to state that this work will hereafter be enriched with papers from the pen of RICHARD H. DANA, the author of "The Buccaneers," "The Idle Man," etc. It will not, we think, be doubted that, with BRYANT, COOPER, DANA, HOFFMAN, LONGFELLOW, etc., we have now a better corps of contributors than any other magazine in the English language. Mr. DANA's first article will grace our pages for November.

"A Night at Haddon Hall," in this number is from the pen of a venerable, but enthusiastic antiquary, as its manner may bear witness. Mrs. ANNE RADCLIFFE's ingenious "situations" for her heroines were never more "horrible" than that of Miss Chamberlain in the tapestried chamber, and the tale of Haddon Hall has the rare merit of being *true*.

It will be observed that our present number contains a story by Mrs. "MARY CLAVERS," the clever author of "A New Home" and "Forest Life."

Several articles prepared for our present issue are, unavoidably, postponed. Correspondents who had reason to suppose their favors would appear in October, will find them inserted in our next number.

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.

In the continuation of Longfellow's *The Spanish Student*, there was a misnumbering of scenes. The original numbering as printed in the magazine has been retained. There are two scenes numbered Scene II. The second Scene II should be Scene III with remaining scenes numbered in sequence.

A cover has been created for this eBook and is placed in the public domain.

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. XXI No. 4 October 1842* edited by George Rex Graham]