# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

## OF LITERATURE AND ART.

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

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# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

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# THE ENCHANTED GUN.

## A TENNESSEE STORY.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

The evening closed in dull and thick, with that stagnant heaviness of the atmosphere which often precedes a storm. There was a moon, but its face was veiled by the leaden clouds; and its light, dissipated through the murky air, created that kind of "darkness visible" which gives a drearier aspect to the landscape than when it is wholly obscured.

The only cabin in sight lay in the midst of a desolate "clearing," which, though completely walled round by the forest of firs from whose depths I had just issued, bore not a trace of shrubbery to relieve the waste of blackened stumps. A well of primitive construction, with the bucket dangling at the end of a grape vine attached to a long lever pole, crowned a naked knoll where the stumps had been cleared away. The pole, from which the bark had never been stripped, was nearly covered with that pale green moss which will often collect upon the dry rails of a fence which have not for years been disturbed; and this, with the night wind whistling through the parted staves of the decrepit bucket, proved sufficiently that the well, if not dried up entirely, was still no longer used. A low shed, built of logs and roofed with bark, was the only other outward appurtenance of the cabin.

The whole picture, it will be acknowledged, was a dreary one. Comfortless, monotonous—almost heart-depressing! A scene of wildness without beauty; of solitude without dignity: a woodland home without one attribute of rural cheerfulness. An abode in the wilderness utterly destitute of forest shelter and security.

The spirits of evil, which in some lands are believed to take up their abode in every deserted palace or ruinous castle, methought would straightway migrate hitherward did they dream of a spot so utterly lonely and, as it seemed, so man-forsaken!—I say "seemed," for though the traces of what are called *improvements* were about me, I could scarcely realize that the hands which had once wrought there might still be busy near. The man who had made such an opening in the forest must, I thought, have been frightened at his own work the moment he ceased from his toil, and become aware how uncouthly he had given shape and form to the spirit of solitude which still sighed among the tall trees around him.

I dismounted near the cabin, and scarcely touched the door with the butt of my riding whip when it was flung open from within by some one who instantly retired from the threshold. The abruptness of the act did, I confess, startle me. Though not easily alarmed, my mood of mind at the moment was such as to prompt some mystic association with the scenes and circumstances already detailed. I am a perfect barometer of the weather, and the approach of a thunder gust always weighs down my spirits with undefinable oppression, in the same degree that a driving snow storm exhilarates them. The low mutterings of the oncoming tempest, which were now beginning to be audible, would, then, be sufficient to account for my present sensibility to gloomy influences; but I might also mention other things which, perhaps, added to the present anxiety of feeling, if the phrase be not too strong a one. It will suffice, however, to state merely that I had not heard the sound of human speech in the last two days, and that that which now met my ears was harsh and discordant. It was the croaking tone which you may sometimes catch from a sour tempered virago as she strolls from the conventicle.

“I thought you’d a been here afore,” said this ungracious voice; which, upon entering the apartment, I recognized as belonging to its only occupant.

She was a heavy-built woman, of coarse square features and saturnine complexion. She wore her straight black hair plainly parted over her eyebrows, which were bushy and meeting in the middle. One elvish lock had escaped from behind her ears as she stooped over the hearth, holding a tallow candle to the ashes which she was trying to blow into a flame, when my summons interrupted the process.

“You thought I would have been here before?” I exclaimed at last, in reply to her singular salutation; “why, my good woman, I have lost my way, and only stumbled upon your house by accident—you must take me for somebody else.”

“I’m no good woman. Don’t good woman me,” she replied, with a scrutinizing glance which had something, I thought, of almost fierceness in it, as shading the now lighted candle with one hand, she turned scornfully round and fixed her regards upon me.

“Yes! yes, stranger, you are the man, the very man that was to come at this hour. I dreamed ye—I dreamed yer hoss—yer brown leggins and all, I dreamed ’em—and now go look after yer critter while I get some supper for ye.”

Those who are so good as to follow me in my story will perhaps be vexed and impatient when I tell them here that the whole of this singular scene has no immediate bearing upon its denouement.

"Why, then," it may be asked, "do you delay and embarrass the relation with the detail of matters that have no connection with the incident for which you would claim our interest?"

I did not say they had no *connection* with it! They have an intimate—a close connection. It was these very circumstances which still further fashioned the mood of mind under which I became an observer and partially an actor in the startling though grotesque events which followed, and I wish to place the reader in exactly the same position that I was in. I wish to win him, if possible, to perfect sympathy of feeling with me for the hour, and let him exercise his judgment, if he care to, from precisely the same point of mental observation.

We have returned, then, to the cabin, he (the reader) or I are again alone in the midst of the wilderness; in that dreary room; alone with that weird-looking woman. The storm is now howling without, but it does not chafe savagely enough to excite the dispirited temper of our feelings, or offer a contrast of any dignity to the gloomy influences within.

Supper was already prepared for me when I returned from looking after my horse. The coarse bacon and hoe cakes were placed before me without another word being spoken between my hostess and myself. I drew a rude stool to the table, and was in the act of helping myself from the wooden platter—

"Stop! I hear them coming!" cried the woman.

"Hear them! who?" said I, turning round sharply as some new, though undefinable suspicion flashed upon me.

"Them as will have to share that supper with ye, stranger—if how s' be 't they let ye eat any of it."

I had no time to weigh further the meaning of her words, for at this instant there was a sharp flash of lightning, the door was dashed suddenly open and three armed men strode into the apartment, the storm pelting in behind them as they entered, and a terrific thunder-burst following instantly the lightning amid whose glare they crossed the threshold. The palor of their countenances, set off by their long black dripping locks, seemed measurably to pass away when that livid light was withdrawn; but from the moment that the door was flung open there was *an earthy smell* in the room, which,

whether coming from the reeking soil without or from the garments of these wild foresters, was most perceptible. Those less familiar than myself with the raw-savored odors which sometimes travel out with the rich perfume of the woods, would, I am persuaded, have identified it with the grave-damps which our senses will sometimes take cognizance of in old church-yards.

The aspect of two of these men was sufficiently formidable, though in point of stature and an appearance of burly strength they were inferior to their companion. They were square shouldered, black-bearded fellows, armed both with hatchet and bowie knife, in addition to the short rifles which they still retained laid across their knees as they settled themselves side by side upon a bench and looked coldly around them. The third was a full cheeked, heavy-featured man, of about eight and twenty, bearing a strong resemblance to my hostess, both in complexion and countenance, save that his eyebrows, instead of being square and coal-black like hers, were irregularly arched and of a faded brown. His mouth also lacked the firmness of expression which dwelt around her thin and shrewish lips.

This man bore with him no weapon save a huge old German piece, a Tyrolean rifle as it seemed to me, from the enormous length of the barrel and the great size of the bore, as well as the outlandish and cumbersome ornaments about the stock and breeching. It was, evidently, a weapon intended for the great distances at which the chamois hunter claims his quarry, and though serviceable for a long shot on our western prairies, was ill suited to the thick woods of the Appalachian mountains. Inconvenient, however, as the length and size of the piece might make it in some hands, it seemed to be nothing in the grip of the sturdy mountaineer, (who had probably bought it from some passing emigrant from the old world,) for I observed even as he entered that he held the gun vertically at arm’s length before him. Still he seemed glad of relieving himself of the weight as soon as possible, for he instantly advanced to the farthest corner of the room where he placed the piece with some care in an upright position against the wall.

“Well! what for now?” said the virago, “why do you stand looking at the gun after you’ve got it down?—you think she’ll walk off of herself, do ye?”

The youth looked gloomily at her—took a stool on the opposite side of the hearth to his companions—leaned his head doggedly upon his hand, but said nothing.

I thought I had never fallen in with a more strange set of people.

“What! Hank Stumpers, haint ye a word to fling to a dog?” cried the woman, advancing toward him; “Is that the way you treat yer dead father’s wife?”

The young man looked up stupidly at her, gave a glance with something more of intelligence at the gun, but still said nothing.

“Yes—yer nateral-born mother—ye chuckle-head, ye—and she a widder. Can’t ye speak up to her—where’s the deer?—the turkeys?—the squirrels?—haint ye got even a squirrel to show for your day’s work?—speak you, John Dawson, what’s the matter with the boy? He ben’t drunk, be he?”

“It’s a matter of five hours, Mother Stumpers, since either of us touched a drop,” replied one of the men briefly, and he, too, gave a furtive glance at the old firelock.

“Well—well, why don’t ye go on? is any one dead?—are ye all distraught?—Jackson Phillips, you—you’ve felt the back of my hand across yer chaps, afore now, for yer imperance—I know ye, man, and that sober possum-look means something! Do ye think to gum it over me afore this stranger—speak up, and that at onst, or it’ll be the worst for some of ye, or my name’s not Melinda Washington Stumpers!”

(I did not smile, reader, as you do, at Mrs. S’s sponsorial dignity—I did not *dare* to smile.)

“You know we wouldn’t offend you, no how, Mother Stumpers,” deprecatingly replied the man whom she addressed as Phillips. “Hank’s misfortune, you see, has made us dull-like, as it were, and—”

“And what in the name of Satan is his misfortun?” interrupted the mother, now for the first time moved with concern as well as anger.

“That’s it—that’s it, mammy,” cried Hank, with something of alertness—“she’s druv the very nail on the head—*Satan* is at the bottom of all of it.”

“At the bottom of all of what?” screamed the virago, and, even as she spoke, the ancient piece in the corner, untouched by any one—without the slightest movement of the lock—discharged itself toward the ceiling!

“At the bottom of the bar’l of my gun—he speaks for himself,” replied Hank, moodily, while his mother started back and I sprung to my feet at the sudden report so near me.

“Your gun must be foul,” I said, resuming my seat, “very foul, to hang fire so long. I suppose she made a flash in the pan when attempting to

discharge her just before entering."

Stumpers looked vacantly at me, shook his head, muttered something about he and his mother being "ruinated," and then more audibly said, "Strannger, you may have more book larnin than me, but I tell ye, onst for all, that Satan's got into that gun!"

And *bang!* at that moment again went the gun, as if to prove that his words were sooth.

"This is, certainly, most extraordinary," I exclaimed, as I rose to examine the gun for myself.

"You'd better not touch her, strannger," cried Phillips.

"I tell you she's got Satan in her," repeated Hank.

I looked at Dawson, inquiringly.

"Fact! strannger, every word of it. Hank's not been able to get that gun off since noon; but about a hundred rod afore we struck the clearing she begun firing of her own accord, just as you see—"

*Bang!—Bang!* went the gun.

"I told you that Satan was in her!" ejaculated Hank.

"That's the way with her," said Phillips, in a tone of solemn sadness—"sometimes she'll not speak for a matter of ten minutes or so; sometimes she gives two little short barks like those; and sometimes she gives a regular rip-snorter—

(BANG! thundered the gun.)

like that!"

"I told you she'd got Satan in her!" still repeated Hank.

I confess that it was now only the calmness of those around me which prevented some feeling of superstitious terror being disagreeably awakened in me. The men, however, seemed sad and awe-struck, rather than alarmed; while the woman—a thing not uncommon with resolute minds disposed to believe readily in the supernatural—seemed at once to accept the fearful solution of the mystery which had been proffered to her, and ready to meet it with an unflinching spirit. Still, puzzled and bewildered as I was, I could not but smile at the manner in which her emotions now manifested themselves.

"Well!" she cried, impatiently, "and what a poor skimp of a man you must be to let Satan get into the piece when you had her all day in yer own

keeping.”

“*I* a skimp of a man?” answered her son with spirit; “there isn’t another fellow in these diggins who’d ’a brought that gun home as I did, after he diskivered that sich goings on were inside of her. And if she’d tell her own story—”

*Bang!—bang!—bang!* pealed the gun.

“That’s Satan who speaks now—”

*Bang—phizz—bang!*

“It’s Satan, I say, and no mistake. But if she’d tell her own story she’d own I never let her go out of my hands this blessed day; save when Jackson Phillips tuk Dawson’s piece and mine to watch for deer on the runway while we went down the branch to see if we couldn’t get a big sucker or two for supper out of the deep hole where I cotched so many fish last Fall. No! if she’d speak for herself—”

BANG! thundered the gun, with a report so tremendous that I involuntarily put my hand to my ears.

“Gim me the tongs—gim me them ’ere tongs,” shouted Mrs. Stumpers in great wrath; while Dawson turned pale, and even Phillips seemed a little disturbed as he muttered, “if the old thing should bust it might be a bad business for us.”

Hank, however, doggedly handed his mother the tongs; and before I could interpose, or, indeed, before I was aware what the courageous woman was about to do, she had grasped the gun with the tongs, near the lock, and bearing it before her with a strong arm she moved toward the door. “Why don’t ye open—”

*Bang!—phizz!—bang!—bang!—phizz!—phizz! bang!* alternately pealed and sputtered the gun; but still the intrepid virago went on. I sprung to the door and flung it wide before her.

The light from within was reflected upon the hollow buttonwood trunk which formed the curb of the well opposite, and in another instant the gun was plunged to the bottom.

“Thar!” said Mrs. Stumpers, clapping the tongs in true housewife fashion as she replaced them in the chimney corner. “Now one can hear hisself talk without the bother of sich a clatter.”

*Bang!* moaned the gun at the bottom of the well.

“Can’t stop Satan that way, mammy,” said Hank, his stupid face sicklying over with an unhappy smile.

The mystery had now deepened to the highest point of interest—that last discharge was wholly unaccountable—and for my own part, my curiosity was wound up to a pitch that was positively painful. I remembered, though, the shattered bucket, and bethought myself of asking if there were any water in the well.

“About enough to come up to a lizzard’s ear,” answered Hank; “but there’s a smart chance of mud under it, I tell ye, strannger. That old gun will keep sinking for a week yet.”

“She’s stopped,” said Dawson.

“Yes,” answered Phillips, “and we’d better fish her out before she sinks beyond our reach.”

“Don’t I tell ye Satan’s in the gun,” cried Hank almost furiously—“down—down—she’ll keep going down now till he has her in his own place all to himself. I lost an axe myself in that well onst, and if half that father used to tell about it be true—”

*Spluch—uch—uch. Bubble—uble—bang! ble—Bang!—Splu—ble—bang—bang—— BANG!!!*

* * * * *

We listened—we looked long at each other. With the last report, which was almost overpowering, I was convinced that the explosion must have been aided by inflammable gas at the bottom of the well, for the blue flame, as it rose from it, flashed through the only window of the cabin, and showed the features of its ignorant inmates, for the first time, distorted with real terror. At least Phillips and Dawson, upon whom my eye was fixed at the time, looked perfectly aghast with fright.

Hank’s supposition of the ultimate destiny of his famous gun (viz. going to the sporting dominions of the Great Hunter below) could hardly be true, however, inasmuch as a piece of the blackened muzzle was found next morning, driven half through a fragment of the well curb which lay shattered around, broken to splinters by the explosion of the fire damp. The poor young man fairly wept outright when it was shown him by Phillips; who, with a generosity I could not sufficiently admire at the time, insisted upon replacing the hoary weapon of Hank’s affections with his own light Easton rifle; saying at the same time that he had a Kentucky tool at home which he much preferred to the Pennsylvania yæger.

This same Phillips, by the way, very civilly offered after breakfast to put me on my road, which, from the number of Indian trails along the borders of the Cherokee country, I had wholly lost.

"I say, strannger," said he, the moment we had got out of earshot of the house, "you were devilish cool when that well blew up! tell me the trick of it unly, and I'll tell you the trick of the gun, which rayther skeared you a few, as I think."

I explained the fire damp to him.

"Raally, now," he exclaimed, "wells is almost unknown in this country, for we either settle down by a spring, or get our water from the branch. But the fust well I fall in with I'll draw up a bottle of that *gas*, as you call it, and have some raal fun with the fellers. But look here," said he, stopping and tearing off some dry fungus from an old stump, "when you want to play a chap sich a trick as made music for us last night, you've only to put twenty charges in a gun, with sich wad as this atween each of em—an ascotch now and then instead of dry powder will be all the better; ram each down well; let the chap carry his gun about for an hour or so, unbeknowing—jist as that simple Hank did—and choose your own time for dropping a piece of lighted touchwood into the muzzle."

Upon my word, I was not sorry that I was to part company, before night, with this practical joker; who, for aught I knew, might seize some tempting opportunity to slip a snake or so into my boots, stuff my saddle with squibs, or play off some little piece of facetiousness like that with which the jocular Captain Goffe, in Scott's novel of the Pirate, used now and then to indulge his humor; the said captain having a funny way of discharging his pistol under the mess-table, merely to pepper some one's shins with a half-ounce ball.

## THE MAIDEN.

I knew a maiden once, with soft blue eye
  And heart as pure as the bright lily's cup;
  And sweet the incense which it offered up
As dew which it exhales to morning sky;
Death found her sleeping mid the flowers, one morn,
  And streaked her fair cheek with a ghostly white,
  And rubbed her clear eye of its azure light.
Oh, many moaned that maiden's fate forlorn!—
They said she died of love—that him she loved
Death to the Better Land had just removed;
  And from that moment Earth to her grew dark,
Darker, and darker, till 'twas hid in death:
Then gave she to the flowers her gentle breath,
  And to the stars her spirit's deathless spark.

# THE SPIRIT OF POETRY.

## PART II.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

How vain the toil that dims the eye of youth,
To garner barren words in search of truth!
What can avail the gems of choicest lore,
If the pale student does but count them o'er,
Like miser's coin, and lacks the sacred flame
That wreaths with living light each hallowed name,
Displays on Fancy's flowers Truth's crystal dew,
Draws from each pearl of thought its richest hue,
Blends scattered beauties, and on wisdom's scroll
Pours the full radiance of a kindred soul?
Transmuting spirit! in thy magic fold
Thought's common dross is changed to virgin gold;
Chartered by thee, how deeply we engage
In the rich pathos of the tragic page!
With Hamlet muse, share Richard's dream of fear,
Bend with Cordelia o'er reviving Lear,
Imbibe Othello's fierce and fond despair,
Or breathe with Juliet love's ecstatic air!
And what is History unadorned by thee!
An arid path, a shadow-vested sea,
Tales of a bigot's wiles, a tyrant's frown,
Heartless espousals to secure a crown,
War after war, and reign succeeding reign,
A monarch's pleasure and a people's bane,
Thy holy radiance plays not o'er the spot,
Where kings were idolized and men forgot,
But fondly lingers round the Alpine dell,
In whose sweet echo lives the name of Tell,
And lights the forest gloom where, undismayed,
The Indian girl her father's vengeance stayed,
And bowed her head to take the savage blow
Destined to lay a captive stranger low;

Or, like a star, eternal vigil keeps
Where our world-honored, angel-hero sleeps.
Life's mighty sorrows, by profound appeal,
High consolation to the soul reveal;
In the fierce onset, his expiring breath,
All unawares, the warrior yields to death,
And Fortune's child, when from her temple hurled,
Will bear a dauntless presence through the world;
Roused by the rudeness of the sudden shock,
Scorns pity, laughs at fate, and, like a rock
Lashed by the surges on life's dreary shore,
Stands firm and lone till changeful time is o'er.
And they who see the dread sepulchral sleep
O'er all their loved ones unrelenting creep,
With firm endurance meet the fatal strokes,
Like storm-scathed hills or thunder-riven oaks;
But milder sufferings, more enduring wo,
That, like Tophana's waters, poison slow,
Bring no excitement potent to sustain,
Inching courage and absorbing pain.
Such is his lot in fragile frame arrayed
On whom disease her solemn band has laid;
Like a blithe bird with arrow-shivered plume,
Confined to lowly flights and narrow doom,
Fated to watch his mates with drooping eye,
Circle triumphant through the glowing sky,
Fast moored his bark with adamantine chain,
Impatient heaves to tempt the open main;
And if the notes of Fame's melodious horn
Make his heart leap in manhood's eager morn,
A fluttering pulse or throb of anguish wild
Mocks the frail hope that to his fancy smiled.
Ah! not for him does pleasure twine her flowers
In festive hall, or laughter-ringing bowers;
The charm of wit and love's Elysian strain
Dispelled by trembling nerve or aching brain;
And if the thrill bid rapture's fountains flow,
How shadow-like 'tis followed by the throe!
How dark a lot were being such as this,
If unattended by poetic bliss!
Yet thus consoled, lone Suffering's patient child,

Of pain and weariness full oft beguiled,
Asks for no throne but his accustomed chair,
Nor rarer blessings than he summons there;
With half closed eyes, in musing pleasure lost,
Dissolves in dreams Time's devastating frost,
Or roaming forth to court the zephyr's play,
Noon's balmy softness floating round his way,
The rare communion quickens every vein
With rapturous sense of Nature's blissful reign.
Pause at this threshold; shade thy weary eye,
Sated with light from Rome's cerulean sky.
Yon flame that half illumes the dusky room,
A low watch tick, and flowers' faint perfume
Alone give sign of life; approach and bend
O'er the low couch, to mark a poet's end.
No wife stands by, with deep but chastened wo,
To soothe death's stern and desolating throe,
No sister's face or father's form revered,
By a long ministry of love endeared,
Are there his final agony to cheer
With kindly word or sympathizing tear,
Bathe his parched lips, his cold hand fondly press,
And Heaven invoke the parting soul to bless.
From a mere boy he loved the Grecian streams,
Sappho's high strain and Pluto's mystic dreams,
Fables that live on Homer's deathless page,
And all the wonders of the classic age:
He pondered on its beauty, till there grew
A passion those rare graces to renew,
And for such strains his harp he boldly strung,
E'en to the accents of a northern tongue.
The aim was lofty, worthy life's proud dawn,
Nobler than common themes of fashion born;
The Muses smiled when Genius gave it birth,
But critics coldly laughed with scornful mirth;
The poet's eye grew bright with hectic fire,
And Hope's cold visage stilled his trembling lyre.
He sought the breezes of a southern sky,
From home and country roamed, alone to die.
Yet one consoler cheered his latest breath,
And smoothed the pathway of an exile's death;

The tuneful bird in boyhood's breast that sang
Still charmed to silence every earthly pang;
E'en in that vale of shadows lone and drear,
Herald of coming joy, yet warbled near:
The setting sun, before his waning gaze,
Upon the curtain poured his crimson rays,
And as they glowed, then quivered, faded, fled,
Calmly the dying poet turned his head;
"And such is life," he whispered in the ear
Of the one friend who watchful lingered near,
"With me 'tis done; write on my early tomb
My name was writ in water, flowers bloom
Over my ashes—death's dew is on my brow—
My heart grows still—and yet I feel them now!"
Heroic guide! whose wings are never furled,
By thee Spain's voyager sought another world;
What but poetic impulse could sustain
That dauntless pilgrim on the dreary main?
Day after day his mariners protest,
And gaze with dread along the pathless west;
Beyond that realm of waves untracked before,
Thy fairy pencil traced the promised shore,
Through weary storms and faction's fiercer rage,
The scoffs of ingrates and the chills of age,
Thy voice renewed his earnestness of aim,
And whispered pledges of eternal fame,
Thy cheering smile atoned for fortune's frown,
And made his fetters garlands of renown.
Princes, when softened in thy sweet embrace,
Yearn for no conquest but the realm of grace,
And thus redeemed, Lorenzo's fair domain
Smiled in the light of Art's propitious reign.
Delightful Florence! though the northern gale
Will sometimes rave around thy lovely vale,
Can I forget how softly Autumn threw
Beneath thy skies her robes of ruddy hue,
Through what long days of balminess and peace,
From wintry bonds Spring won thy mild release?
Along the Arno then I loved to pass,
And watch the violets peeping from the grass,
Mark the gray kine each chestnut grove between,

Startle the pheasants on the lawny green,
Or down long vistas hail the mountain snow,
Like lofty shrines the purple clouds below.
Within thy halls, when veiled the sunny rays,
Marvels of art await the ardent gaze,
And liquid words from lips of beauty start,
With social joy to warm the stranger's heart.
How beautiful at moonlight's hallowed hour,
Thy graceful bridges, and celestial tower!
The girdling hills enchanted seem to hang
Round the fair scene whence modern genius sprang;
O'er the dark ranges of thy palace walls
The silver beam on dome and cornice falls;
The statues clustered in thy ancient square
Like mighty spirits print the solemn air,
Silence meets beauty with unbroken reign,
Save when invaded by a choral strain,
Whose distant cadence falls upon the ear,
To fill the bosom with poetic cheer!
For Fame life's meaner records vainly strive,
While, in fresh beauty, thy high dreams survive.
Still Vesta's temple throws its classic shade
O'er the bright foam of Tivoli's cascade,
And to one Venus still we bow the knee,
Divine as if just issued from the sea;
In fancy's trance, yet deem on nights serene,
We hear the revels of the fairy queen,
That Dian's smile illumes the marble fane,
And Ceres whispers in the rustling grain,
That Ariel's music has not died away,
And in his shell still floats the Culprit Fay.
The sacred beings of poetic birth
Immortal live to consecrate the earth.
San Marco's pavement boasts no Doge's tread,
And all its ancient pageantry has fled;
Yet as we muse beneath some dim arcade,
The mind's true kindred glide from ruin's shade:
In every passing eye that sternly beams,
We start to meet the Shylock of our dreams;
Each maiden form, where virgin grace is seen,
Crosses our path with Portia's noble mien,

While Desdemona, beauteous as of yore,
Yields us the smile that once entranced the Moor.
How Scotland's vales are peopled to the heart
By her bold minstrels' necromantic art!
Along this fern moved Jeannie's patient feet,
Where hangs yon mist, rose Ellangowan's seat,
Here the sad bride first gave her love a tongue,
And there the chief's lost shout of triumph rung;
Beside each stream, down every glen they throng,
The cherished offspring of creative song!
Long ere brave Nelson shook the Baltic shore,
The bard of Avon hallowed Elsinore:
Perchance when moored the fleet, awaiting day,
To fix the battle's terrible array.
Some pensive hero, musing o'er the deep,
So soon to fold him in its dreamless sleep,
Heard the Dane's sad and self-communing tone
Blend with the water's melancholy moan,
Recalled, with prayer and awe-suspended breath
His wild and solemn questionings of death,
Or caught from land Ophelia's dying song,
Swept by the night-breeze plaintively along!
What charms on motion can thy grace bestow,
To sway the willow or to wreath the snow,
Bow the ripe maize like golden spears that fall,
With one accord to greet their leader's call,
Twirl the red leaf in circles through the air,
Or guide the torrent to its foaming lair!
E'en the rude billows, wafted by thy hand,
With sweep majestic break along the strand,
And downy clouds, that cluster in the west,
Seem winged with hope, like spirits of the blest.
Thine is the spell that quickens buoyant feet,
In the gay onset and the coy retreat,
Through fairy mazes that bewitch the sight,
And sprightly rounds prolific of delight,
Till the blithe magic every sense entrance,
And lead us captives to the joyous dance.
And Love, that, like the lily, meekly rears
Her vernal joy above the flood of years,
Flits round our path till shadowed by the grave,

As ocean-birds skim o’er the gloomy wave,
How rich her gifts, how seraph-like her guise,
When on poetic wing she nobly flies!
Then, in the virgin brow, we joy to find
A lovely emblem of congenial mind,
Hail feeling in the dimpling lips that part
To free the beatings of the quickened heart,
While each kind word that from them softly falls
Thrills every pulse as when a trumpet calls;
Or meet the eye, affection’s beaming goal,
To feel the presence of congenial soul,
Caress each ringlet of the flowing hair,
As it were charmed to lure us from despair,
And round a human idol trembling throw
All the fond hopes on which we live below!
Nor time, nor care, nor death have power to tame
Our votive trust, or dim the quenchless flame.
Cheered by its light, the Tuscan muse defied
Exile and hardship, courtly pomp and pride,
Through the cold mists neglect around him threw,
And storms of hate that o’er him fiercely blew,
A presence saw, the brooding clouds above,
The changless presage of eternal love!
And that pale face, bowed on the open leaf,
Whence its bland air of subjugated grief?
Methinks ’tis strange that death should gently steal,
And, like a slumber, life’s warm fountain seal,
Just as its last clear droppings shrunk away
To their clear well-spring, from the light of day;—
Thus Laura’s bard in peaceful musing died,
A life poetic closed, by love beatified.
On Judah’s hills thy effluence hovered nigh,
As Bethlehem’s star wheeled up the tranquil sky
And holy grew where on his sinless breast
A Savior bade the head of childhood rest.
Spirit of faith! to whose pure source we turn,
What hopes divine with holiest rapture burn,
Can reason follow thy seraphic feet
Beyond the world, to God’s eternal seat?
Dear as thy promise is, O what wert thou,
Could we not image thy memorials now,

And in exalted mood delight to trace
The unseen glories of thy dwelling-place?
Consoling spirit! Eden's peerless bird!
Thy melody to loftiest musing stirred
The sightless minstrel, and thy sacred spell
Brought peace to Cowper, gladdened Tusso's cell,
Attuned the harp of Burns to strains which bear
No transient rapture to the sons of care,
Cheered the brave Korner through that weary night
Whose dreams presaged the issue of the fight,
Scott's votive steps allured to Melrose gray.
Whose pensive beauty woke his noble lay,
From sorrow's thrall gave Hemans sweet release,
And Byron armed to war for conquered Greece,
Forever green bade Goldsmith's hawthorn wave,
And wreathed the surge o'er Shelley's ocean-grave!
And some upon our free Atlantic shore,
Redeeming spirit, thy domain explore,
In deathless marble lines of beauty trace,
Or weave in language images of grace;
Like Allston, silent poetry infuse
Through speaking forms, and more than living hues,
With Irving's diction noble thoughts prolong,
Or follow Bryant through the maze of song.
Celestial gift! whene'er entranced we feel
Thy sacred rapture o'er our spirits steal,
From morn's rich beauty, evening's sweet repose,
The gleam of dew, or bloom of vernal rose;
Whether thy greeting come in music rare,
Or on the balm that scents the summer air,
Speak in the artist's touch, the minstrel's tone,
Or in the poet's thought—thy secret throne—
Lurk in the grove, or cloud's refulgent dress,
The ocean's roar, or zephyrs' soft caress,
Whether thy smile illume the midnight sky,
Or all concentered beam from woman's eye,
Thou art the chosen herald from above,
And thy eternal message—God is Love!

## TO A FRIEND.

BY W. W. STORY.

Mourn not for the days now fled,
Thou hast nothing lost, good friend,
Mourn them not as of the dead,
Nothing but their dross and clay
From thy soul hath worn away—
Thought can never know its end.

Every happy childish thought,
Every paining hope and dream
Nature in the young heart wrought,
Under every earnest feeling,
Are like living colors stealing—
Like to rose leaves ’neath a stream.

Beauty cannot pass away—
Hearts that once were bold and free
Never wholly run astray,
And, like prayers, the dreams of youth
Call us back again to Truth
From the world’s perplexity.

Not from every passing hour
Are our thoughts like bubbles blown,
They are the consummate flower
Of the living character,
Where the Past like sap doth stir,
Which from year to year hath grown.

Never from the heart is worn
That which once has been—
Thought, when once within us born,
Upward soaring to the skies,
Calls its brother thoughts to rise
Out of the abodes of sin.

Gleams of sunshine on his path,

Memories of youth like light,
E’en the weariest pilgrim hath,
Tending at the dying bed,
Propping up the aching head
When the soul is taking flight.

Not in vain regret and sighing,
Not with backward turning head,
But with strenuous self-denying.
But with active faith and hope,
Onward till Deaths gate shall ope,
Steady be our onward tread.

# THE LORD OF THE MANOR,

## OR THE TIMES OF THE LAST OF THE STEWARTS.

### BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE BROTHERS,” “CROMWELL,” ETC.

It was the morning of the first of May, that merriest morning of the year in the old days of merry England; and never did a brighter dawning illuminate a fairer landscape, than that wherein the incidents occurred which form the basis of one of those true tales which prove how much there is of wild and strange romance even in the most domestic circles of existence.

That landscape was a portion of the western slope of a broad English valley—diversified with meadowland, and pasture, and many a field of green luxuriant wheat, and shadowy woods, and bosky dells and dingles; a clear bright shallow river rippling along its pebbly channel at the base of the soft hills, which swept down to its flowery marge in gentle loveliness.

The foreground of the picture, for it was one indeed, on the left hand side was made up of a thick mass of orchards, and beyond these a clump of towering lindens, above which might be seen the arrowy spire of a village church, piercing the cool clear air with its gilded vane and weathercock, the river sweeping round and half enclosing the garden grounds, and cottages seen among the shrubbery, in a blue glancing reach, spanned by a three-arched bridge of old red brick all overrun with ivy. Close to the bridge, but on the east side of the stream, lay a large tract of open common, all carpeted with rich short greensward, whereon a thousand dark green fairy rings were visible, and sprinkled with all the brilliant wild flowers of the early spring—a winding road of yellow sand traversed the varied surface of the waste, which was much broken up by hillocks and deep hollows, alternating clear sunny lights with cool blue shadows; and after crossing the river by the old bridge, was lost for a little while among the orchards of the village till it again reappeared, near the centre of the middle distance, above the fringe of willow, birch and alder which skirted all the western margin of the river. Beyond this screen of coppice, the view extended upward for nearly a mile in distance over a beautiful park-like lawn, dotted with clumps of noble trees, and girded round on every side by woods of tall dark oak. A large white gate gave access to this fair demesne, with a snug porter’s lodge nestled into a shady covert close beside it; and at the very crown of the slope, overlooking all the broad and fertile vale, stood a large mansion of red

brick, built in the quaint architecture of the Elizabethan era, with large projecting oriels and tall clustered chimneys, and a wide freestone terrace bedecked with urns and balustrades in front, the dwelling evidently of the lord of that fair manor. To the right of the woods which skirted that side of the park lay an abrupt ravine, through which a brawling trout stream made its way down, among large blocks of limestone and under-tangled covert, to join the river in the valley. Beyond this gorge, the sides of which were feathered thick with yew and box and juniper, rose a broad barren hill crowned by the gray and weather-beaten keep of an old Norman castle, frowning in dark sublimity over the cultured fields, whose fruits its lords of old had reaped, won by the mortal sword; and beyond this a range of purple hills towered, summit over summit, till they were lost at length in the gray mists of the horizon. It was, as has been said, the early dawning of the sweet first of May—so early that the sun had not yet reared the whole of his red disc above the eastern hills; but half emerged was checkering all the slopes and level meadows at the bottom of the valley, with lengthened streams of ruddy lustre, and casting long clear shadows from every tree or bush or stone that met his rays. Yet, early as it was, the village was alive with merriment and bustle; a joyous peal was chiming from the bells of the tall steeple, while a May-pole that almost vied in height with the neighboring spire, was planted on the common by the waterside, where the ground lay most level to the sunshine, and where the greensward grew the mossiest and softest to the tread. The whole waste land was covered with glad groups of peasantry all in their holyday attire, speeding toward the rendezvous beneath a huge gnarled hawthorn, which had beheld the sports of their grand-sires, now white as if a sudden snow storm had powdered its dense foliage with the sweet blossoms that derive their name from the delicious month which witnesses their birth—the sandy road, too, and the bridge were glittering with moving parties, while the shrill merry laugh of girls, and the yet shriller whoop of childhood came frequent on the ear from many a sequestered spot among the budding orchards—nor did the rugged castle-hill display no joyous company; for there, and through the dim wood glen, and over the old turnstyle, and through the park itself, the happy yeomanry came flocking to celebrate their feast of flowers.

Just at this moment the park gates were suddenly thrown open, and a young man rode into the sandy road accompanied by several dogs, and followed by three serving men—two mounted and the third on foot, and taking the downward track to the left hand, toward the village and the bridge, was quickly lost to view behind the willows on the river bank. As he appeared, however, even at that distance, both by his dress and air, to be a

person of superior rank to any of the groups around, and as we shall have much to do with him in the course of our narrative, we shall attach ourselves to him during his ride from the manor gates, to the meadow of the May-pole.

He was a young and extremely handsome person, well-formed and tall, and giving promise of great future strength, when his slender and almost boyish frame should be developed to its full proportions, for he was in years all but a boy, having on that very morning attained to his majority, and the possession of the fine demesnes and ample fortune, which now called him master. His hair was long and slightly curled, of a deep rich chestnut color; and, notwithstanding that it was the fashion of that day even for the young and comely to cover the whole head and shoulders with a disfiguring mass of flowing powdered horse hair, under the title of a periwig, he wore his locks all natural and undisguised; and well they harmonized with the fine coloring and noble outlines of his well marked frank features, sparkling as they were on that bright happy morning with gratified ambition and high hope, and all the bounding energies of prosperous, unbroken manhood. There were, it is too true, some indications—which would not easily be missed by an experienced physiognomist—that told of strong and fiery passion, concealed beneath that bold and beautiful exterior—there was a quick and hasty sparkle in the fine open eye, which indicated a temperament prone to blaze out at any check to its desires into fierce bursts of passion; there were deep lines for one so young about the nostrils and the mouth, that clearly spoke of latent but indomitable pride; and something, too, of the existence of many a voluptuous feeling, ready to spring up giants from their birth, when any chance occurrence should kindle them to sudden life; still, in despite these drawbacks to his beauty, for such in truth they were, he could not fail to be pronounced, and that, too, in the highest sense of the term, a fine and noble looking man. He was dressed, too, in the rich fashion of the day, with a low crowned and broad brimmed beaver, decked by a hat-band set about with short white ostrich feathers—his coat of grass-green velvet, ornamented by a slight cord of gold, set closely on his graceful form; while breeches of white doeskin, with heavy hunting boots and massive silver spurs, completed his attire; a light *couteau de chasse* hanging at his side, being carried rather as an indication of the wearer's rank, then as a weapon of defence, which, in the settled and peaceful state of England at that moment, was almost as unnecessary as at the present day. The dogs, which ran beside his stirrup, were six or eight in number; and noble specimens of several choice and favorite breeds. There was the tall lithe English bloodhound, with his sleek tawny hide, his pendulous ears and coal-black muzzle; there were two fleet and graceful greyhounds, one white as

snow, the other black of the raven's wing, with their elastic limbs and airy gate; there was a leash of Blenheim spaniels, beautiful silky creatures with ears that swept the dew; and last, though not least in the owner's estimation, a savage-looking, wire-haired Scotch terrier with shaggy jaws and keen intelligent expression, though many a scar of wounds inflicted in desperate encounters with the hill fox or prowling wild cat, seamed his rough grizzly face. The male attendants of the young gentleman were three, as we have said, in number; one a gray-headed, venerable-looking man, dressed in a suit of plain snuff-colored clothes, and mounted on a strong brown cob, which set off admirably by the contrast the fine points and superb condition of the splendid hunter, which carried the young lord of the manor. This aged man, who was indeed the steward, who had lived on the property in the times of this youth's father, and to whose care and faithful management much of the present wealth of the estate might be attributed, rode not exactly abreast of his master, nor yet entirely behind him; but so that, while preserving a respectful distance, showing that he laid claim to no standing of equality, he was still near enough to sustain, without any inconvenience, whatever conversation it might please the younger man to originate. On the other side, among the dogs, which looked up to him from time to time, with a very evident mixture of fear and affection in their features, strode on a well built sturdy fellow of some eight and twenty or thirty years, standing some six feet in his stockings, and powerful in due proportion to his height. This man, who was dressed as a gamekeeper or forester, with leather buskins on his legs, and a short musquetoon or carabine in his hand, was what would generally be called good looking, by those at least who, in the habit of regarding the mere animal qualities of humanity, neglect the nobler characteristics of intellectual beauty—for he was dark-haired and fresh complexioned, with a full bright eye and prominent features. There was a strong resemblance, moreover, in all his lineaments to the calm and serene face of the old steward, but it was in the outlines only; and even of these, one of the most remarkable in the father was wholly wanting to the son—for such indeed was their relationship—namely, the ample and majestic forehead; which striking feature was changed in the younger man for a low and receding brow, giving a mean and vulgar expression to the whole countenance, which was moreover of a dogged, sullen cast, with large, thick, sensual lips, heavy and massive jaws, and all the animal portions of the head unusually and ungracefully developed. This unprepossessing face, for such indeed it was, gloomy and lowering, unless when it was lighted up by a smile even more inauspicious than the darkness it relieved, flashed out at times under that brief illumination with a shrewd evil gleam, half cunning, half malignant, which rendered it for the moment almost fearful to behold.

The third person was an ordinary groom, in a blue coat with a livery badge on his arm, carrying pistols at his holsters, and a heavy hunting whip in his right hand. Such was the little party which rode down from the manor gate toward the village green, on that May morning, amidst the loud and hearty congratulations of every rustic group they passed upon their way—the honest heart of every jolly yeoman expanding as he welcomed to his new possessions the young man who had dwelt among them when a gay and thoughtless boy, and won affections which had still remained unchanged throughout his absence from the home of his fathers, during his education at school and college, or in vacation time at the distant mansion of his guardians. It did not take the horsemen long, although the heir paused several times for a moment or two to converse cheerily with some of the older farmers, whom he remembered to have been kind to him when a child, or with some of the stalwart striplings of the village, with whom he had fished or bird-nested or ferreted wild rabbits, as companions, in the blithe days of boyhood—it did not take the horsemen long to thread the windings of the sandy road, to cross the old brick bridge, and reach the beautiful green meadow, where the tall May-pole stood, as it had stood for ages, surrounded by a merry concourse engaged in decking it with clusters of the flowery hawthorn, and garlands of a thousand dewy blossoms. While one bold boy, who had climbed to the summit of the dizzy mast, was hoisting up a hollow globe, composed of many intersecting hoops, all bound with wreaths of eglantine and hawthorn, and wild roses with flaunting streamers and bright ribbons of every hue under the sun, to crown the flower-girt fabric, another group was busied, as they wheeled from the high road into the velvet green, in piling up a rustic throne beneath the aged hawthorn tree, composed of turf bedecked with crocuses and violets, and the sweet cuckoo buds and briony, and bright marsh marigolds from the stream’s verge, and water lilies from its stiller reaches, and buttercups and daisies from the meadow. All ceased, however, instantly from their slight labors, as the young gentleman rode forward at a slow pace, his progress actually hindered by the pressure of the people crowding up to greet their honored landlord, and a loud ringing shout, echoed back many times by each projecting hill through the long valley, spoke, and for once sincerely, more of heart love than of lip loyalty. A brilliant flush of pleasure suffused his cheeks, and his eyes sparkled with excitement, as he doffed his plumed hat, and bowed repeatedly to his assembled tenantry. He said, however, nothing, in reply to their tumultuous cheering until the old steward, pricking his cob gently with the spur, rode up unbidden to his master’s side and whispered in his ear—“Speak to them, speak to them, Sir Edward—for they expect it, and will set it down to pride,

it may be, if you do not. Speak to them, if it be only twenty words, I pray you."

"Not I, faith!"—said the young heir, laughing—"I should stop short for very bashfulness, before I had got ten words out, let alone twenty!—But tell them, you, good Adam—"

"No! no! Sir Edward"—the old man interrupted him—"You *must*; so please you, be guided for this once by your old servant—your father was a favorite with them always, and so were you, God bless you! while you were but a little boy; and take my word for it, you shall gain more of goodwill and of general favor by speaking to them frankly for five minutes, than by distributing five hundred pounds—"

"Well, if it must be so, old Adam, I suppose it must"—returned the other—"but, by my honor, I had far rather scatter the five hundred pounds you talk about, among them;"—Then, drawing himself up in his saddle, without a moment's thought or preparation, he once more doffed his hat, and addressed himself in clear and well enunciated words, although his tones were at first somewhat low, and his manner flurried, to the yeomanry who stood around in silent and attentive admiration. As he went on, however, and gradually become accustomed to the sound of his own voice, that voice became more clear and sonorous; his air grew less embarrassed, till at length, before he had been speaking quite five minutes, his notes were even and sustained, flowing into the ear like the continued music of a silver trumpet. "I thank you, my good friends," he said; "I thank you from the bottom of my heart, for this your frank and warm-hearted reception—and when I say I thank you, I would not have you fancy that I am using a mere word, an empty form of speech, filling the air indeed, but signifying nothing. No, my good friends and neighbors, when I say here I thank you, I mean in truth that my heart is full of gratitude toward you, and that it is my full and resolute intention to prove that gratitude by my deeds here among you. I am a very young man yet, as you all know—and of the few years which have hitherto been mine, the most have been passed at a distance from you. Many of *you*, whom I see round about, remember well my birth and boyhood; as *I* remember many, whom I look upon for their frank, manly kindness toward a wild and wayward schoolboy—but, as I said even now, I have lived hitherto afar from you; and you know nothing of my heart or habits; and, therefore, though I feel that your welcome is sincere, your gratulations honest, I am not such a fool of vanity as to suppose all this affection and respectful greeting to be won from you by any merits of my own. Oh! no, my friends, I know it is the legacy, the precious legacy of your esteem and love! left to me

by the virtues of a father, a grandfather, a race, who have lived here in the midst of you for ages, doing good, and receiving ample payment in looking on a free, a prosperous, and a grateful people. My heart, then, would be dull indeed and senseless, if I did not appreciate the richest legacy of all which they have left me, in your hereditary love—my mind must be brutish and irrational, if in perceiving and appreciating this, I do not perceive, also, how I must merit your affection, how I must make it my own absolute possession, even as it was my father's—how I must leave it to my children, after me—if it please God, in his wisdom, through me to continue our line. My friends, I *do* perceive it! I have come here, to-day, to live among you, as my fathers—to be no more your landlord, than your friend, your neighbor, your protector. I will not draw my revenues from the country, to lavish them on the idlers of the town! No, my friends; where my father's life was passed, there will I spend mine likewise; end when the time allotted to us here is measured to its end, I trust that I shall lay my bones beside him! Now, mark what 1 would say—for I must not be tedious. I promise you that no man's rent shall be screwed up by me, beyond his own ability to pay, so he be sober, industrious and frugal. I promise you, that no new tenant shall be preferred before an old one, so long as he deal with me justly. I promise you, that no strong man shall want good work and ready payment—do sick man, medicine and succor—no old man, aid and comfort—no poor man, whatsoever help his exigencies need, that I can give to him, so long as God continue me among you. This, then, I promise to you, not as a boon or bounty, but as I hold it here to be my bounden duty—and this will I make good to you, so surely as my name is Edward Hale, of Arrington. Now, I will trouble you no more; except to pray you to continue in your sports, as if I were not present; and to request you all to dine with me at noon, on good old English beef and pudding. My fellows will be down anon, to pitch some tents here on the green, and set the ale a-flowing—and so, once more, I thank you."

It is probable, that no set oration delivered by the mightiest of the world's rhetoricians, bedecked with all the gorgeous ornaments that genius can produce from its immortal garners, was ever listened to with more profound and rapt attention, than the few simple words which flowed, as it appeared, so naturally from the heart to the tongue of the young landlord. It is certain, that none ever sunk so deeply into the feelings of the audience—their better, holier feelings! There was no violent outburst of pleasure—no loud tumultuous cheering—but a deep hush—a breathing silence! Many of the old men, and *all* the women were in tears; and when they spoke, at length, it was with husky interrupted voices that they invoked Heaven's

blessings on his head, and thought with gratitude of their own happy lot in owning such a master.

Sir Edward was himself affected, partly, it might be, from the excitement of delivering a first speech, and that with so apparent and complete success—it might be, from the genuine warmth of his own heart, and strength of his own feelings; for the hearts of the young are almost ever warm, whether for good or evil; and their emotions powerful and abundant; and oftentimes it happens, that the mere speaking forcibly of feelings which perhaps at the time exist but faintly, and, as I may say, speculatively—will give those feelings actual force, and cause them to develop themselves with new and unsuspected vigor. And so it surely was with Edward Hale in this case. He was, as we have seen, extremely young—not in years only, but in knowledge of the world—and volatile and hasty and impetuous—too much, indeed, a creature and a child of impulse—I say not that his impulses were evil—I believe not that the impulses of the very young *are* so, except in rare and almost monstrous instances—but they were impulses ungoverned, uncontrolled by any principle; any set rule of action; any guide of religion—and therefore even when most originally good, they were liable to be pushed into excesses, to be deceptive, to be self-deceivers, to degenerate into downright vice. That Edward Hale had thought at times of the condition of his subordinate fellows is most true; that he had often dreamed bright day dreams concerning the happiness of a half patriarchal life among his tenants is undoubted; and that his tastes, his habits, his pursuits, all led him to prefer a country to a city residence. So, it is true, that being liberal as the wind, nay, almost lavish, charity—so far at least as charity consists in giving—was an accustomed and familiar pleasure!—that, like all men of glowing and enthusiastic minds, he was by no means without some crude and undigested notions of a wild species of Utopian justice!—that he was of too bold and fiery a temperament, not to abhor and loathe the very name of fraud or falsehood—and more, to do him simple justice, too kindly hearted to be cruel, or systematically overbearing and oppressive. Still, it is no less certain, that until that very morning, nay, until the very moment when accident called on him to deliver an *impromptu* speech, when the excitability of his emotions and his gratification at his warm reception by his tenants, set loose the floodgates of his fancy and his heart—for in this instance both were acted on, and both reacted, in connection—he had never thought consecutively for half an hour on the subject, never had laid out for himself any rule or principle at all, never had indeed considered that he owed any duties to his fellow men at all.

“What then,”—we fancy we can hear the reader say—“What then, was Edward Hale a hypocrite—was all his fine, apparently free-hearted speech, a piece of absolute deception?” Neither, dear reader, neither—the young are rarely—oh! very rarely—hypocrites—rarely deceivers even, unless it be from fear, in timid dispositions, of some contingent evils, which they imagine they can shun by falsehood. And Edward Hale was neither, scarce even a deceiver *of himself*. He had returned only the previous night to the home of his happy boyhood, after years of absence, had looked upon the picture of a mother whom he almost adored, had trod the floors along which he had bounded years ago—how changed and yet the same—and every thing he saw and heard and thought of, conspired to call up his better feelings, and to attune his spirit to a mood more reflective—nay, almost melancholy—than his wont. A passionate lover of the charms of nature, he had felt, while he gazed out from his window over the lovely landscape, while he rode in all the consciousness of power and health on his splendid hunter, beneath his old ancestral trees—he had felt, I say, that he could never love a spot on earth so well as his own fair demesnes, that he could never live so happily, or with so calm a dignity, in any other place, as he could here among his people. Then, when he found himself quite unexpectedly the object of so enthusiastic an affection, so earnest and sincere a greeting, his fancy pictured to him, in a moment, the pure and exquisite delights of such a life as he described in his brief speech, his heart yearned to the kind humble yeomanry, whose very souls apparently were overflowing with love to all his race. He spoke—embarrassed at the first, and faltering and undecided—but as he warmed to his task, his rich imagination woke; image suggested image; and though, perhaps, he actually thought now for the first time of many of the things he stated, they glowed so vividly before the eyes of his mind, that he believed them for the moment to be old and familiar ideas, the well remembered consequences of past reasoning. He believed from the bottom of his heart that every word he uttered, was strictly and indisputably true; not for his life would he have uttered one, had he not so believed!—and when he ceased to speak he was affected, by the very ideas that his own lively fancy had for the first time set before him; and he could safely *then* have registered a vow in heaven, that such had always been his view of his own duties, and that so he would surely act, so long as he lived to act on earth at all. As he ceased speaking, he turned his horse half round as if to leave the green, saying to a fine hearty looking yeoman, who stood nearest to him, one of the patriarchs unquestionably of the place—“I must ride, Master Marvil, to Stowcum Barnsley, to meet some college friends of mine, who promised to come down and spend my birth-day with me: but it is early yet you know, and Oliver here,” patting, as he spoke, the proud neck of his

horse—“makes nothing of his fifteen miles an hour, so I can ride there easily, and be back with my friends to dinner.”

“Ay, that thou canst, Sir Edward,”—returned the old man, laughing cheerily—“Ay, that thou canst—so go thy ways—go thy ways, and God speed thee.”

Edward Hale touched his horse lightly with the spur, and he made one quick bound forward, but as he did so, the rider turned half round in the saddle, as something caught his attention so keenly, that his eye sparkled, and his cheek flushed suddenly; and as he did so, he checked Oliver so sharply with the curb, involuntarily, that he reared bolt upright; and by the suddenness of the movement, so nearly unseated his master, that his hold on the saddle depended for a moment on the rein, and, consequently, the strain was increased greatly on the bit. The hunter stood erect, pawing the air with his forefeet, as if in an effort to retrieve his balance, every one thought that he must have fallen backward, crushing his rider in the fall; and a shrill female shriek rung piercingly into the air—but active, young, and fearless, Sir Edward scarce perceived the error he had committed, before he repaired it—throwing himself forward in his stirrups, by a rapid and elastic spring, he wreathed his forefinger lightly in the mane, and gave the horse the spur so sharply that he made a violent plunge forward, and alighted on his forefeet with a dint that threw the turf into the air in fifty several fragments, but failed to move the horseman in his saddle in the slightest degree. Then, the hot temper of the young man rose; and, though a moment’s thought would have shown him that the horse was in no respect to blame, he checked him again, almost fiercely with the heavy curb, and spurred him till the blood spirted from his sides under the galling rowels. Stung by the treatment, the noble beast yerked out his heels, and fell into a quick succession of balotades, croupades, and caprioles, and furious plunges, such as must have inevitably cast headlong to the earth a less accomplished cavalier than he who backed him now. Firm as a rock in his demipique, sat Edward Hale, as though he had been a portion of the animal which he bestrode: but, maddened by the resistance offered to his first momentary action of injustice, he plied both lash and spur with almost savage impulse, yet with so rare a skill, that in five minutes space, or even less, the brown horse stood stock still, panting, and humbled, and subdued. He gazed around him for a moment with a triumphant and defying glance, and without again looking in the direction of the object, whatever it was, that had before attracted his attention, he bade his mounted groom give up his horse to the gamekeeper, and stay himself to wait on Master Adam Eversly. The change was accomplished in a minute, and without any further words, he dashed into a

gallop, and was lost speedily to view beyond the summit of the hills, which bound the valley to the eastward.

"Oh! father," cried a beautiful country girl, who was leaning on the arm of an old gray-headed farmer—"Oh, father, father—how beautifully young Sir Edward spoke, and what a kind, kind speech that was—and then how well he sat that vicious horse of his—and how quickly he did master him. He is the handsomest gentleman, too, in all the country, and the best hearted, too, I'll warrant him."

"And yet, Rose," answered a young stalwart yeoman, who had been standing close beside her, leaning upon a long two-handed quarter staff, "and yet, Rose, it was all of his own fault that the poor horse was vicious, and then, see how he dealt with the dumb beast for his own failing. He is a handsome man, that's true, as ever an eye looked upon; but did you see the way his black brows met together, and how the passion flashed out almost like lightning under them, and how he bit his lips till the blood came. Be sure now, he's a fearful temper. Why, he looked liker to a handsome devil, than to a Christian man. I would be loath to stand against him in aught he had set his heart on."

"For shame—for shame on thee, Frank Hunter," cried the girl he had addressed as Rose. "For shame on thee, to speak so of the young winsome gentleman. I hate an envious spirit—and he so kind, too, and so gentle—didst not hear what he promised—how no poor man should ever want for any thing, and how no sick man should need doctoring, so long as his name was Edward Hale—and then to liken him to a devil—I'm sure, I think, he looked like a—angel, and spoke like an angel, too, just come down to us, out of heaven!"

"Have a care, Rose," returned the other gloomily; "have a care, lest he lure thee to somewhat that will not lead thee up there, whether he came down out of heaven or no. I reckon it was along a'looking at those brown curls and hazel eyes o' thine, that he came so near falling from his saddle."

"Why, here's a nice to do," answered the girl, very sharply—"and what an' he was looking at my curls, or my eyes either, what is that, Master Hunter, to thee, I'd be pleased to know—or who gave thee the right to say, who shall look at me, or who I shall look at either, for that matter. You are no kin of mine—much less a master."

"Oh, Rose! oh, Rose; can it be come to this between us, and we both plighted, too!"

“Aye, has it,” answered Rose, tossing her pretty head. “Aye, has it come to this—and better now than later!—better troth plighted, and rue the plighting! than wed and rue the wedding—better an envious sweetheart and a jealous, than a hard tyrannizing husband. Aye, has it come to this, and thou must mend thy manners, ere aught else come of it, I tell thee.”

Her father tried to interpose, but the village beauty was quite too indignant to be appeased so readily, and she left his arm instantly, turning her back without ceremony on her luckless swain, saying, that she must go join Susan Fairly, for all the girls were seeking her. So little does it need to raise a quarrel between those who truly and sincerely love each other, especially in quick and ardent dispositions.

[*To be continued.*

# SONNET.

## TO A GARDEN-FLOWER SENT TO ME BY A LADY.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

No, not in woods, nor fells, nor pastures wild,
Nor left alone to changeful Nature's care,
You open'd on the light and breath'd the air;
But one, with blush like thine, and look as mild
As dewed mom, with love all undefil'd
Chose out o kindly spot, and made thy bed
Safe from the cruel blast and heedless tread,
And watch'd thy birth and took thee for her child.
And human hands solicitous have train'd
Thy slender stalk, and eyes on thee have dwelt
Radiant with thought, and human feelings rain'd
Into thy bosom, e'en till thou hast felt
That through thy life a human virtue ran—
And now art come to greet thy fellow-man.

## THE IDEAL FOUND.

A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command,
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel-light.

*Wordsworth.*

Where hast thou stayed so long?
I have sought thee far and wide;
Through the sylvan shade, mid the festal throng,
And away o'er the ocean tide;
In many a home and far-off spot
I have sought and sought, yet found thee not.

For thou wert my heart's one theme,
And, in earliest youth,
I have bless'd thy truth,
Though I thought thee then a dream—a dream,
Such as Endymion's love,
When, nightly, from above,
Soft Dian o'er his haunted slumbers play'd;
Such as, in holiest awe,
Rome's last great patriot saw,
Though doomed, alas, too soon! to find it all—a shade.

But thou—thou art no shade;
Thou wert not sent to fade,
Like moonlight elves, before the dawning ray;
Most honored where most known,
With lustre all thine own
Thou shin'st—still brightest in the brightest day.

No kindred spirit near thee,
No gentle voice to cheer thee,
Like some lone floweret from the frozen earth,
Chilled, trampled on, disdain'd,
Yet self-rais'd, self-sustain'd,

Meek dawn'd, through grief and gloom, thine unassisted worth.

What long, long years I sought thee,
And oh! how oft I thought thee
A dream, a phantom, of the Egerian grove;
But now, but now I've found thee
With all thy charms around thee,
In a spell thou hast bound me
Of everlasting love.

And who can paint the bliss,
In a cold world like this,
To meet a spirit, pure and bright, as thine?
To feel, where'er I go,
Alike in weal and wo,
There beats one kind, dear heart in sympathy with mine?

Still, as to thee I turn,
With loftier thoughts I burn,
Still dream of nobler things and holier days,
Like sages from afar
Following the eastern star,
I gaze and gaze, and still move heavenward, whilst I gaze.

## A DEMURRER.

### BY A COMMITTEE.

Criticism, Messrs. Editors, is one of the few trades to which, as we are informed, a man need not serve his time. Whoever considers himself possessed of certain qualifications, is, by the courtesy of society, permitted to assume the office of public censor; and it is usual for those whom he honors with his notice, to rest silent and submissive under his remarks, be their tenor what they may. To "talk back" to our superiors is considered so very daring, that few venture on an effort at self-defence. Nor is this defence surprising; for one who is registered by majestic authority as a "classic author," describes a true critic to be one

> "Whose own example strengthens all his laws
> And is himself the great sublime he draws."

Whether this description may be considered strictly applicable to the author of a certain extraordinary article in your Magazine for December, bearing the title of "The Lady's Library," we maybe permitted to inquire. The tone of this article is so very cruel—we had almost said savage—that even we, humble as we are and ought to be,—turned under it a little. A kinder lesson had been more readily learned. If severe surgery be inevitable, we demand that it should be performed with some skill and delicacy. We consent to the scalpel, but we protest against the cleaver. Amputation is one thing; hacking off is another.

The essay commences with the rather amusing announcement that a certain list of books, found in number 37 of the Spectator, is to be accepted as "a just specimen of cotemporary satire on female education." Your correspondent meant, probably, "a specimen of *just* cotemporary satire," but let that pass. Now, this anonymous and evidently playful satire is cited as a proof of the "literary and moral depravity of taste exhibited by the women of that age!" We shall expect next to hear Will Honeycomb quoted as authority for the fact, that the color of a hood was at that time an index to the wearer's real disposition.

But, the Queen! yes, "the Queen herself, was illiterate."[1] How, then, could her lady-subjects be otherwise? (We marvel how many ladies, whom we might name, exist under Queen Victoria!) But our censor, with praiseworthy impartiality, admits that King William was illiterate, too. But

he does not follow out his argument. Perhaps he leaves us to infer that men cannot be blockheads. Here we beg to differ. But to return to the ladies. Our "erudite" friend seems to have drawn no conclusion from the fact, that of "that admirable manual," the Spectator, twenty thousand copies were circulated daily, and these evidently addressed as much to women as to men. Addison and his friends are not always ranked among "authors of the most frivolous description," and we should have thought this one fact as to the reception of the Spectator, better ground of judgment than a playful list of books in one of its numbers. But women are no logicians, we acknowledge.

The scene is now, with due pomp, shifted to the time of George Third, but the ladies of that day please our Longinus still less than those whom he has just dismissed. He seems to prefer the "thoughtless dressy dames of fashion, and minions of the goddess of pleasure," to "grave precise professors in petticoats;"—women who had exchanged a world of anxiety about dress for—what? "an equally wise anxiety about the philosophy of education!" The gentleman is certainly unreasonable. He will no more lament when we mourn, than he would dance when we piped. He is as little suited with our attempting the pen as the patch-box. He decides blue stockings to be so unattractive, that the "one man of vigorous talent," and "one man of real genius," who frequented the "æsthetic teas" must have been flattered into endurance. And Hannah More and Mrs. Chapone are among the women thus libelled.

Messrs. Editors, we can bear any thing better than an insult to Hannah More. We pass by the rest in silence, but in behalf of one whom not only the good, but the wise, the witty, and the elegant of her day delighted to honor, we must be allowed to enter a *caveat*. She has been disparaged before, but it has usually been by the vulgar and the irreligious. From a gentleman whose excessive refinement of taste leads him to pronounce, elsewhere,[2] that Wordsworth is worth Scott, Byron and Moore, we might expect better things. We cannot even now believe he gives us here the result of his own deliberate judgment. We are disposed to think he has only followed Hazlitt, who, among the unjust and injurious things he hazarded (though but seldom,) in his critical capacity, said of Hannah More among British writers, "this lady has written a great deal that I have never read,"—and allowed this sentence to stand as the sole notice of her works. We expect to die in the faith, that Hannah More will be read long after Mr. Hazlitt, and other very dogmatical critics are forgotten.

But we are told that it is not so much the learned ladies as their "pretensions" that were intolerable. Is our critic sincere in this? Does he

approve of a moderate estimate of one's own claims? We must believe him if he says so, but we should never have guessed it. Perhaps he dislikes "pretensions" only in women.

But, then, "learning" is not what we want from ladies. Their province is "literature." They are bound to delight us, but it must be by "legitimate" attempts. We refuse to be pleased by any other, however brilliant. *Therefore*, no Madame Daciers—no Mrs. Somervilles, though each bear a character for all that can dignify woman and make her at once an ornament and a blessing to the world. These ladies must be considered only as warnings. They ventured out of bounds. Let us consider these bounds.

In the first place, as to poetry. "A poet is . . . masculine." His vocation is manly, or rather divine, and of course not feminine. "The muses are the inspirers, never the composers of verse." *Therefore*—"let female beauty sit for her portrait, instead of being the painter." "A happy home would seem preferable to a seat on Parnassus." "The quiet home is not always the muse's bower." *Therefore*, let not women attempt poetry. "Women write for women," and so, surely, does your correspondent. His logic could never have been intended for men.

As a further item of incapacity for poetry, we are told that our "circle of experience is confined," &c. "Many kinds of learning and many actually necessary pursuits and practices, it is deemed improper for a refined woman to know." All this is not very clearly set forth, but we think we can discern the principle. Shakspeare, probably, owed his superiority to the fact, that his circle of sciences embraced deer-stealing, which so few poets have known any thing about. *Query.* How wide was Homer's round?

"Women cannot teach men." Mortifying! But we are not informed how far ignorance of things which it is not considered proper for them to know, disqualifies them for communicating such as they both ought to know and do know. Manly knowledge is evidently considered a sort of common stock, in which each individual has so large a privilege that no woman can add anything. In other words, no man, however ignorant, can learn from any woman, however enlightened. This is a "boundary," truly!

The occult sciences, i. e. occult so far as refined women are concerned, must have, in the mind of our critic, a wonderful potency and value. There must be some magic other than the world has yet dreamed of, about the improprieties of learning, so that women, if they would "instruct MEN," must lay aside refinement and become initiated in a certain amount (our author does not say how much,) of impure knowledge in order to qualify them for

imparting the pure. The fountain, it seems, must be muddied, that the stream may be sparkling and healthful!

Exclusion number two shuts us from the drama, because H. More, Miss Baillie and Miss Mitford have not succeeded, according to the latest authority. Sir Walter Scott thought differently; but he is dead, and he was not much of a judge, either. From comedy we are warned off, because "there is a body and substance in true wit, with a reflectiveness rarely found apart from a masculine intellect."

"Airy, comic ridicule" was allowed to us a few paragraphs back, but we have produced "no Rabelais," &c. &c. &c.; and here follows a list of writers from one half of whose names we are led to suppose that our critic considers gross indecency as inseparable from true wit. From such wit and such critics, Heaven defend us! Because we cannot perpetrate such atrocities of wit, are we to be debarred from attempting wit at all?

"History" is forbidden, because it requires too much "solidity," and too "minute research." To this oracular sentence we submit, as in duty bound. If we should venture upon any "literature," which requires a reference to British annuls, any "gossiping memoirs," or essays on female education, we shall endeavor to profit by your correspondent's labors, so far as to avoid mistaking the spirit of Queen Anne's reign for that of Charles the Second's; and to ascertain what authors were really most esteemed in any particular era, before we attempt to draw conclusions as to the moral and literary depravity of taste exhibited by its women. This, we think, will not require an undue share of "solidity," or "minute research."

"Eloquence" is beyond our limits—we are not told exactly why; but the sentence is none the less definitive. We are here, as elsewhere, left to infer much; and one of our inferences is, that our author has probably adopted, as his model in this powerful art, the style of that rude old lord who drove out the trembling nuns with the significant advice, "Go spin, you jades! go spin!" Indeed, we consider this very advice to be only a summing up of the "erudite" article on the "Lady's Library."

"Criticism," too, "is for MEN." Has our friend and adviser ever read the fable of the Lion and the Painter? May we not be excused for borrowing the pen occasionally, when mighty male minds are found inditing "scandal" and such other feminine matters?

"Political economy" is prohibited, of course. Miss Martineau committed *lèse majesté* against the masculine prerogative when her charming tales brought this sealed science down to the comprehension of her own sex. But

we fear we must own that she is only an exception; the more, that we find the logic of our friend unusually difficult just here.

To that paragraph in which we are instructed how to avoid the arts of the libertine, we answer, in the name of the entire sisterhood, by a profound curtsey. The implication is so flattering, and the advice so respectful, that we can devise no reply more suitable.

The whole plan for fitting the various departments of literature for the use of our sex, reminds us forcibly of the practice of some nurses, who, in their solicitude for the welfare of the helpless beings committed to their charge, think it necessary to introduce each and every spoonful into their own mouths, and abstract half the contents, ere they venture to submit it to the taste of the baby. This practice is not approved by the judicious; and we venture to think the scheme of our counsellor will find as few supporters.

This hasty and imperfect survey of the limits hereafter to be allowed to female efforts, and this remark on the "proper studies for ladies" must serve for the present. But as

"A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre,"

let us enumerate the privileges which we still claim, under submission. The novel of sentiment and the novel of manners, letter-writing, moral tales for *children*, books of travels, *gossiping* memoirs. But as these are to be allowed neither poetry, wit, eloquence nor criticism, we fear we shall prove duller than the condemned flatterers of Johnson and Richardson, if we should venture upon any of them. Some honored names are mentioned with approbation. Miss Edgeworth is twice cited as an example, though her forte has been, confessedly, the "philosophy of education" and "moral tales for the young," which figured in the list of the enormities of the "pedants in petticoats." Lucy Hutchinson and Lady Fanshawe are commended in a sentence which certainly is not English, though it may be "erudite;" and we are consoled by the assurance that a woman need not be able "to relish the sublimity of Milton or Hamlet" in order to be "an admirable wife;" which we think is setting the mark as low as we could desire.

On the whole, Messrs. Editors, not to trespass further on your patience, we conclude to await the further light which we are promised, before we decide on adopting the system of your correspondent. We shall, perhaps, trouble you again hereafter. We cannot, however, promise to become "*less* erudite," since we are as yet firm in the belief that it is for our true interest and dignity to become more so. Yet as we are assured that "to some readers

all that is not very lively is proportionally dull," we shall forbear to lengthen our communication, lest we should incur the yawns of those "some readers."

We beg it may be understood that for whatever may appear "erudite" in this hasty notice, we are indebted to a cousin who enjoys the inestimable advantage of having been to college.

We remain, Messrs. Editors,
In behalf of the sex,

Frances Anne Withington, } Committee.
Clara Sumner,

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[1] Authorities differ upon this point.

[2] See Boston Miscellany for October.

# THE LAMENT OF JUDAH.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

How doth our city sit forlorn!
  Once regal in her pride,
Become a mourning widow now,
  Who was the nation's bride.
Alas! the tears are on her checks,
  By night she weepeth sore,
And her lovers come to comfort,
  And her friends to cheer no more.

Hush'd is the harp in Judah's halls,
  For she is captive led,
Her kings, her prophets and her priests
  Are powerless as the dead;
Her warriors and her mighty men
  With chains the foemen bind,
And her princes are like timid harts,
  That can no pasture find.

The chosen of the Lord of Hosts
  Are wanderers on the earth,
The heathen keep the holy land
  Which gave our fathers birth;
Yet Jerusalem remembers
  In this her tearful day
The pleasant things she had of old,
  And her temples far away.

Abroad the sword bereaved her,
  And at home it was like death,
When her sacred fanes fell prostrate
  Before Jehovah's breath,
When in the wine-press of his wrath
  Her patriarchs were cast
And her youths and virgins swept away,
  Like stubble by the blast.

Oh, God hath covered Zion
  With a dark and stormy cloud,
And the beauty of our Israel
  From heaven to earth hath bowed;
With his right hand he hath bent his bow
  Against Jacob in his ire,
And the Lord hath poured his fury
  Like a swift and flaming fire.

Arise, afflicted Judah,
  And never cease to cry
Till thy transgressions are forgot
  And his anger hath passed by;
Pour out thy heart like water
  Before his shrouded face,
Until again his smiles shall beam
  Upon thy fallen race!

Behold, oh Lord, in mercy,
  When thy people pray to thee:
Though we have grievously rebelled,
  Unbind and make us free;
And lead us, we implore thee,
  To a Canaan of delight,
With another snowy cloud by day
  And fiery cloud by night.

Then shall our songs exulting rise,
  Our harps harmonious sound,
And the tribes of Israel gather
  From all the nations round.
And the remnant of thy chosen
  Shall triumphantly record
Thy works and wonders done anew
  And the pardon of their LORD.

## AN ELOPEMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A MARRIAGE OF CONVENIENCE."

### CHAPTER I.

But how the subject theme may gang
Let time and choice determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

*Burns.*

"Look! my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Flemming to her husband, "there are those same young people that I have so often noticed to you as we have driven out before. I wonder who they can be?"

"What does interest you so in them, Harriet?" replied Mr. Flemming. "I do not see any thing very remarkable about them."

"Nothing that would be very remarkable in Broadway, I admit," replied the wife; "but something that is very remarkable here. You do not meet young people of their air and mien in the outskirts of the city and in bye-streets, as we have met this pair, without there being something wrong. Only notice how they walk—here and there, backward and forward—evidently not bound for any particular spot, they think not of where they are going. Depend upon it, they are lovers. And, if I am not very much mistaken, clandestine lovers."

" 'Pon my word," rejoined Mr. Flemming, laughing, "you weave a romance as readily and with as slight material as any lady I know. *I* certainly never should have remarked the couple if you had not directed my attention toward them; and now I only see a stylish, pretty girl walking with a good-looking fellow, who may be her brother for aught you know."

"Her brother, indeed!" replied Mrs. Flemming. "My dear, you must read the story of 'Eyes and no Eyes.' Why, the eager, impassioned manner of the young man and the all-absorbed yet tearful expression of the girl, would betray them at once, even if the singular and solitary spot they have chosen for their promenade did not. I wish I knew who they are."

“Well, my dear, if it would be any satisfaction to you, I wish you did, although I really cannot see why you should. However, I fear that you are fated to die in your ignorance, and perhaps it is all the better for your romance. It would be a grievous disappointment to your imagination, you know, to find that my conjecture came nearer the truth than yours.”

“She is a pretty, distinguished looking creature,” continued Mrs. Flemming, looking after the young couple, “and exquisitely dressed. Foolish girl if she is walking here for privacy in that striking costume. I might have met her a hundred times in Broadway without more than a passing look; but here, once seen, she ‘becomes a part of sight.’ Depend upon it, Mr. Flemming, we shall hear of that pair yet, and I shall not die in my ignorance,” she continued, laughing.

If the eyes of imagination sometimes see too much, the sober, dull-eyed vision of judgment may as often see too little; and for once the romance of Mrs. Flemming came much nearer the truth than the prosaic probabilities of her husband. The youthful pair that had so excited her curiosity were, indeed, as she rightly divined, clandestine lovers; and on that afternoon hung all the happiness or misery of their future lives. The lady had, indeed, gone forth in the determination that *this* should be the *last* meeting—that she would put an end to an intercourse which she felt to be alike miserable and degrading; as she well knew that her engagement never would be sanctioned by her parents, and, wretched though she might be, she determined to end it at once. Indeed, her pure heart and upright mind revolted from the humiliations entailed upon her by her present position. She felt her cheek burn and her spirit humbled, when the servant handed her a note, with caution in his manner and intelligence in his eye, which he vainly strove to repress, and blushed to think that her secret was known even to the menials of her father’s house. The thousand evasions, not to say absolute deceits, she found herself compelled to practice, taught her that if there is romance in a forbidden attachment there is more of degradation and humiliation in its details, and which, had she fully known, she never would have encountered.

When Tom Harrington first flirted with Alice Gray did he contemplate the labyrinth into which he was plunging? Not at all. As the pretty daughter of a wealthy house, the belle of the season, she naturally attracted the attention of one of the gayest young men about town; but admiration and love are farther apart than mothers are apt to imagine, and young Harrington’s devotions would probably have soon been transferred to the next star upon the horizon, had he not perceived that Mrs. Gray frowned as the young lady smiled. The one excited his vanity, the other roused his pride,

and he redoubled his attentions with a zeal and excitement as captivating to the daughter as it was alarming to the mother, and actually ended in falling in love with the fair Alice, while only meaning to torment Mrs. Gray. Then came colder looks and haughtier manners, and a final dismissal from the house. The lovers first met accidentally, and what begun in accident soon ended in arrangement. The usual system of suspicions and scoldings followed, making home almost intolerable, and the flattery of the lover even more delightful than it would otherwise have been. Mr. Gray called Tom a "good-for-nothing fellow," while the daughter thought in her heart, that his worthlessness lay in his being worth nothing—and truly in that, pretty Alice, the whole mischief is comprised. Expensive tastes and idle habits in one who can afford them may not be desirable indeed, but they do not inevitably entail poverty, debt, ruin and disgrace, as in one who cannot. And yet Tom Harrington was a captivating fellow, with his flashing eyes and brilliant conversation; and popular withal: and the girl, who believed him and not her father, was not much to be wondered at, and more to be pitied. Some months had worn on since affairs had been in this state, painful and harassing to Alice as it was delightful and exciting to Tom. His hitherto idle and careless existence received an impetus which love, pride, and spite alone could have compounded.

We have said that Alice had met her lover on the afternoon, when we first have introduced her, in the full determination of bidding him farewell forever. "She would meet him once more, but it should be for the last time." Alas, poor girl! Tom knew her better. He knew that if she were weak enough to come that once, she was not strong enough to let it be for the last time; and in fact it only brought matters to a crisis. Passionate reproach, a stubborn unbelief, on his side, of an attachment of which he was only too sure, jealous doubts and fears, were all brought to bear upon one too yielding to resist much; nor would he be soothed until she pledged herself to be his the next day.

Had Mrs. Flemming passed that afternoon and beheld the appealing, beseeching expression of her face, and marked his passionate gestures, she would have seen that the plot was thickening. Alice wavered and grew pale —and then her hand was placed in his, and they quickly parted; he, joyous and triumphant, with rapid and elastic tread; she, pale and agitated, with slow and reluctant step, to their several homes.

The interval was passed in hurried and exciting preparations on his side; on hers, in doubts and tears scarce to be concealed from her surrounding family. Indeed it was only in the long hours of the night that she was enabled

to weep and think freely; and in the calm and solitude of those hours, guided only by the purity of her own heart, away from the impassioned sophistry of her lover, she felt that she would not, could not, fulfill her promise for the morrow. She would meet Tom again, and brave his anger, fearful though it might be, but part she would.

The morrow came, and, at the appointed hour, she met her lover in the full and firm resolve of the preceding night. As she drew near the spot, she perceived a carriage in waiting, and, at a little distance, Harrington with his friend Linden. His quick and joyous air, so full of confidence and hope, staggered her, and as faltering and hesitating she commenced, his brow darkened with passion; and as Linden caught the word "trifling," he shrugged his shoulders and withdrew some steps, while the coachman grinned. Alas! the smile of a menial and the sneer of a friend settled the future fate of the rash young pair. To escape observation, she sprung in the carriage. Harrington was at her side in a moment, and beckoned Linden to follow; and, still protesting, Alice soon found herself in the clergyman's presence. Bewildered and stupefied, the words were pronounced ere she recalled her scattered senses, and she stood—the wife of Tom Harrington.

As he once again placed her in the carriage, withdrawing herself from him, she threw herself in its farthest corner and burst into a passion of tears, that should scarce have fallen from the eyes of a bright and happy bride.

## CHAPTER II.

But oh! mankind are unco weak,
An' little to be trusted;
If self the wavering balance shake
It's rarely right adjusted.

*Burns.*

"Have you heard of the runaway match, Mrs. Flemming?" said young Higbee, as he lounged in on a morning call to that lady.

"No. Who is it?" asked she.

"Alice Gray and Tom Harrington."

"I do not know either of the parties," replied she.

"Well," said the young man, "I wish Tom joy, for he has a mighty pretty wife, and will have a pretty fortune with her some time or other I suppose. Indeed they are a handsome couple. Tom is a superb looking fellow."

“Is she,” said Mrs. Flemming, with sudden animation, “a striking looking girl, with deep blue eyes and rich brown hair, and wears a gray Thibet dress, and gray hat with very peculiar feathers?”

“Yes,” returned Mr. Higbee, “there is something peculiar in her dress. Is she not handsome?”

“And young Harrington,” continued Mrs. Flemming, with increasing interest, “is rather tall and dark, with very black and flashing eyes, and wears a slight moustache?”

“Yes,” said Higbee. “Have you ever seen them together?”

“My dear,” said Mrs. Flemming, turning round to her husband, “this must be the young couple we have so often seen on the Avenue. Do tell me,” continued she, addressing Mr. Higbee, “all about it.”

“Oh, there is not much to tell,” replied he. “It is a thing that all the town have expected these six months, except the lady’s family, who, as usual, being the most interested in the affair, seem to be the only persons who did not know what was going on.”

“Is he a son of old John Harrington?” inquired Mr. Flemming.

“Yes. The Grays are rich, and it is a good match for Tom; though that did not influence him. I must do him the justice to say that he is not mercenary.”

“And what has become of them?” asked Mrs. Flemming. “Have her parents forgiven her?”

“Forgiven her! no, indeed. Tom took her home to his father’s.”

“His father’s?” exclaimed Mr. Flemming. “Why the poor old gentleman has as much as he can do to maintain the family he has already: and they live in a very small two-story house.”

“That’s the way of the world, sir,” rejoined Mr. Higbee. “The heaviest end of the burden always rests upon the poorest party.”

“What means has the young man?” inquired Mr. Flemming.

“Tom’s means?” said his friend, laughing. “Indeed, sir, I never heard of them.”

“But what is his profession?”

“Well, I believe he has been in a broker’s office; but he is no great man of business.”

“A pretty chap,” said Mr. Flemming, with all the indignation of a moneyed man, “to be a broker. An idle, extravagant dog. I am sorry for the Grays.”

“Indeed, sir,” said Higbee, with earnestness, “Harrington is one of the best fellows I know—full of wit and talent.”

“Wit!” said Mr. Flemming; “and lived by his wits, I suppose.”

“He has been rather wild, but,” turning to Mrs. Flemming, “now he’s married, he will be a different man. Nothing like a woman’s influence, you know, Mrs. Flemming.”

“I hope so,” she replied; “but this is a bad beginning.”

Supposing that the indignation of the Grays would be short lived, and the residence at his father’s but temporary, or rather not thinking at all, Harrington had taken his wife home. His father’s income was very limited, and the house small; and his family felt the full inconsiderateness of the measure; but hoping that it would be for Tom’s ultimate good, and at any rate, feeling for the trembling and weeping young stranger who had come among them, they received his bride with kindness, if not cordiality. They were not without their pride, however; and what efforts they made, poor things, to conceal from this daughter of a wealthy house, the deficiencies and scantiness of the new home she had adopted; how they crowded together to give her the largest room in the house; and what a stripping of the other apartments, to give that allotted to the young bride something like a look of comfort. And yet, when it was all done, how very poor it looked to her who had been accustomed to all the elegance and luxury of her father’s house. She had written to her parents immediately on her marriage, asking forgiveness, which, with Tom, she had considered as following, as a matter of course; and her heart sunk within her when the only answer she received was her wardrobe and every article that had ever belonged to her. She soon, however, caught the sanguine spirit of her husband, who told her this harshness would soon pass away; and cheered by his unremitting devotion, and the kindness of his family, began to feel at home, and regain something of her former animation.

They had scarce been married a fortnight, during which time Tom’s conduct had been exemplary, when his young wife, drawing the sofa close to the fire one evening, in the expectation of a long and pleasant chat, took up her embroidery, while addressing him some slight observation, which, to her surprise, he answered carelessly, saying, “Can I do any thing down town for you, dearest?”

“Are you going out?” she said, faintly.

“Yes,” he replied, “I’ll just look in at the club for a little while. Good bye, love;” and gaily humming an air, he left the room.

“Gone to the club! left alone! Was she deserted for gayer associates!” and she let the work drop from her fingers, and covering her face with her hands, burst into tears. The thought of the home she had left, the friends she had forsaken, rushed on her mind; and not Ariadne, abandoned, could have wept more passionately than did this youthful bride, because her husband had left her to pass an hour at the club.

To a young man of Tom’s joyous spirit and social habits, a fortnight’s almost uninterrupted confinement to the house, was a length of time and continued devotion which, to himself, seemed unparalleled, and for which he gave himself a degree of credit that strangely contrasted with the tears shed by the pretty Alice, at what she considered his cruel and careless desertion. Ere two hours had elapsed, however, he returned with refreshed gaiety, to find, to his amazement, his wife weeping—for what, he could not divine. He kissed away her tears, and answered her reproaches with mingled merriment and tenderness; and had so much to tell of the congratulations showered upon him by the young friends he had not seen since their elopement, and the inquiries after her, and all that had been said on the subject of their marriage, which is so wonderfully interesting to the parties concerned, that she soon forgot her tears, and felt ashamed of her weakness. But thus the ice was broken, the visits to the club were repeated, and the absences grew longer and longer, and the tenderness began to be mingled with remonstrances, which grew more impatient as time wore on, until the words, “Damn it!” escaped the lips of this once impassioned lover, in the weariness of renewed reproaches and tears. It is true he was sorry, and a little shocked, at this outbreak on his part, which sunk deeper in the heart of his young wife than he could easily have imagined. With the quick feeling of a woman, however, she saw her waning power; and ceasing reproaches, tried gentler and more cheerful means to detain her volatile husband at her side. Other thoughts were now pressing heavily on her mind. The estrangement of her family preyed upon her heart; and she had fearful forebodings as to the duration of their anger. She yearned to see her mother and sisters; and her eyes filled with tears she could scarce conceal, when she passed her brothers in the streets with no look of recognition on their parts. Her position, too, was becoming very painful in her husband’s family. Their pride was deeply wounded by the behavior of the Grays; and they could not help occasionally letting her see the strong indignation which their conduct excited. The

expression of their sentiments was rare and incidental indeed; for they had too much delicacy, and loved her too well to hurt her feelings intentionally; but her husband, partly in the carelessness of a selfish nature, and partly in his irritable excitement on the subject, often repeated remarks never meant for her ear. As time wore on, she saw, also, the extent of their poverty, and the privations they endured to procure her comfort, which her failing health forbade her refusing, as she had wished to do, in the first impulse of her grateful heart.

And when she thought of the luxuries and abundance of her father's house, so coldly and harshly denied her, and contrasted it with the generous and warm affection of those on whom she had no natural claim, she wept in deep and bitter mortification. These were sorrows, too, for which she could ask no sympathy. She could not tell Tom how she yearned to see those who had treated him with such contumely, nor yet sink her family lower than she saw they already stood, by communicating to others the thoughts with which her heart teemed. Her feeble frame was sinking under the accumulated trials of mental and bodily suffering, which she could scarce have borne much longer and sustained herself, had not a change been effected at a moment when she least expected it. She had been married about a year; and as she was one morning languidly and mournfully trying to occupy herself with some sewing, a note was handed her in her sister's handwriting. With a beating heart and trembling hand, she tore it open. It announced a visit from her sister, with her father's consent; and in a few minutes she was in the arms of the dear one she had so pined to see. Tears were shed; but, oh, how unlike the many she had wept since her marriage; they were tears of joy, founded in hope and happiness.

When Alice first left her father's house, the anguish she inflicted was of no light and trifling character. Could she have seen her pale and sorrowing mother; her grieved and deeply hurt father; and the hushed and melancholy family she had abandoned, she might have felt more sensibly the magnitude of the fault she had committed. And when they next saw her, bright and beaming, hanging on her husband's arm, in Broadway, in apparent forgetfulness of the friends she had left, their sorrow naturally kindled into anger, and they said, "Let her go." But as months passed on, and they saw her pale and sad, and, what always touches a woman's heart, *shabby*, her mother and sisters relented, and yearned, perhaps, as intently as herself for a reconciliation. Miss Gray took advantage of her approaching marriage, with which her father was highly gratified, to intercede for Alice; and, perhaps, upon the whole, Mr. Gray was not sorry for a dignified opportunity of yielding. The bride elect had, indeed, stretched somewhat on her parting

privilege, when she pleaded for Harrington's admission with his wife. But she wished her sister at her wedding, and they could not expect Alice without her husband. All she asked was granted; and she flew to Harrington's with full power to invite them both. The sisters instinctively felt that it was better Tom should avoid a strictly family party, while the general gathering of a wedding would help to remove the awkwardness which they deemed inevitable of a first meeting; and it was arranged that Alice should dine at home that day, and the next evening both her husband and herself be present at the marriage. They might, however, have spared themselves the pains of consulting the feelings of one who felt not for himself. He accompanied his trembling and excited wife to her father's house, with as gay and assured an air as if he had been the favored son-in-law; and if he had any remembrance for the past at all, it was only that he had been "damned ill used." Not so poor Alice. She gazed around on the brilliant rooms, the happy faces, and the fair and blushing bride, in her snowy veil and bridal flowers, and contrasting it all with the small back parlor of the obscure clergyman's house, with its tallow lights, and the two witnesses (one of whom was a servant of the house) of her own marriage; and her heart sunk within her as she involuntarily glanced at Tom, to see if there were any corresponding remembrance shadowing his brow. Not he. Callous and gay, he stood laughing and chattering as if the present scene were only a repetition of his own introduction in the family. How painfully the joyous and careless gaiety which had once been so delightful to her, struck upon her heart now; not that she loved him less, but what would she not have given for more sympathy of hearts and minds. Unconscious, however, of the mournful thoughts that occupied his wife, and heedless of the sad and earnest expression of her countenance, he was the life and spirit of the party; and while her father and brothers cursed his impudence, and her mother and sisters wondered at his want of feeling, they could not but acknowledge that he was a wondrous pleasant fellow, and that Alice had more excuse for the past than they had been aware of.

## CHAPTER III.

> The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
> I planted; they have torn me.—and I bleed:
> I should have known what fruit would spring from such a seed.
>
> *Byron.*

Harrington was now in high spirits. A reconciliation he had always looked upon as equivalent to a handsome allowance, if not (which he

preferred) a good round sum told down. The wit and brilliancy, however, of his son-in-law, had not impressed Mr. Gray as favorably as Tom supposed; and he felt very little inclined to help a man who did not seem at all disposed to help himself. Alice's mother and sisters replenished her wardrobe, and then, to the evident disappointment of her husband's family, and the highly indignant and ill-used feeling of Tom himself, the assistance seemed to end. A daughter was now added to the stock of Alice's joys and sorrows, cares and comforts; and as she kissed her infant's brow, her heart throbbed with mingled emotions, "wherein a stranger intermeddleth not." She could not but see that the old gentleman groaned in spirit at the introduction of a nurse and child in that small establishment, scarce provided with necessaries for the family with which it was already crowded; and though it cost her pride a pang, she felt it a duty which she owed the kind-hearted friends who had so long sheltered her, to make an earnest appeal with her own family for the future. And she opened her heart to her mother, and without saying aught that could reflect upon her husband, poured out the long pent-up feelings of months to one who listened with a sympathizing and indulgent spirit. And when all was told, her mother, tenderly kissing her, promised to use her influence with her father. And Alice returned home with a lighter heart than she had known since her marriage.

Mr. Gray did more than Alice hoped, and less than Tom expected, in giving them the same that he bestowed upon his newly married daughter, whose marriage had been sanctioned by the blessing and approval of her parents. In fact he gave what ought to have started a prudent couple, and what Alice looked upon as a little fortune. Tom did not tell her, however, of the many demands upon the sum her father's liberality had put at his disposal; and by the time they had taken a house, and furnished it, he dared not tell her how little of it was left. With debts paid, and some money at command, and credit which his careless, imprudent habits taught him to think equal to money, they started afresh, joyous and happy. Tom was liberal to his wife of her father's means, and while cash and credit lasted, all went well; but when both grew short, Alice found that her husband's patience grew short also, and he told her, pettishly, when she asked for money, that "he could not afford to pay such bills; and that she must be more economical and manage better;" and he was as apt to answer thus, whether it were the baker's or the milliner's account she presented him. And she was too pure and good, when he talked of what he could and could not afford, to remember that every cent he had came from her father's bounty. That she was no great manager, is true; accustomed always to have her wants supplied, she had grown up in expensive habits, and utter ignorance of

money. Nor was her education in this respect likely to be corrected by her husband. On one of these occasions, her sister happening to be present, Alice saw in her kindling eyes and flushing cheeks, the truth that she could scarce refrain from uttering, and hastily changing the conversation, she afterwards apologized for Tom's "excitement," and spoke of business which had much harassed him lately.

Thus time wore on, till credit and creditors were both exhausted; and then, to save his daughter's house and furniture, Mr. Gray was obliged to yield them further assistance. Children crowded fast about them; and as Alice's strength failed, Tom's impatience increased. The brilliancy and mirth which had rendered him so captivating as a young man, still made him popular abroad, and caused his society to be sought for by the gay and social. But growing debts, and a growing family, sadly mar a man's temper; and it would have been difficult to recognize the careless wit of the club and dinner-table, in the exacting husband and impatient father at home. The joyous recklessness of youth, so fascinating in early life, loses, like the sparkle of champagne, its zest with long standing; and the thoughtless, not to say dissipated career Harrington ran, was making sad ravages both in his character and countenance. One of the most sorrowful consequences to his wife, of the course pursued, was a gradual estrangement from her own family. Embittered by his embarrassments, and jealous of their prosperity, he evinced a want of courtesy that her sisters felt and resented, while their husbands instinctively avoided one who was always wishing to borrow. It is true her father aided him again and again; but the sum being always short of his wants, seemed but to stop a present gap, and only diminished his wife's future portion, without materially helping them for the time. And yet Alice did not consider herself an unhappy woman. She dearly loved her husband, and knew that she was still beloved by him. He had passionately loved her when they married—and such love never quite wears out; and in her frequent illnesses it came forth fresh and warm; and he then devoted himself to her with such unremitting tenderness, that she forgot all his irritability; and when he next scolded, and was unreasonable, only thought it was "Tom's way," and did not grieve over it as she once would have done.

In her children, too, there seemed a world of happiness, and the prospect of increasing pride and joy. Endowed with the personal and mental gifts so conspicuous in their parents, they were, indeed, a bright and beauteous race. As Alice gazed upon her eldest daughter, who inherited, with her father's flashing eyes and dark hair, his brilliant mind, and gay, high spirit, she felt that her youth was about to be revived in one whose happy destiny would more than repay her for any privations or sorrows she had undergone. Her

bright-eyed, noble boys, too, how she idolized them; and how all but worshiped was the sweet and gentle mother, who had so often shielded them from their father's temper.

And thus years passed on—and Mr. Gray died; and now Harrington thought his troubles ended, as he knew his father-in-law to have left a large estate. What, then, was his consternation, on settling the estate, to find that the numerous sums charged against them (and which, never half satisfying his wants, he had almost forgotten) nearly comprised his wife's portion; and although he cursed "books," and "the meanness of those who opened them against their children," there was no alternative but to submit. Alice was too upright and just to join with her husband on this point; but such is the engrossing influence a man possesses over the mind of her who loves him, that, notwithstanding her reason told her all was right, yet she could not but sufficiently participate in his feelings of ill-usage and unkindness, as to make her withdraw her affections, as much as it is in a woman's nature so to do, from her own family, and centering all in her husband and children, set herself in earnest about conforming their expenses to the small income which fell to their share; and making her and their happiness in the love with which her own heart overflowed, she looked forward to years of happiness in the growing gifts and graces of the young family by which she was surrounded. Seldom has a prettier or brighter sylph glanced across this nether world than the blooming Alice, now about fifteen. She was her father's idol. He gloried in her talents, and did not love her less that he saw something of his own temper as well as mind reflected in her striking face and character. Her mother, however, perceived, from time to time, with uneasiness, an irritability and fretfulness about her that was not natural to her joyous character, and which, instead of passing away, as she had once supposed it would, seemed to increase almost hourly. And when her gentle remonstrances were followed by a closer scrutiny, what was her horror to find that the girl, scarce more than child, had set her young heart and fancy on one all unworthy of even her acquaintance. Intemperance had set her seal where the disgust naturally excited by the vice seemed even heightened in the contemplation of such youthful depravity. Nor had he mental, nor even personal gifts that could account for the infatuation of the girl. It was one of those perverse and unaccountable attachments that could only be explained by his being the first who had ever breathed the flattery of love in her childish ear. Oh, how the mother wept and pleaded; but the daughter only grew sullen, or emitted sudden flashes of temper to all her mother's arguments and prayers. Then Alice called her husband, and communicating the fact to him, his passion blazed out full end high, and he poured forth

reproaches on his child, and invectives on her lover, till the girl's spirit was roused, and drawing up her slight form, she confronted her father with flashing eyes, and head erect, and cried, "This to *me*, father! Do *you* talk of disobedience thus? *You*, who carried off my mother! and," added she in great excitement, "should I marry without your consent, I am not the first daughter who has chosen for herself;" and glancing at her mother, she quitted the room, leaving the conscience-stricken parents pale and speechless. It was the first intimation Alice had ever had that her children knew the history of her early disobedience; and Harrington had almost forgotten the fact, until it was forced home upon him in this fearful manner. Some moments passed before either spoke, and then Harrington, raising his head from his hands, said, "Follow, soothe her." Alice left the room, but soon returned with looks aghast.

"She cannot be found. She has left the house!"

"Gone!" Harrington snatched his hat, and saying "I'll not return without her," dashed from the house.

The shades of evening were now gathering fast, and who can tell the anguish with which that heart-stricken mother paced the room, counting the weary hours with lessening hope and increasing agony, till the clock struck eleven, when she heard her husband's step, and sprung to meet him: but the first glance was enough. Years could not have altered him as those last few hours had done. He feebly uttered, "I have found her—but too late—they are married."

"Married!" she shrieked. "Oh, God! in the measure that I meted unto others hast thou meted it unto me." And she fell upon her knees and wept in all the agony of a "broken and a contrite heart."

"What!" said Mrs. Flemming, "has Alice Warrington's daughter run away? Why it seems but yesterday since the mother's elopement made such a talk. And a pretty creature she was. I fear, poor thing, she has had an unhappy fate of it."

"I fear she has," replied Mr. Higbee, now the middle-aged father of a large family. "And is it not strange, Mrs. Flemming, how these marriages run in families. Is it that the children grow up accustomed to the idea of what shocks other youthful minds, or is it a species of insanity that runs in the blood. In short, is it inheritance or education?"

“Something of both, probably,” returned Mrs. Flemming. “The wilfulness of the parent must certainly be inherited by the child; added to which, there is all the force of example to aid nature.”

# THE FLOWERS AND GEMS OF GENIUS.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

In the sun-tinted airy bow,
That lightens through the gloom,
Illuming yon clouded Heaven,
With beauty, joy and bloom,
We cannot trace a glimpse of all
Those tears, through which the storm
Entwined with grace and purity
Its light-evolving form.

The flowers, that wreath the robe of Spring,
And bless, with sweets, the air,
The gems, that change their sparkling hues
In Beauty’s braided hair,
Tell never of the secret toil,
With which, in silent gloom,
Great Nature wrought, in Earth’s deep heart,
Their splendor and perfume.

Ah! thus the child of Genius pours,
In solitude and tears,
On one poor fleeting page, the light,
The love of long, long years;
And the gay world receives the ray,
Without a thought of all
The clouds of Fear and Grief, through which
Its prism’d glories fall!

Nor cares to know how long, how wild,
The task that Feeling learns,
Ere it reveal, to all, the thought,
With which it only burns;
The thought that, like a lily, bends
Its incense to the skies,
While its deep hidden *root* is nursed
With showers from Passion’s eyes.

# THE HOST'S TALE.

BY CHARLES J. PETERSON.

"Give us the brandy, quick. The sky is lowering and I have no time to lose. Do you hear, landlord?"

The voice was sharp and stern, and startled by its unwonted accents, I stepped to the door, curious to see the speaker; for I knew by his tone that he was no ordinary man, either for good or evil.

Never shall I forget that face. There is a picture of Ugolino at which I used to gaze in terror when a boy, and this man's countenance, though unlike that of the imprisoned count, filled me with the same feeling of unspeakable awe and horror. The face was dark and sunburnt, with deep set, glowing eyes, and a settled frown which made me shudder then, and has haunted my sleep ever since. His hat was slouched over his eyes; and his person was wrapped closely in an overcoat, the collar of which rose high on his checks, so that the shaggy brow and the gloomy orbs beneath were the only parts of his person distinguishable. He was mounted on a powerful dark-bay horse, which stood pawing the ground, snorting impatiently. Horse and rider were in keeping; but not so a little boy, apparently about four years old, who sat on the pommel in front, and who was secured in his place by a girth passed around his body, and made fast to the huge leathern belt of the man. I have often dreamed of angels—often seen them attempted on canvass, but never did I behold a countenance which so nearly approached to my ideal of the heavenly inhabitants. There was little, indeed, in the light blue eyes and golden hair to distinguish him from others of his age; but he had that in his playful smile, as he patted the neck of the fiery horse, which was the impersonation of innocence and joy; and when the animal, making a spring just as the rider lifted the glass to his lips, spilt a portion of the liquid over the child, the merry look with which he shook back the curls from his face and gazed upward at the deepening frown of his protector, laughing with a light, happy, silvery laugh, such only as infancy gives utterance to, sent a thrill through my heart, as if I had been locked in a dungeon and a gush of sunlight had suddenly streamed in on me, the first time for years. So dark a shadow had the face of that mysterious man cast upon my soul.

"Curse it," said the rider, with on oath, "why couldn't the beast be still for a minute. No—no more—I haven't time—besides, the sky is as dark as a

wolf's mouth;" and flinging down the reckoning, he jerked the rein, plunged his spurs into the animal, and wheeling short around, dashed down the road.

"I would not like to be at that man's death-bed," said the host, shaking his head, as we all stood gazing after the horse and rider.

"I was thinking the same," said I; "who can he be? He rides as if the fiend was after him—but what connection is there between him and that lovely child?"

"I will tell you," said the host, as the object of my curiosity disappeared behind a turn of the road, though for one moment ere he vanished he loomed out into gigantic proportions through the dusky twilight; "but first let us in. The storm is coming up fast, and it is already raining heavily in the hills. Ah! that was a rain-drop—he will get wet through before he has gone a mile."

Not another word was spoken until we had taken our seats around the old table in the bar-room, right opposite a roaring wood fire, whose light revealed to us each other's faces, strangely distorted by the fitful shadows that it cast across them.

"I have often stood in a crowd," said the landlord, "and amused myself with studying the faces of those who passed by—endeavoring to conjecture the events of their canter by the signs which years have left upon the countenance. Believe me, it is a study which makes us better men. Some have enjoyed lives of opulent ease, almost undisturbed by suffering, and you can read it in their calm, smiling, contented air—others have shook hands with sorrow early and late, until care has ploughed their brows with melancholy furrows, and stamped premature grief around the lines of the mouth. There is a holy reliance in some of these latter, especially if they be women, giving to their faces the aspect of a sunshiny winter day; but in other countenances all is bleak, rugged and haggard. A few there are which tell a tale of agony unutterable, end such faces no limner can paint. Others again are equally incapable of being conveyed to canvass, so much of crime and remorse is burnt, as it were, in furrows into the face, as if dug by the lightning. I have often thought that the brand set by the Almighty on the brow of Cain, teaches us that crime will work its way up from the heart, and stamp itself on the features. You saw the expression of the horseman," he said, addressing me, "and I know, by your shuddering look, what you think of him. You are right. The heart of that man would long since have been crushed to powder by remorse, had it not been as God-defying as it was criminal. But he grows more haggard every day—his life is consuming

itself. He is not yet thirty, and, to look at him, you would say he had seen at least half a century, for his hair is turning gray, and his whole countenance betrays premature age. Yet, ten years ago, there was not a handsomer lad in the district than Harry Powell, and many a gay sally have I heard from the lips that now speak only in anger, in curses, or in sarcasm.

"Did you notice, as you came along, the roofless house at the lower end of the glen, just where the Chenang emerges from the ravine, and spreads out into that broad and beautiful stream which is the admiration of every traveler who visits us. The door of the bare and dismantled house is not a dozen yards from the river, and between them lies what was once one of the loveliest of lawns, though now overgrown with rank grass, and strewed with broken timbers from the house. The whole place around is barren and desolate, and you would scarcely think that, ten years ago, it was the garden of the county. Yet so it was: and a sweeter spot than Ellsworth cottage never was, nor did a happier family than its inhabitants meet around the household hearth. Especially was the only daughter of the aged couple the brightest and most joyous creature I ever knew—all day long her heart was full of sunshine, and if you could have seen her tripping across the lawn, or gamboling with her pet fawn, or heard her gay, light-hearted laugh, or felt the touch of her hand, light as when a summer leaf floats to the water, you would have loved, ay! almost worshiped her, as I did, and as did all who knew her. Often in the still summer nights have I sat in my porch and heard her soft, melodious voice stealing up the glen, so mellowed and spiritualized by the distance, that I have unconsciously looked upward, expecting, for the moment, to see visitants in the air. Lucy Vane! sweet, angelic creature! even now I cannot speak of her unmoved.

"Lucy and young Powell had been playmates in childhood, although he was several years older than herself, for their parents were looked up to throughout our primitive district as a sort of gentry, and companions for the children were therefore scarce. The father of Powell was a rich Englishman, who lived across the hills, a proud, contemptuous, exclusive man, whom none of the neighbors liked. The parents of Lucy were, on the contrary, beloved by all. Kindness and charity seemed natural to them, end their beneficence was talked of in every hut and dwelling for miles around. Their fortune was comfortable, though nothing more, but they too had come from England, and I believe were of gentle blood, else Mr. Powell would never have allowed such an intimacy to grow up between the children. And indeed this friendship became so close that it used to be the talk of the neighbors that Lucy and the young heir would some day be man and wife. They were always together, and many a time have I seen them walking hand in hand

along the stream, or gathering wild flowers for each other in the woods, or sailing their tiny boat on the placid Chenang in the valley; and once I came upon them sleeping cheek to cheek, and their little arms around each other, by the old rock, under which gushes forth the rivulet that goes brawling through their fields, and empties into the broader stream a few hundred yards further down.

"But when young Powell was twelve years old, and Lucy six, his father determined to send his son to England to be educated, deeming no school in this country good enough for the descendant of a long line of titled warriors, such as I have heard the Powells have ever been. It was a sore parting, as you may well suppose, between the children; and poor Lucy cried as if her heart would break, while the young heir's grief was equally acute, though, like our sex even at his years, he strove to repress his tears as something unmanly. But it was in vain. They say he kept it up as long as he was in Lucy's sight; but I saw him ride by here on his way home, and sure then he was weeping as if he should never see her more.

"Ten years passed by, and during that time we often heard of the absent heir. He was now at a private school, and now at some University, living with great splendor, and having lords for his companions—a poor way, some of our folks said, to make him a good republican. At first, every month or two brought some present for Lucy, and though, after a while, these gifts did not arrive so frequently, still never a Christmas passed without some memento being sent from her old playmate across the water. And now and then, too, the aged servants at the cottage were remembered, and kind messages were transmitted to others whom it would have been an insult to propitiate with presents; and so, on every hand, it was agreed that the young heir was the finest gentleman, and had the kindest heart, of any one our district had ever seen. Lucy never joined in these praises, but my good dame said that Harry, as we used to call him, was not forgotten, for that the sweet girl would often blush when others spoke of him, and, though her tongue was silent, the joyous sparkle of her eyes at such times told as much, and told it as eloquently as if she had uttered her thoughts in words. And every day she grew more beautiful; and though perhaps the exuberant gaiety of childhood became yearly less perceptible in her, yet in its place came a subdued gladness, and in her eyes shone a holier mirth, and her voice had a depth that it had never known before, and her cheek wore a tell-tale eloquence which spoke how her heart was stirred; and so, by signs like these, we knew she felt that her girlhood was passing away, and that the destiny of the woman was opening before her.

“Ten years passed by, when one bright morning, early in summer, just as the buds were bursting from the trees, and when the apple blossoms whitened the landscape, filling the air with gushes of fleeting fragrance, a stranger rode by, mounted on a tall, powerful horse, which he managed with a grace that attracted the notice of the loungers on the bench outside. As he passed the door on a rapid trot, he looked curiously at the house, and when he had gone a few hundred yards, he left the main road and took a short cut through a private way across the fields to Ellsworth cottage. I knew by this that it was Harry Powell, for what stranger was acquainted with this secret horse-track? And sure enough, before an hour we heard that he was down at the cottage, and that Lucy was the happiest of the happy. There was not a couple, within the circuit of five miles, who did not talk over the matter to themselves that night, and conclude that the match was an excellent one, and sure to come off as soon as Lucy was a year or two older.

“Well, things went on brightly, and to every one’s content, for scarcely a day passed on which the young heir did not visit the cottage; and now, as of old, they were to be seen walking by the stream, or loitering in the woods, or sitting together reading on some shady rock, or riding gaily past us on some one of the score of excursions which lovers can make to fine points in the landscapes hereabouts. And now Lucy seemed more beautiful than ever, for in her soft eyes there was a dewy moisture, and in her voice a mellow thoughtfulness which made her appear little less than divine.

“Suddenly the father of Powell died. He was found cold in bed one morning, after an evening of hard debauch. This event, we all knew, must put off the wedding, which otherwise we had determined would take place the ensuing spring.

“The father was buried, and the young man entered into possession of his large estates. Months ensued, and his visits to the cottage still continued, but I saw little of him personally, for he rarely stopped here. At length it began to be whispered about—though where the rumor originated no one could tell—that we had formed too high an opinion of him; that though he was affable to all out of doors, he was irritable within; that his principles in religion were loose, and even suspected to be atheistical; and that, while his father was yet hardly cold in the coffin, and Lucy was still to be won, he had brought a wretch, whom I will not name, to disgrace his household. This last rumor was soon denied, but many had their suspicions yet, end a thousand little things in his conduct were noticed to make sober men shake their heads, and careful mothers ask for any thing rather than that their daughters should receive the notice of the young man. He had been dissipated in

England, that we had on the best authority—how natural that his old habits should cling to him? He was handsome, seemingly frank as day, dressed with taste and fashion, and could be witty or eloquent, just as the mood might be. So fascinating a man, especially when fortune was added to his accomplishments, was a dangerous companion for the youth of the more susceptible sex. Distrust sprung up in many an old bosom, but among the young he was still as popular as ever; and at Ellsworth cottage be was regarded with an adoration that ought never to be bestowed on a human being. But even we who doubted him were paralyzed—struck dumb, as if a thunderbolt had fallen at our feet—when we heard, about six months after his father's death, that Miss Lucy had fled from her father's house, that—I must say it—she was his victim! We were stunned at first, but on recovery did not believe it. Had not their marriage been talked of for years? Did he not love our sweet flower? Could he be a fiend, thus to insult his father's ashes, to bring sorrow and despair on the aged parents, and to make an angel fall from her high sphere, and break her heart thereby? It could not be. And yet it was thus; and—God of heaven!—her seducer was not struck dead.

"Well—the tale came out. Infidelity had sapped his principles, moral as well as religious; he had learned to sneer at woman's virtue; and the selfish gratification of his passions had become with him a study, which he pursued with all the ardor of an epicure. He made it a point to be celebrated for his triumphs, to boast to his base associates and correspondents of the number of his victims. And he marked out the ruin of Lucy as the grandest of all his achievements. They tell me there is a German poet who has painted the Arch-Enemy in a human form, smilingly gazing on the ruin of one who has yielded to his temptations; and I have often fancied that the seducer must have looked thus, as he watched, day after day, the insidious progress which his infidel principles made in Lucy's mind, and her certain, yet to her unseen, approach to the net he had spread for her. He must be a man of giant intellect, of profound insight into the human heart, of eloquence the most seductive, or he never could have misled Lucy from the paths of virtue. But, alas! love is a powerful ally. You may imagine him stealing, like the serpent, into her pure heart—you need not be told of the desolation and darkness that ensued. I cannot dwell on this part of my story without shuddering at such incredible wickedness. Let me hasten on.

"He had won her love, deluded her with false promises, and then reveled in his crime, ay! boasted of it publicly. It was long before she knew of this baseness, for he kept her secluded in his home; but her parents heard it, end though broken-hearted and dying, they made an effort to save her. The aged father rose from his bed, and went to the seducer's house, and there, in the

hall, with servants and grinning horse-boys by, pleaded for admittance to his child. It was denied, and they were about to thrust him forth, when the seducer returned. At his knees the father knelt, but the villain turned away—the old man clung to him, and with tears prayed for mercy, still the profligate was unmoved, and signed to his foreign minions to have him forcibly removed. Then the wronged parent cursed him, and, it is said, he turned ashy pale, and his knees smote together; for the curse was that he might never sleep peacefully again, and die at last like a dog in a highway. They hustled the agitated old man from the door, and he rode away. I saw him pass by here, and his eyes were red with tears, while he shook as in a palsy. I followed him home, unwilling to trust him alone with his servant. His wife, though almost dying, had insisted on getting up to wait for him, and oh! never shall I forget her look of agony, when she saw that his mission had been unsuccessful. They fell into each other's arms and wept. In less than a fortnight we laid them in the same grave.

"It was given out that Lucy herself had been unwilling to see her father, and that what had been done was in fulfillment of her orders; but who believed this? Yet, now that her parents were dead, none possessed the right to interfere, and her wronger was strong in his wealth, and in the power it gave him. At length the truth come out, though piece-meal by piece-meal. Waking from the first delusive happiness of her fatal dream, and woke from it chiefly by the decreasing warmth of her lover's manner, she began to think of her aged parents, and how lonely they must be now that she was gone. Her heart yearned toward them, and she asked to see them. Some excuse was made for putting off the visit, as was done again and again, whenever she alluded to the subject. At length she would be delayed no longer, and then, to her astonishment, she was refused; and when she became more urgent, and asked it as a boon, even with tears, she was sternly left alone. Now, for the first time, the true sense of her condition broke upon her; for though she had often alluded to her lover's promise of marriage, and noticed that he had some reason for evading its fulfillment at the time, her trusting heart had never imagined that he was so base as ultimately to thwart her wishes. But if he refused this slight boon, would he grant the other? She fainted away, and for days kept her sick chamber. It was during this period that her father was thrust from the door: had she been well, she would have heard the altercation, when no human power could have kept her from her parent's side.

"Weeks fled before she learned the truth; but long ere this she had become aware that she was a prisoner in her wronger's house, and to her complaints he had become harsh and unfeeling, leaving her whole days

alone, and only evincing occasionally returns of his old fondness; and then, for a while, poor Lucy would strive to forget her sorrow, and be as light-hearted as she once had been. Perhaps she thought thus to win him back to do her justice. But when, through accident, she heard how her father bad been used, and learned that her parents were both dead with broken hearts, all her hopes were crushed forever, and she would have killed herself, had they not snatched the weapon from her hand, and set a guard over her. For days and weeks she was frantic. What passed within those guarded portals perhaps will never come to light, but strange stories were afloat among the neighbors, and screams and threats, and even the sounds of the lash were said, on still nights, to be heard across the valley, until the simpler folk avoided that dark mansion after sunset, as if it had been haunted by evil spirits. The brow of the seducer still wore in public its calm, bewitching smile, but keen observers said that, if he ceased talking for an instant, the muscles of his mouth would twitch convulsively, as if with some inward pain. Perhaps remorse was already clutching at his heart, for—God knows!—one so young could scarcely be callous to his enormous crimes. He had murdered two aged parents, and made the daughter a maniac—and think you he could sleep at nights, and not be tormented by phantoms? What else made his face gradually assume that look of care? Why, except for this, did he plunge into every species of excitement, becoming always the first and remaining the last at the bottle? Ah! the period of his triumph in evil was up, and the buyer of his soul was beginning to wring the life blood, drop by drop, from his heart.

"Did I tell you that she died? It was on a cold, moonlight night in winter, when she eluded the watch of her keeper, and stealing away from the house, crossed the hills, guided only by that instinct which God affords to animals and to the bewildered in intellect, until she reached her father's cottage. It was deserted and going to wreck. The sight must have shed glimmerings through her darkened mind, for when we found her the next morning, she was moaning on the deserted hearthstone, and came with us without a word. She spoke coherently, and asked for a minister. He came; and never, he said, had he seen one more repentant. Oh! sirs, it drew tears from my eyes to see her pale, thin face, so meek and uncomplaining, so full of heaven, and yet so care-worn with past sorrow. She was an angel indeed; and, though once she had grievously sinned, that was past; and her heart now was in the grave with her parents.

"It was but two days ere she died, leaving behind her a boy, whom her seducer claimed, and to whose charge, unwillingly, the babe was consigned.

She died forgiving her murderer; and it was in obedience to her wish that the infant was surrendered.

“No one saw her wronger weep at her death; but his conduct became fearfully stern, and his words harsh; and it was whispered, even by his foreign minions, that night after night steps were heard in his chamber, and that in day time he never slept. Only to the child did his sternness relax; but even on it he never smiled. One by one his menials left him, for none could live in that mansion, and, after a few months, he suddenly left the country, and the lordly house and grounds went to decay.

“Three months since he appeared again in the vicinity. It is said he has traveled in every land, and returned here as restless as he went. But he no longer resides on his estate, choosing to live in the neighborhood of the county town. He has grown twenty years older in his absence; and things are written on his face such as no tongue can describe. I can see there days of remorse, and nights of sleepless agony—fierce struggles of the soul. God-defying arrogance, impiety, impenitence, sullen endurance. But the rock is wearing away.

“No one can do any thing with him but his son; and the boy’s presence is his only solace. They say he will never part, no, not for a moment, from the child; but that he carries it about with him as a talisman; and, sure, if any thing can keep away phantoms from his pillow, it is the smile of that innocent boy. I have told you how Lucy looked, and so looks her babe. No wonder that seraphic smile lures the murderer from himself, and makes him cherish the child as a portion of his life-blood; and yet that affection must have something fierce in it; and I can imagine him defending the boy as a lioness defends her young. All, even those who once fawned on him, shun his company—for his haggard looks are not for the social cup; and thus shut within himself, with no one but that child for a companion—for even his vast wealth can only purchase a few trembling and frightened servants—he lives on, lavishing all his affection on the boy, and endeavoring, it may be, to atone in this way for his wrongs to the mother. Oh! how fearful were her wrongs, and those of her murdered parents. The law cannot take hold of him; but I have a feeling that he is yet destined to perish by some awful death. It cannot be that such men are permitted, by the ordination of Heaven, to die peacefully in their beds.”

He ceased. So wholly had we been absorbed by his narration, that we had grown insensible to the progress of the storm, which now shook the old building to its foundation, and could be heard roaring in the forest like the voice of the wintry sea. Awaking from our trance, we gazed at each other

almost in surprise at the violence of the tempest. The rain dashed fiercely against the roof; the wind shrieked and whistled among the chimneys; and at short intervals the thunder burst on high, crackling and echoing in countless repetitions down the firmament. The swaying of the huge buttonwoods before the house, as they creaked to and fro in the hurricane, had in it something awful. A deep silence of several minutes ensued, during which the host sat absorbed and still. Suddenly he started, and stopping his glass half-way to his lips, exclaimed,

"Hark! what sound is that?"

I put my tumbler on the table, and listened intently, an example in which I was followed by the whole company. A low rushing sound, like the quick trot of distant horse, now heard in the lull of the tempest, and now for a moment overpowered, smote on the ear; and while we remained gazing in blank wonder into each other's countenances, the noise suddenly changed into that of a whirlwind howling through a forest. We started as one man to our feet. What could it be? My hand was on the lock, and I flung open the door. A gust of wind whistled in, driving the rain across my face, and flaring the huge candles. The sound now assumed a more distinct shape; and I knew it to be that of raging waters, mingled with the grinding and splitting of timbers.

"It is a freshet!" said the landlord, who stood with me outside; "the Chenang is in a flood, and must have swept away the bridges, for I hear the cracking and snapping of frame-work."

"Ay, and what was that?" I said, as a loud cry, like that of some one in mortal peril, met my ear. "Surely no one can be in the stream."

"God help him or her—it is a human voice!" said the landlord, with startling energy, his face becoming white as a shroud. "The mill above must have been carried away, and with it the family. Ho! help here, one and all!" and with the words, followed by myself and the rest of the company, he rushed toward the brink of the stream.

The river was scarcely a hundred yards from the door, and ran through the bottom of a steep ravine, so that in ordinary times the surface of the water was at least thirty feet below the level where we stood. Just as we gained the edge of the heights, a flash of lightning blazed before our eyes, and by its spectral glare we saw that the tide had risen nearly ten feet, and was surging fiercely onward, foaming and plunging along, now whirling in gigantic eddies, and now boiling up as if over a furnace, while on its bosom were borne trunks of trees, masses of loosened rock, and timbers, apparently

of bridges, twisted and splintered as by the hands of Titans. During the momentary glimpse afforded us of the current, though we beheld all this ruin, we saw no human beings. We scarcely deemed it possible, indeed, that any living thing could exist a moment amid the wrecks grinding together in that fierce abyss, and were turning away, with hearts lightened of apprehension, when again that cry arose on the ear, sounding this time nearer and louder, and like a woman's wail.

"God of heaven!—see—see!" said the landlord, pointing downward with a quivering finger.

"What?—who?" and all crowded to the spot.

Torches had by this time been brought to the brink of the ravine, and looking down, I saw, by the ruddy light cast on the black gulf below, a riderless horse, apparently dead, and close behind him, surrounded by encircling timbers, a man struggling. It was only for an instant that I beheld his features—for the torches, flaring in the tempest, cast only a fitful and ghastly radiance below—but that one look revealed to me the seducer of Lucy; and just by him, as I had pictured her from the host's description, was the face of the victim. I started back with a cry of horror. All did likewise; and for a moment, as if paralyzed by what seemed a judgment of God, no one made an effort to save the drowning man. Suddenly it flashed across me that the face I had taken for Lucy's must be that of the child.

"A rope—a rope!" I shouted, "the boy is drowning!"

The man heard the words, and answered with a hallo, holding the child, with a giant's effort, above the roaring tide. But no rope was at hand; and before one could be brought from the house, our aid would be useless. The father comprehended it, and a shade of utter agony shot over his face, while he looked upward at us, as he was hurried past. Suddenly he saw a sapling, which grew out of the side of the ravine, swaying to and fro in the current, and springing up, he clutched despairingly at the tree; but the impetus of his body, combined with the undermining force of the current, was too much for the young oak, it gave way by the roots, and falling on him, buried him in the tide, which whirled both away into the centre of the roaring abyss. His child was torn from him in the struggle, to be lodged miraculously, as we afterwards found, on a narrow ledge; and the look of horror and agony depicted on his upturned face, as he was sucked into the gurgling gulf, ignorant of the fate of his boy, will never fade from my memory. In that one look, the crimes and remorse of his whole life were told.

Horror-struck, we gazed on his fate, scarcely for a minute afterwards drawing a breath. Our first thoughts then were of the child.

"He is here," said one, "still unharmed; give me a rope, and let me descend for him."

In a narrow cave, scarcely four feet high, and not half that width, situated but a few feet below where the uprooted sapling had grown, the child had been providentially lodged. Need I tell how quickly aid was rendered him, or how tremulous we were until he stood safely beside us, or the involuntary awe and gratitude with which we bore him to the house.

The next day the body of the seducer was found at the mouth of the ravine, on the first bank that met the rushing torrent in the valley. That bank, as the landlord had before told us, was the lawn in front of the deserted cottage. Almost at the dismantled door they found the bruised, mangled, and nearly undistinguishable corpse. Was not God's hand in this?

The child told us what we had suspected—that the horseman had paused under a clump of trees for shelter, and that driven at length from them by the soaking rain, he had dashed on, and when recklessly crossing the bridge, been precipitated with it into the stream.

That child still lives: let us hope he may atone to society, by his life, for the errors of one parent, and the crimes of the other.

## THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD.

BY REV. WALTER COLTON, U.S.N.

What harp can hymn thy love, who came to earth,
Wrapt thy divinity in mortal clay,
A meek and silent sufferer from thy birth,
And fainting for a place whereon to lay
Thy weary head, though thou wert Lord of all,
And came to save man from his utter fall.

The dead at thy almighty word awoke,
The lame man bounded as a roe in May,
Pale, speechless lips their lasting silence broke,
The sightless eye gleamed with the visual ray,
And hearing came to those, who, until then,
Knew not the sounds that charmed the sons of men.

Within the humble shed, the lowly cot,
Where care had cast her melancholy shade,
And want in vain had wrestled with its lot,
There were thy earliest, fondest visits paid,
And there thy radiant presence tarried long,
Till hearts that bled were kindled into song.

The partners of thy holy heart were those
From whom the learn’d and lofty turned away,
And deemed them ’neath the dignity of foes;
But as the clouds, which flank the orb of day,
Are bathed in light, so they around thee shone
In hallowed lustres, which were all thine own.

And thou wert in the garden bowed in prayer,
When tears of blood by thy deep agonies
Were wrung, as from an angel in despair,
But aid was lent thee from thy native skies,
And thou didst triumph and the world redeem,
Though Hope had fled and Mercy quenched her beam.

Thou wert betrayed by treachery’s studied smile,

Brought to a bar that justice had forsook,
Condemned by one whose unaccusing guile
But mocked the forms his cold compassion took;
While they who loved thee, filled with sudden dread,
Denied their friendship, or ignobly fled.

And thou wert led up Calvary's troubled height,
Between two malefactors doomed to die,
Our God withdrew, the sun withheld his light,
The dead awoke, and Murder mocked the cry
Wherein thy being rendered up its breath,
And sought from agony repose in death.

And thou wert to the marble tomb consigned,
But brief Death's triumph o'er the captive clay,
Divinity resumed what it resigned,
Rekindled at its source life's perished ray,
And quickened into fresh immortal bloom
Those hopes which else had perished in thy tomb.

The heavens received thee from our ransomed earth,
Thy truth went forth in power through every land,
All vain the sneer that touched thy mortal birth,
And vain the force of persecution's brand,
Thy cause, triumphant, throned itself above
A subject world in universal love.

And thou wilt reappear—recall from clay
The dead of ages—thy fast triumph swell
The heaven with its magnificent array
Of saints and seraphim—the hosts of hell
Tremble in chains behind thy flaming car,
A world unhearsed stand at thy judgment bar!

Hail, Prince of Peace, Redeemer, Judge of All!
The Alpha and Omega, First and Last!
Thou with thy breath from utter night didst call
Suns and their systems; nations that have past,
But which, at thy last trump, shall wake from dust
To share thy love, or own thy judgment just.

## LINES WRITTEN UNDER A LADY'S PICTURE.

There is nothing ill can dwell in such a temple. *Shakspeare.*

How beautiful she looks! So kind,
So sweet, so full of grace!
Heaven's purest gifts of heart and mind
Are mirrored in that face;
Like stars, on night's deep azure hung,
Telling the Source from which they sprung.

But how, unawed, may one of earth
To angel-heights aspire?
And thus, alas! thy very worth
Half damps my hope's fond fire,
Leads me to feel and to deplore
Mine own deficiencies the more.

## AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A POCKET-HANDKERCHIEF.

(Concluded from previous issue)

BY J. F. COOPER, AUTHOR OF "THE RED ROVER," "LE FEU-FOLLET," ETC.

The reader is not to infer that Désirée was unusually mercenary. That she was a little addicted to this weakness, is true—who ever knew a commissionaire that was not? but she had her moments of benevolence, as well as others, and had really made some sacrifice of her time, and consequently of her interests, in order to serve Adrienne in her distress. As for the purchase of myself, that was in the way of her *commerce*; and it is seldom, indeed, that philanthropy can overcome the habits of trade.

Désirée was not wholly without means, and she was in no hurry to reap the benefit of her purchase. I remained in her possession, according to my calculation, some two or three years before she ever took me out of the drawer in which I had been deposited for safe keeping. I was considered a species of *corps de reserve*. At the end of that period, however, her thoughts recurred to her treasure, and an occasion soon offered for turning me to account. I was put into the reticule, end carried about, in readiness for any suitable bargain that might turn up.

One day Désirée and I were on the Boulevards Italiens together, when a figure caught the commissionaire's eye that sent her across the street in a great hurry. I scarcely know how to describe this person, who, to my simple eyes, had the appearance of a colonel of the late Royal Guards, or, at least, of an attaché of one of the northern legations. He was dressed in the height of the latest fashion, as well as he knew how to be; wore terrible *moustaches*, and had a rare provision of rings, eye-glasses, watch-guards, chains, &c.

"*Bon jour, monsieur*," exclaimed Désirée, in haste, "*parole d' honneur*, I scarcely knew you! I have been waiting for your return from Lyons with the most lively impatience, for, to tell you the truth, I have the greatest *bijou* for your American ladies that ever came out of a bleaching ground—*un mouchoir de poche*."

"*Doucement—doucement, ma bonne*," interrupted the other, observing that the woman was about to exhibit me on the open Boulevards, an *exposé*

for which he had no longings, “you can bring it to my lodgings—”

“*Rue de Clery, numéro cent vingt*—”

“Not at all, my good Désirée. You must know I have transacted all my ordinary business—made my purchases, and am off for New York in the next packet—”

“*Mais, le malle, monsieur?*”

“Yes, the trunk will have a corner in it for any thing particular, as you say. I shall go to court this evening, to a great ball, Madame, le Marquis de Dolomien and the Aide de Camp de Service having just notified me that I am invited. To be frank with you, Désirée, I am lodging in la Rue de la Paix, and appear, just now, as a mere traveler. You will inquire for *le Colonel Silky*, when you call.”

“*Le Colonel Silky!*” repeated Désirée, with a look of admiration, a little mingled with contempt.

“*De la garde nationale Américaine*,” answered Mr. Silky, smiling. He then gave the woman his new address, and appointed an hour to see her.

Désirée was punctual to a minute. The porter, the *garçons*, the *bourgeois*, all knew *le Colonel Silky*, who was now a great man, wore moustaches, and went to court—as the court was. In a minute the commissionaire was in the colonel’s ante-chamber. This distinguished officer had a method in his madness. He was not accustomed to keeping a body servant, and, as his aim was to make a fortune, will ye nill ye, he managed, even now, in his hours of pride and self-indulgence, to get along without one. It was not many moments, therefore, before he came out and ushered Désirée himself into his *salon*; a room of ten feet by fourteen, with a carpet that covered just eight feet by six, in its centre. Now that they were alone, in this snuggery, which seemed barely large enough to contain so great a man’s *moustaches*, the parties understood each other without unnecessary phrases, and I was, at once, produced.

Colonel Silky was evidently struck with my appearance. An officer of his readiness and practice saw at once that I might be made to diminish no small part of the way’s and means of his present campaign, and precisely in proportion as he admired me, he began to look cold and indifferent. This management could not deceive me, my clairvoyance defying any such artifices; but it had a sensible effect on Désirée, who, happening very much to want money for a particular object just at that moment, determined, on the spot, to abate no less than fifty francs from the price she had intended to ask.

This was deducting five francs more than poor Adrienne got for the money she had expended for her beautiful lace, and for all her toil, sleepless nights, and tears; a proof of the commissionaire's scale of doing business. The bargain was now commenced in earnest, offering an instructive scene of French protestations, assertions, contradictions and volubility on one side, and of cold, seemingly phlegmatic, but wily Yankee calculation, on the other. Désireé had set her price at one hundred and fifty francs, after abating the fifty mentioned, and Colonel Silky had early made up his mind to give only one hundred. After making suitable allowances for my true value before I was embellished, the cost of the lace and of the work, Désirée was not far from the mark; but the Colonel saw that she wanted money, and he knew that two napoleons and a half, with his management, would carry him from Paris to Havre. It is true he had spent the difference that morning on an eye-glass that he never used, or when he did it was only to obscure his vision; but the money was not lost, as it aided in persuading the world he was a colonel and was afflicted with that genteel defect, an imperfect vision. These extremes of extravagance and meanness were not unusual in his practice. The one, in truth, being a consequence of the other.

"You forget the duty, Désirée," observed the military trader; "this compromise law is a thousand times worse then any law we have ever had in America."

"The duty!" repeated the woman, with an incredulous smile; "monsieur, you are not so young as to pay any duty on a pocket-handkerchief! *Ma foi*, I will bring twenty—*oui*, a thousand from England itself, and the *douaniers* shall not stop one."

"Ay, but we don't smuggle in America," returned the colonel, with an *aplomb* that might have done credit to Vidocq himself; "in our republican country the laws are all in all."

"Why do so many of your good republicans dress so that the rue de Clery don't know them, and then go to the chateau?" demanded the commissionaire, very innocently, as to appearance at least.

"Bah! there are the five napoleons—if you want them, take them—if not, I care little about it, my invoice being all closed."

Désirée never accepted money more reluctantly. Instead of making one hundred and fifty-five francs out of the toil and privations, and self-denial of poor Adrienne, she found her own advantages unexpectedly lessened to fifty-five; or, only a trifle more than one hundred per cent. But the colonel was firm, and, for once, her cupidity was compelled to succumb. The money

was paid, and I became the vassal of Colonel Silky; a titular soldier, but a traveling trader, who never lost sight of the main chance either in his campaigns, his journeys, or his pleasures.

To own the truth, Colonel Silky was delighted with me. No girl could be a better judge of the *article*, and all his cultivated taste ran into the admiration of *goods*. I was examined with the closest scrutiny; my merits were inwardly applauded, and my demerits pronounced to be absolutely none. In short, I was battered; for, it must be confessed, the commendation of even a fool is grateful. So far from placing me in a trunk, or a drawer, the colonel actually put me in his pocket, though duly enveloped and with great care, and for some time I trembled in every delicate fibre, lest, in a moment of forgetfulness, he might use me. But my new master had no such intention. His object in taking me out was to consult a sort of *court* commissionaire, with whom he had established certain relations, and that, too, at some little cost, on the propriety of using me himself that evening at the chateau of the King of the French. Fortunately, his monitress, though by no means of the purest water, knew better than to suffer her *élève* to commit so gross a blunder, and I escaped the calamity of making my first appearance at court under the auspices of such a patron.

There was a moment, too, when the colonel thought of presenting me to Madame de Dolomien, by the way of assuring his favor in the royal circle, but when he came to count up the money he should lose in the way of profits, this idea became painful, and it was abandoned. As often happened with this gentleman, he reasoned so long in all his acts of liberality, that he supposed a sufficient sacrifice had been made in the mental discussions, and he never got beyond what surgeons call the "first intention" of his moral cures. The evening he went to court, therefore, I was carefully consigned to a *carton* in the colonel's trunk, whence I did not again issue until my arrival in America. Of the voyage, therefore, I have little to say, not having had a sight of the ocean at all. I cannot affirm that I was absolutely sea-sick, but, on the other hand, I cannot add that I was perfectly well during any part of the passage. The pent air of the state-room, and a certain heaviness about the brain, quite incapacitated me from enjoying any thing that passed, and that was a happy moment when our trunk was taken on deck to be examined. The custom-house officers at New York were not men likely to pick out a pocket-handkerchief from a gentleman's—I beg pardon, from a colonel's—wardrobe, and I passed unnoticed among sundry other of my employer's speculations. I call the colonel my *employer*, though this was not strictly true; for, Heaven be praised! he never did employ me; but ever since my arrival in America, my gorge has so risen against the word "master," that I

cannot make up my mind to write it. I know there is an ingenious substitute, as the following little dialogue will show, but my early education under the astronomer and the delicate minded Adrienne, has rendered me averse to false taste, and I find the substitute as disagreeable as the original. The conversation to which I allude, occurred between me and a very respectable looking shirt, that I happened to be hanging next to on a line, a few days after my arrival; the colonel having judged it prudent to get me washed and properly ironed, before he carried me into the "market."

"Who is your *boss*, pocket-handkerchief?" demanded the shirt, a perfect stranger to me, by the way, for I had never seen him before the accidents of the wash-tub brought us in collision; "who is your boss, pocket-handkerchief, I say?—you are so very fine, I should like to know something of your history."

From all I had heard and read. I was satisfied my neighbor was a Yankee shirt, both from his curiosity and from his abrupt manner of asking questions; still I was at a loss to know the meaning of the word *boss*, my clairvoyance being totally at fault. It belongs to no language known to the savans or academicians.

"I am not certain, sir," I answered, "that I understand your meaning. What is a *boss*?"

"Oh! that's only a republican word for 'master.' Now, Judge Latitat is *my* boss, and a very good one he is, with the exception of his sitting so late at night at his infernal circuits, by the light of miserable tallow candles. But all the judges are alike for that, keeping a poor shirt up sometimes until midnight, listening to cursed dull lawyers, and prosy, caviling witnesses."

"I beg you to recollect, sir, that I am a female pocket-handkerchief, and persons of your sex are bound to use temperate and proper language in the presence of ladies."

"Yes, I see you are feminine, by your ornaments—still, you might tell a fellow who is your boss?"

"I belong, at present, to Colonel Silky, if that is what you mean; but I presume some fair lady will soon do me the honor of transferring me to her own wardrobe. No doubt my future employer—is not that the word?—will be one of the most beautiful and distinguished ladies of New York."

"No question of that, as money makes both beauty and distinction in this part of the world, and it's not a dollar that will buy you. *Colonel* Silky? I don't remember the name—which of *our* editors is he?"

"I don't think he is an editor at all. At least, I never heard he was employed about any publication, and, to own the truth, he does not appear to me to be particularly qualified for such a duty, either by native capacity, or, its substitute, education."

"Oh! that makes no great difference—half the *corps* is exactly in the same predicament. I'fegs! if we waited for colonels, or editors either, in this country, until we got such as were qualified, we should get no news, and be altogether without politics, and the militia would soon be in an awful state."

"This is very extraordinary! So you do not wait, but take them as they come. And what state is your militia actually in?"

"Awful! It is what my boss, the judge, sometimes calls a 'statu quo.' "

"And the newspapers—and the news—and the politics?"

"Why, they are *not* in 'statu quo'—but in a '*semper eadem*'—I beg pardon, do you understand Latin?"

"No, sir—ladies do not often study the dead languages."

"If they did they would soon bring 'em to life! 'Semper eadem' is Latin for 'worse and worse.' The militia is drilling into a '*statu quo*' and the press is enlightening mankind with a '*semper eadem*.' "

After properly thanking my neighbor for these useful explanations, we naturally fell into discourse about matters and things in general, the weather in America being uniformly too fine to admit of discussion.

"Pray, sir," said I, trembling lest my *boss* might be a colonel of the editorial corps, after all—"pray, sir," said I, "is it expected in this country that the wardrobe should entertain the political sentiments of its boss?"

"I rather think not, unless it might be in high party times; or, in the case of editors, and such extreme patriots. I have several relatives that belong to the *corps*, and they all tell me that while their bosses very frequently change their coats, they are by no means so particular about changing their shirts. But you are of foreign birth, ma'am, I should think by your dress and appearance?"

"Yes, sir, I came quite recently from France; though, my employer being American, I suppose I am entitled to the rights of citizenship. Are you European, also?"

"No, ma'am; I am native and to the '*manor* born,' as the modern Shakspeare has it. Is Louis Philippe likely to maintain the throne, in

France?”

“That is not so certain, sir, by what I learn, as that the throne is likely to maintain Louis Philippe. To own the truth to you, I am a Carlist, as all genteel articles are, and I enter but little into the subject of Louis Philippe’s reign.”

This remark made me melancholy, by reviving the recollection of Adrienne, and the conversation ceased. An hour or two later, I was removed from the line, properly ironed, and returned to my boas. The same day I was placed in a shop in Broadway, belonging to a firm of which I now understood the colonel was a sleeping partner. A suitable entry was made against me, in a private memorandum book, which, as I once had an opportunity of seeing it, I will give here.

*Super-extraordinary Pocket-Handkerchief, French cambric, trimmed and worked, in account with Bobbinet & Gull.*

DR.

| | |
|---|---|
| To money paid first cost—francs 100, at 5.25, | $19.04 |
| To interest on same for, | .00 |
| To portion of passage money, | .04 |
| To porterage, | . ¼ |
| To washing and making up, | .25 |

(*Mem.*—See if a deduction cannot be made from this charge.)

CR.

| | |
|---|---|
| By cash, for allowing Miss Thimble to copy pattern—not to be worked until our article is sold, | $1.00 |
| By cash for sale, &c. | |

Thus the account stood the day I was first offered to the admiration of the fair of New York. Mr. Bobbinet, however, was in no hurry to exhibit me, having several articles of less beauty, that he was anxious to get off first. For my part, I was as desirous of being produced, as ever a young lady was to come out; and then my companions in the drawer were not of the most

agreeable character. We were all pocket-handkerchiefs, together, and all of French birth. Of the whole party, I was the only one that had been worked by a real lady, and consequently my education was manifestly superior to those of my companions. *They* could scarcely be called *comme il faut*, at all; though, to own the truth, I am afraid there is *tout soit peu de* vulgarity about all *worked* pocket-handkerchiefs. I remember that, one day, when Madame de la Rocheaimard and Adrienne were discussing the expediency of buying our whole piece, with the view of offering us to their benefactress, the former, who had a fine tact in matters of this sort, expressed a doubt whether the dauphine would be pleased with such an offering.

"Her Royal Highness, like all cultivated minds, looks for fitness in her ornaments and tastes. What fitness is there, *ma chère*, in converting an article of real use, and which should not be paraded to one's associates, into an article of senseless luxury. I know there are two doctrines on this important point—"

But, as I shall have occasion, soon, to go into the whole philosophy of this matter, when I come to relate the manner of my next purchase, I will not stop here to relate all that Madame de la Rocheaimard said. It is sufficient that she, a woman of tact in such matters at least, had strong doubts concerning the *taste* and propriety of using worked pocket-handkerchiefs, at all.

My principal objection to my companions in the drawer was their incessant and senseless repinings about France, and their abuse of the country in which they were to pass their lives. I could see enough in America to find fault with, through the creaks of the drawer, and if an American, I might have indulged a little in the same way myself, for I am not one of those who think fault-finding belongs properly to the stranger, and not to the native. It is the proper office of the latter, as it is his duty to amend these faults; the traveler being bound in justice to look at the good as well as the evil. But, according to my companions, there was *nothing* good in America—the climate, the people, the food, the morals, the laws, the dress, the manners, and the testes, were all infinitely worse than those they had been accustomed to. Even the physical proportions of the population were condemned, without mercy. I confess I was surprised at hearing the *size* of the Americans sneered at by *pocket-handkerchiefs*, as I remember to have read that the *noses* of the New Yorkers, in particular, were materially larger than common. When the supercilious and vapid point out faults, they ever run into contradictions and folly; it is only under the lash of the

discerning and the experienced, that we betray by our writhings the power of the blow we receive.

I might have been a fortnight in the shop, when I heard a voice as gentle and lady-like as that of Adrienne, inquiring for pocket-handkerchiefs. My heart fairly beat for joy; for, to own the truth, I was getting to be wearied to death with the garrulous folly of my companions. They had so much of the *couturières* about them! not one of the whole party ever having been a regular employee in genteel life. Their *niaisiries* were endless, and there was just as much of the low bred anticipation as to their future purchases, as one sees at the balls of the *Champs Elysée* on the subject of partners. The word "pocket-handkerchief," and that so sweetly pronounced, drew open our drawer, as it might be, instinctively. Two or three dozen of us, all of exquisite fineness, were laid upon the counter, myself and two or three more of the better class being kept a little in the back ground, as a skillful general holds his best troops in reserve.

The customers were sisters; that was visible at a glance. Both were pretty, almost beautiful—and there was an air of simplicity about their dress, a quiet and unobtrusive dignity in their manners, which at once announced them to be real ladies. Even the tones of their voices were polished, a circumstance that I think one is a little apt to notice in New York. I discovered, in the course of the conversation, that they were the daughters of a gentleman of very large estate, and belonged to the true *élite* of the country. The manner in which the clerks received them, indeed, proclaimed this; for, though their other claims might not have so promptly extracted this homage, their known wealth would.

Mr. Bobbinet attended these customers in person. Practiced in all that portion of human knowledge which appertains to a salesman, he let the sweet girls select two or three dozen handkerchiefs of great beauty, but totally without ornament, and even pay for them, before he said a word on the subject of the claims of his reserved corps. When he thought the proper moment had arrived, however, one of the least decorated of our party was offered to the consideration of the young ladies. The sisters were named Anne and Maria, and I could see by the pleasure that beamed in the soft blue eyes of the former, that she was quite enchanted with the beauty of the *article* laid before her so unexpectedly. I believe it is in *female* "human nature" to admire every thing that is graceful and handsome, and especially when it takes the form of needle-work. The sweet girls praised handkerchief after handkerchief, until *I* was laid before them, when their pleasure extracted exclamations of delight. All was done so quietly, however, and in

so lady-like a manner, that the attention of no person in the shop was drawn to them by this natural indulgence of surprise. Still I observed that neither of the young ladies inquired the *prices*, these being considerations that had no influence on the intrinsic value, in their eyes; while the circumstance caused my heart to sink within me, as it clearly proved they did not intend to purchase, and I longed to become the property of the gentle, serene-eyed Anne. After thanking Mr. Bobbinet for the trouble he had taken, they ordered their purchases sent home, and were about to quit the shop.

"Can't I persuade you to take *this*?" demanded Bobbinet, as they were turning away. "There is not its equal in America. Indeed, one of the house, our Colonel Silky, who has just returned from Paris, says it was worked expressly for the dauphine, who was prevented from getting it by the late revolution."

"It *is* a pity so much lace and such exquisite work should be put on a pocket-handkerchief," said Anne, almost involuntarily. "I fear if they were on something more suitable, I might buy them."

A smile, a slight blush, and curtsy, concluded the interview; and the young ladies hastily left the shop. Mr. Bobbinet was disappointed, as, indeed, was Col. Silky, who was present, *en amateur*; but the matter could not be helped, as these were customers who acted and thought for themselves, and all the oily persuasion of shop-eloquence could not influence them.

"It is quite surprising, colonel," observed Mr. Bobbinet, when his customers were properly out of hearing, "that *these* young ladies should let such an article slip through their fingers. Their father is one of the richest men we have; and yet they never even asked the price."

"I fancy it was not so much the *price* that held 'em back," observed the colonel, in his elegant way, "as something else. There are a sort of customers that don't buy promiscuously; they do every thing by rule. They don't believe that a nightcap is intended for a bed-quilt."

Bobbinet & Co. did not exactly understand his more sophisticated partner; but before he had time to ask an explanation, the appearance of another customer caused his face to brighten, and changed the current of his thoughts. The person who now entered was an exceedingly brilliant-looking girl of twenty, dressed in the height of fashion, and extremely well, though a severe critic might have thought she was *over* dressed for the streets, still she had alighted from a carriage. Her face was decidedly handsome, and her person exquisitely proportioned. As a whole, I had scarcely ever seen a

young creature that could lay claim to more of the loveliness of her sex. Both the young ladies who had just left us were pleasing and pretty; and to own the truth, there was an air of modest refinement about them, that was not so apparent in this new visiter; but the dazzling appearance of the latter, at first, blinded me to her faults, and I saw nothing but her perfection. The interest manifested by the master—I beg his pardon, the boss of the store—and the agitation among the clerks, very plainly proved that much was expected from the visit of this young lady, who was addressed, with a certain air of shop-familiarity, as Miss Halfacre—a familiarity that showed she was an *habituée* of the place, and considered a good customer.

Luckily for the views of Bobbinet & Co., we were all still lying on the counter. This is deemed a fortunate circumstance in the contingencies of this species of trade, since it enables the dealer to offer his uncalled-for wares in the least suspicious and most natural manner. It was fortunate, also, that I lay at the bottom of the little pile—a climax being quite as essential in sustaining an extortionate price, as in terminating with due effect, a poem, a tragedy, or a romance.

"Good morning, Miss Halfacre," said Mr. Bobbinet, bowing and smiling; if his face had been half as honest as it professed to be, it would have *grinned*. "I am glad you have come in at this moment, as we are about to put on sale some of the rarest articles, in the way of pocket-handkerchiefs, that have ever come to this market. The Misses Burton have just seen them, and *they* pronounce them the most beautiful articles of the sort they have ever seen; and I believe they have been over half the world."

"And did they take any, Mr. Bobbinet? The Miss Burtons are thought to have taste."

"They have not exactly *purchased*, but I believe each of them has a particular article in her eye. Here is one, ma'am, that is rather prettier than any you have yet seen in New York. The price is *sixty* dollars."

The word *sixty* was emphasized in a way to show the importance that was attached to *price*—that being a test of more than common importance with the present customer. I sighed when I remembered that poor Adrienne had received but about ten dollars for *me*—an article worth so much more than that there exhibited.

"It is really very pretty, Mr. Bobbinet, very pretty; but Miss Monson bought one not quite as pretty, at Lace's; and *she* payed *sixty-five*, if I am not mistaken."

“I dare say; we have them at much higher prices. I showed *you* this only that you might see that *our sixties* are as handsome as *Mr. Lace’s* sixty-*fives*. What do you think of *this*?”

“That *is* a jewel! What *is* the price, Mr. Bobbinet?”

“Why, we will let *you* have it for seventy, though I do think it ought to bring five more.”

“Surely you do not abate on pocket-handkerchiefs! One doesn’t like to have such a thing *too* low.”

“Ah, I may as well come to the point at once with such a customer as yourself, Miss Halfacre; here is the article on which I pride myself. *That* article never *was* equalled in this market, and never *will* be.”

I cannot repeat half the exclamations of delight which escaped the fair Eudosia, when I first burst on her entranced eye. She turned me over and over, examined me with palpitating bosom, and once I thought she was about to kiss me; then, in a trembling voice, she demanded the price.

“*One hundred dollars*, ma’am;” answered Bobbinet, solemnly. “Not a cent more, on my honor.”

“No, surely!” exclaimed Eudosia, with delight instead of alarm. “Not a *hundred*!”

“*One hundred*, Miss Eudosia, to the last cent; then we scarcely make a living profit.”

“Why, Mr. Bobbinet, this is the highest priced handkerchief that was ever sold in New York.” This was said with a sort of rapture, the fair creature feeling all the advantage of having so good an opportunity of purchasing so dear an *article*.

“In America, ma’am. It is the highest priced handkerchief, by twenty dollars, that ever crossed the Atlantic. The celebrated Miss Jewel’s, of Boston, only cost seventy-nine.”

“Only! Oh, Mr. Bobbinet, I *must* have it. It is a perfect treasure!”

“Shall I send it, Miss Eudosia; or don’t you like to trust it out of your sight?”

“Not yet, sir. To own the truth, I have not so much money. I only came out to buy a few trifles, and brought but fifty dollars with me; and Pa insists on having no bills. I never knew any body as particular as Pa; but I will go instantly home and show him the importance of the purchase. You will not

let the handkerchief be seen for *one* hour—only *one* hour—and then you shall hear from me."

To this Bobbinet assented. The young lady tripped into her carriage, and was instantly whirled from the door. In precisely forty-three minutes, a maid entered, half out of breath, and laid a note on the counter. The latter contained Mr. Halfacre's check for one hundred dollars, and a request from the fair Eudosia that I might be delivered to her messenger. Every thing was done as she had desired, and, in five minutes, I was going up Broadway as fast as Honor O'Flagherty's (for such was the name of the messenger) little dumpy legs could carry me.

Mr. Henry Halfacre was a speculator in town-lots—a profession that was, just then, in high repute in the city of New York. For farms, and all the more vulgar aspects of real estate, he had a sovereign contempt; but offer him a bit of land that could be measured by feet and inches, and he was your man. Mr. Halfacre inherited nothing; but he was a man of what are called energy and enterprize. In other words, he had a spirit for running in debt, and never shrunk from jeoparding property that, in truth, belonged to his creditors. The very morning that his eldest child, Eudosia, made her valuable acquisition, in my person, Henry Halfacre, Esq., was the owner of several hundred lots on the island of Manhattan; of one hundred and twenty-three in the city of Brooklyn; of nearly as many in Williamsburg; of large undivided interests in Milwaukie, Chicago, Rock River, Moonville, and other similar places; besides owning a considerable part of a place called Coney Island. In a word, the landed estate of Henry Halfacre, Esq., "*inventoried*," as he expressed it, just two millions, six hundred and twelve thousand dollars; a handsome sum, it must be confessed, for a man who, when he began his beneficent and energetic career in this branch of business, was just twenty-three thousand, four hundred and seventeen dollars worse than nothing. It is true, that there was some drawback on all this prosperity; Mr. Halfacre's bonds, notes, mortgages, and other liabilities, making a sum total that amounted to the odd six hundred thousand dollars; this still left him, however, a handsome paper balance of two millions.

Notwithstanding the amount of his "bills payable," Mr. Halfacre considered himself a very prudent man: first, because he insisted on having no book debts; second, because he always took another man's paper for a larger amount than he had given of his own, for any specific lot or lots; thirdly, and lastly, because he was careful to "extend himself," at the risk of other persons. There is no question, had all his lots been sold as he had inventoried them; had his debts been paid; and had he not spent his money a

little faster than it was *bona fide* made, that Henry Halfacre, Esq. would have been a very rich man. As he managed, however, by means of getting portions of the paper he received discounted, to maintain a fine figure account in the bank, and to pay all current demands, he began to be known as the *rich* Mr. Halfacre. But one of his children, the fair Eudosia, was out; end as she had some distance to make in the better society of the town, ere she could pass for aristocratic, it was wisely determined that a golden bridge should be thrown across the dividing chasm. A hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief, it was hoped, would serve for the key-stone, and then all the ends of life would be attained. As to a husband, a pretty girl like Eudosia, and the daughter of a man of "four figure" lots, might get one any day.

Honor O'Flagherty was both short-legged and short-breathed. She felt the full importance of her mission; and having an extensive acquaintance among the other Milesians of the town, and of her class, she stopped no less than eleven times to communicate the magnitude of Miss Dosie's purchase. To two particular favorites she actually showed me, under solemn promise of secrecy; and to four others she promised a peep some day, after her *bosses* had fairly worn me. In this manner my arrival was circulated prematurely in certain *coteries*, the pretty mouths and fine voices that spoke of my marvels, being quite unconscious that they were circulating news that had reached their ears *viâ* Honor O'Flagherty, Biddy Noon, and Kathleen Brady.

Mr. Halfacre occupied a very *genteel* residence in Broadway, where he and his enjoyed the full benefit of all the dust, noise, and commotion of that great thoroughfare. This house had been purchased and mortgaged, generally simultaneous operations with this great operator, as soon as he had "inventoried" half a million. It was a sort of patent of nobility to live in Broadway; and the acquisition of such a residence was like the purchase of a marquiseta in Italy. When Eudosia was fairly in possession of a hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief, the great seal might be said to be attached to the document that was to elevate the Halfacres throughout all future time.

Now the beautiful Eudosia—for beautiful, and even lovely, this glorious-looking creature was, in spite of a very badly modulated voice, certain inroads upon the fitness of things in the way of expression, and a want of a knowledge of the finesse of fine life—now the beautiful Eudosia had an intimate friend named Clara Caverly, who was as unlike her as possible, in character, education, habits, and appearance; and yet who was firmly her friend. The attachment was one of childhood and accident—the two girls having been neighbors and school-fellows until they had got to like each other, after the manner in which young people form such friendships, to

wear away under the friction of the world, and the pressure of time. Mr. Caverly was a lawyer of good practice, fair reputation, and respectable family. His wife happened to be a lady from her cradle; and the daughter had experienced the advantage of as great a blessing. Still Mr. Caverly was what the world of New York, in 1832, called poor; that is to say, he had no known bank-stock, did not own a lot on the island, was a director of neither bank nor insurance company, and lived in a modest two-story house, in White street. It is true his practice supported his family, and enabled him to invest in bonds and mortgages two or three thousand a-year; and he owned the fee of some fifteen or eighteen farms in Orange county, that were falling in from three-lives leases, and which had been in his family ever since the seventeenth century. But, at a period of prosperity like that which prevailed in 1832, 3, 4, 5, and 6, the hereditary dollar was not worth more than twelve and a half cents, as compared with the "inventoried" dollar. As there is something, after all, in a historical name, and the Caverleys still had the best of it, in the way of society, Eudosia was permitted to continue the visits in White street, even after her own family were in full possession in Broadway, and Henry Halfacre, Esq., had got to be enumerated among the Manhattan nabobs. Clara Caverly was in Broadway when Honor O'Flagherty arrived with me, out of breath, in consequence of the shortness of her legs, and the necessity of making up for lost time.

"There, Miss Dosie," cried the exulting housemaid, for such was Honor's domestic rank, though preferred to so honorable and confidential a mission—"There, Miss Dosie, there it is, and it's a jewel."

"What has Honor brought you *now*?" asked Clara Caverly in her quiet way, for she saw by the brilliant eyes and flushed cheeks of her friend that it was something the other would have pleasure in conversing about. "You make so many purchases, dear Eudosia, that I should think you would weary of them."

"What, weary of beautiful dresses? Never, Clara, never! That might do for White street, but in Broadway one is never tired of such things—see," laying me out at full length in her lap, "this is a pocket-handkerchief—I wish your opinion of it."

Clara examined me very closely, and, in spite of something like a frown, and an expression of dissatisfaction that gathered about her pretty face—for Clara was pretty, too—I could detect some of the latent feelings of the sex, as she gazed at my exquisite lace, perfect ornamental work, and unequaled fineness. Still, her education and habits triumphed, and she would not

commend what she regarded as ingenuity misspent, and tasteless, because senseless, luxury.

“This handkerchief cost *one hundred dollars*, Clara,” said Eudosia, deliberately and with emphasis, imitating, as near as possible, the tone of Bobbinet & Co.

“Is it possible, Eudosia! What a sum to pay for so useless a thing!”

“Useless! Do you call a pocket-handkerchief useless?”

“Quite so, when it is made in a way to render it out of the question to put it to the uses for which it was designed. I should as soon think of trimming gum-shoes with satin, as to trim a handkerchief in that style.”

“Style? Yes, I flatter myself it *is* style to have a handkerchief that cost a hundred dollars. Why, Clara Caverly, the highest priced thing of this sort that was ever before sold in New York only came to seventy-nine dollars. Mine is superior to all, by twenty-one dollars!”

Clara Caverly sighed. It was not with regret, or envy, or any unworthy feeling, however; it was a fair, honest, moral sigh, that had its birth in the thought of how much good a hundred dollars might have done, properly applied. It was under the influence of this feeling, too, that she said, somewhat inopportunely it must be confessed, though quite innocently—

“Well, Eudosia, I am glad you can afford such a luxury, at all events. Now is a good time to get your subscription to the Widows’ and Orphans’ Society. Mrs. Thoughtful has desired me to ask for it half a dozen times; I dare say it has escaped you that you are quite a twelvemonth in arrear.”

“*Now* a good time to ask for three dollars! What, just when I’ve paid a hundred dollars for a pocket-handkerchief? That was not said with your usual good sense, my dear. People must be *made* of money to pay out so much at one time.”

“When may I tell Mrs. Thoughtful, then, that you will send it to her?”

“I am sure that is more than I can say. Pa will be in no hurry to give me more money soon, and I want, at this moment, near a hundred dollars’ worth of articles of dress to make a decent appearance. The Society can be in no such hurry for its subscriptions; they must amount to a good deal.”

“Not if never paid. Shall I lend you the money—my mother gave me ten dollars this morning, to make a few purchases, which I can very well do without until you can pay me.”

"*Do*, dear girl—you are always one of the best creatures in the world. How much is it? three dollars I believe."

"Six, if you pay the past and present year. I will pay Mrs. Thoughtful before I go home. But, dear Eudosia, I wish you had not bought that foolish pocket-handkerchief."

"Foolish! Do you call a handkerchief with such lace, and all this magnificent work on it, and which cost a *hundred dollars*, foolish? Is it foolish to have money, or to be thought rich?"

"Certainly not the first, though it may be better not to be thought rich. I wish to see you always dressed with propriety, for you do credit to your dress; but this handkerchief is out of place."

"Out of place! Now, hear me, Clara, though it is to be a great secret. What do you think Pa is worth?"

"Bless me, these are things I never think of. I do not even know how much my own father is worth. Mother tells me how much I may spend, and I can want to learn no more."

"Well, Mr. Murray dined with Pa last week, and they sat over their wine until near ten. I overheard them talking, and got into this room to listen, for I thought I should get something new. At first they said nothing but 'lots—lots—up town—down town—twenty-five feet front—dollar, dollar, dollar.' La! child, you never heard such stuff in your life!"

"One gets used to these things, notwithstanding," observed Clara, drily.

"Yes, one *does* hear a great deal of it. I shall be glad when the gentlemen learn to talk of something else. But the best is to come. At last, Pa asked Mr. Murray if he had *inventoried* lately."

"Did he?"

"Yes, he did. Of course you know what that means?"

"It meant to *fill*, as they call it, does it not?"

"So I thought at first, but it means no such thing. It means to count up, and set down how much one is worth. Mr. Murray said he did *that* every month, and of course he knew very well what *he* was worth. I forget how much it was, for I didn't care, you know George Murray is not as old as I am, and so I listened to what Pa had inventoried. Now, how much do you guess?"

"Really, my dear, I haven't the least idea," answered Clara, slightly gaping—"a thousand dollars, perhaps."

"A thousand dollars! What, for a gentleman who keeps his coach—lives in Broadway—dresses his daughter as I dress, and gives her hundred-dollar handkerchiefs. Two hundred million, my dear; two hundred million!"

Eudosia had interpolated the word "hundred," quite innocently, for, as usually happens with those to whom money is new, her imagination ran ahead of her arithmetic. "Yes," she added, "two hundred millions; besides sixty millions of odd money."

"That sounds like a great deal," observed Clara quietly; for, besides caring very little for these millions, she had not a profound respect for her friend's accuracy on such subjects.

"It *is* a great deal. Ma says there are not ten richer men than Pa in the state. Now, does not this alter the matter about the pocket-handkerchief? It would be mean in me not to have a hundred-dollar handkerchief, when I could get one."

"It may alter the matter as to the extravagance; but it does not alter it as to the fitness. Of what *use* is a pocket-handkerchief like this? A pocket-handkerchief is made for *use*, my dear, not for show."

"You would not have a young lady use her pocket-handkerchief like a snuffy old nurse, Clara?"

"I would have her use it like a young lady, and in no other way. But it always strikes me as a proof of ignorance and a want of refinement when the uses of things are confounded. A pocket-handkerchief, at the best, is but a menial appliance, and it is bad taste to make it an object of attraction. *Fine*, it may be, for that conveys an idea of delicacy in its owner; but ornamented beyond reason, never. Look what a tawdry and vulgar thing an embroidered slipper is on a woman's foot."

"Yes, I grant you that, but every body cannot have hundred-dollar handkerchiefs, though they may have embroidered slippers. I shall wear my purchase at Miss Trotter's ball to-night."

To this Clara made no objection, though she still looked disapprobation of her purchase. Now, the lovely Eudosia had not a bad heart; she had only received a bad education. Her parents had given her a smattering of the usual accomplishments, but here her superior instruction ended. Unable to discriminate themselves, for the want of this very education, they had been obliged to trust their daughter to the care of mercenaries, who fancied their

duties discharged when they had taught their pupil to repeat like a parrot. All she acquired had been for effect, and not for the purpose of every-day use; in which her instruction and her pocket-handkerchief might be said to be of a piece.

And here I will digress a moment, to make a single remark on a subject of which popular feeling, in America, under the influence of popular habits, is apt to take an *ex parte* view. Accomplishments are derided as useless, in comparison with what is considered household virtues. The accomplishment of a cook is to make good dishes; of a seamstress to sew well, and of a lady to possess refined tastes, a cultivated mind, and agreeable and intellectual habits. The real *virtues* of all are the same, though subject to law's peculiar to their station; but it is a very different thing when we come to the mere accomplishments. To deride all the refined attainments of human skill denotes ignorance of the means of human happiness, nor is it any evidence of acquaintance with the intricate machinery of social greatness and a lofty civilization. These gradations in attainments are inseparable from civilized society, and if the skill of the ingenious and laborious is indispensable to a solid foundation, without the tastes and habits of the refined and cultivated, it never can be graceful or pleasing.

Eudosia had some indistinct glimmerings of this fact, though it was not often that she came to sound and discriminating decisions even in matters less complicated. In the present instance she saw this truth only by halves, and that, too, in its most commonplace aspect, as will appear by the remark she made on the occasion.

"Then, Clara, as to the *price* I have paid for this handkerchief," she said, "you ought to remember what the laws of political economy lay down on such subjects. I suppose your Pa makes you study political economy, my dear?"

"Indeed he does not. I hardly know what it means."

"Well, that is singular; for Pa says, in this age of the world, it is the only way to be rich. Now, it is by means of a trade in lots, and political economy, generally, that he has succeeded so wonderfully; for, to own the truth to you, Clara, Pa hasn't always been rich."

"No!" answered Clara, with a half-suppressed smile, she knowing the fact already perfectly well.

"Oh, no—far from it—but we don't speak of this publicly, it being a sort of disgrace in New York, you know, not to be thought worth at least half a

million. I dare say your Pa is worth as much as that?"

"I have not the least idea he is worth a fourth of it, though I do not pretend to know. To me half a million of dollars seems a great deal of money, and I know my father considers himself poor—poor, at least, for one of his station. But what were you about to say of political economy? I am curious to hear how *that* can have any thing to do with your handkerchief."

"Why, my dear, in this manner. You know a distribution of labor is the source of all civilization—that trade is an exchange of equivalents—that custom-houses fetter these equivalents—that nothing which is fettered is free—"

"My dear Eudosia, what *is* your tongue running on?"

"You will not deny, Clara, that any thing which is fettered is not free? And that freedom is the greatest blessing of this happy country; and that trade ought to be as free as any thing else?"

All this was gibberish to Clara Caverly, who understood the phrases, notwithstanding, quite as well as the friend who was using them. Political economy is especially a science of terms; and free trade, as a branch of it is called, is just the portion of it which is indebted to them the most. But Clara had not patience to hear, any more of the unintelligible jargon which has got possession of the world to-day, much as Mr. Pitt's celebrated sinking-fund scheme for paying off the national debt of Great Britain did, half a century since, and under very much the same influences; and she desired her friend to come at once to the point, as connected with the pocket-handkerchief.

"Well, then," resumed Eudosia, "it is connected in this way. The luxuries of the rich give employment to the poor, and cause money to circulate. Now this handkerchief of mine, no doubt, has given employment to some poor French girl for four or five months, and, of course, food and raiment. She has earned, no doubt, fifty of the hundred dollars I have paid. Then the custom-house—ah, Clara, if it were not for that vile custom-house, I might have had the handkerchief at least five-and-twenty dollars lower——!"

"In which case you would have prized it five-and-twenty times less," answered Clara, smiling archly.

"*That* is true; yes, free trade, after all, does *not* apply to pocket-handkerchiefs."

"And yet," interrupted Clara, laughing, "if one can believe what one reads, it applies to hackney-coaches, ferry-boats, doctors, lawyers, and even the clergy. My father says it is——"

"What? I am curious to know, Clara, what as plain speaking a man as Mr. Caverly calls it."

"He is plain speaking enough to call it a—— *humbug*," said the daughter, endeavoring to mouth the word in a theatrical manner. "But, as Othello says, the handkerchief."

"Oh! Fifty dollars go to the poor girl who does the work, twenty-five more to the odious custom-house, some fifteen to rent, fuel, lights, and ten, perhaps, to Mr. Bobbinet, as profits. Now all this is very good, and very useful to society, as you must own."

Alas, poor Adrienne! Thou didst not receive for me as many francs as this fair calculation gave thee dollars; and richer wouldst thou have been, and, oh, how much happier, hadst thou kept the money paid for me, sold the lace even at a loss, and spared thyself so many, many hours of painful and anxious toil! But it is thus with human calculations. The propositions seem plausible, and the reasoning fair, while stern truth lies behind all to level the pride of understanding, and prove the fallacy of the wisdom of man. The reader may wish to see how closely Eudosia's account of profit and loss came to the fact, and I shall, consequently, make up the statement from the private books of the firm that had the honor of once owning me, viz.:

*Super-extraordinary Pocket-handkerchief, &c., in account with Bobbinet & Co.*

DR.

| | |
|---|---|
| To money paid, first cost, francs 100, at 5.25, | $19.04 |
| To interest on same for ninety days, at 7 per cent., | 00.33 |
| To portion of passage money, | 00.04 |
| To porterage, | 00.00¼ |
| To washing and making up, | 00.25 |
| | ------- |
| | $19.66¼ |

CR.

| | |
|---|---|
| By cash paid by Miss Thimble, | $1.00 |
| By cash paid for article, | 100.00 |
| By washerwoman’s deduction, | 00.05 |
| | ------- |
| | 101.05 |
| | 19.66¼ |
| | ------- |
| By profit, | $81.39¼ |

As Clara Caverly had yet to see Mrs. Thoughtful, and pay Eudosia’s subscription, the former now took her leave. I was thus left alone with my new employer, for the first time, and had an opportunity of learning something of her true character, without the interposition of third persons; for, let a friend have what hold he or she may on your heart, it has a few secrets that are strictly its own. If admiration of myself could win my favor, I had every reason to be satisfied with the hands into which fortune had now thrown me. There were many things to admire in Eudosia—a defective education being the great evil with which she had to contend. Owing to this education, if it really deserved such a name, she had superficial accomplishments, superficially acquired—principles that scarce extended beyond the *retenue* and morals of her sex—tastes that had been imbibed

from questionable models—and hopes that proceeded from a false estimate of the very false position into which she had been accidentally and suddenly thrown. Still Eudosia had a heart. She could scarcely be a woman, and escape the influence of this portion of the female frame. By means of the mesmeritic power of a pocket-handkerchief, I soon discovered that there was a certain Morgan Morely in New York, to whom she longed to exhibit my perfection, as second to the wish to exhibit her own.

I scarcely know whether to felicitate myself or not, on the circumstance that I was brought out the very first evening I passed in the possession of Eudosia Halfacre. The beautiful girl was dressed and ready for Mrs. Trotter's ball by eight; and her admiring mother thought it impossible for the heart of Morgan Morely, a reputed six figure fortune, to hold out any longer. By some accident or other, Mr. Halfacre did not appear—he had not dined at home; and the two females had all the joys of anticipation to themselves.

"I wonder what has become of your father," said Mrs. Halfacre, after inquiring for her husband for the tenth time. "It is *so* like him to forget an engagement to a ball. I believe he thinks of nothing but his lots. It is really a great trial, Dosie, to be so rich. I sometimes wish we weren't worth more than a million; for, after all, I suspect true happiness is to be found in these little fortunes. Heigho! It's ten o'clock, and we must go, if we mean to be there at all; for Mrs. Caverly once said, in my presence, that she thought it as vulgar to be too late, as too early."

The carriage was ordered, and we all three got in, leaving a message for Mr. Halfacre to follow us. As the rumor that a "three-figure" pocket-handkerchief was to be at the ball, had preceded my appearance, a general buzz announced my arrival in the *salle à manger-salons*. I have no intention of describing fashionable society in the Great Emporium of the *western world*. Every body understands that it is on the best possible footing—grace, ease, high breeding and common sense being so blended together, that it is exceedingly difficult to analyze them, or, indeed, to tell which is which. It is this moral fusion that renders the whole perfect, as the harmony of fine coloring throws a glow of glory on the pictures of Claude, or, for that matter, on those of Cole, too. Still, as envious and evil disposed persons have dared to call in question the elegance, and more especially the *retenue* of a Manhattanese rout, I feel myself impelled, if not by that high sentiment, patriotism, at least by a feeling of gratitude for the great consideration that is attached to pocket-handkerchiefs, just to declare that it is all scandal. If I have any fault to find with New York society, it is on account of its formal and almost priggish quiet—the female voice being usually quite lost in it—

thus leaving a void in the ear, not to say the heart, that it is painful to endure. Could a few young ladies, too, be persuaded to become a little more prominent, and quit their mother's apron-strings, it would add vastly to the grouping, and relieve the stiffness of the "shin-pieces" of formal rows of dark-looking men, and of the flounces of pretty women. These two slight faults repaired, New York society might rival that of Paris; especially in the Chausse d'Autin. More than this I do not wish to say, and less than this I cannot in honor write, for I have made some of the warmest and truest-hearted friends in New York that it ever fell to the lot of a pocket-handkerchief to enjoy.

It has been said that my arrival produced a general buzz. In less than a minute Eudosia had made her curtsy, and was surrounded, in a corner, by a bevy of young friends, all silent together, and all dying to see me. To deny the deep gratification I felt at the encomiums I received, would be hypocrisy. They went from my borders to my centre—from the lace to the hem—and from the hem to the minutest fibre of my exquisite texture. In a word, I was the first hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief that had then appeared in their circles; and had I been a Polish count, with two sets of moustaches, I could not have been more flattered and "entertained." My fame soon spread through the rooms, as two little apartments, with a door between them that made each an alcove of the other, were called; and even the men, the young ones in particular, began to take an interest in me. This latter interest, it is true, did not descend to the minutiæ of trimmings and work, or even of fineness, but the "three-figure" had a surprising effect. An elderly lady sent to borrow me for a moment. It was a queer thing to borrow a pocket-handkerchief, some will think; but I was lent to twenty people that night; and while in her hands, I overheard the following little aside, between two young fashionables, who were quite unconscious of the acuteness of the senses of our family.

"This must be a rich old chap, this Halfacre, to be able to give his daughter a hundred-dollar pocket-handkerchief, Tom; one might do well to get introduced."

"If you'll take my advice, Ned, you'll keep where you are," was the answer. "You've been to the surrogate's office, and have seen the will of old Simonds, and *know* that he has left his daughter seventy-eight thousand dollars; and, after all, this pocket-handkerchief may be only a sign. I always distrust people who throw out such lures."

"Oh, rely on it, there is no sham here; Charley Pray told me of this girl last week, when no one had ever heard of her pocket-handkerchief."

"Why don't Charley, then, take her himself? I'm sure, if I had *his* imperial, I could pick and choose among all the second-class heiresses in town."

"Ay, there's the rub, Tom; one is obliged in our business to put up with the *second* class. Why can't we aim higher at once, and get such girls as the Burtons, for instance?"

"The Burtons have, or have had, a mother."

"And haven't all girls mothers? Who ever heard of a man or a woman without a mother!"

"True, physically; but I mean morally. Now this very Eudosia Halfacre has no more mother, in the last sense, than you have a wet-nurse. She has an old woman to help her make a fool of herself; but, in the way of mother, she would be better off with a pair of good gum-shoes. A creature that is just to tell a girl not to wet her feet, and when to cloak and uncloak, and to help tear the check-book out of money, is no more of a mother than old Simonds was of a Solomon, when he made that will, which every one of us knows by heart quite as well as he knows the constitution."

Here a buzz in the room drew the two young men a little aside, and for a minute I heard nothing but indistinct phrases, in which "removal of deposites," "panic," "General Jackson," and "revolution," were the only words I could fairly understand. Presently, however, the young men dropped back into their former position, and the dialogue proceeded.

"There!" exclaimed Ned, in a voice louder than was prudent, "*that* is what I call an escape! That cursed handkerchief was very near taking me in. I call it swindling to make such false pretensions."

"It might be very awkward with one who was not properly on his guard; but with the right sort there is very little danger."

Here the two *elégants* led out a couple of heiresses to dance; and I heard no more of them or of their escapes. Lest the reader, however, should be misled, I wish to add, that these two worthies are not to be taken as specimens of New York morality at all—no place on earth being more free from fortune-hunters, or of a higher tone of social morals in this delicate particular. As I am writing for American readers, I wish to say, that all they are told of the vices of *old* countries, on the other side of the Atlantic, is strictly true; while all that is said, directly, or by implication, of the vices and faults of this happy young country, is just so much calumny. The many excellent friends I have made, since my arrival in this hemisphere, has

bound my heart to them to all eternity; and I will now proceed with my philosophical and profound disquisitions on what I have seen, with a perfect confidence that I shall receive credit, and an independence of opinion that is much too dear to me to consent to place it in question. But to return to facts.

I was restored to Eudosia, with a cold, reserved look, by a lady into whose hands I had passed, that struck me as singular, as shown to the owner of such an article. It was not long, however, before I discovered, to use a homely phrase, that something had happened; and I was not altogether without curiosity to know what that something was. It was apparent enough, that Eudosia was the subject of general observation, and of general conversation, though, so long as she held me in her hand, it exceeded all my acuteness of hearing to learn what was said. The poor girl fancied her pocket-handkerchief was the common theme; and in this she was not far from right, though it was in a way she little suspected. At length Clara Caverly drew near, and borrowed me of her friend, under a pretext of showing me to her mother, who was in the room, though, in fact, it was merely to get me out of sight; for Clara was much too well-bred to render any part of another's dress the subject of her discussions in general society. As if impatient to get me out of sight, I was thrown on a sofa, among a little pile of *consœurs*, (if there is such a word,) for a gathering had been made, while our pretty bossesses were dancing, in order to compare our beauty. There we lay quite an hour, a congress of pocket-handkerchiefs, making our comments on the company, and gossiping in our own fashion. It was only the next day that I discovered the reason we were thus neglected; for, to own the truth, something had occurred which suddenly brought "three-figure," and even "two-figure" people of our class into temporary disrepute. I shall explain that reason at the proper moment.

The conversation among the handkerchiefs on the sofa, ran principally on the subject of our comparative market value. I soon discovered that there was a good deal of envy against me, on account of my "three figures," although, I confess, I thought I cut a "poor figure," lying as I did, neglected in a corner, on the very first evening of my appearance in the fashionable world. But some of the opinions uttered on this occasion—always in the mesmeritic manner, be it remembered—will be seen in the following dialogue.

"Well!" exclaimed $25, "this is the first ball I have been at that I was not thought good enough to have a place in the quadrille. You see all the canaille are in the hands of their owners, while we, the élite of pocket-handkerchiefs, are left here in a corner, like so many cloaks."

“There must be a reason for this, certainly,” answered $45, “though *you* have been flourished about these two winters, in a way that ought to satisfy one of *your* pretensions.”

An animated reply was about to set us all in commotion, when $80, who, next to myself, had the highest claims of any in the party, changed the current of feeling, by remarking—

“It is no secret that we are out of favor for a night or two, in consequence of three figures having been paid for one of us, this very day, by a bossess, whose father stopped payment within three hours after he signed the cheque that was to pay the importer. I overheard the whole story, half an hour since, and thus, you see, every one is afraid to be seen with an aristocratic handkerchief, just at this moment. But—bless you! in a day or two all will be forgotten, and we shall come more into favor than ever. All is always forgotten in New York in a week.”

Such was, indeed, the truth. One General Jackson had “removed the deposits,” as I afterwards learned, though I never could understand exactly what that meant; but, it suddenly made money scarce, more especially with those who had none; and every body that was “extended” began to quake in their shoes. Mr. Halfacre happened to be in this awkward predicament, and he broke down in the effort to sustain himself. His energy had overreached itself, like the tumbler who breaks his neck in throwing seventeen hundred somersets backwards.

Every one is more apt to hear an unpleasant rumor than those whom it immediately affects. Thus Eudosia and her mother were the only persons at Mrs. Trotter’s ball who were ignorant of what had happened; one whispering the news to another, though no one could presume to communicate the fact to the parties most interested. In a commercial town, like New York, the failure of a reputed millionaire, could not long remain a secret, and every body stared at the wife and daughter, and me; first, as if they had never seen the wives and daughters of bankrupts before; and second, as if they had never seen them surrounded by the evidences of their extravagance.

But the crisis was at hand, and the truth could not long be concealed. Eudosia was permitted to cloak and get into the carriage unaided by any beau, a thing that had not happened to her since speculation had brought her father into notice. This circumstance, more than any other, attracted her attention; and the carriage no sooner started than the poor girl gave vent to her feelings.

“What *can* be the matter, Ma?” Eudosia said, “that every person in Mrs. Trotter’s rooms should stare so at me, this evening? I am sure my dress is as well made and proper as that of any other young lady in the rooms, and as for the handkerchiefs, I could see envy in fifty eyes, when their owners heard the price.”

“That is all, dear—they *did* envy you, and no wonder they stared—nothing makes people stare like envy. I thought this handkerchief would make a commotion. Oh! I used to stare myself when envious.”

“Still it was odd that Morgan Morely did not ask me to dance—he knows how fond I am of dancing, and for the credit of so beautiful a handkerchief, he ought to have been more than usually attentive to-night.”

Mrs. Halfacre gaped, and declared that she was both tired and sleepy, which put an end to conversation until the carriage reached her own door.

Both Mrs. Halfacre and Eudosia were surprised to find the husband and father still up. He was pacing the drawing-room, by the light of a single tallow candle, obviously in great mental distress.

“Bless me!” exclaimed the wife—“*you* up at this hour?—what *can* have happened? what *has* come to our door?”

“Nothing but beggary,” answered the man, smiling with a bitterness which showed he felt an inhuman joy, at that fierce moment, in making others as miserable as himself. “Yes, Mrs. Henry Halfacre—yes, Miss Eudosia Halfacre, you are both beggars—I hope that, at least, will satisfy you.”

“You mean, Henry, that you have failed?” For that was a word too familiar in New York not to be understood even by the ladies. “Tell me the worst at once—is it true, *have* you failed?”

“It *is* true—I *have* failed. My notes have been this day protested for ninety-five thousand dollars, and I have not ninety-five dollars in bank. To-morrow, twenty-three thousand more will fall due, and this month will bring round quite a hundred and thirty thousand more. That accursed removal of the deposits, and that tiger, Jackson, have done it all.”

To own the truth, both the ladies were a little confounded. They wept, and for some few minutes there was a dead silence, but curiosity soon caused them both to ask questions.

“This is very dreadful, and with our large family!” commenced the mother—“and so the general has it all to answer for—why did you let him

give so many notes for you?"

"No—no—it is not that—I gave the notes myself; but he removed the deposits, I tell you."

"It's just like him, the old wretch! To think of his removing your deposits, just as you wanted them so much yourself! But why did the clerks at the bank let him have them—they ought to have known that you had all this money to pay, and people cannot well pay debts without money."

"You are telling that, my dear, to one who knows it by experience. That is the very reason why I have failed. I have a great many debts, and I have no money."

"But you have hundreds of lots—give them lots, Henry, and that will settle all your difficulties. You must remember how all our friends have envied us our lots."

"Ay, no fear, but they'll get the lots, my dear—unless, indeed," added the speculator, "I take good care to prevent it. Thank God! I'm not a *declared* bankrupt. I can yet make my own assignee."

"Well, then, I wouldn't say a word about it—declare nothing, and let 'em find out that you have failed, in the best manner they can. Why tell people your distresses, so that they may pity you. I hate pity, above all things—and especially the pity of my own friends."

"Oh, that will be dreadful!" put in Eudosia. "For Heaven's sake, Pa, don't let any body pity us."

"Very little fear of that, I fancy," muttered the father; "people who shoot up like rockets, in two or three years, seldom lay the foundations of much pity in readiness for their fall."

"Well, I declare, Dosie, this is *too* bad in the old general, after all. I'm sure it *must* be unconstitutional for a president to remove your father's deposits. If I were in your place, Mr. Halfacre, I wouldn't fail just to spite them. You know you always said that a man of energy can do any thing in this country; and I have heard Mr. Munny say that he didn't know a man of greater energy than yourself."

The grin with which the ruined speculator turned on his wife was nearly sardonic.

"Your men of energy are the very fellows *to* fail," he said; "however, they shall find if I have had extraordinary energy in running into debt, that I have extraordinary energy, too, in getting out of it. Mrs. Halfacre, we must

quit this house this very week, and all this fine furniture must be brought to the hammer. I mean to preserve my character, at least."

This was said loftily, and with the most approved accents.

"Surely it isn't necessary to move to do that, my dear! Other people fail, and keep their houses, and furniture, and carriages, and such other things. Let us not make ourselves the subjects of unpleasant remarks."

"I intend that as little as you do yourself. We must quit this house and bring the furniture under the hammer, or part with all those lots you so much esteem and prize."

"Oh! if the house and furniture will pay the notes I'm content, especially if you can contrive to keep the lots. Dosie will part with her handkerchief, too, I dare say, if that will do any good."

"By George! that will be a capital idea—yes, the handkerchief must be sent back to-morrow morning; *that* will make a famous talk. I only bought it because Munny was present, and I wanted to get fifty thousand dollars out of him, to meet this crisis. The thing didn't succeed; but, no matter, the handkerchief will tell in settling up. That handkerchief, Dosie, may be made to cover a hundred lots."

In what manner I was to open so much, like the tent of the Arabian Nights, was a profound mystery to me then, as well as it was to the ladies; but the handsome Eudosia placed me in her father's hand with a frank liberality that proved she was not altogether without good qualities. As I afterwards discovered, indeed, these two females had most of the excellences of a devoted wife and daughter, their frivolities being the result of vicious educations, or of no educations at nil, rather than of depraved hearts. When Mr. Halfacre went into liquidation, as it is called, and compromised with his creditors, reserving to himself a pretty little capital of some eighty or a hundred thousand dollars, by means of judicious payments to confidential creditors, his wife and daughter saw all *they* most prized taken away, and the town was filled with the magnitude of their sacrifices, and with the handsome manner in which both submitted to make them. By this ingenious device, the insolvent not only preserved his character, by no means an unusual circumstance in New York, however, but he preserved about half of his bona fide estate also; his creditors, as was customary, doing the *paying*.

It is unnecessary to dwell on the remainder of this dialogue, my own adventures so soon carrying me into an entirely different sphere. The

following morning, however, as soon as he had breakfasted, Mr. Halfacre put me in his pocket, and walked down street, with the port of an afflicted and stricken, but thoroughly honest man. When he reached the shop-door of Bobbinet & Co., he walked boldly in, and laid me on the counter with a flourish so meek, that even the clerks, a very matter-of-fact caste in general, afterwards commented on it.

"Circumstances of an unpleasant nature, on which I presume it is unnecessary to dwell, compel me to offer you this handkerchief, back again, gentlemen," he said, raising his hand to his eyes in a very affecting manner. "As a bargain is a bargain, I feel great reluctance to disturb its sacred obligations, but I *cannot* suffer a child of mine to retain such a luxury, while a single individual can justly say that I owe him a dollar."

"What fine sentiments!" said Silky, who was lounging in a corner of the shop—"wonderful sentiments, and such as becomes a man of honesty."

Those around the colonel approved of his opinion, and Mr. Halfacre raised his head like one who was not afraid to look his creditors in the face.

"I approve of your motives, Mr. Halfacre," returned Bobbinet, "but you know the character of the times, and the dearness of rents. That article has been seen in private hands, doubtless, and can no longer be considered fresh —we shall be forced to make a considerable abatement, if we consent to comply."

"Name your own terms, sir; so they leave me a single dollar for my creditors, I shall be happy."

"Wonderful sentiments!" repeated the colonel—"we must send that man to the national councils!"

After a short negotiation, it was settled that Mr. Halfacre was to receive $50, and Bobbinet & Co. were to replace me in their drawer. The next morning an article appeared in a daily paper of pre-eminent honesty and truth, and talents, in the following words:—

"*Worthy of Imitation.*—A distinguished gentleman of this city, H—— H ——, Esquire, having been compelled to *suspend*, in consequence of the late robbery of the Bank of the United States by the cold-blooded miscreant whose hoary head disgraces the White House, felt himself bound to return an article of dress, purchased as recently as yesterday by his lovely daughter, and who, in every respect, was entitled to wear it, as she would have adorned it, receiving back the price, with a view to put it in the fund he is already collecting to meet the demands of his creditors. It is due to the very

respectable firm of Bobbinet & Co. to add, that it refunded the money with the greatest liberality, at the first demand. We can recommend this house to our readers as one of the most liberal in *our* city, (by the way the editor who wrote this article didn't own a foot of the town, or of any thing else,) and as possessing a very large and well selected assortment of the choicest goods."

The following words—"we take this occasion to thank Messrs. Bobbinet & Co. for a specimen of most beautiful gloves sent us," had a line run through in the manuscript; a little reflection, telling the learned editor that it might be indiscreet to publish the fact at that precise moment. The American will know how to appreciate the importance of this opinion, in relation to the house in question, when he is told that it was written by one of those inspired moralists, and profound constitutional lawyers, and ingenious political economists, who daily teach their fellow creatures how to give practical illustrations of the mandates of the Bible, how to discriminate in vexed questions arising from the notional compact, and how to manage their private affairs in such a way as to escape the quicksands that have wrecked their own.

As some of my readers may feel an interest in the fate of poor Eudosia, I will take occasion to say, before I proceed with the account of my own fortunes, that it was not half as bad as might have been supposed. Mr. Halfacre commenced his compromises under favorable auspices. The reputation of the affair of the pocket-handkerchief was of great service, and creditors relented as they thought of the hardship of depriving a pretty girl of so valuable an appliance. Long before the public had ceased to talk about the removal of the deposits, Mr. Halfacre had arranged every thing to his own satisfaction. The lots were particularly useful, one of them paying off a debt that had been contracted for half a dozen. Now and then he met an obstinate fellow who insisted on his money, and who talked of suits in chancery. Such men were paid off in full, litigation being the speculator's aversion. As for the fifty dollars received for me, it answered to go to market with until other funds were found. This diversion of the sum from its destined object, however, was apparent rather than real, since food was indispensable to enable the excellent but unfortunate man to work for the benefit of his creditors. In short, every thing was settled in the most satisfactory manner, Mr. Halfacre paying a hundred cents in the dollar, in lots, however, but in such a manner as balanced his books beautifully.

"Now, thank God! I owe no man a sixpence," said Mr. to Mrs. Halfacre, the day all was concluded, "and only one small mistake has been made by

me, in going through so many complicated accounts, and for such large sums."

"I had hoped *all* was settled," answered the good woman in alarm. "It is that unreasonable man, John Downright, who gives you this trouble, I dare say."

"He—oh! he is paid in full. I offered him, at first, twenty-five cents in the dollar, but *that* he wouldn't hear to. Then I found a small error, and offered forty. It wouldn't do, and I had to pay the scamp a hundred. I can look that fellow in the face with a perfectly clear conscience."

"Who else can it be, then?"

"Only your brother, Myers, my dear; somehow or other, we made a mistake in our figures, which made out a demand in his favor of $100,000. I paid it in property, but when we came to look over the figures it was discovered that a cypher too much had been thrown in, and Myers paid back the difference like a man, as he is."

"And to whom will that difference belong?"

"To whom—oh!—why, of course, to the right owner."

[*Conclusion in our next issue.*

# THE GOOD GEORGE CAMPBELL.

## FROM THE GERMAN OF O. L. B. WOLF.

## BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

High on the highlands,
And deep in the day,
The good George Campbell
Rode free and away.
All saddled, all bridled,
Gay garments he wore;
Home came his good steed,
But he nevermore!

Out came his mother,
Weeping so sadly!
Out came his beauteous bride,
Wailing so madly!
All saddled, all bridled,
Strong armor he wore;
Home came the saddle,
But he nevermore!

“My meadow lies green,
Unreaped is my corn;
My garner is empty,
My child is unborn!”
All saddled, all bridled,
Sharp weapons he bore:
Home came the saddle,
But he nevermore!

## THE MOON.

BY J. R. LOWELL.

My soul was like the sea
Before the moon was made;
Moaning in vague immensity,
Of its own strength afraid,
Unrestful and unstaid.

Through every rift it framed in vain
About its earthly prison,
Seeking some unknown thing in pain
And sinking restless back again,
For yet no moon had risen:
Its only voice a vast dumb moan
Of utterless anguish speaking,
It lay unhopefully alone
And lived but in an aimless seeking.

So was my soul: but when ’twas full
Of unrest to o’erloading,
A voice of something beautiful
Whispered a dim foreboding,
And yet so soft, so sweet, so low,
It had not more of joy than wo:
And, as the sea doth oft lie still,
Making his waters meet,
As if by an unconscious will,
For the moon’s silver feet,
Like some serene, unwinking eye
That waits a certain destiny,
So lay my soul within mine eyes
When thou its sovereign moon didst rise.

And now, howe’er its waves above
May toss and seem uneaseful,
One strong, eternal law of love
With guidance sure and peaceful,

As calm and natural as breath
Moves its great deeps through Life and Death.

## RESIGNATION.

Hers was a cheerful faith! The darling child
  In whom were centred love, and hope, and pride,
  The radiant idol of her worship died,
And o'er his beauteous clay the clods were piled,
Yet through her tears the mourning mother smiled,
  As, with the eye of faith, she saw the bowers
  Of heaven fresh-blooming with immortal flowers,
Amid whose fragrance wandered, undefiled,
  The loved and early lost! A healing balm
Fell on her heart—serene, though sad withal,
She girded up her soul at duty's call,
  And hopeful still, with spirit meek and calm,
Life's lowly ways through shade and sunlight trod,
While leaned her chastened heart confidingly on God!

# THE LOVER'S SIGNAL.

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

Among the villas and chateaux which skirt Geneva's lake, none ranked higher for picturesque beauty of situation, than the abode of Monsieur St. Aubin. He was of French descent, inheriting the domains of a family which, for several generations, had been established in Switzerland. His ancestors had held, previous to their emigration, posts of honor and emolument at the French court; loyalty, even on republican soil, remained a traditional virtue in the family; it was, therefore, with much grief that St. Aubin heard of the decapitation of Louis and the queenly Marie Antoinette, the dispersion of their brilliant court, the wreck of all memory held so dear—the *ancien régime*. If the dire event had happened earlier, whilst he was a younger man, he would undoubtedly have taken up arms, and joined the emigrant army; but he had already fallen into "the sere and yellow leaf," had no son to whom he might entrust the family honor and sword—zeal was restricted to generous sympathy for the Bourbons, thorough detestation of the regicidal authorities. He was a widower, with an only daughter, Bertha, lately returned, on account of the troubles, from a long sojourn with relatives at Paris. Fondness for ancestral recollections induced privation of his daughter's society; he was anxious she should for a while dwell midst the splendor of a court, of whose earlier history he had a thousand anecdotes to relate, bequeathed by sire and grandsire. During her absence, feeling his state lonely, unsocial, he took under his roof a brother's orphan daughters, Melanie and Euphrasia St. Aubin.

It was about six months after the return of Bertha, that the sisters, Melanie and Euphrasia, were one afternoon sitting on the terrace-walk, which commanded a view of the lake. The suite of rooms occupied by the family opened on a smooth, tesselated promenade, shaded at each end by lofty foliage, beneath which stood pavilions of uniform design. Euphrasia, the younger sister, a girl of sixteen summers, with some pretensions to beauty, and undeniable claim to good temper and kindly disposition, was sitting *al fresco*, in front of the half-opened doors of the saloon, engaged sketching a portion of the varied landscape; whilst Melanie walked to and fro, sometimes pausing to mark her sister's progress, sometimes staying before the door, considering whether she should take pencil in hand, resume the half-finished embroidery, or evoke the latent melody which dwelt in the

strings of the suspended guitar. Taller than Euphrasia, she had the advantage or disadvantage of being six years older—a gay, handsome, arch-looking belle of two and twenty, with eyes in which lurked mischief as well as beauty. It happened now, as usual, that Melanie, it matters not whether stung by emulation, or goaded by *ennui*, was bent on employment, but then she could not make up a mind what to do. Whilst eyeing the guitar, suspended by broad blue ribbon, the sound of carriage-wheels on the road, in the rear of the chateau, distracted her attention, caused her to look out for the passing equipage—or when fully bent on taking up the embroidery, a sloop, or perhaps pinnace, with its white sails, appeared making for the landing in the park beneath—the appearance was generally deceptive, the vessel merely standing in to gain the breeze in a fresh tack which would carry her round the headland—but it sufficed to make the lady forget her purpose.

"Here comes our good uncle—and I hope with plenty of news!" exclaimed the idle beauty, enthusiastically. His arrival was hailed as a great relief by both ladies—by the one, inasmuch as he brought from Geneva the latest news, which might prove interesting, or afford matter for speculation—by the other, as she could now pursue her pictorial studies freed from the inquietude which the restlessness of one sister failed not to inflict on the other.

"Where is Bertha?" asked St. Aubin, looking round, after he had satisfied the many eager inquiries of Melanie.

"Nay—I know not, uncle," replied the niece, coldly; "she is too fine a lady to remain with us humbly bred provincials—perhaps we might find her on the shore gathering pebbles, or on the rocks picking up quartz, or maybe in one of the grottoes beneath, carving a sonnet in sandstone."

"You are too severe, Melanie," remarked the old gentleman, approaching his younger niece; "Bertha is much changed, I own, since her return—but your behavior does not afford a fair chance for the renewal of the sisterlike friendship which existed when both were younger."

As monsieur approached Euphrasia, the latter anticipated his wish by presenting her drawing. He bowed, in receiving it, with the gracefulness of *la vieille cour*. He stood comparing the sketch with the original—Melanie was at his shoulder.

"Monsieur St. Aubin," said the maiden, coaxingly, "is angry—"

"No, Melanie," replied the uncle, "I am grieved—sorry."

“But you shall no longer have cause,” rejoined the lady; “it shall not be my fault, if Bertha and I be not as sisters again.”

“See! where she comes!” cried Euphrasia, pointing toward the beach.

Whilst Bertha alone wound up the rather toilsome ascent from the lake, for age excused even the gallant breeding of St. Aubin, we will endeavor to clear the mystery from the hints and innuendos thrown out in the above conversation.

Up to the period of the departure for Paris, the friendship of Bertha and Melanie was proverbial in the neighborhood; since the return of the heiress of Chateau St. Aubin, after an absence of two years, the intimacy—although the parties now dwelt under the same roof—assumed a cold, estranged and formal character, sadly enlivened by traits of pique and rivalry—the animosity, it must be confessed, chiefly on the side of Melanie. The little world, around that side Geneva’s lake, as malevolently disposed as elsewhere, took a summary view of the quarrel, and it was accordingly an unchallenged axiom of gossip, that Bertha was enraged to find her own station in her father’s house usurped—authority delegated to the niece instead of the daughter; and that Melanie, emboldened by a wild, wilful spirit, was bent on retaining the vantage-ground, having, during Bertha’s absence, acquired an ascendancy over her easy, good tempered uncle.

But, in truth, neither cousin could have explained satisfactorily the cause of difference; it originated from various motives, some of which worked unconsciously in the mind. Two years spent in the best society of Paris had freed Bertha from every trace of rusticity and provincial manners; the tone of polite society, preceding the revolution, was animated by philosophy, deepened by the enkindling strife of politics, which raged equally in the saloon and the *Tiers Etat*; ladies caught the infection, gave suppers to slovenly philosophers who supplanted perfumed gallants, now obliged to borrow the language of their new rivals in approaching the morning toilet (hour of conversational rendezvous) or the gaudy evening saloon. Bertha, imbued with the self-sustained composure of a lady of fashion, tinctured with a due smattering of science, could find no neutral ground of intercourse with her cousin, where both might meet on equality; the other felt her own inferiority of manner, acquirements and deportment, yet retained a lively sense of superiority, whether real or supposed, in the native gifts of wit, energy and strong sense. Hence grew estrangement, which gave birth to rivalry and mutual pique—to encounters of angry raillery, half suppressed taunt and sneer. Melanie was the sharper wit, dealt the keenest blows, yet Bertha had the advantage in coolness and well preserved insensibility of

manner. It was remarked she seldom commenced the attack, yet she took little pains to conciliate her kinswoman by concealing acquirements which originated jealousy and aversion. Perhaps the strongest incentive to Melanie's pique remains to be told. On Bertha's return, her cousin, as of old, unfolded all her little secrets, confidences, the *arcana* of the heart, and was both chilled and vexed in gaining no confidence in return. Bertha she found was no longer the Bertha of childhood and maturer youth, but a clever, polished woman of the world, disposed to listen to the secrets of friends, averse to disclosing her own, having, as she averred, none to recount; nor could any art or skill which Melanie possessed, draw forth disclosure, or cause even the betrayal of momentary confusion. Euphrasia shared slightly the feelings of her sister, but being much younger, less exposed to rivalry, and more studious, she was rather an ally than confederate of Melanie.

With St. Aubin, his daughter, strange to say, had lost much ground since her return from Paris. Formerly the idol of his affections, object of his fond, anticipative hope, she now redeemed her early promise manifold; but alas! for Bertha the degenerate! She spoke too coldly of the deceased king and queen, enshrined in her father's heart—too enthusiastically of the reigning French authorities, who had—regicides as they were—put France in an attitude of defence against the nations disposed to restore the exiled family, in a manner, and with a high-hearted courage, calculated to win the admiration of the world. The quick-witted Melanie saw the weak point, and ever cruelly contrived to turn Bertha's republican admiration to the worst construction in St. Aubin's eyes. But for these unhallowed sentiments of the daughter, which she was too honest or too proud to hide, and which the old loyalist could neither pardon nor forgive, Bertha would have been to him all, nay more, far dearer, than she ever had been, and Melanie lost the chance and the weapons to annoy.

When the heiress of Chateau St. Aubin reached the terrace, her republican predilections were forgotten in the admiration which she never failed to inspire in her father, after absence, however short, from home. About a year older than Melanie, she was her superior in height, with a glowing contour of form which had ravished all hearts in the Parisian saloons, features fit model for the sculptor's ideal, an eye which, whether beaming with delight, or melted to the saddest tenderness, equally inspired rapture—an arm and hand which drew regard even from the staid, reserved, punctilious Louis, of unfortunate memory.

"And these fingers, Bertha," said the old man, caressing his daughter, "they are cut and stained! Why where hast been? Scrambling over rocks?

And the ’kerchief, what does it contain?”

Melanie’s embroidery, which lay on the table, was displaced to make room for Bertha’s collection, which consisted of mineral specimens gathered from the rocks, quarries and grottoes which skirted the park; these she had sufficient skill to arrange and classify for the cabinet, already richly stored by her industry and zeal. Melanie, with intention to manifest desire of renewing bonds of amity with Bertha, for the first time pretended much interest in mineralogy. Every specimen was successively examined, admired, classified. Conversation turned on scientific subjects, in the course of which St. Aubin lauded the Bourbons for their munificent protection of science and its devotees. It was characteristic of the old man, that be the subject of discourse what it might, be was sure, after a while, to associate it with the Bourbons, or their cause. It was equally remarkable, though more unaccountable, that on such occasions, Bertha seemed to feel it matter of duty to applaud the present French government, or where applause was inconsistent, to apologize. That her remarks were offensive, she could not but be aware, nor could she wish to offend, as in every other respect her conduct was marked by extreme gentleness and reverential regard. If St. Aubin had possessed more subtlety, he would have felt less sore on account of his daughter’s opposition; he would have seen that it was void of animosity to the late court, where, indeed, Bertha had been a favorite, and was restricted to an apologetic tone in favor of the powers then existing. But why was Bertha their advocate? Though the father could not see the distinction, and Melanie did not, or would not, yet the fact ought to have been more apparent, that the daughter aimed only at removing the prejudices of her parent. To this end, indeed, strove Bertha, and with an earnestness which, to a disinterested observer, inferred plainly, that to condemn the French government, or its proceedings, was to put the maiden on her trial. But whence the necessity of justification?—was she, the daughter of the loyal St. Aubin, linked with regicides?

“But are you not aware, father,” replied she, in answer to St. Aubin’s laudation; “indeed, I am glad, that science is not forgotten even now? Money is yearly voted for the pursuit of researches in the East, and in South America—and the Count de Montmorenci—”

“Is not that the gentleman who voted the abolition of all titles?” asked Melanie, coolly forgetting her late pledge.

“Ah! the regicide—traitor—disgrace to an honored family!” exclaimed St. Aubin, letting fall a crystalization which he had been admiring, “name

him not, Bertha. I regret your falling into such bad society in Paris! Even here, we are not safe from these traitorous republicans."

Bertha started—betrayed a slight confusion—but perceiving her embarrassment did not pass unnoticed, exclaimed gaily—

"What new arrivals in Geneva? I have not yet heard the news, father! Has the bad society you speak of been driven to take refuge in Switzerland, and the emigrant army re-entered Paris?"

St. Aubin replied that that good news was yet to come. The party he alluded to was the disaffected of Switzerland, secretly encouraged by propagandists from France. The Helvetic States, forming a federative union, were governed by an aristocratic body, who feared republican principles as much as the French royalists; sympathy with Gallic revolutionary progress had created a strong movement party in Switzerland, causing extreme anxiety to those who, like St. Aubin, abhorred innovation. 'Twas with a view to repress this spirit that he had gone to Geneva, having been deputed by the gentry and influential classes of the district—all partaking aristocratic tendencies—to represent to the authorities the secret danger which lurked in the neighborhood. There was every reason to believe that nightly meetings were held by the Swiss democrats, doubtless, assisted by French abettors, and that an outbreak might be expected to result. Even on the domain of St. Aubin, lights had been observed at night among the rocky dells which opened on the lake—boats passing and repassing long after hours of business or pleasure—torch beacons on neighboring heights—and on several occasions, fishermen repairing to the shore after nightfall, to act lines, or inspect the state of piscatory lures, had been disturbed, as they described it, by tall figures wrapped up in military cloaks. The inhabitants were afraid to venture out at night, more especially, on or near the lake, although previously it had been much the fashion to glide over the quiet surface of the waters, during the moonlit hours, enjoying the dulcet notes of the guitar, or sweeter voice of woman. Now these pastimes were hushed, fled.

"But we'll soon have our music parties again, ladies," said the gallant St. Aubin, whilst recounting the success of his mission; "Geneva sends a strong mounted force to patrol night and day, throughout the district. The lake shall be free as heretofore."

"That will bring no change to Bertha," cried Melanie, looking significantly at her cousin—but remembering her promise, she stopped short.

"You are jealous of Bertha's courage, Melanie," observed the old man. The remark was injudicious.

"I jealous, uncle?" exclaimed the lady, reddening in anger; "do you call it courage, or madness, to remain by the lake till after dark, as Bertha did yester-even? We poor Genevese maidens own ourselves afraid of revolutionary brigands, whether French or Swiss, but a smart, Paris bred lady has no such fear."

"But slight cause was there for fear," said Bertha, mildly, "for I never lost sight of protection. I always kept in view the windows of the saloon."

"There, now!" cried Euphrasia; "as though Monsieur Andelot or his cousin would have been in time for rescue, if a boat's crew had landed and carried you off!"

"Were *they* here last night, Melanie?" asked St. Aubin, looking archly at his niece.

"So it seems, uncle," replied the elder niece, smiling, as she picked up the fallen embroidery, and carried it into the saloon. Though Bertha's well-timed allusion to protection disarmed her fair foe, and she escaped further remark, yet her conduct was justly chargeable, in the particular referred to, with eccentricity or extravagance. It was observed she was fond of solitary walks, even to the verge of propriety, and was not afraid, or at least showed no signs of fear, in strolling alone by moonlight, or even when that luminary was hidden, by the margin of the lake. It was attributed by the household and neighbors to desire of parading superior courage in contrast to her more timid cousins; nor did the heiress take any steps to remove the disadvantageous impression. St. Aubin, that evening, read his daughter, in presence of the nieces, a severe lecture, for straying so far from the chateau. Not only, as he remarked, was their own hitherto peaceable territory threatened with a political volcano, but the rival republican and royalist armies, reinforced by Austrians, were now manœuvering on the French borders, and should a battle take place, their district would be infested with fugitives and deserters.

Affairs remained on the same footing, or with slight alterations, a few days longer at Chateau St. Aubin. The patrolling force scoured the district, the disaffected made no attempt at rising, and the nightly appearances and tokens of seditious meetings nearly disappeared. As Bertha grew more obedient to her father's wish, seldom straying from the chateau, she became more reserved and melancholy, till at length symptoms of ill-health appeared. She no longer sought to parry, or retort the raillery of Melanie, but

suffered every attack with calm indifference; St. Aubin, in alarm, regretted his harsh and well-meant restriction; society, he judged, would dissipate her melancholy; he resolved to commence by throwing open his doors to all the admissible gentry of the neighborhood. The evening of entertainment arrived.

It was whispered during the morn, among the domestics, that a letter, brought by an unknown messenger, came addressed to Mademoiselle Bertha; the whisper traveled to the cousins, and they could not fail noticing the alteration wrought in the behavior of the heiress. Her most trivial actions betrayed irresolution and absence of mind. The dresses to be worn on the occasion had been the subject of discussion several days previously; the cousins were startled to find that Bertha had thrown aside the rich apparel selected, and chosen her ordinary costume. She was, however, fairly laughed out of this folly, and induced to array herself more befitting one with whom rested the task of supporting the honors of Chateau St. Aubin. Her strange conduct, together with the receipt of the secret epistle, was mentioned to the father, who agreed with his nieces in believing that the letter had some mysterious relation to the approaching entertainment—a bashful lover, perhaps, had thrown off disguise, declared his passion, fearing the advent of many new rivals—or the epistle might unfold a tender unburthening of secret griefs from swain who avowed not his name, to the great discomfiture of poor Bertha, and—but many were the guesses, great the curiosity, and night was waited for impatiently.

Bertha, in reality, endured severer tribulation than could possibly arise from the uncertainly of lover's identity, or the flutter of a new-fledged declaration; her mind was too well disciplined to lose its equipoise by such or similar causes. 'Twas an ordeal of the heart which vibrated between the tension of conflicting passions—a struggle for mastery between filial duty, and strong, unchanging love, sanctioned in her own esteem, wanting, despairing of, the sanction of a revered, though prejudiced parent.

The guests at Chateau St. Aubin were many, for there was metal much attractive. The suite of rooms were well lit, and midst the splendor the distractions of the province were forgotten. The beauty of the cousins was the theme of every tongue, the attraction of every eye. Euphrasia's simple dress became her youth, as the more imposing style of Melanie suited the pretensions of the arch, mischievous belle, who combined in her attire the striking characteristic costume of the Swiss peasantry, with the richer, more elaborate decoration of the aristocratic class. Bertha, with like national taste, paid like deference to the costume of her simpler countrywomen. She wore

over her dark, clustering, raven hair, an arching coronal of pure gold—among the peasants of the lower Rhine, the same head-dress of baser metal is still used—fettering the glossy ringlets to a brow and temples of breathing ivory. Blonde, velvet and jewelry were taught by Parisian taste to invest, in gorgeous contrast, a form which needed not the display. An air of touching sadness, in vain seeking concealment, lent a new charm to the pensive beauty, a deeper melody to a voice oft solicited to yield its harmony in concert with the blithe strings of the guitar.

Poor Bertha, oft as she found the chance, though not unobserved by the prying eyes of cousins, the watchful gaze of parent, anxious to penetrate the mystery, stole away from gaiety in which the heart had no share. She retreated to a balcony which hung over the precipitous steep, on which stood the chateau; beneath, the graceful foliage stretched to the margin of the lake, over whose surface the eye wandered from isle to isle, till lost amid the mountainous range which hemmed in the opposite shore. The horizon was now darkened by an overcast sky.

"The night is favorable," murmured Bertha, casting a wistful glance at the lake; "favorable for his purpose—our purpose—yet, have I courage? Dare I forsake my father? Alas! poor heart of mine—let me decide whilst the hour is yet my own!"

Footsteps were heard in the room communicating with the balcony; the fair one retreated from her station, mingled with the guests, unconscious that her proceedings were narrowly watched. Yet the temptation of prying into the secret of the lofty, self-sustained maiden, was too powerful to be resisted by Melanie and her sister. When she quitted the balcony, they still kept an eye on their cousin. Scarcely a half hour elapsed, ere she was again at the post.

" 'Tis an assignation!" said Melanie, whispering her sister; "but Monsieur Amoroso must mount the tree-top, ere he reach his mistress."

Stealing from an instrumental concert, which occupied the undivided attention of the guests, they entered the apartment behind the balcony, walked on tiptoe to the wide, arching door, and peering through the glass, beheld Bertha in studious reverie, leaning over the balustrade. The night was changing. The clouds, driven from the face of heaven, lay piled up in masses over the distant mountains, whilst the moon, in serene majesty, reigned over recovered dominion. The islets and the opposite shore were distinctly visible.

“Look!” said Euphrasia, “there is the letter—it lies beside her—I could read it, if the glass were clearer.”

“Hush!” replied Melanie, “the door will open without her hearing. Back! back! she moves!” And the elder sister, who stood in the opened doorway, placed her hand on Euphrasia’s head, to restrain the too forward girl. The cause of Bertha’s movement was soon apparent, and they watched noiselessly, breathlessly, scarce daring to look at each other, lest motion should betray their presence to the unconscious maiden. A small boat shot from behind an islet, managed by two rowers, who made rapidly for the landing in the park. About midway, the foremost rower took both oars in hand, and his companion standing up, raised on high a torch which threw its ruddy glare on the waters around.

“ ’Tis he!” exclaimed Bertha; “how I tremble.”

Melanie and Euphrasia also trembled—detection hung on each passing moment—neither could they retreat without discovery. Euphrasia cast a look at Melanie, which asked as plainly as words, what were they to do? The case was desperate—the expression of Melanie’s face conveyed no hope—both dreaded being caught eaves-dropping—Euphrasia through self-regard and charity to Bertha’s feelings—the elder sister, as it involved explanation or apology. Gently did Melanie attempt the fairy-feat of retreat; but in stepping backward, her foot caught her own robe, she lost her balance, and was only saved from doing infinite damage to the fragile, glazed door, by the ready arm of Euphrasia, who laughed aloud at the disaster.

Bertha, the unconscious object of their curiosity, whose eye was fixed intently on the boatmen, could not repress a cry of alarm as the sudden, unwelcome shout smote her startled nerves. She turned to confront the intruders, and the pale, agitated face so much distressed the good-natured Euphrasia, that she instantly attempted an apology for so rudely disturbing their cousin, whom they had been seeking in vain through the saloons, monsieur being at a loss to account for her absence. This explanation was of service to Bertha, as it afforded a few moments’ pause to rally her disturbed spirits, and enabled her to reply with tolerable composure, that during the concert she thought a few minutes stolen from the heated saloon would not be missed, and she was now prepared to ask her father’s pardon for the truancy.

“There is no need for such haste now we are here,” cried Melanie, as her eye glanced at the letter which lay outspread on the balustrade; “I see how it is—the hour is poetical, the moon showers down inspiration, and under its

influence our cousin has penciled a soul-stirring sonnet. May we not be auditors, mademoiselle?”

“Poets never show their compositions till they have undergone correction,” said Bertha, coolly, as she placed the paper in her bosom.

“Look! look!” exclaimed the cruel, persevering Melanie, only for the moment foiled; “here, Bertha! out with thy pencil—here are the rife materials—poetry in action! The republican brigands are landing by torchlight.”

“What mean you by this folly when monsieur is waiting?” asked Bertha, in angry tone.

“Nay—but look, Bertha!” rejoined the other, in sneering expostulation.

They turned their eyes in the direction pointed out by Melanie. The torch was extinguished as the boat neared the landing, and as it touched the steps, the one who had borne aloft the beacon, distinguishable from his companion by his superior dress, sprung ashore, and walked a few paces slowly along the beach, whilst the boatmen, pushing off from the shoal, awaited his movements.

“But who are these men creeping quietly under shade of the trees?” asked Euphrasia.

“Hah! I see!” cried Melanie; “the catastrophe nears, Bertha; they are the Genevese patrol guard!”

“Good heavens! I hope not!” exclaimed Bertha, in a tone of agony, which went to the heart of Euphrasia.

“See!” cried Melanie, “he is all but captured. Now if we were near enough, we should hear the words—surrender, or die! My life on it, Bertha, he will fight; for he is a republican—the brave!”

Bertha, regardless of these taunts, strained her gaze painfully toward the spot. As the guard emerged from the covert, the stranger became aware of their vicinity, hastened to the shelter of the boat, whilst the foe rushed forward to cut off his retreat. At bay, he turned on his pursuers, dropped one with a pistol-shot, end disabled a second by a blow from his sabre; but numbers prevailing, he was surrounded and disarmed.

“Now the finale!” cried Melanie. As she spoke, she was almost overborne by a heavy burthen. Bertha was insensible, and had fallen against her hard-hearted cousin.

The concert was abruptly terminated by intelligence conveyed to the guests, that the fair heiress of St. Aubin was alarmingly ill; and as misfortunes never arrive singly, the report quickly spread that an engagement was then taking place between the patrol and the disaffected. The character of the latter event was much modified, when the truth became known, that the democratic force amounted to one individual, captured after a desperate resistance. But the illness of Bertha cast a gloom over the guests, who, condoling with their respected host, took early leave. St. Aubin was both angry and distressed with the account of Bertha's sympathy with the stranger; that she had bestowed affection on an unworthy object was but too clear, else whence the necessity of concealment? The helpless state in which his daughter was borne to her chamber, and from which she had not yet recovered, alone prevented the father enforcing full confession of the mystery. From sad reflections he was summoned by the officer of the guard, who conducted the prisoner to the chateau, being the abode of the nearest magistrate. With the capture his authority ceased; he must now abide, he declared, the orders of the district functionaries. St. Aubin was puzzled how to act; more especially, from the strong presumption, amounting to conviction, that the party under arrest was not unknown to Bertha. That he was deserving her regard, the circumstances of the capture, and her secrecy in appointing or accepting an assignation, fully contradicted; but as prejudicial rumors might spread abroad, he declined the examination of the prisoner till the assistance of brother magistrates was obtained. These speedily arrived, and a court held, before whom the captive was led. Besides grave and learned heads, there were not wanting female faces to grace the court—for the affair put curiosity to the stretch. The prisoner was a tall, handsome man, several years short of thirty, habited in military undress. On being asked his name and occupation, he replied, Claude De Chassaigne, colonel in the French army, now occupying the frontier. An involuntary groan escaped St. Aubin. Horror of republicanism did not exist, however, so strongly among the female auditory, in whom he excited strong interest and sympathy, not lessened when rank and profession were announced.

"Had he passport?" asked one of the magistrates.

It was produced, signed by the celebrated Dumouriez, general-in-chief of the French armies, countersigned by the Genevese authorities, legalizing and granting protection to his transient stay in the Helvetic States. The magistrates stared at each other—a mistake was very evident; the president, Monsieur Andelot, challenged opinion, whether the prisoner should be discharged or remanded.

“Discharged!” exclaimed the enraged officer; “two of my best men lie severely wounded; with what heart will they march on danger, if their services are so slightly esteemed by the civil power?”

The colonel, who hitherto had been more attentively examining the pretty faces which lined the saloon, than taking note of the proceedings, and who appeared disconcerted by the result of his scrutiny, expressed regret for the consequences of his defence; but for the attack, he said, he had not words sufficiently strong to express opinion of its character. A gentleman enjoying the cool air of night, on the lake, is, on landing, attacked by a party of men, who approach, not like soldiers, but brigands, seeking shelter from tree and rock, till they can pounce on the unprepared victim. That it was the duty of a citizen, whether of France or Switzerland, whether soldier or civilian, to surrender to lawful authority, he freely admitted; but if he were suddenly attacked in the night, by men who started from he knew not where, as though they had risen from the earth, how could he distinguish between brigands and soldiers, when life, as every one must be aware, in such encounters, hung on the chance of first fire, or stroke of sabre? If apology were at all due, it was to the owner of the domain which he had so harmlessly, though, as it happened, fatally invaded. He concluded by demanding instant release, and threatened, in event of refusal, to appeal to state authority. General Dumouriez, to whose staff he was attached, had, as the colonel affirmed, received the thanks of the Swiss Cantons for the inviolate preservation of the Helvetic frontier, during a harassing campaign against forces which had been, in one instance, permitted to march through Swiss territory; but if his officers were subjected to such rough treatment as he had received this night, farewell to the cordiality which had till now existed between neutral powers.

This declaration, set off by soldier-like phrase, and frankness of manner, had great weight with the president and his brethren, and by the looks of each, a decision in favor of selling the colonel at liberty, and freeing themselves from an unpleasant dilemma, might very safely have been predicted, when the officer, whose resentment was still unabated, and who appeared deeply chagrined by the comparison of his troops to brigands, again interposed, by remarking, that as the colonel’s statement, supported by passport in due order, could now be relied on, he had, doubtless, a furlough, or leave of absence, equally well authenticated. Chassaigne produced the document with a slight curl of the upper lip; but as he handed it to the president, was observed to look uneasy, as though discomfitted by sudden reflection. It was passed from one to the other without comment, as a paper about which no question could be raised, when the officer, taking it from a

magistrate's hand, perused it eagerly. A smile of triumph lit his countenance as he handed it to the president, with the remark, that the furlough had expired three days since; and the colonel appeared in the light, if not of a deserter, at least of highly objectionable character—a delinquent in his own service, amenable to a court-martial. This circumstance, together with his having been seen to exhibit a lighted torch on the lake—as they were all aware, a revolutionary, seditious signal, which had been the cause of his capture—ought to make him an object of great suspicion with the august body whom he addressed, now engaged in a patriotic duty.

The officer's discovery, and his remarks, were not lost on the magistrates; several, who, under the influence of expected rebuke from head-quarters, had been extremely anxious to discharge the prisoner, now felt a swelling accession of offended and compromised dignity, seeking the gratification of revenge on the person of the offender, before whose gallant bearing they had quailed. All eyes were turned on the colonel, who merely remarked, that little weight should be attached, by the magistrates, to the discovery of his military friend, as the expiration of furlough was a personal affair between himself and General Dumouriez; but, lest any party present should suspect laxity in the discipline of the French army, he would observe, that he had the general's *parole* for extended leave of absence, should it be necessary, and being on the staff, one of Dumouriez's own family, he knew perfectly well how far he ought to avail himself of the verbal indulgence.

The magistrates retired apart in a cluster, calling the officer to their council. The colonel, left to his own reflections, inquired of a bystander, who were the two ladies near the magistrates, listening to the debate. Euphrasia and Melanie St. Aubin, nieces of the gentleman under whose roof he was then sheltered, was the reply. But had not Monsieur St. Aubin a daughter? The party addressed replied in the affirmative; but she was not then present, at least he could not distinguish her, though he was certain she was at the chateau.

" 'Tis strange!" murmured De Chassaigne, to himself: "my letter declared the furlough expired, and that I must quit Switzerland, either with, or, alas! without her!"

It was at length announced to the colonel, that if he would give parole not to attempt escape, he was at liberty to remain in the chateau till morning, when he should be escorted by the officer beyond the frontiers. The suspicious circumstances attending his conduct, had determined the magistrates that he should not be lost sight of whilst he remained on Helvetic ground; and having confessedly trespassed beyond his furlough,

was good reason, in these troublesome times, that further stay should be restricted; more especially, Monsieur Andelot continued, as there was much reason to believe, that if he were at liberty, and remained near Geneva, he would fall a sacrifice to the resentment of the wounded men's comrades—an event disastrous, personally, and to be deplored as furnishing occasion for a breach between France and the Cantons. The colonel, more readily than was expected, agreed to the conditions; indeed, seemed much pleased that his abode for the night was Chateau St. Aubin.

De Chassaigne had scarcely been conducted to a little parlor appropriated for his reception, when a gentle tap at the door announced a visiter. It was Euphrasia. She entered with trepidation, and bidding the young girl who accompanied her remain at the door, said she had something of the utmost importance to the welfare of the Colonel De Chassaigne to communicate, which had caused her to overlook the impropriety of a visit.

"Mademoiselle Euphrasia, I believe!" said the colonel, smiling.

"If you had guessed your reception, monsieur, when you landed on our wharf, as well as you have guessed my name, I should not now have occasion to warn you of danger."

The colonel started—he obviously expected a communication of a different character; but Euphrasia proceeded to relate, that standing near the magistrates, she overheard their deliberation. It was true, he was to be escorted across the frontier; but the cruel proposal of the officer was listened to, and, with only two dissentients, agreed on, that it should be so managed, he should fall, as it were by accident, into the power of the united royalist-emigrant and Austrian army. De Chassaigne was struck with surprise; he could scarcely believe such treachery from one in the uniform, and bearing the commission of a soldier. Euphrasia affirmed the truth of what she reported, adding, that although the voices of the two dissentients, her uncle and M. Andelot, for the moment prevailed, yet she heard the officer declare to one of the gentlemen, as he quitted the chateau, that he would have his own way, spite of all. The fair informant added, blushing, that she knew not why she should feel such sympathy for a stranger; there was, perhaps, cause for it, which she felt, though could not account for, but hoped he would take warning, and, also, think favorably of her boldness in seeking an interview with a stranger.

"One word!" exclaimed De Chassaigne, taking her hand, as she sought to retire. He inquired respecting Mademoiselle Bertha; her cousin smiled with peculiar meaning, as though she felt all doubt solved, and informed the

prisoner that Bertha fell insensible on witnessing his capture. Was she aware, demanded the colonel, he was now under the same roof? The maiden replied in the negative; that her kinswoman remained extremely disordered; and those about her were more disposed to thwart than aid the sick lady. De Chassaigne poured forth his thanks to the retiring Euphrasia, and then sat down to indite a note to Monsieur St. Aubin.

We now shift the scene to the library—the time two hours later. Bertha, pale and sickly, is seated in the capacious study-chair, one moment looking at the tall figure of the colonel leaning against the mantel, anon, anxiously seeking the gaze of St. Aubin, who paced irresolutely the library-floor.

“ ’Tis in vain, colonel!” he exclaimed, “you plead your family—it is, I admit, ancient and more honorable than mine; could you add the patrimonial title of duke or count, it would not move my decision. Your life may be without stain, in the eyes of the usurping, regicidal government, but there is a blot in your escutcheon you can never clear—you served the Bourbons!—you now serve traitors. For three centuries our family knelt at the foot of the throne—ate the bread of the Bourbons—and *we* will *never* be leagued against them!”

Bertha looked beseechingly from her father to her lover.

“Monsieur St. Aubin,” said the latter, mildly, “you judge erroneously. The voice of France you confound with the will of one family. The same blood, the same heart and spirit which battled in the crusades, which in later days chastised the insolence of Spain and Austria, still lives, will still triumph, though the Bourbon fleur-de-lis be lost in our ranks. Behold the juster views and patriotism of the family you idolize!”

He produced an envelope from his bosom and handed it to St. Aubin. It was a letter from the unfortunate Louis, written after all was lost, bidding the colonel, now that he could no longer serve his sovereign, forget not he owes service to France—still fight her battles, whoever was her leader. This cherished token of his royal master’s gratitude was rendered more precious by the words “Marie Antoinette,” inscribed in the well-known characters of her majesty, beneath her consort’s signature. The old man regarded the document till the tears came to his eyes. Bertha, much moved, rose, and pressed his hand to her lips.

“De Chassaigne,” said St. Aubin, “I fear you have conquered!” And he handed back the memorial.

“No!” exclaimed the colonel, waving his hand, “it is now with one where it will be more prized, better stored, than in the custody of a follower of the camp.”

St. Aubin received, with almost childish delight, the precious deposit.

“It is now beyond midnight, colonel,” said the old man, grasping the hand of De Chassaigne; “Bertha is still sickly, though she insisted on seeing you, when she knew you were our prisoner. We must renew our treaty to-morrow; and, perhaps, an acquaintance commenced in the gay saloons of Paris, renewed and carried on in secret amid our lakes and mountains, may yet terminate happily under an old-fashioned roof, which shelters a head with notions too ancient for the present order of affairs.”

Our task is now ended. We have only to add, what the reader already anticipates, that the escort of the bitter-minded officer was declined—St. Aubin becoming surety for his guest till further leave of absence was obtained from Dumouriez. On receipt of a favorable reply from the general, the wedding festivities, in celebration of the marriage of Bertha and the colonel, graced Chateau St. Aubin. Very little more was heard of the proceedings of the disaffected; indeed, it was more than suspected at the chateau, that the mysterious beacons and lights at unusual hours, and in unusual places, were lover’s signals of harmless tendency. Melanie consoled herself for her rival’s happiness by a union with the cousin of M. Andelot; whilst the gentler Euphrasia continued to reside with Bertha and her aged uncle.

## NIGHT REVERIES.

BY OTWAY CURRY.

I joy to see the cadent night
    Engird the land and sea,
And stars that up the infinite height
    Of heaven all climbing be.

For grandly round the eternal arch,
    And o’er its paly steep,
The order of their solemn march
    Those shimmering armies keep.

And while across the blue-long zones
    They plough their pearly track,
I seem to hear the music tones
    Of other times come back—

The songs of voyagers early driven
    From this life’s fading shore;
The sounds by happy voices given,
    That I shall hear no more—

The plushy hum of pebbly streams,
    In sunny childhood heard,
Whose chimes among the golden gleams
    Of summer evenings stirred—

I know that memories such as these
    Are like the insect wings
Which fitfully the dying breeze
    At crimsoning sunset brings;

Before the ever-watching eye
    But for a moment seen,
Then dimly, swiftly fleeting by,
    With all their wildering sheen.

I know that never more to me

Shall come the sound and sight
Of music on the sunlit lea,
And journeying worlds by night.

Perpetual sounds along the lea,
And worlds of shining flame,
Still come forever fresh and free,
But they are not the same.

They wake not as they used to wake
The impulse strong and high,
The spirit's passionate hope to take
Immortal wings and fly;

To walk excitedly along
The steppe of earthly fame,
And with the gloriousness of song
To win a deathless name.

Yet even when the stars appear,
And sounds of music come,
Like friends and calling voices, where
"My lost hopes find their home;"

I cannot choose but greet the night,
Whose every dream sublime
Is vivid with the lingering light
Of many an olden time.

## A PRAYER FOR LIGHT.

BY W. H. BURLEIGH.

To Thee we look for light—oh Thou! who art
    Of light Creator and exhaustless Source—
    In whom no darkness, with disturbing force,
E’er dwelt or dwells: Oh, HOLIEST! impart
Illuminating grace to every heart
    That, weaned from self-reliance, lifts to Thee
    Its prayer for succor. Tossed on Life’s wild sea,
Clouds over and around us, with no chart
    Nor compass to direct—oh, who shall save
    Our frail barks, madly flung from wave to wave?
THOU only canst, whose fiat called the light
    The new-formed earth to gladden and to bless—
    Beam on us, then, oh, SUN OF RIGHTEOUSNESS!
Kindling to perfect day our moral night.

# A FEW HOURS IN VENICE.

BY GEORGE B. CHEEVER.

Nothing can be conceived more beautiful than the approach to Venice on a sunny day. After following by land (I speak of the last part of our ride from Padua,) the winding of a canal a long time, amidst fields once covered over with the sea, but now a region of luxuriant vegetation, the broad-leaved and richly clustered vines being trained upon willows cropped, stunted and stumped for that purpose, we arrived at the point where we were to embark for Venice. The little voyage begins in the canal, and you are imprisoned within its banks just long enough to desire an open prospect, when suddenly your gondola shoots out into the bosom of a lovely sea. Islands are before you, and the city rising from the shining water, the bells are ringing, and the domes, towers, and piles of palaces looking in the fresh morning air as if they had just come up from some enchantment in the ocean. The boats, like so many birds delighted to meet the new day in its beauty, are flying over the surface; the craped gondolas floating by like black sea-gulls. The tall masts of the shipping are distinguishable in the harbor of the city as you near it. But before this you stop at what I shall call the Isle of passports, and deliver up that mercenary talisman. Next a boat stops you to beg; you are hailed by the hereditary genius of the place, with a traveler's charity box; flotilla of beggars in the name of the Madonna or of the patron saint of Venice. It would be no marvel if the very first should rise up and plead for a sequin.

The islands, the boats, the beggars, the waves, the lagunæ, the custom-house itself, the floating city and every thing around it, are beautiful. All is novelty and interest. And then what a vast and magnificent setting for the picture! The whole range of the Swiss and Tyrol Alps, snow-crowned, sweep the northwestern horizon, flashing in the morning sun like a circlet of mountain diamonds. There is no other such scene in the world. I am now not without materials of comparison, having been in Spain, Greece, Egypt, Constantinople; at the Alhambra, the Parthenon, the Karnak, the Coliseum; so that I came upon Venice, not as I did upon Gibraltar, as a perfect novice in the world's wonders, but with the remembrance of many of them quite fresh in my mind; and yet the effect of this scene was more like magic than any thing in all my previous experience.

There were Russians, Germans, French, Scotch, but, for a wonder, no English in our party. Amidst such scenery one's mind is distracted from men and manners, and for the time altogether occupied with what some of our passengers would have thought very inferior to themselves, *the shows of things*. But such things! It would take a great many Russians, Germans, French, Scotch and English, of better stuff than the freight of our gondola, to compose a study of half the interest or importance of those mountains in the sky or that city in the sea. I do not mean to undervalue the study of human society, but the *shows* of society, generally, are what is worshiped, and not its moral dignity; whereas, the shows of nature are the face of God.

Shakspeare's genius has connected itself almost as spontaneously and sacredly with Italy as England. When you visit Venice you expect to meet Shylock and Antonia upon change. Where now are all his ventures, his argosies suddenly come to harbor from all parts of the world, from Mexico to India? There is a steamer plying daily from Venice to Trieste. If you would enjoy the full power of your poetical reveries, or exchange words with Shakspeare's heroes on the Rialto, beware how you fall within sound of the blowing off steam in the harbor. But the moonlight sleeps on yonder bank as sweetly as ever, in spite of all changes. I saw, one moonlight evening, a perfect realization of Allston's exquisite painting of Lorenzo and Jessica. It seemed to me that the painter must have sketched it from nature on the very spot where I was gazing. Those distant towers and domes toward the western sky, between the remaining light of a gorgeous sunset on the one hand, and the moon on the other, how beautiful!

You are not shut up to mere stone walls, foot-lanes, and canals in Venice. The people have their *alameda*, with what may be called the public gardens, of considerable extent, and they enjoy them. I walked out to their ending in the sea, one afternoon of some public festival, and from this extensive point beheld the sunset over the city, the islands, and the lagoons. The crowd thought nothing about the climate, the glowing heavens, or the light, but enjoyed the music, the laughing, the juvenile shopping, the chattering and noise. For my part, in spite of the beggars and jugglers of a modern Italian population, I was in a sort of paradise. The air, earth, and sea, with the distant city hanging in the evening sky, were enough to produce any supposable illusion. I am convinced there is no conveying to you the sensations of a traveler, who has been spending the winter in the North, coming upon such a vernal dream of heaven and earth in this delicious climate. One is drunk with beauty. All the opium-eating in the world could not enable you to create such imaginative combinations.

The view from the tower in St. Mark's, opposite the church, unites all the features that can compose a lovely picture for the senses or the imagination. The nearness and the distance are alike beautiful; ships, boats, and a busy crowded city at your feet, islands, palaces on the bosom of the sea, lung lines of indistinct lagunæ, distant cities with dim domes and steeples, blue mountains of the South, and snowy glorious Alps of the North! The city of Padua is visible in this clear air, though at such a distance. An antique forest, which you cannot have in Venice, even in miniature, or verdant fields sprinkled with farmhouses and dotted with sheep, would be additions to the landscape, certainly; but they would destroy its magic peculiarity, they would hardly add to its beauty. What a picture it is! And what a mirror to reflect it in! This opal sea, that you and the city seem to be swinging in, as on a cloud-cradle in mid heaven, as smooth and undulating as the surface of a chalcedony! What mystery, what enchantment!

Now think of the associations, the history of this scene, the human part of it, the passions, the tragedies! The church, with its costly treasures and memorials, is right below you, and the ducal palace, and the Inquisition. You could almost bend over from your airy position, and drop your tears upon the Bridge of Sighs between them, if you could watch the falling pearls so far. A prison, a palace, and a church, and each in turn played the servant and the tyrant of the other. It was a step from the palace to the church, from the church, through the palace, to the prison; but oh, how far from the church to heaven! Was it nearer from the prison? Methinks I would rather take my chance with those who crossed the fearful bridge (*nulla retrorsum vestigia*) to the dungeon tortures beyond, and so passed into eternity, than with those who died from the palace. The church is now, what it always has been, a monument of more than Oriental magnificence; an offering, not to God, but to the pride of man.

What a medley of architectural orders! An outrage, I doubt not, upon all classic rules, and an offence to the taste of learned artists: Persian domes of a gone century, and Italian galleries of the Mosque of Cordova, with its columns, and the palace of the Alhambra, with its Moorish Arabesques, Egyptian, Grecian, and Oriental marbles, images and altars, the crescent and the cross! And yet it is singularly beautiful. Now let us descend and enter. What a profusion of Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Oriental marbles! And then the images, altars, crosses, the superb sculptures, pictures, statues! Where or what is the *Religio Loci*? It is just like going into a splendid museum, and yet you, with the gazing, curious, admiring crowd around you, are in the aisles and cloisters of a Christian church.

Visiting the dungeons of the Inquisition (the transition thither from the altars of the church, though so natural in history, fills the soul, even at this day, with horror,) you are shown the secret passages for criminals, the modes of torture and of execution, the cells in which they were incarcerated, the ingenuity of that incarnate spirit of fiendish cruelty, which then and there glutted itself. Three stories beneath the bed of the sea were once dripping dungeons, and they still exist, but so filled with water that the mouths of some have been covered over with brick, which sounds hollow to the tread. The whirlwind of the French Revolution did not spare these horrible dungeons; there were wooden walls and floors to some of them, and these they set on fire. I kept, among my curiosities, a charred fragment of the same. The Bridge of Sighs crosses from the palace to the prison, and there were dungeons beneath both piles, so that your gondola plashes the waves on either hand against stones that inside have echoed the groans of the buried alive, while above went on religious rites on one hand, and the noise of revelry, or the preparation of state tragedies on the other.

The halls in the ducal palace are filled with large and splendid tablets of Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, Bassanio, and some of Titian. If there could be such a thing as a Napier's painting press, one could think Paul Veronese must have used it. Venice is full of his paintings, and as there is no lack of them elsewhere, and generally on so large a scale, you are amazed at the fertility and the mechanical rapidity of his genius. The grandest gallery of Titian in the world is said to be in Venice. It is in the Barberigo Palace; but I have seen in other galleries paintings of his that to my own mind conveyed juster impressions of his genius. There is a magnificent painting of Titian in the church San Juan di Paulo, the subject the martyrdom of one of the saints. It shone like a sun, and seemed to fill the church with its light, so that a picture of even Paul Veronese, beside it, was quite discountenanced and poor in the comparison.

On leaving Venice I feel that no description can convey to your mind an image of its loveliness. It floats around me like a dream, of which I would fain retain the vivid impressions when awake, and carry them away with me. I have seen it in the most delightful circumstances of air and light which the season could possibly afford. Such pervading, animating sunlight, an atmosphere which lifts the body from the earth by its elastic purity and lightness, and such veiling and enchanting moonlight, to steep all objects in its serenity and softness. Of all cities in the world Venice is that which most needs such an atmosphere, and such light, and which can be invested by those circumstances with most surpassing beauty. For Venice is in its decay, and although it cannot cease to be a lovely city in the sea, it needs a sun

which can paint it over with brightness, and a moon which will cover up its desolations with melancholy beauty. In its most splendid portion, the part where all historical interest is concentrated, there is nothing of desolation or decay. The Piazza St. Mark is the most beautiful in the world. That romantic, gorgeous, antique church, that most Oriental ducal palace, and those piles of stately architecture in long ranges in front, that lofty tower, that winged lion, and those horses of Sisyphus, are still powerful to attract the admiration of the traveler. With the actual splendor of the architecture there are many circumstances combined to render the scene in an uncommon degree novel and attractive. It opens on the harbor, tilled with ships and gondolas, the street upon the quay being full of Italian life, the Island of St. George a little distance in front, the domes of Santa Maria Saluta on the right, the open Archipelago in the distance, and every thing floating in the sea like clouds in a summer's day. In the moonlight the whole city is beautiful, every lane, canal, and dingy wall seems lovely; but the place of St. Marks is beautiful by daylight, it is in itself so splendid, that though the moon makes its loveliness more enchanting, it is not needed to conceal aught of gloom, decay, or imperfection. The moon shining in long lines of light upon the canals, and reflected in the water, and the boats starting into the light from the deep and sombre shadows of the palaces, put you in a mood, especially at the silent hour of midnight, to believe and realize the most romantic of Venetian stories.

The departure from Venice is on the opposite side from that on which we entered, and beautiful as it seemed when we came upon it in the morning, I thought it still more beautiful departing from it in the evening. I thought of St. John's picture of the New Jerusalem let down from heaven; for Venice seems as if suspended by a crystal chain from the sky, instead of resting on an earthly foundation, or on islands floating in the sea. Will you now have a paragraph of statistics in addition to my pencilings, before leaving this dreamlike, curious city? I have but to turn to the guide-books, end your wishes are easily gratified, at second hand to be sure, but with great verity. But I will not commit such a solecism. It would be like driving a load of hay into the parlor.

## THE VISIONARY.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

She moves amid the beautiful and gay,
  A breathing statue—cold and passionless:
Within her eye there beams no sunny ray,
  No sudden smiles the wondering gazer bless.
She seems a being not of mortal birth,
  So pure, so far removed from every stain,
Like some lost angel wandering o’er the earth
  In search of Eden’s golden gates again.

All hearts must bow unto her beauty rare,
  Yet never speak the thoughts that in them rise,
For who to whisper earthly love would dare
  Beneath th’ unsullied light of those calm eyes;
Or ask so bright a loveliness to share
  With them the weal and wo of common life;
For, on her spotless brow, no trace of care
  Proves that she dwells ’mid weariness and strife.

Nor doth she seek for friendship or for love,
  She seems to feel that earth is not her sphere
And all her hopes and thoughts are raised above—
  Naught but her fairy footsteps linger here.
Creature of beauty! in thy lonely heart
  What dreams of pure celestial shape must dwell;
Dreams in which mortal image claims no part—
  Bright dreams that words are all too cold to tell.

But there’s a sadness in thy voice’s tone
  Like low soft music melting on the ear,
For, thou self-doomed, sweet star, must shine alone,
  Meeting no kindred soul to hold thee dear;
And, while all other minds to earth are given,
  Waking to grief or joy with each new day,
Thy spirit lives in holy thoughts of heaven,
  And yearns to find its home where angels stray.

## STANZAS.

BY EDWARD A. STANSBURY.

Heart of my childhood’s early dawn,
  Light of my spirit in happier years,
Dreams of loveliness, past and gone,
  Why do you haunt me mid sadness and tears?

Hopes that blossomed, but now are crushed,
  Loves of my springtime, forgotten and chilled,
Tones that thrilled me, in sepulchres hushed,
  When shall the cup of my sorrows be filled?

Forms of the lost ones, shapes of the dead,
  Ye whom I loved when my spirit was light,
Why do ye come to my lonely bed
  And mock me in dreams through the wearisome night?

Sorrows of earth! ye have worn my heart—
  Loves of earth! ye have passed away—
Hopes of earth! I bid ye depart,
  And furl your wings till a brighter day.

Light of my pathway! Spirit of truth!
  Thou shalt be to this soul of mine
A fountain of fresh, undying youth,
  A fadeless vision of light divine!

# THE FIRE-DOOMED.

## A TALE OF THE "OLD DOMINION."

BY REYNELL COATES, M. D.

All nature is but art unknown to thee,
All chance, direction which thou canst not see.
*Pope.*

"The reign of superstition is over," say those who believe their own age to be the most enlightened in history—their own country the most civilized in the world—and their own city the most refined of cities.

"The schoolmaster is abroad!" and modern philosophy is shedding light, deep and more deeply, into the arcana of nature. Children guide the thunderbolt of Jove, and make a toy of the flash which "hallows where it falls." We train mephitic vapors through the long drawn tube to illuminate our dwellings—dive deep into the bowels of the earth, exhaust its treasures, and explain its structure. We explore the cause of earthquakes and volcanoes—invade the realms of the infernal monarch—

"And pour in light on Pluto's drear abodes.".

We mount our iron-ribbed steeds, urge them with fiery goads, whirl over mountain and valley with the speed of the nimble-footed Mercury, and smile at the tortured fury of our snorting coursers.

The unsubstantial air cannot restrain us. We raise the silken car, and pursue our pleasures or researches above the clouds, until heaven-bearing Atlas lies beneath our feet, and we look down on the dwelling of the gods. For us, the ocean has no terrors. Beyond the hyperborean desert of ice we chase the monsters of the deep. Empires more vast than Rome look back on Thulé from the regions of the setting sun. We plunge beneath the waves to plant our engines of destruction in the halls of Neptune, and argosies are riven like the oak before the lightning. All elements obey us; and things that shook the nerves of heroes, and made nations tremble, are now our willing slaves, to work our pleasure or increase our wealth.

Clothed in the glowing language of the Homeric age, such labors would have deified more mortals than could find foot-hold on the broad Olympus. But, alas!

“These are the days of *fact*—not *fable*!”

The very names of those great benefactors of their race, by whom the power of man has been thus universally extended—names, like their holders, formed of rough, tough, old Saxon, Gallic or Teutonic elements—defy all rhythmic laws. Their fame the historic muse *may say*—but she can never sing.

Yes—the poetry of superstition, at least, is gone. The modern woodsman hears no more the scream of the imprisoned Dryad, when the attrition of the forest boughs, bending before the blast, makes the wild solitude resound with their harsh creaking. The sportive Naiads no longer laugh in the music of the babbling brook. The last of the Sylphs expired long, long ago, upon the strings of the Æolian harp; and not a river god remains, even in the inland ocean halls and water-curtained caves of this wide land of cataracts and torrents.

The poetry of superstition has indeed departed. But still we find mankind divided into two opposite and incompatible parties. Those who still worship mystery, worship her in humble prose; yet, even at the present day, the ravings of the Pythoness are repeated in the jargon of the believers in the gift of tongues, and her oracles are heard in the dreams of the magnetic prophets. The mantles of the Delphic priesthood have fallen on the shoulders of Irving and of Poisen, and the spirits of Mahomet and Mokana survive in the persons of *Matthias and Joe Smith*.

But, on the other hand, the tendency of modern literature, accumulating fact on fact from the rich granary of natural science, and ever dwelling on the physical—except, perhaps, where northern pseudo-transcendentalism “means not, but blunders round a meaning”—is calculated to obtund the senses which perceive the spiritual. It leads us to deny the existence of all agents incapable of being rendered obvious to sight, to touch, to hearing. It guides us to the gloomy region of materialism.

I am no advocate for superstition, whether surrounded by the gorgeous pageantry of the Egyptian mysteries, robed in the classic garb of Greece or Rome, wrapped in the dark mantle of Scandinavian mythology, or tricked out with hat, coat and pantaloons, alter the prim custom of our own enlightened age; but, that the destiny of man is regulated to a great extent by laws and influences beyond the reach of physical philosophy—that, notwithstanding our glorious privilege of free will, on which accountability depends, both individuals and races are but actors in one vast scheme of Providence, of which we see neither the beginning nor the end—all this is

clearly proved by the whole course of history, and by a thousand evidences daily challenging attention.

When bigotry becomes an epidemic, and the beauty of Christianity sinks in the fire of sectarian zeal—when arrogant self-righteousness erects its Procrustean bed, and would reduce to its own arbitrary measure the intellectual offspring of an all-wise Creator—then infidelity springs up to counterpoise its influence. When a hypocritical pretence of atheistic principles becomes the fashion with a race or nation, then, in the wide spread misery following the destruction of all social bonds, men look to a higher power for confidence and support, and leaping to an opposite extreme, too frequently invoke the aid of human laws to bind the untamable spirit in the chains of a compulsory faith—thus planting a national bigotry upon the ashes of infidelity.

Yet, amid the jarring of opposing forces, the light of truth shines on. It may be dimmed for a moment by diffusion, but, with perpetually increasing power, it still illuminates a wide and wider field. Is it a physical cause that keeps awake this flame? Is it written in the laws that govern the organization of material man—this principle that induces us to laugh at the faggot and the stake—that leads on tender womanhood and feeble infancy to dare the terrors before which nature shrinks, for the mere maintenance of an opinion? No, no! The first law of our physical nature is *the preservation of life*. The first desire of life is the enjoyment of physical comfort. In this overruling principle that causes us to sacrifice the one, and to disdain the other, there is something *supernatural*.

But men have died for false opinions; they have suffered misery and martyrdom for sentiments abstractly wrong—false gods, and faith irrational. Well! they have played their part on the great stage of human interests; but who shall judge their merits or their culpability? Can we determine, *now*, the nature of the evidence on which they acted, or judge how far their very organization had been modified to fit them for the sphere appointed them by Providence, among millions of disturbing and countervailing agencies—causes that agitate the nations, while humanity rolls on in its vast cycle, from the purity of Eden to the purity of the millennium? They have been instruments in the hands of supernatural power, even while endowed with the perfection of free will. According to their acts, their motives, and their talents, they will be judged—but not by us.

Glance at the history of races, and you will find tribe after tribe annihilated, or reduced to servitude, in order to make room for others of more vigorous energies. Sometimes the vices of a people undermine the

frame of government and the constitutions of individuals, until barbaric strength breaks in to furnish fresh materials for reform, where the original soil of society has been exhausted by a thriftless husbandry. Such was the fate of Rome. At others, we see the overflow of a more polished stock, in the full blush of manhood, bearing down upon the weak though virtuous infancy of less favored races. Such is the course of the proud Anglo-Saxon, as he sweeps to destruction the sylvan nations of America. Where now are those strange monsters of Peru, whose bones lie scattered on the Alpine plains—disgusting relics of a populous state, *half human in their form*—divested of the noble port and heaven-directed visage? Long before the first of the Incas descended from his native luminary, that people was no more.[1] And where are their successors, led by those Incas to the gentle worship of the day-star? Their temples are in ruins—their glory has departed. The skulls of their priests and monarchs adorn the cabinets of the learned in other lands, while their degenerate sons acknowledge the stern sway of bold, contending tyrants, who seize by turns the banner of liberty, to flaunt it mockingly before the eyes of slaves.

We need not visit eastern climes to find enduring proofs that nations have their final dates prescribed by laws no human forethought can evade—their youth, their manhood, their decay, their death! Nor Babylon, nor Balbec, Thebes nor Troy, can speak more sadly in their ruins the inevitable doom of power and greatness, than do the silent forests of our own new western land. *There*—broken columns and storm shattered temples stand half engulfed beneath the dust of ages, or the shifting desert sands, proud monuments upon the tombs of buried empires. But *here*—the very monuments are buried!

Palenque left Palmyra in the shade, and far out-rivaled Egypt. Yet where are now her massive structures? The gnarled roots of the tall tropic trees are intertwined above her altar stones. The cactus and the palm are blooming on her palace tops. Her fanes are hidden in the mossy soil; and life—young life—runs riot over her very memory. The traveler may wander through the wilderness of this "new country," and cross the crowded mart where thousands once were wont to congregate, nor dream that trace of human agency lies sleeping beneath the venerable woods. If you would seek the records of a fallen race, the very shadow of whose power oppresses us with awe, go track the jaguar's stealthy tread through tangled thickets where the light of day can scarcely penetrate, and follow the wolf to his lair in the deserted halls of state.

And yet, amid this wreck of dynasties and institutions—these still recurring struggles between the sunshine of civilization and the night of barbarism—society advances in the grand career of improvement, unchecked by transient evils. The tide rolls onward, and whelms or overturns whatever dares oppose it, whether the strength of nations, or the pride of philosophy. Man often, for a moment, thwarts the schemes of nature, by the action of his free, unbridled will—but all in vain. He is thrust aside or crushed; and still the work goes smoothly on, leaving him but his personal responsibility, his motives, and his labors. Let him Look well to these, and trust the issue to a higher power. "We are playing with Providence as with the automaton," said one who has thought much more than he has written; "we are free to make what move we please upon the board, but we are sure to be checkmated at last."[2]

There is no stronger proof of the necessity of a future state of existence, than the futility of our plans of happiness in this. The best desires, the worthiest exertions, are often rendered worse than useless here; and after all our efforts of benevolence, how frequently we find *apparent evils* from those very efforts, not only overwhelming the objects of our love, but recoiling on ourselves. There is no visible relation, in this jarring world, between the merit and reward of any act. Eternal Justice still demands the balance, and it must be settled elsewhere. Then, let me not be taxed with fatalism, or with superstition, for introducing here the story of "The Fire-Doomed." The reader may attribute, if he will, to mere coincidence, occurrences that ancient writers would have charged on *Fate*—and I refer to *Providence*

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About twenty years ago, my duty called me daily through the wards and cells of a large hospital. Adjoining the buildings were extensive grounds, laid out in parterres for the accommodation of the patients; and, in one of these inclosures, all the lunatics whose violence did not endanger the safety of others, were permitted to enjoy themselves in sports end exercises adapted to their taste. Some played at ball against the high stone walls; others preferred bowling at nine-pins; a few were allowed the use of the swing; and several were deeply enamored of the velocipede.

The graver spirits, whose age and dignity could illy brook such boyish occupations, generally paired off and took their seats upon the benches placed beneath the shade of a fine old colonnade of trees, and whiled away the hours with drafts or chess; or, seated singly in some cool retreat, pored over their favorite authors from the library.

A few, whose minds were too completely shattered to share in any amusement approaching to the rational, performed their fantastic gestures, or reclined lazily upon the grass, unnoticed and in silence. There were several whose customs furnished curious examples of the force of habit, when every faculty of dignity sufficient to claim a place among the mental powers was gone. Three of these imbeciles had chosen, each for himself, a favorite path across the grounds, and had continued, from the time of the installation of the oldest executive officer of the institution, to pace along the same straight track, whenever the weather admitted of his removal from the cell. The first was remarkable for rapidity of action, moving like one who has on hand most urgent business, end whirling suddenly round at the termination of his walk, to renew his course without the slightest pause. A second, with his head thrown back, and the proud bearing of a man who leaves the ordinary affairs of life to his steward and his factor, marched forth and back again with a stately tread, and halted a moment at every turn, gravely to count the number three upon the expanded fingers of his left hand with the index of his right; then he would appear buried in thought for a minute or two, and, with a courteous smile, would make profound obeisance to the empty air, waving his extended palms in a wide half circle, as if declaring to some unseen being, “All is right yet! So wait your appointed time, and allow me, *politely*, to decline all closer intimacy till our settled truce is over.” The third was of a melancholy mood; with looks continually bent upon the ground, he moved on with a tardy, shuffling gait, regardless of all observation. Even the calls of hunger could not rouse him; and he was led like an automaton from bed to exercise, from exercise to meals, without betraying a symptom of volition, or uttering an intelligible word. The routes of these three pedestrians intersected each other at as many different points; yet, although the plodding of unceasing footsteps, during many summers, had worn their pathways deep into the soil, no two of them were ever known to meet each other in their walks, or to exchange a sign of recognition.

Continually flitting around these unobservant beings was a light and active Portuguese, muttering in an under tone his unintelligible jargon. A few short phrases only could be recognized, from time to time, amid the meaningless loquacity of one whose tongue seemed to know no rest by day or night; but these few had obvious reference to some too well remembered crime, which, could his shuttered intellect have told the tale, might have thrown light upon his unknown history—for he was an idiot pauper in a foreign land. He mingled up strange oaths with scraps of priestly Latin, and occasional ejaculations, such as these—“Yes, dark!” “See to the old cross on the mountain!” “He could tell if he would!” “It was sharp enough!” “She

struggled hard though!” “That sweet moonlight!” “But the rocks are slippery!” “Hush! hush! She’ll hear you!” “Whisper—whisper!” “They built the pile next day!” “There stands the old cross now! *I see it*, and *it sees me*!” And every few minutes, addressing himself to one or other of his silent neighbors, he would appear to plead most earnestly, in an unknown language, for something which we could not understand. Then, racing with unaccountable fury, he would throw himself into a fencing attitude, and guard and thrust, advance, retreat and lunge, as though engaged, with an ideal weapon, in mortal combat with a shadowy foe.

In an obscure corner of the inclosure, squatting upon his haunches, sat a motionless figure, that might have been mistaken for the grotesque offspring of a sculptor’s dream. The chin reposed upon the knees, and the hands were clasped beneath them; as in the dwarfish manikins of Chinese ornaments, that are sometimes represented as bearing enormous weights upon their shoulders—deformed, barbaric satires on the beautiful Atlatides of Grecian architecture. This was a soldier of the Revolution, who, becoming afterwards insane, had sunk into an obstinate and gloomy sulkiness, adopting, in his cell, the attitude described. Neither persuasion nor command could induce him even to retire to rest at night, and he slept, as he reposed during the day, with his back against the wall.

Years rolled on—and all attempts to change this strange determination were in vain; until, at length, another patient was quartered in the same apartment, in the hope that social intercourse might cheer him in his loneliness, and, perhaps, awaken the sleeping faculties fast sinking into absolute fatuity. For a time, a slight improvement was observed, and the poor recluse was enticed into an occasional remark; but still he held to his original posture with the determination of a Hindoo devotee, and, unfortunately, with a like result.

One day, the partner of his cell ventured an opinion in conversation, derogatory to the character of his former commander, and all the soldier was instantly aroused. Foaming with rage, he essayed the punishment of him from whom the insult was received, and made the most strenuous exertions to rise from his position—but in vain! Time, and the accommodating laws of life, had fitted bone, and joint, and muscle, to his habitual attitude; and that which had been assumed by volition, was maintained by compulsion. In his struggles he fell upon his side, and could not even restore his equipoise without assistance.

Restraint and strict confinement were much more common in our hospitals forty years ago, than at a later period; and before the time when I

first beheld this victim of a strange propensity, due attention to the physical advantages of air and exercise began to be regarded as indispensable in the most hopeless, as well as the more manageable cases of insanity. Our poor old soldier felt the full luxury of this reform. He was allowed to ride out frequently in the coach belonging to the institution, and was daily seated in the pleasure grounds, when the weather rendered this indulgence proper; but his powers of voluntary locomotion never were regained. They carried him about as men carry a garden vase—his arms being employed for handles—and his utmost efforts extended only to the use of the spoon at meals, which the remaining motion of the elbow was sufficient to permit.

These, and many other interesting cases were crowded into that old bedlam yard; and each might furnish matter for a tale of sorrow. Though most of them were not unhappy in their madness, guarded and tended as they were by true philanthropists, some family circle had been broken up, or some bright dream of future bliss destroyed in every instance. As in the case of death, the survivors justly claim more sympathy than the departed; so in this worse affliction, the overwhelming misery beneath which the mind is crushed, acts as a blessing from its very excess; and it is then the sane who suffer rather than the lunatic. This was peculiarly true of one of the little band to which the reader has been introduced.

The few who are familiar with the scene described, will recollect a tall and graceful man habitually seated on a low bench at a little distance from his fellow-patients, where there was a barren, sandy space, on which the grass refused to grow. There he would spend the livelong day in solitude among the crowd. His dress was humble to the last degree. A pair of much worn slippers upon stockingless feet, blue kersimere pantaloons, and a short yellow "roundabout," composed the principal articles of his attire. His manly throat was bare, and his dark curling, but neglected locks, knew no restraint—for even in the full blaze of an August sun, he refused all covering for the head.

The soft glance of his hazel eye was lighted up at times with an expression of intelligence, like a solitary star beaming brightly for a moment through the mist of a murky night, while all the other features wore the settled and unmeaning look of idiocy. But there was something in the motions of his delicate person, and in the set of his rude dress, carelessly as it was worn, that spoke no vulgar character. Language he had none, unless a low muttering of undistinguished sounds may be considered language; but the modulation of his vocal efforts conveyed variety of passion. Their general tone was that of cheerfulness and persuasive affection; but

sometimes they breathed the deepest melancholy. He was intolerant of interruption; and when addressed or pressed upon by strangers, would rise with every demonstration of anger, and seek some more secluded station. His sole employment seemed to be the graving of one cherished name upon the sand—continually, with his forefinger, or a little stick, he spelt out "M-A-R-Y," then smiled, and casting a furtive glance around, to see that none observed, blotted it out, and recommenced his labor.

There are those who still maintain the truth of the old saying,

> "Men have died, and worms have eaten them,
> But not for love,"

and the reproach, if reproach it be, may be literally true, though not in the intended sense.

When the blight of disappointment falls upon the gentler sex, the very sources of life are chilled. The tender plant, translated from its native paradise, to bloom amid the snows and storms of a more rigorous clime, while sheltered and warmed by the skill of the gardener, feels not the desolation that surrounds it, but breathes its perfume, and displays its beauty gaily, and fearless of the wintry blast. But let the fire decline; let him on whom it leans for training and support be guilty of desertion and neglect, and in one night of unprotected loneliness, the floweret falls, the stem is withered, and the root itself is frozen. It lies a hopeless, lifeless wreck on the cold bosom of its parent earth. And such is woman in her loveliest form, when her young heart is wooed away from the fond paradise of home, and she has entered on the chilly world, to share the mantle of a stranger when the wind howls, and the frost pinches. She lives while the bright flame of affection burns—she dies when it declines.

Not so stern manhood, with its stubborn frame. The tree may cast its leaves when cold assails it, but the root still lives. It is too deeply planted in the soil for storms to reach it there. Naught but the tornado or the earthquake can destroy its strong hold on existence; and another summer's sun may bid it bloom again. But though yet living, many a stately tree whose branches have been riven and its touch trunk cleft by the cold grasp of winter, stands forth for long, long years, a mangled monument of ruin clad in verdure—a libel on its race.

> "And thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on."

There are more lunatics from blighted affection among men—more deaths among the women.

The tall grass waves above the grave of the young man of whom I speak—for years have passed since his troubled dream of life was ended; but the memory of early promise dwells long in the hearts of the survivors. A name still cherished as a sacred record of misfortune, in the grief-wrung hearts of friends and relatives, may not be idly thrust before the gaze of popular curiosity; and I will, therefore, substitute the simple but endearing title "Charles" for one far more imposing and poetical, by which he was well known to many in his earlier and happier days.

Charles was the son of parents, not wealthy, but of high respectability. He was born and figured, during his years of reason, in the gayest circles of a southern city. Having been educated with uncommon care, his moral principles were firmly planted, and early ripened by the fond attention of his parents; and when left an orphan at the age of sixteen years, the dissipations and temptations of a lively capital failed to entice him from the path of virtue. His mind assumed that chastened, melancholic tone of thoughtfulness that betrays deep feelings, and an aptitude to love and to religion. Nor was this gravity surprising, even in one who had scarcely passed the confines of his boyhood; for though a moderate fortune in expectancy, and means sufficient at immediate command, would have warranted him in the indulgence of the usual follies and frivolities of youth, which there were none to interdict, he had already felt the discipline of the best of teachers. Misfortune had tempered and refined his character while yet a child.

Affectionate in disposition, the loss of parents, to whom he was most tenderly attached, was, of itself, sufficient to calm, if not to chill the buoyant feelings proper to his age; and the impression of this sad bereavement was rendered more deep and lasting by other similar disasters. Death had been busy in the ranks of his friends and relatives beyond the limits of his immediate household circle; but there were circumstances attendant upon many of the visits of the king of terrors, well calculated to increase the seriousness naturally resulting from such fatal accidents, and tinge them with a shade of superstitious dread.

Report, for which I cannot absolutely vouch in all its details, though there can be no doubt of its general truth, informs us that no less than five of his immediate connections met with violent ends, in various ways, through the agency of fire. One perished in the cradle, by the carelessness of a nurse, in leaving a lighted candle unguarded by the bedside of the helpless sleeper; another, when advanced in life, fell on a bed of coals, in an attack of deep insensibility; two were destroyed in burning dwellings; and one by scalding, from the overturning of a heavy caldron.

Our hero's loneliness, thus finally entranced, increased the strength of his imagination—for solitude is the mother of dreams. He sighed, as all the young and sensitive have sighed, for closer, dearer ties than those of consanguinity; and, as the melancholic and poetical are ever prone to do, he drew on the creative power of genius for that companionship which Providence denied him. He formed, and fashioned into woman's loveliness, a bright conception of ideal beauty—half human, half angelic. An unsubstantial being of the mind became the object of his adoration. By night, this spirit seemed to hover round his couch. By day, she bore him company in all the changing scenes of life. She cheered him in the dull routine of business. When toiling at the desk, her whisper, in the tongueless harmony of feeling, bade him "Toil on! It is not for yourself alone these weary hours are spent. One day, my likeness in a mortal form will be the partner of your weal or wo." In the quiet of the study, while poring over the classic page—the eternal legacies of statesman, sage, or poet—handed down in

"Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,"

his spirit held communion with *her*. Each noble aspiration was encouraged, and every mean or sensual idea checked by her mysterious and retaining influence. She became a part of his nature—*within himself a better self*—which his very will was bowed—a holy and controling, ever present dream. He heard her voice on the breeze in the deep forest; he saw her shadowy form reclining on the fleecy clouds of evening. She smiled on him from the moonlit ripple of the river—slept on the dark surface of the sedgy pool beneath the waving willows; and her wild, free laughter, mingling with the noisy babble of the cascade, resounded through the rocky glen at noonday. When, from the bright green, vernal copse, the thrush poured forth its liquid tones, to him it seemed her song of hope that swelled so clear and high, luring him onward toward a happy future. When the chill nights of autumn were musical with the warning voices of the insect tribes, chanting their mournful dirge above the dying leaves, her influence was there, calming the troubled memory of the past,

"Telling how all things fair must pass away."

And was this love, or madness? There are some who dare to sneer at young romance, and deem such thoughts the offspring of a feeble mind. Away with the heartless falsehood! Such thoughts are full of virtue and ennobling excellence. What though, in after years, this world be found one wide-spread theatre of groveling selfishness, where the few gems of real worth lie smothered in the soil of avarice, pride, and custom? What though

wealth and fashion, petty power, and low ambition, weigh genius with guineas, measure refinement with a tailor's wand, or estimate "the noblest work of God" by the mere gilding of the image—worshiping gew-gaw garters, and glittering stars, framed to "throw cruel sunshine on a fool?" What though we struggle vainly with the current, and find ourselves compelled by force to follow what we loathe, like a proud steed harnessed with mean hacks upon the turning-wheel, and there condemned to toil for life in the same beaten circle, still cheated with the semblance of progression. Who that maintains a soul can look back from the stormy scenes of middle life or the sad loneliness of age upon the days when they could share such feelings, and gravely, calmly teach the cold philosophy in which they are despised? Reader! if thou art young, cherish that holy madness; cherish and warm it in thy heart of hearts; and when experience, in after days, shall prove, as it must prove, thy bright conception but a sunny dream, still nurse its memory as thy richest treasure. Save that clear vision of the future which sometimes spreads ineffable beauty upon the dying, life has no other dream so full of heaven.

But man, half animal in this state of existence, cannot be long content with the ideal. Whatever he conceives of excellence or beauty, he seeks to *realize* and to *possess*. Charles fled from the solitude of woods and streams to the far deeper loneliness of crowds. He mingled with the revelers at ball or rout. Wherever the young and lovely congregated most, there nightly was he found. Even at church, his thoughts would wander from their proper sphere, and bend themselves to earth. It was not that the sense of higher duty waned, or that he felt delight in gayety. His soul still mounted with the organ's swell, and the song of mirth jarred painfully upon an ear attuned to loftier feelings; but he sought amid the throng the embodied likeness of his airy love.

Many a fair cheek and soft expressive eye, that melted in the warmth of its own beams, arrested his attention; but there he found not the high principle that breasts the storm with firm, enduring constancy. The bride all fondness while the summer sky is clear and glowing, but helpless when misfortune lowers, or withered by the first unguarded word, was not for him. Many a faultless beauty met his gaze, on whose unsullied brow no shade of care or thought had ever fallen—still calmly smiling, like a cloudless moon, unmoved by all the ills of life—content with any change for weal or wo; but he knew himself a mortal, and wished not for angelic partnership. In all, some sad defect compensated the nobler gifts of womanhood, and quenched the torch just lighting at the altar. Wit was linked with temper; wealth, leagued with selfishness, thwarted the course of charity, damming the

current while it swelled the spring; and fashion warped the soul, as it contorts the body, until all trace of God's high image was lost in the deformity of art. He grew sick with longing, and misanthropic with disappointment.

But, among the multitude of his acquaintance, there were two young girls, inseparable companions, though of widely different character. With them he had spent many happy hours. The elder was all cheerfulness and sweetness; and with her it was agreeable to beguile the time, when wearied with the round of more exacting intimates. This mild and fair-haired blonde was ever ready with a smile of welcome for those she styled her friends, and asked no effort for her entertainment—contented if she pleased them, and unrepining if they preferred to please themselves. Too indolent to store her mind with knowledge, and yet possessing an unusual share of the light currency of conversation, well fitted to fill up the intervals of graver thought, she never ventured to assume the lead, nor ever flagged in following the discourse. Her parlor was the beau-ideal of a lounge. The younger was a fairy figure—the lightest of brunettes—sylph-like in form and movement, with long locks of glossy jet, and an eye full, large, and changeful as an April morn. It was not black, but of that dark gray hue that marks the mingling of genius and feeling. Beneath the inky lashes that swept her cheek and rose again whenever the eyelid fell in her more serious moods, there slept a thousand warm emotions not to be aroused until awakened by some master-spirit—for she was very young. A modesty that was free from bashfulness led her to doubt her own acquirements; and her enthusiastic and ambitious mind toiled on, without a guide, in the quiet of the secret study, while, in society, she never dreamed of sharing the discussion with those whom she regarded, often without just reason, as vastly her superiors in knowledge. In company, she was lively, sportive, and poetical—ever ready for the laugh or song, and careless of effect, except in dress. A graceful vanity there led her to display; and if she had a fault, it lay in the perfection of a taste *that would be gratified*, and rendered somewhat too distinguished her slender figure, already so attractive of the passing gaze by its surpassing beauty and perfection. Charles correctly estimated the elder of these ladies, as one of those useful members of society who, like the general admirer among men, are doomed to be *the friends of all the other sex, and more than the friends of none*; with whom we may enjoy the freedom of companionship, unchecked by the cold laws of dull formality, and fearless of suspicion; a class who purchase their immunity from the impertinence of neighborly espionage and envious comment at the dear price of single blessedness; a class forever free from *all love's sorrows, and*

*its comforts too*. The younger, who appeared a fairy butterfly flitting among the flowers of life, to sip of every honey-loaded nectary, till the first frost of age should chill its gaudy wing, was cherished as a favorite child. An interchange of serious or lasting feeling with one whose thoughts seemed evanescent as a summer breeze, had never mingled with his dreams; and yet, to answer all her rapid queries on a thousand disconnected subjects—to pour the light of philosophic truth upon a mind that drank instruction as a thirsty soil imbibes the rain-shower—became his nightly and delightful task, as the long winter evenings stole unmarked away. The effort always met a rich reward in the enraptured glance of keen intelligence that welcomed every new idea; and this was all he asked or hoped to see. But he knew not the depth of soul that dwelt within the bosom of that gay young creature—the springs of genius and feeling, tossed by the gushing of their secret fountains, that welled around her heart—he only saw, in the bright play of ever-changing features, the sportive sunbeams dancing on the surface.

Months passed, and spring succeeded winter. The only remaining parent of the elder girl fled with her family to the cooler regions of the north; and her young friend, whose father's interests bound him to the spot, (he was a widower, and professional,) accompanied them to their chosen retreat upon the Hudson. Charles bade adieu to his half plaything and half pupil, without one thought of serious regret—for he intended to devote the summer to the routine of business, and not to pleasure; and this was a prudent intention, as the condition of his affairs had not been benefited by his previous devotion to society.

But habits are not readily broken by young men of two and twenty. Before one week had waned, he felt oppressed by a sense of loneliness for which he could not well account. Another week swept by, and the duties of the office became so wearying that he was tempted to renew once more his solitary rambles in the country.

" 'Tis strange," he mentally exclaimed, on one of these excursions, "these groves seem far less beautiful than they appeared but one short year ago; can I be growing old so rapidly that nature and her loveliness begin to pall upon my taste already? The birds are singing and the brook bounds and bubbles now as formerly; but there is something wanting. How often my thoughts revert to Mary; and how seldom I think of those bright images that used to people every scene. I am becoming exceedingly prosaic. Can it be that the mere prattle of a child has grown so necessary to me that I no longer enjoy my day-dreams, and my airy castle-building? Startled by the rustle of every leaf, I turn to see her springing toward me through the shrubbery, and

feel discontented that it is not her footstep. When musing by the river side, while thoughts crowd thick upon me, I dream that she is sitting by my side, and wonder at her long protracted silence. It is very strange!”

Yet another week, and he found it in vain to struggle with the growing feeling of ennui that began to render him querulous and unhappy. His books were neglected—his purposes unsettled. He could apply himself to nothing.

“There can be no advantage in remaining here,” he suddenly resolved, “to brave the dangers of a sickly summer, when there is no hope of industry. My mind has lost the power of application. This is the warmest season we have known for many years; and I had better travel till the cloud that hovers over me is dissipated.”

Toward the end of September, the two young ladies who figure in our story, were returning from an evening walk by the margin of a bold and dashing stream that hurries through a rocky glen, in Dutchess County, to pour its crystal tribute into the Hudson. They had just entered the road that led to the rural mansion which they had chosen for their summer residence, when they observed a tall young man advancing toward them from the house with springing step. He was clad in the green and yellow costume of a hunter, and in his hand he trailed a long and heavy rifle. The ample woodman’s frock obscured the outline of his person, and the vizor of his foraging-cap concealed, in part, his features. The ladies paused in some alarm, for the dress and carriage belonged not to the quiet region of the sober Netherlanders by whom they were surrounded. Slackening his speed as he drew near, the stranger halted at the distance of a few paces. His face was deeply sunburnt, and they did not recognize him. Enjoying their confusion fur a moment, he removed the cap to wipe the perspiration from his brow, and laughed.

“Charles! dearest Charles!” exclaimed the younger lady, and sprung to meet him with the girlish frankness of sixteen. But why did she arrest her steps midway, and blush at her precipitation. She never hesitated thus before! She knew not—nor did he—but so it was. She blushed, and bidding him welcome with the simple phrase, “we are glad to see you,” retreated instantly, and left her companion to express, in stronger terms, their pleasure and surprise. Charles thought her cold.

“I am just returning to the sunny south,” he said, “after a long and most enchanting journey; and could not pass so near your residence without extending my ramble for a few miles, to tender you my respects and offer to convey your messages to friends at home.”

“We shall return ourselves in a few weeks,” replied the elder lady. “Mother has been wishing to enlist the services of some preux cavalier to protect us on our journey, She will be rejoiced at your arrival. Can you not share our hermitage and our wanderings for one short month? We will do our best to please you. Come, you must not refuse. But where have you been, you truant? And why have you assumed this strange attire? You look more like an Indian from the far west than our grave, pale and sentimental Mr.—— . How long since you left dear Virginia? Bless me, how brown you are! How did you leave Mr. Jones, and the Misses Thompsons, and—and Mr. Fontleroy, and all our other friends? Who’s at home? and who’s away? and where have they gone? and how do you live in the city when there is nobody there? Do tell me at once, for I am dying to hear all about it.”

“So many questions in a single breath? Well, they shall all be answered at the house. I’ve been a chamois on the mountains—a wild deer in the forest—and a swan among the lakes! But you *shall* hear all about it, Ellen. Where is your mother? She was not at home when I called at the house just now.”

“There is a lady of our acquaintance lying very ill on the next plantation,” she replied, “and mother gives the afternoon to her. She will return to tea.”

The party reached the mansion, and were joined there by the mother. Charles gladly yielded to their joint request that he would remain with them till their departure, and dismissed a servant to the neighboring landing to procure his baggage. Thus fairly domiciliated, the balance of the evening was consumed in lively pictures of his journey and the incidents of travel. The ladies learned, to their astonishment, that he had been so much enchanted with the scenery of the noble Susquehanna as to forward all his heavy baggage from Columbia to Albany, there to await his coming, while, with his rifle and knapsack and a ranger’s dress, he crossed on foot the states of Pennsylvania and New York into the region of the lakes; thence, tending westward from Geneva, he had visited the far-famed torrent of Niagara, not then as now insulted by the vulgar gaze of fashionable folly, or disfigured by the puny structures of the Cockney and the Benthamite.

Returning by the way of Albany, he took passage on a sloop for the old Safe Harbor, “Apokipsing,”[3] and after two days, wearily spent upon the Overslaugh, arrived, and sought their hospitable roof, to rest from the labor of a march of full a thousand miles.

To all the glowing tales of his hairbreadth escapes upon the mountain or the flooded river—of glorious streams and noble inland seas whose names alone, though given by savage tongues, are full of poetry—his auditors were charmed till late into the night. But still his sprightly little favorite listened in total silence. She came not to his side, as formerly, but sat retired in the deep shade of a recess, scarce seeming to take notice of any thing that passed. She is sadly changed, thought Charles, when all his efforts to arouse her interest appeared to fail in their intended purpose.

Once, indeed, when he described how, lost in the wild forest on the Juniata, he had met a bear playing with her cubs, had shot and wounded without killing her; when he told how the infuriated animal pursued him down the mountain side, over the rolling stones and rocks that failed beneath their feet and followed them in cataracts, till, on the very verge of a whirling rapid, he turned and gained a momentary advantage for breathing and reloading; then Mary did, indeed, lean forward upon her chair, and gaze with painful keenness and intensity upon his animated face; sitting with lips apart in the full light of the lamp until she heard the issue of the contest. But she fell back again within the shade, without a word of comment, the moment the tale was concluded.

He told, then, of an evening spent upon the level summit of an overhanging precipice that guards the upper pass of Wyoming. The sun was setting behind the western hills bounding the loveliest valley of the Susquehanna, while cottages and ripening grain-fields, waving corn and velvet pasturage stretched far away for miles beneath the eye. Beautiful towns, with their tall spires and gilded vanes, shone brightly in the slanting beams, while the dark shadows of the highlands, reclining like weary giants on the verdant carpet of the plain, grew broader and broader in the distance, and the eastern sky, already fading into the gloom of night, cast back a yellow light upon the waves raised by the rapid current of the river, till they glowed in a long winding pathway paved with amber. He lay and mused for hours upon that happy scene of rural comfort and domestic peace; and his mind traveled back to the rude period of the border struggles, when that quiet valley was the scene of war, and fire, and fierce revenge: when rival states contended for the sovereignty of the soil, and fertilized it with their blood.

As the sun sunk, and the heavens grew red in the twilight, tinging the water with their golden reflection, he thought of the burning wigwam of old Tediuscund, when savages more brutal than the followers of Brandt

consumed the venerable Christian chief in the ashes of his dwelling—an offering to the demon of discord—making on altar of his very hearthstone.

As the gloaming settled down gray and heavy around him, the air seemed loaded with the tumult of the night attack when colony met colony with hate as deadly as rankled in the bosoms of the Gaelic hordes on Scottish hills, or the more fiendish malice of the craven crew that turned the hospitable roofs of deep Glencoe to one wide human slaughter-house, and stamped the foulest blot on England's blood-stained 'scutcheon. He heard the shrieks of tender childhood crying in vain for mercy, the hoarser curse of dying warriors, and the moan of famished mothers, whose infants, still pressed madly to their bosoms, weighed down their weary frames in the black, trackless forest, there to lie a prey to wolves or to the lurking congor—their names—their fate—their memory forever lost.

But the moon rose unclouded, and these dark thoughts were banished. All looked so lovely and so peaceful in the pale livery of the queen of night, that he preferred the balmy mountain air to the close chambers of a cottage in July. So, choosing a mossy bed beneath a tree, he made a pillow of his knapsack end resigned himself to sleep.

The morning had risen high above the horizon, when his slumbers were disturbed by a singular dream. He thought he was reclining on his own couch at home, and some confusion in the street determined him to rise: but he had not the power. There were angry voices underneath his windows, with sounds of contest, and the watchmen were endeavoring to arrest some one who had overpowered the guardian of the district. Their rattles sounded loudly for assistance in every direction; but he could not move. At last, one of these unmusical appendages of the police was sprung within the chamber where he lay, and grated so harshly on his ear that with a start he awoke.

"Hold on, Mister, till I get another crack at him! You'll put your hand right on him if you rise," said a tall, gaunt, and thin faced figure leaning over him, with one arm thrown around the tree, and wielding a stout cudgel with the other.

"Hold on, I tell you, or you are a dead man!" he cried, with fearful energy, seeing Charles preparing to rise, and reaching for his rifle, which leaned against the side of the trunk opposite the intruder.

There is something in the tone of a determined spirit, speaking under high excitement, that will not be denied. Charles paused; for he felt bewildered and perplexed. He was not in his chamber, for there were woods and hills around on every side; but how he came thence he could not divine.

Can I be dreaming, he thought; there is a riot sure enough, for here is this fierce-looking savage standing over me, and I hear the rattles still. But I must be asleep and in a nightmare, for my chairs and tables are turned to trees and rocks!

While these ideas passed rapidly through his mind, the club of his wild companion descended close to his head. He started and the rattles ceased to play: but his doubts the reality of all he saw were scarcely dissipated.

"There, Mister," said his attendant, "I kinder calkilate you've ben sleepin with a bed-feller not of your own choosin last night, any how. I'd rather keep to hum than come all the way up here after such a tarnal reptyle crittur as that. It's well for you that our Crumple strayed away yester noon, and the old woman took on so powerful about the milk. This chap was quirled up close to your ear when I came upon you. Do tell! Arn't he a swingeing big one?" And he lifted, upon the end of his stick, a monstrous rattle-snake, whose head had been crushed by the last blow. His back had been broken before the sleeper woke.

Charles rose, and proceeded to thank his deliverer with the warmth which the importance of the service warranted, but was immediately checked by the settler.

"Oh, never mind! That's not worth mentionin at all. The varmint hisself pays for the trouble, for he's as fat as butter. We uses the big ones' tallow for the rheumatis, and my old woman pickles the little ones in whiskey, and sells them to the doctors for medicine. But hark ye, Mister—a—what did you say your name was?"

"I have not yet informed you, sir. My name is Charles—— ."

"Well, now, is it! And may be you wouldn't think me too bold if I was just to ask you where you're from, and what's your business in these clearins?"

Charles had never before encountered a genuine specimen of that curious variety of humanity, once so common, but now so rare, in the section of the Union from which the Valley of Wyoming was originally peopled; but he was familiar with it by report, and knowing well that no impertinence was here intended, he replied, with the instinctive courtesy of a gentleman—*a courtesy that never permits unnecessary stricture on mere manners where the heart is right*.

"I am from Virginia, on a hunting excursion for the benefit of my health, and intend to follow the East branch into New York, and then to visit the

Falls of Niagara and the lakes.”

“Now, you don’t say! Come all the way from Virginia a huntin! Why, how tired you must be! You’d find it much easier to ride. May be you and me couldn’t make a bargain for my four-year-old? He’s as handsome a crittur as ever you see: he takes to the beech-woods as nateral and as spry as a squirrel—gallops over log causeway and never stumbles—and gits fat on nothin and pototoe rinds!”

Even this little anecdote, narrated with graphic force, and mingling the fearful with the ludicrous—while it drew strong marks of feeling from the other ladies—failed to awaken any apparent emotion in the once loquacious and sprightly Mary. Charles was chagrined; and yet he knew not why. What claim had he on her, that he should take so strong an interest in her actions? She had been his playmate as a child, but now she had expanded fully into womanhood. Even three months of absence had changed her figure and her stature, while her brow wore an air of conscious dignity. Others might have engrossed the thoughts that formerly were his. The idea was unpleasant, but there was no ground for censure, and, pleading fatigue, he retired to his repose.

As his footsteps died away in the hall, the elder lady observed to Mary—“My dear child, you gave but a chilling welcome to our visiter. How is it that for three long months we heard of little else than Charles? ‘Oh, if Charles were here, he could tell us the names of all these beautiful flowers; my botany does not describe the half of them’—‘How Charles would admire that splendid mountain scene’—‘I take no interest in these rocks, for Charles is not here to tell us of their structure!’ Was it not so, my little omnivorous philosopher? And now Charles has come, and you have scarce a word to say to him—scarce a glance. He was offended with you, Mary.”

“No, aunt. That is quite impossible. He never troubles himself with thinking of such a flirting little butterfly as I am. He has called me ‘silly child’ a hundred times within the year, and says my mind is like a magic lantern, making beautiful pictures, but forever changing. Had he cared much for us, he would not have been wandering all the summer, tanning his face with the sun and water, and hunting deer, wild cats and rattle-snakes, when he knew that we should have been so happy to see him, or even to travel with him if he wished. I do not think him half so handsome as he was last winter.”

“Well, perhaps you are right. It certainly was very foolish for him to bury himself in the wilderness, spoiling his good looks and corrupting his

manners among woodsmen and hunters, when he might have been welcomed in the best society, and spent his time profitably in gaining polish by traveling and observation among civilized people. He could connect himself with almost any family in Virginia if he would curb these vagabond tastes. How rustic he has grown!"

"Now, aunt! I cannot bear to hear you speak so of him. Corrupt his manners! so mild, so winning, and so manly. Not all the woodsmen that ever trod on this side of the Alleghanies could corrupt his manners. Foolish! *Charles foolish!* He never said or did a foolish thing in all his life. There is no such society as could polish Charles, and I should like to see the proudest woman, of the proudest blood in all Virginia, that would not be prouder still to gain him."

The glow of excitement deepened into the blush of shame as she concluded, lest she had spoken too warmly for the occasion, and she covered her face with her hands.

"Tut! tut! child!" said the old lady, "go to bed now, and preserve your good looks. You have grown pale of late. Charles and you are a couple of silly ones together, and every body reads you better than you can read yourselves."

Ellen hummed "Love's Young Dream," but in too low a tone to awaken the attention of Mary. Her mother smiled, half sorrowfully, and those ladies also sought their chambers.

But let us follow Charles. He found not on his couch the repose he wished and needed, but fell feverish and ill at ease. Fatigue and the unwholesome miasms of the Genesee had been secretly undermining his health, while an unaccountable, and, as it appeared, unreasonable displeasure at the manner of his reception assisted in banishing sleep from his pillow.

This question was continually recurring, as he tossed his throbbing temples from side to side—"Why should I care for the mere whims and humors of a child? But Mary is a child no longer. Well! That is natural, and what is it to me? And yet, wherever I go there is always something to remind me of her. 'Tis very strange.' " These thoughts disturbed his partial doze, until their very monotony composed him into a profound though troubled slumber.

But terrible were the visions that then crowded upon him. He thought he was wandering alone in a desert wilderness, when suddenly a beautiful lake

expanded before him. It grew and became enlarged continually, spreading out on every hand until the distant shore was lost to view. Standing upon a perpendicular bank, beneath a grove of sycamores, he looked down on the sparkling waters a hundred feet below. A noble bay was at his feet, bounded upon the right by the general curve of the main land, and, on the left, by a low, densely wooded, hook-like peninsula, sweeping for miles into the lake, and forming there a land-locked harbor.

A bark canoe was resting lightly on the glassy surface, and a long silken cord extended from the bow into a little bank of mist that floated in the very centre of the basin. Presently he saw a slight commotion in the vapor. Slowly contracting within narrower limits it assumed the likeness of a human figure. Each airy and transparent limb was gradually moulded into graceful symmetry, and the long, flowing drapery reclined in fleecy folds upon the water. Feature after feature, dimly seen at first, soon warmed into expression, and he knew the being of his early dreams—the beau-ideal of his worship.

Self-poised, the vision floated on the air, holding in one hand the silken cord that drew the fairy vessel, while the other pointed far away toward the broad bosom of the lake. With a smile she beckoned him to follow, and gently shook the cord as if impatient of delay. He raised his hands, and by some unknown power was borne across the bay till he descended into the frail bark that sunk almost to the water's edge beneath his weight. Immediately the figure glided away, like a thin summer cloud before the breeze, and still the boat pursued its motion, while the shore receded farther and farther from his view. At length, they were alone upon the world of waters—he and his airy love.

Hours passed—and upon either hand the shores again appeared—the forest closing slowly in, until they found themselves upon the bosom of a noble river. Still sweeping onward, onward! The deep, dark waters gathered force, and poured more and more rapidly along, bearing them by many a flowery, many a woodland isle. The rushing tide assumed a majestic voice, and though no rocks arose to chafe its anger, the distant banks, the very air that rested on the surface, returned a monitory murmur of dread import, and he shuddered. But the same lovely hand still beckoned, and the same bright smile allured him onward.

Presently the water became roughened, and the crested billows curled into breakers—rocks shot up on every side, and the rugged bottom shone through the beryl-tinted current of the stream, clearer and clearer as the water shoaled with its continually increasing speed. Onward the bark shot

like an arrow. Dashing—and foaming—and whirling—the waves were beaten into one wide sheet of foam. Destruction threatened to engulf him at every moment of that mad career. But still the airy figure smiled and beckoned onward.

Then, mingling with the war of waves and hiss of wrathful spray, there came a sound deeper than distant thunder. Louder and louder grew that pauseless roll. Like lightning was the motion of the magic boat, riding the lofty billows and darting through the darkened troughs that intervened between them. They neared a little group of islands—the largest dividing the wild torrent in the midst—but when he strove to trace the further progress of the river a thin cloud obscured his vision, and the broken fragments of the many-colored arc of heaven shed fitful radiance on the whirling masses of vapor, through which, as through a veil, were dimly seen long lines of rugged rocks; their perpendicular sides, crowned by the stunted, tempest-riven pine, stretched far away over a barren and a savage tract. The river was engulfed. He sunk beneath the terrors of the scene, and sense and feeling reeled, when, on the margin of a horrid chasm, the boat seemed pausing for a moment, as if in dread of the inevitable leap. He stretched his arms out toward his siren guide, now floating lightly through the unsubstantial mist, and fainted.

When consciousness returned, he found himself reclining on a ledge of crumbling stone, hung midway up the face of a vast pile of overhanging rock, whose shelving summit quite shut out the sun. Beneath his feet, the boiling caldron of white foam raved, tossed, and thundered, as the giant stream poured its eternal flood into the viewless depth of the abyss. Beside him was the same bright being of the air that lured him to that awful chasm; and still she smiled, but with a look of pity. Slowly, as he gazed on her, the misty drapery dissolved or mingled with the torrent's spray. The features also gradually changed. More human grew the figure, and bore increasing likeness to some familiar friend. He wondered, and endeavored to recall the countenance, when suddenly it took the form of Mary.

Bounding away with the wild, ringing laughter that had so often broken in upon his day-dream among the lonely glens of his far distant haunts of boyhood, she darted sportively beneath the bright green curtain of the falls, and disappeared.

Charles, wild with terror at her rash folly, rushed forward to the rescue; battling the stinging spray, and the fierce blasts of wind that swept through the watery hall, stumbling among the slippery stones, or on the backs of slimy reptiles, he hurried onward blindly in pursuit. But a rocky wall,

impassable by human foot, arrested his career; and he stood, vainly calling on the name of Mary—mocking the thunder of eternity with the puny voice of man.

Mad with the disappointed search, he struck the opposing rock; it opened with the blow, and through the cleft rushed forth long tongues of flame and whirls of suffocating smoke. Within the glowing furnace stood Mary, her outstretched arms vainly imploring help, as the destroying element eddied and curled around her. He sprung to her assistance, but closing with a sharp report, the rock again opposed him, while a voice louder than the roar of falling torrents exclaimed: "Not all Niagara, flooded with human tears, can change her doom or thine!—Away!" and the broad canopy of waters was waved and rent with the explosion of a fiendish laugh, echoed from out the solid earth on which he stood. He woke—the cold drops rested on his brow, and his aching limbs refused their office. The jet of a garden engine was playing upon the window-panes, and the mirthful sounds of girlish sportiveness, mingled with the baying of the old house-dog, were ringing in the morning air.

Charles found himself affected with one of the fevers then so common on the lakes, (our tale commences in the year 1810;) but the case was a mild one, and in about ten days, his constitution rested the conqueror in the struggle. During his short though severe and dangerous illness, every attention to his comfort was paid with studious care by the elder lady of the family, and her kindness led him to adopt the appellation of endearment given her by Mary, though not in virtue of a real relationship. She became his *aunt* by courtesy; and her amiable daughter received the title of *Cousin Ellen*. But all that friendship could effect, could not prevent his constant disposition to dwell upon the singular dream of the first terrible night. It would recur to his memory again and again with almost its original vividness. At length a vague idea of some connection in their fates took strong hold on his mind, in spite of reason. He was well aware that slighter causes than those which obviously gave tone to the current of his ideas upon that occasion—the shout, the barking, and the jet of water—are quite sufficient to explain the texture of the wildest web that fancy ever wove, and hung as drapery round the cave of sleep. But yet he could not shake off the impression of that dream, so deeply graven on the tablet of a mind, alas! but too susceptible of all the pains and pleasures of the imagination. In moments of approaching delirium, when the violence of fever was at its height, the very throbbing of his temples seemed to beat time to the measured voice of a busy fiend, reiterating with sneering malice in his ear, the fearful words, "Not all Niagara, flooded with human tears, can change her doom or thine!"

The repetition of this single phrase, repeated with the regularity of the pendulum, would sometimes almost drive him *mad*.

Those who have studied the history of the affections, are aware that few things more rapidly promote the attachment of young hearts, by nature well adapted to each other, than the constant repetition of even trifling circumstances which recall the image of the absent. While Charles was vainly endeavoring to recover from the superstitious dread engendered by his fancy, the thought of Mary continually came over him with feelings of increased endearment. He struggled manfully against this *weakness* as he regarded it—for much as he had loved to watch the budding of her brilliant and playful genius, he sought more solid charms in the woman whom he could make the partner of his bosom. Serious himself, almost to a fault in one so youthful, he thought poor Mary light and trifling, because he knew her only in the hours of relaxation and amusement. Often, as his strength returned, he asked himself the question, "Had I not better leave this Circean bower, before I am involved too deeply in this foolish net of my own idle weaving?" But as often pride came in to check the half-formed resolution. "What! shall I fear my self-command, and give up an acquaintance that I prize, from the dread of acting in a way directly contrary to my sound judgment, and deliberate conviction of propriety? No, no! fortunately the risk is all my own. If there were the slightest danger that she should also dream of love, then honor would, indeed, oblige me to fly quickly; and a sharp trial it would be. I feel too well convinced."

Meanwhile, Mary heard from her aunt the daily detail of the illness of her early friend, and was subjected to the occasional bantering of her kind, but far less sentimental cousin. She longed to hold his aching temples, and envied her aunt the privilege of matronly condition that permitted her to bathe his burning brow. And when, at length, pale with confinement, and attenuated by depletion, he descended, for the first time, to the parlor, leaning on Ellen's arm, she sprung to meet him with all her former frankness. Her reserve had flown. She shook the cushions of the old arm-chair, and when he was comfortably seated, drew a little stool beside him, and looked and spoke as though she were a child again.

"Dear Charles, you have been in danger! How pale you are; it gives you such an intellectual air. But do you not think you have ventured down too soon? I would not for the world you should exert yourself beyond your strength. How we have longed for your society. I know not what can be the reason, but before you came, Ellen and I could wander through the woods for miles, braving all dangers, and fearing nothing, like a pair of heroines;

but now I start at every noise; if a dog barks, I tremble. We have given up all our rambles till you are well enough to join us. I always feel so safe when you are by."

"Have you, then, really thought so much of me in sickness?" said Charles, his large eye beaming with unusual kindness. "You have been present to me in my dreams by night and day. But we are growing older, Mary—you are almost sixteen; some other will soon claim your thoughts; and then you will remember me only as your censorious cousin, who used to call you silly, and compared your mind to the sea sand, on which men write idle words, for the next wave to smooth them over. Why should you think of one who thus berated you?"

Bending her beautiful head until her upturned eyes were deeply shaded by their long, dark lashes, she met his glance with a look so arch, and yet so full of feeling, that he shuddered. Her face had never worn that look before. It was the same that lured him to the lake. She seemed that moment the personation of his airy idol.

"I love to be censured by you, you are so gentle," she replied; "and were I to forget you, who would correct my faults?"

"You would not fear to be forgotten," said Ellen, "if you knew how she wears away her bloom with study, and all because Charles recommends this volume, and Charles said I should—"

"Hush, Ellen!" cried the trembling girl, rising with a cheek and brow all fire, and then becoming deadly pale, as she placed her hand firmly on the lips of her friend, and adding, reproachfully, "How can you use me so!" she ran from the room, but just in time to save the exposure of her tears.

It is a common habit with men of vulgar mind, to charge with indelicacy the female who betrays the slightest warmth of feeling in converse even with those of the other sex who are honored with the sacred title of *friend*; and cautious mothers, though they feel the injustice of the censure, well knowing what few men—even parents—have discovered, the innate purity of a noble woman's love, most anxiously inculcate the policy of strict concealment in their daughters. "Let not your husband or your lover know the extent of your affection," is a precept often uttered and sanctioned by many high authorities. I will not contravene it; for experience has shown me that it is the necessary offspring of the irrational arrangements of society—arrangements which it would be Quixotic to contend against—by which the accidents of wealth or station, or stylish dress and equipage, or even mere impertinence, when coupled with respectable connections, may elevate the

low and groveling to the position which should be the exclusive birthright of nature's gentleman.

The guardians of the young and lovely have but slender means of testing moral worth—for the gloss and polish of spurious refinement quite obscures the metal; and the gold and brass pass current equally in the higher walks of life. But who that claims the loftiness of soul to rise above conventional chains, and feels, *however he may act*, not as the laws of fashion dictate, but as the promptings of a pure heart guide him, can deny that the richest of all compliments, the sweetest of all flattery, the strongest of all mortgages upon our honor and protection, is the unguarded evidence of personal affection.

He who by accident perceives the unobtrusive preference of a lovely woman, and smiles or triumphs in the conquest, or dares to trifle with the feeling, even while he deems his own heart free, deserves not the proud name of man, much less of *gentleman*. When he cannot become the lover, one of noble spirit will remain the friend. As prudence dictates, he will soothe, or shield, or fly.

Charles was not of the vulgar herd. The manner and the countenance of Mary told a tale that needs no commentary. He felt as when his fairy bark was pausing on the brink of the abyss. Sinking into a long and meditative silence, which Ellen, with a woman's tact, left undisturbed; his mind reverted to the history of more than two years past, during which he had been the voluntary instructor and companion of "a mere child;" but she was a child no longer. During those very years, her character was forming. While mere scholastic labors were storing her mind with facts, who had trained her reasoning powers? Who had given purpose to her knowledge, and taught those principles on which its daily application should be regulated? Her father, totally engrossed with business, had resigned his daughter's mind to her preceptor, and to Ellen's parent, who had been the friend of her departed mother. Whatever she had learned of life, as it is viewed by men, was gleaned in shreds and patches from himself, during their holiday rambles, and their winter nights of social intercourse; for, in the homely parlance of the day, she had not yet *come out*. He deemed her wild and versatile, ill trained, incapable of long enduring purpose—a spoiled and sportive child, deprived of all the moulding and restraint that fits a woman for the busy scenes of this dull, plodding world; and he had pitied her. His lessons and advice had been received, sometimes, indeed, with gratitude, but more generally with light-hearted and frolic carelessness. The impressions seemed *to him* as evanescent as the morning perfume of a flower, that noonday dissipates.

“She is a lovely being,” he murmured almost audibly, “I have been very cruel, very careless. Oh, why did I forget *the heart*, in striving to improve *the mind*! Folly! yes, worse than folly, to make myself the confidant—the only male companion of *the girl*, regardless of *the woman*. What! link my fate with one who is as fitful as the breeze, and yet so tender, that the slightest word brings tears; a creature fitted only to be guarded like an exotic plant, with all the appliances that wealth and leisure can command. And I have loved her as a younger sister—as a daughter. *I*—a mere boy of twenty-two. To wed her is impossible. But what is to be done? I cannot see the rosebud fade upon the cheek that has so often rested on my shoulder. It were villany to dim with sorrow the brightness of a star so beautiful. Alas! I fear the feeling is deeper than I have been willing to acknowledge in myself; but, perhaps, it is not yet too late, and I must fly at once. But how can I relinquish almost the only being that fate has left me, toward whom my heart warms with a feeling deeper than mere courtesy? Yes, yes! It must be so! I cannot wed; as for *friendship*—after the look with which she left the room, friendship would be a cruelty to her. If I could cause her to forget or hate me—if she would hate me as I hate myself for my unguarded folly, we might both be happy yet.”

“What ails thee, Polypheme?” said Ellen, after the long silence, during which she had been an attentive, though an unnoticed observer of the workings of his countenance, and knew well what was passing in his mind. “What has occurred to astonish you, that you should look so wildly and bewildered? Your company has been *exceedingly agreeable*, cousin mine. Is it so wonderful that a young miss in her teens should run away rather than have her merits canvassed to her face, before one of the most critical and accomplished men in all Virginia—and he so handsome, too—so *pale* and *intellectual*?”

“Why do you call me Polypheme, Ellen?” he replied.

“Oh, merely because you are a giant in philosophy, and, like most demigods, have one eye to see with when women are concerned. Straight forward souls; you follow your foreheads, looking to neither side, until the path grows narrow with precipices, right and left, and there is no room to turn with safety. Can you be surprised at what you have seen this morning? I thought it was written by one of your favorite, musty authors, Bacon or Newton, or some of those sage children, who studied stars and gunpowder, that ‘*like causes produce like effects*.’ Have I not heard you quote some such unmeaning saw?”

“Ellen, I feel unhappy.”

“No doubt. Lovers are all unhappy at certain moments, and never more so than just when they discover that they have every reason to rejoice.”

“Lovers, Ellen? What can you mean? Explain yourself.”

“Now, don´t be foolish, coz. You know that I can keep a secret, and to prove it, I’ll tell you one that I have kept religiously *almost two years*. You are in love, Cousin Charles, and if you cannot perceive it with the single eye of philosophy, your friends have known it well enough this long time.”

Charles bit his lip, remained in thought a moment, and gravely replied—

“This is a matter far too serious for trifling. Ellen, you have ever been *my* friend, and Mary’s chief companion. I will trust you with my confidence. It is time for me to leave this place, where a longer stay might be dangerous to the peace of one who never can be otherwise than dear to me from the recollection of many happy hours passed in her society. Her image is becoming too familiar to my thoughts, and, I fear, more mischief is already done than can be well amended. I must procure you some other protection on your journey, and leave as soon as strength permits. Your mother will *think me ungrateful*—but even this is better than to *know myself a heartless trifler with the feelings of a lovely girl*.”

“Well resolved, my sapient cousin. So—you suppose, like most of your lordly sex, that your smile or frown must soon become the warrant of life or death to any damsel that may chance to spend a few of her lighter hours within the influence of *your* irresistible attractions,” said Ellen, with some signs of maiden pique. But, checking instantly her misplaced pride, upon observing that her tone had deeply wounded one for whom she felt a high and just respect, she proceeded thus—

“But I will not trifle with you, Cousin Charles. You say that you will make *me* your confidante. Confidence is no novelty to me, though my summers scarcely equal yours. Well—perhaps it is the wisest course to take. Whatever I may say will be disinterested, for Love and his diplomacy are matters of exceeding small concern to me except when *friends* are interested. I am quietly laid on the shelf, like an unsaleable volume, and, indeed, would much prefer to rest there, in the hope of cheering an occasional hour for some poor stray inquirer like yourself, when weary or in trouble, rather than to be scanned and thumbed by every curious schoolboy or new-fledged graduate from college, who lacks the means to purchase, or the taste to prize me. No, I have passed that danger, nor will I ever be set up within the bookcase of a wealthy, witless booby, who chooses to cheapen me because the dust of years and the tooth of time have roughened my binding,

and unglossed my title page. I would not wish to be produced in state on holidays, to show his wondering intimates how well he is provided with the means of knowledge he has not sense to use. Excuse me from becoming that care-worn and unhappy character—to which young maidens curtsy—*the head of an establishment*."

"Do not abuse your merits or your hopes so far, fair Ellen. You are indeed"—

"Nay, spare your compliments. I know my fate, and made it what it is—I would not wish to change it. But you think that duty calls you from us. Why? What is there lacking in Mary, but her love? and that you seem to treat as if it were your own already."

Charles replied—"I cannot marry a mere child, and one whose mind is totally unfit to grapple with the cares and troubles of a lawyer's early life. If I were rich, and could afford her all that ease and luxury yields to please the fancy of a gay young bride, and fashionable wife—could I pass every summer at the springs, and spend my winter evenings at balls and routs—then, indeed, I would not wish a more beautiful or charming partner. I know that you will tell me she has never yet been brought into society, and has her habits all to form—but who can witness the vivacity and changefulness of feeling that dies from tears to laughter, and from laughter back to tears, ten times an hour, and not foresee that she will be the idol of society, without the training that might shield her from its poisoning influence?"

"You men," said Ellen, "but rarely know the real character of women—and why? Because it is rarely safe to trust you with such knowledge. Even you, my good philosopher, will learn, before your locks are gray, that observation and good sense—aye! and sound, stubborn principle, are often hid beneath the mask of a gay and frolic disposition. There is more reason to suspect the *seeming faultless*, than the frank, who show their follies on the surface. I tell you, Charles, if a woman *has a heart*, it is always a gay one until misfortune or affection tames it. And I tell you, too, that Mary is no child—but you are blind! So, you will leave us, will you? Go! I will not say it would not be desirable for Mary's sake; for, much as I esteem your talents, allow me to say she is fully equal with you; and, in matrimony, the balance should be *on the husband's side*. But it is too late to reason. The die is cast. It is not Mary that will detain you—*but yourself*. Your fates are linked together by that happy contrast which forms a stronger bond than mere resemblance. So you would leave us, Charles? *You cannot!* The chain *will not be broken*! Do not be surprised that I should tell you more of yourself than you yourself have ever known with all your studies and your

reasonings. Women have more than the five senses, and I have used them all —quiet and unobservant as my manners are. Think you I could be passive when your interests and Mary's fate in life were both at stake? You love her, Charles. You loved her long ago, although you knew it not—and you will marry her. Take a woman's word for that, and the sage experience of twenty-three. There—go pack your things!" and Ellen's little foot beat a tattoo upon the carpet, as nimbly as her finger plied the needle, though *that* was rather quickly.

Charles thought for a moment in silence, and then renewed the colloquy.

"You speak in parables, my most dogmatical, but sweetly spoken friend. How should I love, *and yet not know I love*?"

"*You* think that Mary loves *you*, and yet *she* knows it not. She keeps no secret from myself and mother—and yet, only yesterday, she solemnly declared, '*'twas no such thing*.' Come, I will tell you the story, and then you will perceive how ridiculous you have been to suppose yourself of so much consequence, merely because a little girl runs out of the room for fear of hearing *her cousin praise her to a gentleman*. I found her weeping in the arbor, looking out over the velvet meadow and the curling Hudson, with its rocky shores, while the rugged side of the old Kattskill, towering in the distance, with its deep, rugged gullies softened by the mist, and crowned with giant clouds, filled up the background. It was a glorious sight. There was a little cottage just beyond the river, standing all alone—a garden and a stubble field, a barn, a well, with its long pole and the old bucket hanging high in the air. You could just see the green window-shutters, and the clean white paling peeping, here and there, through the foliage of a grove of trees and patches of rude shrubbery, all painted over with a thousand colors by the fading leaves. They were blowing the horn for dinner. There was the silver river before it, and the dark mountains behind. I asked her why she wept—she smiled through her tears, and said—'I was thinking how very happy I should be, if that little cottage were mine; forgetting all the tiresome folly of the town, and living only for a few dear friends. How I should love to put on my nice new russet gown, and trip away with the clean milk-pail to the cow-yard, quite sure that there was enough for us, whether the cotton and tobacco thrived or not, and let who would, be President. How cheerfully would I leave a palace for a humble home in the country—my books—and—' 'And what?' I asked. But she only blushed and smiled. 'Charles will not live in a cottage,' said I, laughingly. 'Now, Ellen,' she replied, 'how can you be so very unkind? You know I love Charles only as a brother. If *he* were to suppose that I could be so vain as to think of him in any other light, how

could I ever dare to meet his eye? Ellen, if you care for my happiness, pray never hint such foolish thoughts again?' There, sir, you have *her own authority* to prove that she does not love you, after all your vain surmises. You saw her leave the room just now. Think you *a sister* would have trembled so?"

"I can understand that a delicate and timid girl may even conceal her feelings from herself," said Charles; "but how have *I* betrayed the tender passion? Mary has beauty, talent and connections—what should prevent the avowal of my sentiments, if there were truth in your suspicions, Ellen?"

"Talk not of suspicions, Charles," replied his friend, "I speak of certainties. You may not know how deeply you are interested in that darling girl, while your proud judgment holds in check your taste. You know but little of her real worth, or long ago you would have been awake to your real sentiments toward her. I must arouse you. Answer me plainly a few simple questions. Pray, why did you refuse to join us in our tour, when we used every effort to entice you?"

"My business required attention. You know the fate of a young lawyer who neglects his business."

"Oh, these consistent, cold philosophers! Then why did you desert your business in three weeks from the time of parting?"

"Because the June term was completed—and I found both spirits and health demanding the relaxation of a journey."

"Then why not join us here, when you *did* leave Virginia? You knew, if you desired it, we would have visited the Niagara with you. Has loneliness such charms at twenty-two?"

"You are an excellent cross-examiner. To tell the truth then, frankly, though you will charge me with conceit, the cause was simply this: Mary had been for two long years the chief companion of my leisure hours, when the cares of the day were over, or when vacations permitted us to ramble in the country. But Mary was ripening into womanhood. I thought it wrong to risk the impression of such close attention as must have followed, had I passed the summer under one roof with her, and daily wandered through the same romantic scenery. Such intercourse is critical at sixteen and twenty-two."

"I am glad," said Ellen, "that you are ready to confess the danger *mutual*, and do not claim to have been actuated solely by mere charity for woman's weakness. So, even philosophers must guard themselves against the arrows

of the saucy boy that makes us so much trouble. Well, well! But is it indeed so necessary that *brotherly* and *sisterly* affection should be repressed and kept within narrow limits for fear of rendering its object miserable? Had I a brother, *even by adoption*, it seems to me I could not love him too warmly for my peace. However, Charles, I honor your self-control, and the high principle that seems to regulate your conduct. Such cool and calm reflection is rarer than it should be *with very young men in general*. But there is another little circumstance that puzzles me. Say, why with all this dread of consequences, did you extend your journey to visit us at last? Would it not have been more prudent to have passed us by, and quietly waited our return? How wrong you were to accept so readily my mother's invitation, and agree to spend a month. Think of the time, Charles—a month of danger, here in this paradise, shut in by mountains—this very land of love. 'Twas selfish, surely, merely for your own amusement—all safe and heart-whole as you are—to lead a young and artless girl into such terrible risks. 'Tis surprising that your forethought overlooked *this danger*."

"Ellen, a truce to your bantering," he replied; "you are more deeply read in hearts than I supposed, and I may as well redeem my pledge of frankness perfectly at once. I do not know that I myself can clearly understand my feelings toward that girl. That her society has become, by habit, almost necessary to me, is true. When, in the lonely woods, I have broken suddenly into a clearing, after a long day's march, and hunger rendered the fresh steak of venison or coarse bear's meat, more delicious than the most costly viand that ever graced the tables of the rich, I have felt how sweet would have been even that repast, with all the rude accompaniments of border life, if she had shared it with me. When in my solitary bivouac by some brawling western stream, the moon has roused me from my slumbers, as she rose above the hills and shone full into my face, through the green forest curtains, I have gazed from the sparkling ripple up to the source of the bright beams that tinged its waves, and wondered whether Mary ever thought of me, when the same peaceful planet, peering through her chamber window, called her from her pillow to look forth on the broad rolling Hudson and the silver highway of Diana bridging its dark waters. When the rain embargoed me within some cabin in the mountain gorges, and pattered with its comfortable sound upon the slatted roof, I have longed to hear her tripping toward me, young, free, and careless of appearances as formerly, with a volume of Scott, or Burns, or Byron in her hand, exclaiming, 'Dear Charles, do read to me this beautiful passage—I love to hear it in your full toned voice.' I will not say I have not even dreamed of her," he added, with a shudder, "but it was always, *or almost always*, as a *child* that she appeared to me. This is not

love, fair cousin. Perhaps it is *not brotherly affection*, as you insinuate so archly. But that I am preposterously young for such relationship, I should be tempted to declare the feeling *fatherly*. Even you would not tax me with a warmer thought toward a mere child. *There may be*, and I believe *there is*, affection quite sufficient for any tie; but in a wife, the judgment must be satisfied, as well as the affections. I am not one of those who could wed lightly, for a pretty face, or purse, or station, or mere fashionable notoriety—one of those who dance and sing, and spend their honey moon with crowds of friends and relatives, surfeited with cakes and wine, and wearied with forms of dissipation, as is the vulgar custom. A wedding-day should be the most serious day of life. The review of the past—the survey of the future—*the embodied present*, with its quiet, trusting happiness leaning upon your arm, and gazing in your face—these things, all resting with their eternal consequences *solely on yourself*, should render matrimony solemn and anxious as the hour of death. *My wife* must not be a rich, ornamental piece of costly household furniture for the owner to be proud of. She must be my partner—my companion—a woman, firm and gentle, not a thoughtless girl—a friend, and not a plaything. In the love that wears for life, I always have esteemed *respect* as an ingredient quite as necessary as *affection*. I would not demand *equality* in all things, and could pass over many faults. As for perfection, well I know *that was not made for man*. But tell me, Ellen—since you pretend to read my heart much better than its owner—tell me how a mind and temper, such as mine, would fare with a spoiled beauty for a wife—one who, though lovely as the loveliest and blest *or cursed*, as it may prove hereafter, with genius and sweetness, has been deprived of the early training that gives permanency and direction to such advantages—one who knows nothing of the duties of a household—one who has formed no fixed opinions, but drinks in, like a sponge, all forms of knowledge, and all lessons of experience, to yield them, like a sponge, to the next shower that falls?"

"Very badly, cousin," replied Ellen; "I love you far too well myself, to wish you married to such a character. But, let me tell you plainly, you know little of the girl. 'Tis strange that so much sense can be so very blind. How dare you picture my dear friend so poorly? Think you, because you have been two short years the companion, and, it would seem, the prejudiced companion, of her idle hours, that you have sounded all the chords of that most complex instrument, a woman's heart? Think you that mirthfulness, and gaiety in dress—a fondness for amusement, and lighter feelings, changeful as the shadows of summer clouds chasing each other over the waving grain, are proofs that nothing of more value lies beneath? Why, coz,

more changes may be rung upon one single *belle* than all the chime of Antwerp could produce, if the ringer does but understand the order of the ropes. Go—tell me the depth of yonder river, by measuring the waves that the breeze raises on its surface. For shame—for shame! What trouble have you taken to judge correctly before you ventured to condemn? Would you have a timid girl to carry all her virtues in her face, for every passing knave or fool to rend them there? How would this advertisement sound to ears polite? 'I am Miss B.—I sing, and play, and dance. *Item*—Boil turnips, and bake bread and pound-cake. *Nota Bene*—Make my own dresses, and my mother's bed; read Locke, and nurse the sick; write poetry, and hear the children say their lessons!' "

"It would be laughable enough. But much I fear that Mary's powers extend only to the more lofty of these accomplishments. Is it not so, Ellen?"

"She fulfills *all* these duties and amusements. She performs them well, too—you Cyclopean savage! Have you not many a time impressed upon her the great importance of commencing early to learn and practice all domestic duties? Did she not laugh, and run away—*to do as you advised*? Have you not read her *wearying homilies* upon her course of studies, and the regulation of her time, till she pouted and tossed her head—and when you called her 'silly child,' did she not hurry to her chamber, to note down all your hints before they were forgotten? Out on your injustice! Here you have been neglecting your business to wander in the wilderness, chasing the innocent deer, and sleeping with bears and rattle-snakes, or apostrophising the man in the moon, and catching fevers, while she was toiling for four long hours every morning in the study, to improve her mind, according to your precepts—*not your practice*—beginning at the break of day by candle-light, for fear of being behind-hand in the duties of the kitchen or the chamber, which she would not even let me share, because '*Charles says I ought to practice early!*' What say you to *this picture*, silly boy?"

"If this be true," said Charles, "I cannot blame you for being somewhat severe upon me. But Ellen, surely you exaggerate. Where could she have 'nursed the sick,' or 'heard the children say their lessons?' You must be playing upon my credulity."

"Go ask the cottagers and the parson," replied the warm-hearted girl; "go to the Sunday School—go ask the cook who furnished all the delicacies of your sick room, from a roast potato up to calves-foot jelly—ask any body in the neighborhood. I am tired of striving to open the eyes of one who will not see. This is no thing of yesterday; she was a cook and housekeeper, as far as a Virginia lady may be so, before you were a lawyer, and regulated her time

much better than you ever did, *for she practiced what you only preached*. But all this did not render her forgetful of her station. Though a child, she was a lady at the proper hours, and was as gay and lively and as free from care as a wild bird upon the wing, *just when she should be so*. Her only folly was her monstrous notion of your vast superiority, that made her tremble at the bare idea that you should know and criticise her humble efforts. There—go and pack your things, for I am sure while you are here she will neglect her studies and her duties both—and that will be no blessing to the neighborhood."

Charles sunk into a long and thoughtful silence, at the conclusion of this conversation. At length he rose, and said—

"Ellen, you have given me much matter for reflection—but I feel weak, and must lay down an hour before I dress for dinner. Let me beg you to let no one know the subject of our conversation."

"Well—well! Go pack your things! I'll keep your secret. I am sorry we are to lose you so soon, and forever, too. Of course, you cannot visit us at home, for that would be as dangerous to Mary's peace, as to remain with us here, and you are so strict an observer of self-sacrificing duties, that it is not to be supposed you could neglect one of such high importance. 'Tis well for you that *you, at least*, are not in love. Poor Mary!"

Charles smiled, and left the room—but as the door was closing, Ellen called him back.

"Charles—Charles!" she cried, "if you want help in packing, send for me. I'll help you all I can."

Stepping up quickly to the usually tame, but now excited girl, he impressed a kiss upon her forehead, and whispered, laughingly—

"I fear you have gained your cause. Let us say no more about it now. I think my eyes are opened."

* * * * *

It was a sunny evening in December, 1811—the year succeeding the conclusion of the last chapter. The calm, mild, yellow light of Autumn had given place to the chill, pale, but sparkling beams of winter. The last leaf had fallen; but the grass was scarcely scared upon the meadows, and the constringing frost which had already bound the harbors of the North with icy ribs, and capped her granite peaks with snow, had lightly touched, as yet, the warmer valleys of the "Old Dominion."

The personages who figure in our story had returned from their usual summer excursion some months before.

Within the library, at Ellen's residence, Charles and his Mary sat alone. It was an antique looking room, well calculated to dispose the mind to serious thought. Facing the South and East, some narrow windows looked down over a precipitous descent which divided the upper and more fashionable portion from the mercantile section of the city, and admitted a tempered light. Two sides of the apartment were chiefly occupied by oaken book-cases, well stored with venerable classic tomes of the bright age of Elizabeth, and the gayer period of the reign of Charles. Over the little sea-coal grate, where the fire burned and crackled merrily, there hung the portrait of a young and handsome cavalier—the founder of the house—with long, feminine locks parted on the middle of a manly forehead, and falling in ringlets behind the shoulders almost to the waist. The countenance, and the deep embroidery of the drapery, were dimmed by the lapse of years. Above the entrance, also, was suspended a well-known scene of early colonial history—the unhappy Pocahontas interceding with her father in defence of Captain Smith. A single compartment in one of the cases had been cleared of the dusty lumber of ages, to make room for a well chosen collection of the popular volumes of more recent times; and the old oak table in the centre of the room, standing as firmly on its griffin-carved and lion-clawed legs, as if it were designed to rest unmoved forever, sustained a confusion of lighter works—novels and magazines, and all the rich bijouterie of Christmas literature. Over these were thrown, apparently at random, delicate dresses, scarfs and bayaderes, scraps of lace and cords, bobbin and tape, and millinet, together with a thousand other elements that go to form the wardrobe of a lady; while, in the midst, as if to crown the medley, arose that grand receptacle of pins and needles, thread, silk and cotton, scissors and bodkins, hooks-and-eyes and thimbles—the omnipresent work-basket. The decline of day had darkened the centre of the room, and the labors of the needle were deserted for the contemplative enjoyments of approaching sunset.

Seated by a window, Charles gazed abstractedly over the lovely valley where the western light tinged bloody red the surface of the river, lighting up masses of thin, vapory exhalations on the southern hills with blue, and pink, and purple coloring, and glancing back obliquely from vane, metallic roof, and windowpane, until the lower town glowed like a conflagration.

Upon a foot-stool, by his side, sat his affianced bride. Her head reclining on his knee, she pored intently over the pages of the then unknown magician

whose wand has made the dark recesses and heathery summits of the Scottish mountains, glen, burn, brae, frith and muir-land, familiar as our boyish playgrounds.

True happiness is not loquacious. The troubles and the doubts of love were nearly over, and these young beings were fast sinking down into "the sober certainty of waking bliss." But the scene before him vividly recalled to Charles their rambles by the Hudson in the preceding year, when, in the presence of the eternal hills, he had pledged a faith eternal as themselves, and united, past all severance, his fate with that of Mary. Memory even carried him beyond that happy, but most solemn hour. He thought of the doubts and fears—fears of himself and her—which often shook his purpose during the anxious days of self-examination that preceded his avowal of affection; and he smiled to think that, but for Ellen's frankness, he might have sacrificed to almost childish inexperience the richest treasure that ever fell to mortal guardianship. He almost blushed at the idea that he had dared to judge the soul of a noble woman by the mere gloss of manner—had measured the depth of mind and permanence of feeling by the light laugh and sportiveness of mirthful hours—had sought for grave demeanor as a proof of thoughtfulness—made pedantry the test of learning, and taken ostentatious liberality for heaven-born charity itself. While he compared the Mary of his earlier dreams with the Mary of his more recent waking hours, he forgot, at the moment, the Mary resting upon his knee. His hand had ceased to wander among the long tresses of her temple, and her warm breath played unfelt upon it.

The troubles of the past seemed but a dark background in the picture of his life, relieving the bright present by the contrast. One cloud alone dwelt heavily upon him—and of this he dared not whisper. All other thoughts were open to his chosen one; but *this* must rankle, hidden in his bosom, unrelieved by sympathy. He could not share with her the shadow of a superstitious dread, or blanch her cheek with terror of the future. Ever, as he fell into a contemplative mood, the fiendish voice that haunted his pillow, during his delirious fever, was breathing in his ear the dreaded warning—"Not all Niagara, flooded with human tears, can change her doom or thine!"

The mere consciousness of the possession of a secret important to the being of our choice—one which affection bars us from communicating—is sufficient to cast a gloom over the happiest prospects. Charles felt this bitterly, as the reflected beams, glancing from the windows of the lower town, recalled the horrid phantasm of the Falls, as he had seen it in the

dream of the preceding year. This feeling—the natural offspring of the exaggerated dread engendered by the strange semblance to fatality displayed in the history of his race—grew stronger, vampire like, as moons rolled on, by feeding on its own shadowy progeny. Striving in vain to shake it off, and forgetting he was not alone, he suddenly exclaimed aloud, and sternly—

"Dreams—hateful dreams! Will they not be laid? 'Tis false! *We shall be happy*, in spite of fate itself!"

Springing up, upon the instant, placing her hands upon his shoulders, and gazing anxiously upon his troubled countenance, Mary cried out—

"What ails you, Charles? My love—my—my husband? Speak!"

"Nothing, dearest," he replied, relaxing into a smile, "nothing but a passing folly. Your husband! thank you for the delightful title, Mary, though it be won from you by fright. Your husband I shall be, if Providence permit, in ten *long* days, which the careless world will reckon short; and *then* we'll make an end of all dark thought. Forgive me, Mary," he added, drawing her closer toward him, "forgive me for alarming you. There is a happiness so full, so perfect, that it oppresses by its very fullness. And then vain doubts creep in. Not doubts of you though, Mary, Heaven forbid! Look not so distressed. When I retraced the scene where first I breathed my long, long cherished wishes—wishes I scarce acknowledged to myself; when yonder hills shone in the evening beams, like the tall range of the Shawangunk, and those purple clouds, resting upon the horizon, put on the form of the far distant Kattskill, while the river, winding through the valley there, seemed like a miniature Hudson—then I thought upon the grassy mound where we so often sat, and the loud gurgling of the little brook; the hill that sunk so suddenly before us, so like this deep ravine from which the upper town looks down upon the meadows, just as we then gazed over the wide, rich pastures of the low grounds. I thought of the storm that swept up from the highlands, *on a certain evening*, and overtook us before we reached the house; how I protected you beneath my cloak, and while I trembled at every flash, and peal of thunder—not for myself, but you—you nestled closer to my side, and said, with a sweet smile, 'I always feel *so safe* when you are with me.' The voice rings in my ear even now."

"Do you then think so much of your poor 'silly girl,' your 'little butterfly, that flits from flower to flower, but rests on none?' Now if I were mischievous, I might tease you; say I had forgotten all these childish trifles, and *be the sage blue-stocking you would once have made me*. But speak not of forgiveness, Charles; for though you did alarm me very much, what is

there I would not forgive in you? Yet tell me why you looked so wildly, and what those fearful words could mean? Something tries you, Charles; and have I not a right to share your troubles?”

“Do you remember, Mary, where Romeo says,

> ‘My bosom’s lord sits lightly on his throne;
> And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
> Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.’

It may be a morbid sentiment, but in my moments of most perfect happiness, when I remember how little I deserve such blessings, a prescience of coming evil weighs upon me, and will not be entirely repressed. The immortal bard of Avon had read deeply the influences of Providence, when he makes this lightened feeling of young Montagu the immediate precursor of a desperate crime, and a most fearful end. Is it surprising, then, that when I think by what a slender thread we hold our surest treasures, and our very lives; when I think it barely possible that fate, by some inscrutable decree, might intervene, and cut me off from what is dearer far than life, even in the little space between this and our union; is it strange, I say, that the mere overflow of joy and buoyant hope should yield to idle fears and threatening chimeras? Oh, when we feel our all at stake, who does not tremble at the issue of the cast, however fortune seems to favor us! Such thoughts stole over me just now; and, forgetting where I was, I strove to scare the phantoms with my voice. One look of thine is far more powerful. Mary, they are gone!”

“Charles, you have often called me light and trifling; but though it is more natural and proper that I should seek advice from you, than to turn adviser at seventeen—*and I a woman*—you must allow me, seriously, to say, that your own lessons should have raised you above such gloomy thoughts. Have you not taught *me* to put confidence in Providence—and where is *yours*? Do not think me bold, but you know not how often I have wept of late to see you giving way to fits of absence and despondency, though. I suppose, it is but natural that we should have such moments, just as the world that we must tread together is opening before us. I should have feared that something led you to regret the step we have taken, but that *I, too*, often feel a dread of the unknown future; and, oh, how different is this from any doubt of you. Such thoughts have made me gloomy for a moment; but I trust all—*my all*—to Providence. Why cannot *you* do so? ’Tis hard to bid you leave me for one hour; but you are in want of more amusement. Go and dissipate these cares among your friends. Here comes Ellen. Ellen, what shall I do with Charles? Here he has been giving way to the blues at the very

time when he should be most happy. What do you think of such a compliment to me? Come, try if you can cheer him."

"My mother has just purchased an old work on the Art of Ingeniously Tormenting," said Ellen. "There is a chapter *on the art of ingeniously tormenting oneself*. Charles is a professor of that art; and if he should be tired of practice, why, then, there is another chapter, *how to tease a lover*; and another, *how to make a husband miserable*. Study these, Mary; and take my word for it, he will soon be too irritable to be gloomy. If I judge him rightly, you'll find him *spirited enough*. But put away your book and run to your chamber. We have taken a box at the theatre, and you must go with us. Is not that a good prescription?"

Charles remarked that he had an engagement with a client at nine o'clock, and thought the amusement had better be postponed; but Mary urged him to accept the invitation, for the purpose of enlivening his feelings; and Ellen, ever ready with expedients, observed that he could leave them at the end of the fourth act, transact his business, and return to the farce, in time to wait upon them home; for as there would be two other gentlemen in the company, his constant attention would not be required. To this arrangement he acceded; and the ladies left the library for the toilet.

The building occupied as a theatre was singularly constructed. The side door, opening to the pit, was broad and ample; but the boxes were approached by a single entrance, communicating with a narrow passage; and it was necessary to descend some steps and rise again upon another flight before arriving at the lobby.

Our company was seated near the stage. The play advanced, and all were gay and joyous, excepting Charles; but he could not recover from the secret influence of his revery, yet by strong self-restraint he conquered the external signs of gloom, that he might not repress the happiness of others.

The curtain fell at the conclusion of the fourth act, and he rose to meet his appointment; but though the engagement was imperative, an unaccountable attraction seemed to bind him to the spot. At length, with forced composure, and a kind assurance to Mary that half an hour would bring him once more to her side, he tore himself away.

The client, whose affairs were urgent, and who was compelled to leave the city in the morning, proceeded to open his case immediately on the arrival of his counsel. It was one of great importance; and Charles forgot, on the instant, all unpleasant feelings in the bright hopes it offered both for fame and fortune, at that most critical moment when success in his

profession was rendered tenfold more desirable by its reaction on the interests of another far dearer than himself. In a few minutes they were buried in the hasty review of documents and evidence.

The half hour deemed sufficient for the occasion was expended, and they were approaching toward an understanding of the general merits of the case, when the deep tone of a bell startled the ear of night.

"Ha! What is that?" cried Charles as the loud note of the alarm swelled wide and wider over the silent town, and died away on the surrounding hills. The waves of sound that followed, as the huge mass of metal swayed and reverberated with the heavy blow, came mingled with the far-off hum of gathering multitudes, loading the air with its mysterious music.

"Can it be a rising of the slaves? Where are your arms?" exclaimed the stranger.

"I must away!" said Charles, springing to seize his hat.

"Stay but a moment, we are nearly through!" replied his client.

But again the alarm bell raised its solemn voice, and it was answered by the sharp complaining tone of many smaller sentinels—like village curs roused by the baying of the deep mouthed mastiff—while pattering feet fell fast and frequent on the stony footway. Charles paused not for another summons, but dashed at once into the street.

Torches, like wandering stars, were twinkling in the distance, and, on every hand, the sound of closing doors and rattling casements increased the discord of a thousand noises, while, over all, the bell rung out its measured, melancholy toll. He stopped not to inquire the meaning of the uproar.

"His heart more truly knew that peal too well."

And springing toward the theatre with all the energy that youth and love could give, he seemed to fly with more than human speed. Ever as he went, the cries grew louder and the crowd more dense. Each crossing street—each court, and lane, and alley, poured forth its stream of citizens, and all, with one consent, rushed toward the brow of the precipitous descent that led to the lower town. He heeded not the rough concussions and the muttered curses that followed when less interested passengers were overthrown or jostled in his reckless course. There were but two ideas in his mind—his Mary, and his absence from her side.

Turning the corner of the street fronting upon the terrace, a scene of agony burst suddenly upon his view. Over the whole roof of the devoted

theatre light puffs of smoke arose from beneath the shingles in circling wreaths, and fell off gracefully before the wind; while denser clouds poured from the eves, and through the ventilators, as from the summit of a heated furnace. A dull, lurid, flickering glare illuminated all the upper windows, and, from within the house, were heard the sound of groans, and screams, and yells, in every key, from childhood's feeble wail and woman's piercing shriek to manhood's hoarser cry of terror and of pain—all deadened and half smothered by the thick walls of the building, and struggling through the narrow casements, yet audible above the wild confusion of the crowd without.

Checked, for an instant, by the view, as if a cataleptic spasm seized his frame, his eye drunk in the terrors of the scene. But, during that brief pause, a haggard figure climbed through an upper window and hung, suspended by one hand, over the hard brick pavement twenty feet below; so close had been the contest with the elemental foe that the dress was already burning; and as the face shone in the torchlight, the signs of physical pain were strongly traced in features writhing with the agony of fear. A tongue of flame shot through the casement, and he fell. Madness was in the sight! Charles rushed to the entrance of the boxes—it was closed!

Upon the first alarm the frantic inmates, who might have retired in safety through the pit, had hurried to their fate along the narrow passage from the lobby. A few who took the lead escaped, but the crowd soon filled the entry to repletion, and catching on the edges of the door, which opened inward, the leaves closed like a valve. Return was impossible. Those in the rear pressed on, and knew not the obstruction till the stifling smoke and the hot, suffocating air gave notice of their doom. Then rose the wild cry of despair! And those without, to save the many, sacrificed the few. Their heavy axes cut away the door, regardless of the bosoms pressing against it from within—but all too late! Some of the nearest fugitives made good their exit, but the mass—borne down and trampled—clogged the way with piles of the dead and dying.

Then came the struggle at the windows. Panting for breath, men fought with fury to reach the air, but others, equally in want, still dragged them back. A few among the lightest, and particularly females, succeeded in climbing over the heads of the crowd, reached the casements, and were precipitated to the ground—crushing each other in the fall. Several were dragged from the horrible *melée* by one who lives to enjoy the rich reward of courage and manly coolness displayed amid the terrors of that awful

night. Ascending by a ladder, he passed them safely to the ground. The rest, no human power could shield from inevitable destruction.

Charles waited not see the door give way. He remembered that the box, where all that rendered life desirable had been concentrated less than an hour before, was far remote from the passage leading from the lobby. "She cannot yet have reached it, and the pit is open still," was the thought that flashed upon his mind; and with it came a ray of hope. He flew to the pit entrance, and finding it clear of all incumbrance, dashed into the building.

The smoke that filled the vast apartment was luminous throughout with the reflection of the flames curling about the frame-work of the side scenes, and whirling in eddies round the lofty dome, while showers of sparks, burnt ropes, and falling timbers, descended on the now deserted stage, and shone like electric meteors through the mist of a stormy night. The air was charged to suffocation with the noxious fumes of the metallic paints, and thickened with the exploding fragments of the plastered ceiling. But he heeded not these dangers. Leaping from bench to bench, and stumbling among the pieces of the broken chandelier, he reached the boxes and sprung into the lobby.

Here, by the dim light of the expiring lamps—expiring in the foul, exhausted air, and dimmed still more by smoke—he found the rear of the frantic crowd still pressing toward the narrow passage. At almost every step he struck against the body of some miserable wretch borne down and trampled in the general rush. But he had no ear for groans, nor light sufficient to avoid the fallen. Mingling at once with the fugitives, his voice rose loud above the stifled shrieks that came, half uttered, from the centre of the throng. He called upon his Mary in the piercing accents of despair—and the call was answered. Within a few feet of his station a feeble voice exclaimed, "Charles! Oh God! My Charles! Save me—oh, save me, Charles!"

With furious efforts he dashed aside the few who intervened between him and the idol of his heart, and, guided by the voice, had almost reached the spot before the sentence was completed; but, blinded by the smoke and poisonous gases, he found himself unable to distinguish persons.

"Where are you, Mary, where? Speak! Let me know!" he cried again.

"Here, Charles, here! They are pressing me to death! Oh, come! Come quickly—come——" And the voice died away as though the pressure of the multitude had arrested the breathing of the speaker.

He was nearly at her side. Once more—but, oh, how faintly—he heard his name pronounced, and an arm was extended toward him, above the heads of the crowd. He seized it with a vice-like grasp, and, with superhuman struggles, freed himself and her whom he had rescued from the desperate group of fugitives.

"Thank God! you shall be saved! Ha! Fiend! I have baffled thee!" he cried, as memory reverted to the warning that had so often haunted his happiest hours. But the danger was not over; not a moment was to be lost. The terrors of the scene—the rescue—and the poisonous fumes—had overcome the senses of his charge, who fell inanimate upon the floor the moment she had cleared the crowd.

Feeling his own head reeling, he summoned all his energies for the final effort. Though now completely blinded by the smoke that every moment rendered denser, he knew his thorough knowledge of the building would enable him to reach the entrance by groping. Throwing the passive body over his manly shoulder, he entered the boxes, and leaped with his precious load into the pit.

Already the showers of sparks that usually precede the falling of the roof, came thick and fast around them, as he hurried toward the door. The woodwork of the boxes near the stage had caught the spreading flames, and almost barred the passage; but boldly rushing through the fire, he reached the purer air, and smothering with one hand the burning skirts of the light dress of his fair charge, sprung, with a cry of joy, into the street.

Hurrying to a place of safety, his unnatural strength gave way, and both the hero and his burden fell on the grass together, at the foot of a neighboring tree.

Still the great bell tolled on; but it did not arouse the slumbering faculties of the desperate adventurer and his more delicate companion. Many an agonizing group surrounded them; here a frantic mother calling for her child; there a father leaning in speechless wo over the mangled and crisped body of a darling son; brothers bewailing their lost sisters; sisters vainly striving to assuage the torments of beloved brothers; and, loneliest of the lonely, the mutilated stranger, far from the sympathy of kindred, with none to soothe his dying hour or weep above his unknown grave—his very fate a problem never to be solved. They heard not, saw not this, as the great bell tolled on.

The roof fell in. The last faint hope was over. And now the horror stricken citizens had leisure to search for those who had escaped the fiery

tomb. Distributed in groups around the neighboring grounds, they raised and bore away the wounded and the dead. At length, a heavy sigh, close to his ear, recalled to Charles his dormant memory. Slowly he rose upon his knees, murmuring his gratitude to Heaven.

"Oh, Mary!" he cried—"We are now alone in this wide world. All! all are gone but you! But how shall we ever sufficiently bless the Power that gave me strength to save you? You! who are more—far more to me, than all the world beside."

Another deep sigh replied; but the figure of his loved one stirred not.

"Mary, are you much hurt? Oh, Heaven! Tell me not that you are rescued from a fiery death to perish by the crowd and the horrible air of that sad charnel-house. No answer! You must be terribly injured! Mary! Turn your head and let me look upon your face. To lose you now would drive me mad! Still insensible! Then let me pillow your head upon my knee and chafe your temples."

Seating himself beside her, he gently raised her head, and, by the light of the smouldering ruins, gazed upon the unconscious features of his—Ellen!

The great bell rang its final peal over the funeral pile of youth and beauty. Its last sad echo died upon the hills. The scarce breathing form of Ellen had been borne away to the desolate mansion of her fathers. Morning was breaking in purple lines along the eastern sky. But, leaning against the trunk of that old tree, one solitary figure still reclined, watching the eddies of curling smoke that rose from out those blackened walls where slept the ashes of assembled hundreds. He muttered nameless things—pointed to viewless objects—*smiled*, and traced unmeaning characters in the black dust around him!—*He was not unhappy!*

Several years after the date of the commencement of our tale, the watchman of the institution in which the troubled spirit of this unfortunate young man found rest, perceived a smell of smoke pervading one of the long galleries of the lunatic department. Some time elapsed before he could discover the origin of this alarming circumstance. There seemed to be no possible source from which a fire could originate in this well guarded establishment. The grates were all contained in chambers built within the solid walls of the apartments, and opened only on the passages beyond the control of the patients. No combustible material, except the proper fuel, was

suffered to approach the furnaces or flues, and the heat was transmitted through the walls more than a foot above the floor.

The odor of some burning substance becoming stronger as the search proceeded, the watchman at length discovered smoke escaping through the crevices around the door of the cell in which poor Charles was quartered for the night.

Immediately, the door was opened wide, and running to the window the officer threw up the sash. The smothering fumes that filled the room were soon dispersed sufficiently to show the origin of the disaster. The night was very cold—the fires had been urged to the uttermost—and the wall of the apartment was so heated that it scorched whatever came in contact with the side of the furnace at some distance from the floor. Charles, chilled by the intense coldness of the night and deprived of reasoning power, had drawn his straw bed from the couch, and, piling it up against the side of the apartment, had laid him down to sleep almost in personal contact with the heated plaster. Unfortunately the straw began to smoulder, and incommoded by the slowly spreading fire he left his bed and threw himself upon the uncovered couch. He had not intellect enough to draw the bed away and then extinguish it—he did not call for help, nor did he even raise the window-sash—though either of these acts would have prevented any serious consequences.

The watchman, having trampled out the fire, endeavored to arouse the patient. He was insensible. The resident physician of the house was called upon the instant, but though the sufferer breathed for some minutes, the fatal element had done its work! He was not burned. No fire had touched his person. But the poisonous gases gave him a quiet exit from a life clouded by one overwhelming wo.

Reader! It is said the brave and wise can govern circumstances. To the length of their short tether this is true. No further. Go do thy duty in thy proper sphere. Look to the motive well! But trust not to the arrogant assumption that *man the individual*—be he great or lowly—can control his destiny, and mend or mar the grand scheme of creation! Deem not success alone *the proof of merit*, nor judge the unfortunate in semblance, *weak*! Be humble in thy very pride! Thy power—thy wealth—thy love—thy boasted reason—are held by a gossamer thread! The lightest breeze may break it!

The good and ill of Time are but the ripple on the surface of Eternity. The sunshine gilds one side of every wave—the other lies in shadow. But

below—the calm and quiet twilight of the waters feels not the momentary agitation. There sleep the Fire-Doomed and his chosen one!

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[1] Science is sometimes destructive of poetry. Dr. S. G. Morton, of this city, whose collection of the heads of races is one of the most perfect in existence, possesses some human skulls of ancient Peruvians, so utterly deformed as to make it difficult to believe that the possessor could have maintained habitually the erect position. These skulls belong to a race more ancient than the nation conquered by the Spaniards. The learned anatomist into whose possession they have fallen formerly believed their enormous elongation to be the result of a natural peculiarity of structure; but further investigation has convinced him that in them, as in the flat-head Indians of our own territories, artificial compression has been employed to produce deformity of the head; and, strange as it may appear, there is some ground for believing that the degree of deformity was rendered proportionate to the social rank of the individual. If Dr. Morton is warranted in his present opinion on this subject, it is at least probable that the race in question is not extinct; for the Indians of the interior part of Peru still continue to flatten or change the form of the head by artificial compression during childhood. At all events, if still in existence, it is only as a most miserable and profoundly barbarous relic of a once powerful and highly polished nation.

[2] I received this beautiful simile from the late Sir John Caldwell, to whom it had been addressed in argument by Mr. Hazzard, of Rhode Island.

[3] Apokipsing was the Indian title now corrupted into Po'keepsie or Poughkeepsie. The word signifies The Safe Harbor. The village is, by wide difference, the most beautiful, spirited and intelligent on the Hudson, short of Troy; but, being located on a high hill, overlooking nearly eighty miles of a lovely valley, bounded by the Kattskill, Fishkill and Shawangunk mountains, (the latter now horribly contracted into *Shongum*,) with the hills dividing the waters of the Hudson from those of the Housatonic, its situation renders it nearly invisible from the river, and few who have not been made acquainted with the larder and the gentlemanly kindness of *mine host*, whose noble-looking hotel, placed directly on the landing, seems to represent the city, are tempted to land. The academic schools of Poughkeepsie, both for boys and girls, should stand at the very head of the class of institutions in the United States, if we except the great Collegiate Female Institute at Albany. In education, New York is rapidly taking the lead of New England. The view from the Collegiate Institute at Poughkeepsie presents us with one of the most magnificent panoramas in the country; but, like that from Wadsworth's Tower, on the heights west of Hartford, in Connecticut, and that from Rattlesnake Hill, at Northumberland on the Susquehanna, it is very rarely visited by the thousands who annually throng the more celebrated though vastly less attractive centres of popular resort.

# CHILDREN TAKEN BY SURPRISE

## ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

Stout John, gamekeeper to my lord,
From dawn till set of sun,
O’er field and park keeps watch and ward
With beagle and with gun.
Though game be safe from poacher’s shots,
What rogues from his domain
Steal peaches, grapes and apricots?
John seeks to find in vain.

Shame, grief and rage glow in his eyes,
Clenched is his sinewy hand,
His “children, taken by surprise,”
Before the keeper stand.
The shame, the grief, the father feels,
The rage, the keeper’s part,
For place to all but honor steels
The sturdy keeper’s heart.

## BORN TO LOVE PIGS AND CHICKENS

BY N. P. WILLIS.

The guests at the Astor House were looking mournfully out of the drawing-room windows, on a certain rainy day of an October passed over to history. No shopping—no visiting! The morning must be passed in-doors. And it was some consolation to those who were in town for a few days to see the world, that their time was not quite lost, for the assemblage in the large drawing-room was numerous and gay. A very dressy affair is the drawing-room of the Astor, and as full of eyes as a peacock's tail—(which, by the way, is also a very dressy affair.) Strangers who wish to see and be seen (and especially "be seen") on rainy days, as well as on sunny days, in their visits to New York, should, as the phrase goes, "patronize" the Astor. As if there were any *patronage* in getting the worth of your money!

Well—the people in the drawing-room looked a little out of the windows, and a great deal at each other. Unfortunately, it is only among angels and underbred persons that introductions can be dispensed with, and as the guests of that day at the Astor House were mostly strangers to each other, conversation was very fitful and guarded, and any movement whatever extremely conspicuous. There were four very silent ladies on the sofa, two very silent ladies in each of the windows, silent ladies cm the ottomans, silent ladies in the chairs at the corners, and one silent lady, very highly dressed, sitting on the music-stool, with her back to the piano. There was here and there a gentleman in the room, weather-bound and silent; but we have only to do with one of these, and with the last mentioned much embellished young lady.

"Well, I can't sit on this soft chair all day, Cousin Meg!" said the gentleman.

"Sh!—call me Margaret, if you must speak so loud," said the lady. "And what would you do out of doors this rainy day? I'm sure it's very pleasant here."

"Not for me. I'd rather be thrashing in the barn. But there must be some 'rainy-weather work' in the city as well as the country. There's some fun, *I* know, that's kept for a wet day, as we keep corn-shelling and grinding the tools."

"Dear me!"

“Well—what now?”

“Oh, nothing!—but I *do* wish you wouldn’t bring the stable with you to the Astor House.”

The gentleman slightly elevated his eyebrows, and took a leaf of music from the piano, and commenced diligently reading the mystic dots and lines. We have ten minutes to spare before the entrance of another person upon the scene, and we will make use of the silence to conjure up for you, in our magic mirror, the semblance of the two whose familiar dialogue we have just jotted down.

Miss Margaret Pifflit was a young lady who bad a large share of what the French call *la beauté du diable*—youth and freshness. (Though why the devil should have the credit of what never belonged to him, it takes a Frenchman, perhaps, to explain.) To look at, she was certainly a human being in very high perfection. Her cheeks were like two sound apples; her waist was as round as a stove-pipe; her shoulders had two dimples just at the back, that looked as if they defied punching to make them any deeper; her eyes looked as if they were just made, they were so bright and new; her voice sounded like “C sharp” in a new piano; and her teeth were like a fresh break in a cocoa-nut. She was inexorably, unabatedly, desperately healthy. This fact, and the difficulty of uniting all the fashions of all the magazines in one dress, were her two principal afflictions in this world of care. She had an ideal model, to which she aspired with constant longings—a model resembling in figure the high-born creature whose never varied face is seen in all the plates of the fashions, yet, if possible, paler and more disdainful. If Miss Pifflit could but have bent her short wrist with the curve invariably given to the well-gloved extremities of that mysterious and nameless beauty; if she could but have sat with her back to her friends, and thrown her head languishingly over her shoulder without dislocating her neck; if she could but have protruded from the flounce of her dress a fool more like a mincing little muscle-shell, and less like a jolly fat clam; in brief, if she could have drawn out her figure like the enviable joints of a spy-glass, whittled off more taperly her four extremities, sold all her uproarious and indomitable roses for a pot of carmine, and compelled the publishers of the magazines to refrain from the distracting multiplicity of their monthly fashions—with these little changes in her allotment, Miss Pifflit would have realized all her maiden aspirations up to the present hour.

A glimpse will give you an idea of the gentleman in question. He was not much more than he looked to be—a compact, athletic young man of twenty-one, with clear, honest blue eyes, brown face, where it was not

shaded by the rim of his hat, curling brown hair, and an expression of fearless qualities, dashed just now by a tinge of rustic bashfulness. His dress was a little more expensive and gayer than was necessary, and he wore his clothes in a way which betrayed that he would be more at home in his shirt sleeves. His hands were rough, and his attitude that of a man who was accustomed to fling himself down on the nearest bench, or swing his legs from the top rail of a fence, or the box of a wagon. We speak with caution of his rusticity, however, for he had a printed card, "Mr. Ephraim Bracely," and he was a subscriber to the "Spirit of the Times." We shall find time to say a thing or two about him as we get on.

"Eph." Bracely and "Meg" Pifflit were "engaged." With the young lady it was, as the French say, *faute de mieux*, for her *beau-ideal* (or, in plain English, her ideal beau) was a tall, pale young gentleman, with white gloves, in a rapid consumption. She and Eph. were second cousins, however, and as she was an orphan, and had lived since childhood with his father, and, moreover, and inherited the Pifflit farm, which adjoined that of the Bracelys, and, moreover, had been told to "kiss her little husband, and love him always" by the dying breath of her mother, and (moreover third) had been "let be" his sweetheart by the unanimous consent of the neighborhood, why, it seemed one of those matches made in heaven, and not intended to be travestied on earth. It was understood that they were to be married as soon as the young man's savings should enable him to pull down the old Pifflit house and build a cottage, and, with a fair season, that might be done in another year. Meantime, Eph. was a loyal keeper of his troth, though never having had the trouble to win the young lady, he was not fully aware of the necessity of courtship, whether or no; and was, besides, somewhat unsusceptible of the charms of moonlight, after a hard day's work at haying or harvesting. The neighbors thought it proof enough of his love that he never "went sparking" elsewhere, and as he would rather talk of his gun or his fishing-rod, his horse or his crop, pigs, politics, or any thing else, than of love and matrimony, his companions took his engagement with his cousin to be a subject upon which he felt too deeply to banter, and they neither invaded his domain by attentions to his sweetheart, nor suggested thought by allusions to her. It was in the progress of this even tenor of engagement, that some law business had called old farmer Bracely to New York, and the young couple had managed to accompany him. And of course, nothing would do for Miss Pifflit but "the Astor."

And now, perhaps, the reader is ready to be told whose carriage is at the Vesey street door, and who sends up a dripping servant to inquire for Miss Pifflit.

It is allotted to the destiny of every country girl to have one fashionable female friend in the city—somebody to correspond with, somebody to quote, somebody to write her the particulars of the last elopement, somebody to send her patterns of collars, and the rise and fall of *tournures*, and such other things as are not entered into by the monthly magazines. How these apparently unlikely acquaintances are formed, is as much a mystery as the eternal youth of post-boys, and the eternal duration of donkeys. Far be it from me to pry irreverently into these pokerish corners of the machinery of the world. I go no farther than the fact, that Miss Julia Hampson was an acquaintance of Miss Pifflit's.

Every body knows "Hampson & Co."

Miss Hampson was a good deal what the Fates had tried to make her. If she had not been admirably well dressed, it would have been by violent opposition to the united zeal and talent of dressmakers and milliners. These important vicegerents of the Hand that reserves to itself the dressing of the butterfly and lily, make distinctions in the exercise of their vocation. Wo be to an unloveable woman, if she be not endowed with taste supreme. She may buy all the stuffs of France, and all the colors of the rainbow, but she will never get from those keen judges of fitness the loving hint, the admiring and selective persuasion, with which they delight to influence the embellishment of sweetness and loveliness. They who talk of "any thing's looking well on a pretty woman," have not reflected on the lesser providence of dressmakers and milliners. Woman is never mercenary but in monstrous exceptions, and no tradeswoman of the fashions will *sell* taste or counsel; and, in the superior style of all charming women, you see, not the influence of manners upon dress, but the affectionate tribute of these dispensers of elegance to the qualities they admire. Let him who doubts, go shopping with his dressy old aunt to-day, and to-morrow with his dear little cousin.

Miss Hampson, to whom the supplies of elegance came as naturally as bread and butter, and occasioned as little speculation as to the whence or how, was as unconsciously elegant, of course, as a well dressed lily. She was abstractly a very beautiful girl, though in a very delicate and unconspicuous style; and by dint of absolute fitness in dressing, the merit of her beauty, by common observers at least, would be half given to her fashionable air and unexceptionable toilette. The damsel and her choice array, indeed, seemed the harmonious work of the same maker. How much was nature's gift, and how much was bought in Broadway, was probably never duly understood by even her most discriminating admirer.

But we have kept Miss Hampson too long upon the stairs.

The two young ladies met with a kiss, in which (to the surprise of those who had previously observed Miss Pifflit) there was no smack of the latest fashion.

"My dear Julia!"

"My dear Margerine!" (This was a romantic variation of Meg's, which she had forced upon her intimate friends at the point of the bayonet.)

Eph. twitched, remindingly, the *jupon* of his cousin, and she introduced him with the formula which she had found in one of Miss Austen's novels.

"Oh, but there was a mock respectfulness in that deep curtsy," thought Eph.; (and so there was—for Miss Hampson took an irresistible cue from the inflated ceremoniousness of the introduction.)

Eph. made a bow as cold and stiff as a frozen horse-blanket. And if he could have commanded the blood in his face, it would have been as dignified and resentful as the eloquence of Red Jacket—but that rustic blush, up to his hair, was like a mask dropped over his features.

"A bashful country-boy," thought Miss Hampson, as she looked compassionately upon his red-hot forehead, and forthwith dismissed him entirely from her thoughts.

With a consciousness that he had better leave the room, and walk off his mortification under an umbrella, Eph. took his seat, and silently listened to the conversation of the young ladies. Miss Hampson had come to pass the morning with her friend, and she took off her bonnet, and showered down upon her dazzling neck a profusion of the most adorable brown ringlets. Spite of his angry humiliation, the young farmer felt a thrill run through his veins as the heavy curls fell indolently about her shoulders. He had never before looked upon a woman with emotion. He hated her—oh, yes! for she had given him a look that could never be forgiven—but, for *somebody*, she must be the angel of the world. Eph. would have given all his sheep and horses, cows, crops and hay-stacks, to have seen the man she would fancy to be her equal. He could not give even a guess at the height of that conscious superiority from which she individually looked down upon him; but it would have satisfied a thirst which almost made him scream, to measure himself by a man with whom *she* could be familiar. Where was his inferiority? What was it? Why bad he been blind to it till now? Was there no surgeon's knife, no caustic, that could carve out, or cut away, burn or scarify, the vulgarities

she looked upon so contemptuously? But the devil take her superciliousness, nevertheless!

It was a bitter morning to Eph. Bracely, but still it went like a dream. The hotel parlor was no longer a stupid place. His Cousin Meg had gained a consequence in his eyes, for she was the object of caress from this superior creature—she was the link which kept her within his observation. He was too full of other feelings just now to do more than acknowledge the superiority of this girl to his cousin. He *felt* it in his after thoughts, and his destiny then, for the first time, seemed crossed and inadequate to his wishes.

(We hereby draw upon your imagination for six months, courteous reader. Please allow the teller to show you into the middle of the following July.)

## CHAPTER II.

Bracely farm, ten o'clock of a glorious summer morning—Miss Pifflit extended upon a sofa in despair. But let us go back a little.

A week before, a letter had been received from Miss Hampson, who, to the delight and surprise of her friend Margerine, had taken the whim to pass a month with her. She was at Rockaway, and was sick and tired of waltzing and the sea. Had farmer Bracely a spare corner for a poor girl?

But Miss Pifflit's "sober second thought" was utter consternation. How to lodge fitly the elegant Julia Hampson? No French bed in the house, no boudoir, no ottomans, no pastilles, no baths, no Psyche to dress by. What vulgar wretches they would seem to her. What insupportable horror she would feel at the dreadful inelegance of the farm. Meg was pale with terror and dismay as she went into the details of anticipation.

Something must be done, however. A sleepless night of reflection and contrivance sufficed to give some shape to the capabilities of the case, and by daylight the next morning the whole house was in commotion. Meg had fortunately a large bump of constructiveness, very much enlarged by her habitual dilemmas of toilette. A boudoir must be constructed. Farmer Bracely slept in the dried-apple room, on the lower floor, and he was no sooner out of his bed than his bag and baggage were tumbled up stairs, his gun and Sunday whip taken down from their nails, and the floor scoured, and the ceiling white-washed. Eph. was by this time returned from the village with all the chintz that could be bought, and a paper of tacks, and some new straw carpeting; and by ten o'clock that night the four walls of the

apartment were covered with the gaily flowered material, the carpet was nailed down, and old farmer Bracely thought it a mighty nice, cool-looking place. Eph. was a bit of a carpenter, and he soon knocked together some boxes, which, when covered with chintz, and stuffed with wool, looked very like ottomans; and with a handsome cloth on the round-table, geraniums in the windows, and a chintz curtain to subdue the light, it was not far from a very charming boudoir, and Meg began to breathe more freely.

But Eph. had heard this news with the blood hot in his temples. Was that proud woman coming to look again upon him with contempt, and here, too, where the rusticity, which he presumed to be the object of her scorn, would be a thousand times more flagrant and visible? And yet, with the entreaty on his lip that his cousin would refuse to receive her, his heart had checked the utterance—for an irresistible desire sprung suddenly within him to see her, even at the bitter cost of tenfold his former mortification.

Yet, as the preparations for receiving Miss Hampson went on, other thoughts took possession of his mind. Eph. was not a man, indeed, to come off second best in the long pull of wrestling with a weakness. His pride began to show its colors. He remembered his independence as a farmer, dependent on no man, and a little comparison between his pursuits and life, such as he knew it to be, in a city, soon put him, in his own consciousness at least, on a par with Miss Hampson's connections. This point once attained, Eph. cleared his brow, and went whistling about the farm as usual—receiving without reply, however, a suggestion of his Cousin Meg's, that he had better burn his old straw hat, for, in a fit of absence, he *might possibly* put it on while Miss Hampson was there.

Well, it was ten o'clock on the morning after Miss Hampson's arrival at Bracely farm, and, as we said before, Miss Pifflit was in despair. Presuming that her friend would be fatigued with her journey, she had determined not to wake her, but to order breakfast in the boudoir at eleven. Farmer Bracely and Eph. must have their breakfast at seven, however, and what was the dismay of Meg, who was pouring out their coffee as usual, to see the elegant Julia rush into the first kitchen, curtsy very sweetly to the old man, pull up a chair to the table, apologize for being late, and end this extraordinary scene by producing two newly hatched chickens from her bosom! She had been up since sunrise, and out at the barn, and down by the river, and up in the hay-mow, and was perfectly enchanted with every thing, especially the dear little pigs and chickens!

"A very sweet young lady!" thought old farmer Bracely.

"Very well—but hang your condescension!" thought Eph., distrustfully.

"Mercy on me!—to like pigs and chickens!" mentally ejaculated the disturbed and bewildered Miss Pifflit.

But with her two chicks pressed to her breast with one hand, Miss Hampson managed her coffee and bread and butter with the other, and chattered away like a child let out of school. The air was so delicious, and the hay smelt so sweet, and the trees in the meadow were so beautiful, and there were no stiff sidewalks, and no brick houses, and no iron railings, and so many dear speckled hens, and funny little chickens, and kind-looking old cows, and colts, and calves, and ducks, and turkeys—it was delicious—it was enchanting—it was worth a thousand Saratogas and Rockaways. How any body could prefer the city to the country, was to Miss Hampson matter of incredulous wonder.

"Will you come into the boudoir?" asked Miss Pifflit, with a languishing air, as her friend Julia rose from breakfast.

"Boudoir!" exclaimed the city damsel, to the infinite delight of old Bracely, "no, dear! I'd rather go out to the barn! Are you going any where with the oxen to-day, sir?" she added, going up to the gray headed farmer, caressingly, "I should *so* like a ride in that great cart!"

Eph. was still a little suspicious of all this unexpected agreeableness, but he was naturally too courteous not to give way to a lady's whims. He put on his old straw hat, and tied his handkerchief over his shoulder (not to imitate the broad ribbon of a royal order, but to wipe the sweat off handily while mowing) and offering Miss Hampson a rake which stood outside the door, he begged her to be ready when he came by with the team. He and his father were bound to the far meadow, where they were cutting hay, and would like her assistance in raking.

It was a "specimen" morning, as the magazines say, for the air was temperate, and the whole country was laden with the smell of the new hay, which somehow or other, as every body knows, never hinders or overpowers the perfume of the flowers. Oh, that winding green lane between the bushes was like an avenue to paradise. The old cart jolted along through the ruts, and Miss Hampson, standing up and holding on to old farmer Bracely, watched the great oxen crowding their sides together, and looked off over the fields, and exclaimed as she saw glimpses of the river between the trees, and seemed veritably and unaffectedly enchanted. The old farmer, at least, had no doubt of her sincerity, and he watched her, and listened to her, with a broad honest smile of admiration on his weather-browned countenance.

The oxen were turned up to the fence, while the dew dried off the hay, and Eph. and his father turned to mowing, leaving Miss Hampson to ramble about over the meadow, and gather flowers by the river side. In the course of an hour, they begun to rake up, and she came to offer her promised assistance, and stoutly followed Eph. up and down several of the long swaths, till her face glowed under her sun-bonnet as it never had glowed with waltzing. Heated and tired at last, she made herself a seat with the new hay under a large elm, and, with her back to the tree, watched the labors of her companions.

Eph. was a well-built and manly figure, and all he did in the way of his vocation, he did with a fine display of muscular power, and (a sculptor would have thought) no little grace. Julia watched him as he stepped along after his rake on the elastic sward, and she thought, for the first time, what a very handsome man was young Bracely, and how much more finely a man looked when raking hay, than a dandy when waltzing. And for an hour she sat watching his motions, admiring the strength with which he pitched up the hay, and the grace and ease of all his movements and postures; and, after a while, she begun to feel drowsy with fatigue, and pulling up the hay into a fragrant pillow, she lay down and fell fast asleep.

It was now the middle of the forenoon, and the old farmer, who, of late years, had fallen into a habit of taking a short nap before dinner, came to the big elm to pick up his waistcoat and go home. As he approached the tree, he stopped, and beckoned to his son.

Eph. came up and stood at a little distance, looking at the lovely picture before him. With one delicate hand under her cheek, and a smile of angelic content and enjoyment on her finely cut lips, Julia Hampson slept soundly in the shade. One small foot escaped from her dress, and one shoulder of faultless polish and whiteness showed between her kerchief and her sleeve. Her slight waist bent to the swell of the hay, throwing her delicate and well-moulded bust into high relief; and all over her neck, and in large clusters on the tumbled hay, lay those glossy brown ringlets, admirably beautiful and luxuriant.

And as Eph. looked on that dangerous picture of loveliness, the passion, already lying *perdu* in his bosom, sprung to the throne of heart and reason.

(We have not room to do more than hint at the consequences of this visit of Miss Hampson to the country. It would require the third volume of a novel to describe all the emotions of that month at Bracely farm, and bring the reader, point by point, gingerly and softly, to the close. We must touch

here and there a point only, giving the reader's imagination some gleaning to do after we have been over the ground.)

Eph. Bracely's awakened pride served him the good turn of making him appear simply in his natural character during the whole of Miss Hampson's visit. By the old man's advice, however, he devoted himself to the amusement of the ladies after the haying was over; and what with fishing, and riding, and scenery hunting in the neighborhood, the young people were together from morning till night. Miss Pifflit came down unwillingly to plain Meg, in her attendance on her friend in her rustic occupations, and Miss Hampson saw as little as possible of the inside of the *boudoir*. The barn, and the troops of chickens, and all the out-doors belongings of the farm, interested her daily, and with no diminution of her zeal. She seemed, indeed, to have found her natural sphere in the simple and affectionate life which her friend Margerine held in such superfine contempt; and Eph., who was the natural mate to such a spirit, and himself, in his own home, most unconsciously worthy of love and admiration, gave himself up irresistibly to his new passion.

And this new passion became apparent, at last, to the incredulous eyes of his cousin. And that it was timidly but fondly returned by her elegant and high bred friend, was also very apparent to Miss Pifflit. And after a few jealous struggles, and a night or two of weeping, she gave up to it tranquilly —for, a city life and a city husband, truth to say, had long been her secret longing and secret hope, and she never had fairly looked in the face a burial in the country with the "pigs and chickens."

She is not married yet, Meg Pifflit—but the rich merchant, Mr. Hampson, wrecked completely with the disastrous times, has found a kindly and pleasant asylum for his old age with his daughter, Mrs. Bracely. And a better or lovelier farmer's wife than Julia, or a happier farmer than Eph., can scarce be found in the valley of the Susquehanna.

# NAMASKA, OR THE CAPTIVES.

## A LEGEND OF MOUNT WOLLASTON.

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

Merry shouts rang out from a narrow cleared circle in the forest. The summit of a beautiful hill was crowned with a tall pole, which, as it swayed in the gentle breath of a spring morning, shook sparkling gems of dew from the heavy garlands of green with which it was wound from top to bottom. On its summit it bore a wreath, entwined amid its emerald with scarlet berries, and wild flowers of all the variety that the early season furnished—early, for it was May Day—May Day in New England.

New England—and yet those revellers, surely, are no Puritans. In the jaunty, yet negligent air of their costume, one would have sworn them cavaliers, who were waging war upon the great enemy of the trifler, time—in a manner, and by means not yet hackneyed to their senses, and having a zest and freshness which pursuers of pleasure, as a business, seldom enjoy. And who were they—those merry foresters? None other than the redoubtable company of Masters Wollaston and Thomas Morton—none other than the denizens of MERRY MOUNT.

Sorely had the minor direlictions of the boisterous crew grieved the hearts of the founders of Plymouth Colony; and deeply had their habitual disregard of the Plymouth canons of doctrine, morals, and manners, pained the hearts of the rigid and devout men who had established a spiritual commonwealth in the wilderness. But this was the crowning outrage. The planting of a May-pole seemed to the Pilgrims an erection of the golden calf in the modern Israel; and the profane dances, and merry gambols of Mount Wollaston were as the worship of Baal—a pagan ceremony defiling the soil. The more erudite of the Puritans anathematized Maia, and all nymphs attendant; and denounced the festivities of the revellers as a feast upon meats offered to idols; while the less learned, whose memory had never been

burthened with classic lore, found a parallel for the May-pole in the groves which Ahab planted.

But Morton, in his “nest,” little recked the scruples of the Pilgrims, or if at all he heeded them, did it but to carry his contempt for Plymouth, from daily sneers into such overt acts as he knew would most painfully offend the colony. Happy had it been for Morton if he had confined his acts of outrage to such deeds as the erection of the hated symbol of idol worship; but in his intercourse with the Indians, he introduced a levity and freedom, which led to consequences serious to the infant colony. The Puritans confined their largesses of “fire-water, which the salvages love so well,” to state occasions; but if, at Plymouth, Massasoit was treated to such huge draughts, that his avowals of royal affection were more warm than coherent in expression, the humblest savage in his tribe might meet the same civility at Mount Wollaston, while he had aught to barter for the coveted beverage.

The same influences which carried the Puritans to the rigidity of discipline and of belief to which they proceeded in the wilderness, moved their sometime enemies at Mount Wollaston, to the extremities of revel and of wickedness. The Puritans brought over such precedents as had grown into custom in their exiled community at Leyden. The Mount Wollaston emigrants sought to transplant to the New World the manners of “Merrie England in the olden time.” Without the presence of restraint from civil authority, the religious commonwealth ran somewhat into asceticism, while following the promptings of a devout spirit; and the memory of their persecutions gave a stern joy to their lives of devotion. They were as martyrs who had escaped the fiery trial; and we cannot consider it an unreasonable spiritual pride in such men, that they held themselves as gold seven times tried. And, on the other hand, the revellers of Mount Wollaston, alike without control—adventurers who had probably had their reverses, and felt the dangers, and perchance the discipline of the laws, for traits and conduct the opposite of those of the Pilgrims, gave loose to their inclinations also. They took the largest liberty in the pursuance of such freaks as suggested themselves to their unruly inclinations. The savage was to them but a new source of amusement; and they did not scruple to use those as inferiors, when they became troublesome, whom, if tradition speak true, they admitted us equals to their wassail. They delighted to see the taciturnity of the Indian brave dissolve in the potations with which they pressed their savage guests; and they did not hesitate to defend, with the threat of the gun, the bargains which they had won with the bottle. But to return to our May Day fete.

A party of Indians bad stolen up, and were looking with evidences of intense curiosity at what, doubtless, seemed to them a custom somewhat allied to their own. True, they did not find the hatchets brandished, or hear the whoop; but as the merry party trolled forth their carol, as they swung around the pole, the pale faces of Merry Mount certainly seemed to the Indians more like their own race, than did the dwellers of Plymouth colony.

One of that Indian group—a maiden of singular beauty—at length advanced, with curious eye, toward the revellers. One of them seized her hand, on a sudden impulse, and in an instant more the daughter of the forest was swinging in the merry circle, with all the bounding joy of youth and maiden innocence. At first she was timid as a fawn, and half inclined to resent the liberty which had been taken with her; but as the English maidens humored the freak of their volatile companion, the girl's reserve wore off. To crown the frolic, the Queen of May took the chaplet from her own brow, and its wild flowers danced in the glossy black hair of the daughter of the forest—and not ungracefully did that rude coronal appear upon her olive temples. As she walked back to rejoin her companions, the Englishmen could but admire the air of untaught dignity with which she carried away what were, by her, evidently highly appreciated honors. Woman, savage or civilized, never looks more graceful than when she puts on a queenly presence. While all the revellers admired, there was one who had borne, to that moment, no share in the sport, who looked with yet more interest than the rest upon the amateur participant.

When a woman has followed one's fortunes across the globe, it would seem that her constancy might be rewarded with the privilege of indulging in such woman's whims as she might have enjoyed at home. But men are ever less charitable to such of the other sex as endure most for them. And Herbert Morton had been taking offence at his pretty cousin, that she had accepted the hand of another for a moment in the dance. It may have been that he really did feel inclined to worship at the untried shrine of one of the aboriginal divinities; or it might have been sheer male coquetry that induced him to place a string of beads upon the neck of the Indian girl. Again, and this time readily, she came forward at the merry sound of the pipes, and following Herbert's lead, once more the revellers gamboled about the pyramid of evergreen. An English maiden, and the fairest of them all, was now the out—the pouting spectator. If she had followed the prompting of her woman's spirit of retaliation, she would have led an Indian warrior forward to the dance; but her delicacy shrunk from that revenge.

Suddenly the frolic was interrupted. A party of rigid colonists appeared among them, and in an instant the garlands were stripped from the tree, and thrown, with gestures of contempt, into the faces of the dancers. Herbert's sword flew from the scabbard, and he threw himself forward to avenge the insult. Before dangerous results had followed his impetuosity, he found himself pinioned—but pinioned by no foe. Agnes, his betrothed, discerning with a lover's quickness that his rashness exposed him to danger, flung herself upon his breast, and bound his arms with her own, For a brief moment he struggled to free himself, till looking up, he perceived that the Puritan band, having succeeded in the demolition of what to them seemed sacrilegious mummery, had disappeared as suddenly as they came.

"By my faith, Agnes," he said, "you have saved the life of a fool; for in a moment more——"

"Say two fools, then, Herbert Morton. Think you, if you had slain one of those men, that his brethren would have left his memory unavenged upon this weak encampment?"

"Woman's argument is ever craven," he answered.

"And man's answer is ever a sneer," the girl replied, while her lip trembled. She burst into tears, and the day was all her own. Pursuit of the intruders was now out of the question; a resumption of the dance, to men in their present moods, was equally impossible. Herbert Morton's lip curled as he turned from the place, and sought relief for his vexation in solitude. He had passed but a few steps into the forest, when he felt a light touch upon his elbow. Impatiently shaking off the hand which would have detained him, he pressed forward. A low musical laugh made him stop suddenly and turn his head.

"Does the pale face chieftain mistake the daughter of the Eagle-eyed for the daughter of the Yengeese? Namaska would have held his quiver, and not have broken the point of his arrow. Ha! the pale face is angry with his wife!"

"The pale face has no wife," said the volatile hunter, exceedingly diverted at what appeared to him a bit of womanly finesse which would not have been out of place in a masquerade in the father land.

"The *sister* of the chieftain has a woman's heart," Namaska proceeded. Morton stood in amused astonishment, to find himself thus almost betrayed into a confession by an Indian maiden; but he cared not to humor her so far at his own expense. He essayed to change the discourse to such prettinesses as were the fashion of the time in Europe, but Namaska, to whom much of

this was unintelligible, and the rest of a character that did not flatter an Indian maiden's opinion of herself, at length cried, as she bounded from him into the forest, "The white brave has been spoiled. He can talk to the daughters of the Yengeese, but the Wampanoags would not trust him with their children."

"Truly an adventure!" said Morton to himself, as he pursued his way slowly back to his comrades. "It is not every pale face in the colony who has made a conquest of an Indian girl; and, by my troth, in these dull solitudes, it is something worth winning." But, among that reckless company, Herbert Morton was not the worst; and the trifling adventure which would have suggested infinite amusement in the future to one thoroughly depraved, had passed from his mind before he reached the mount. It was true that he was more fortunate than his companions, in that he was attended to the New World by his guardian angel—Agnes. She was the ward, as he was the nephew, of Thomas Morton, one of the principals of the expedition, to whose name history has given no enviable notoriety; and they would, ere the date of our story, have been united, but that the feuds between his uncle and the rigid colonists precluded their seeking that clerical assistance in the Plymouth colony, which could not be obtained at Mount Wollaston. Herbert's first care, like all repentant lovers, was to seek the pardon of her whom he repulsed in thought, when he felt the touch of Namaska upon his arm in the forest.

Still Herbert could not altogether forego the advantage which his prompt attempt at the punishment of the intruders upon Merry Mount had won for him in the heart of the Indian girl. Mount Wollaston was no school in which he could learn to respect the feelings of the Indians as human beings, or to remember that even an Indian maid has a heart capable of attachment. He was not at all displeased when, in his rambles, the daughter of the Eagle-eyed interrupted his solitude; and if he professed to believe that he walked forth alone merely to escape the senseless dissipation of his comrades, and their rude and coarse merriment, he forgot, in the analyzation of his motives, to remember that he never asked Agnes to join him in those walks, though to her mind the character of the Mount Wollaston colony was as little congenial as to his own.

And Namaska could not conceal from herself, had she so desired to do, what motive led Herbert so often to the place which had come by custom to be regarded as their "trying tree." The Indian maiden had no artificial notions of relative rank to consider as bars to affection which she cherished for the pale face; and so far as ideas of rank occurred to her untutored mind,

they favored rather than discouraged her hopes. At the time of which we write, the bloody feud between the races had not commenced in New England. The policy of the great sachem, Massasoit, on the one hand, controled the Indians; and on the other, the careful administration of their Indian relations, by the colonists of Plymouth, and the settlements in and near Boston, justified the friendly conduct of the chieftain, whose name is immortalized in that of one of the states of this confederacy.

Morton, in the eyes of the colonists even, from his relation to one of the principals of Merry Mount, was in some sort a chief. Namaska was of proud Indian parentage; her father had been brave in the field, and her brothers wore proud trophies in the war-dance. She found in her love of her tribe and lineage a plausible excuse for her intercourse with the Englishman. More than once, by obtaining redress for the wrongs of her comrades, through Morton's influence over his uncle and his companions, she prevented an appeal to the colonial authorities; and more than once, too, she averted the more dreadful revenge for insults and injuries, fancied and real, by which her countrymen afterwards brought upon themselves a war of extinction.

These Indian love passages gave Morton a separate existence; it was an episode, distinct from his life, as allied to that of Agnes. Had Agnes not been his daily counsellor and friend—his nearer than friend—devoted with her whole trusting heart to him, he might have *sought* to win the love of the Indian maid, toward whom it was his greatest crime that he permitted her affection for him to grow, if he did not foster it. He did not suspect that an Indian heart was capable of devotion so earnest. Perchance, like many men who permit the attachment of those they deem inferior, he fancied, if he thought at all upon the future, that Namaska would relinquish him with as little care as he thought he could abandon her. Still he did not make Agnes his confidante by any means; nor did he, on the other hand, disabuse the Indian maid of her natural belief that the Yengeese brave had discarded a love unworthy, in her opinion, of his courageous heart.

While matters thus progressed with the lovers, affairs on Mount Wollaston were approaching a crisis. Wollaston himself had long since left the colony, and the senior Morton had become more notorious for dissipation and riot. Namaska could no longer visit the mount, for the very friendship of the colonists had become the terror of the Indians; and her stolen interviews with Herbert Morton were thus doubly guarded. It was at the peril of her fame, that she met one of those whom the Indians, no less than the Puritans, had learned at last to hate and despise. It is said in the ancient writers, with expressive meaning, that the acts of friendship of

Thomas Morton, and his colony, for the Indians, were, as much as their acts of enmity against them, inexcusable. His own irregularities were flagrant; and, of course, such an example in the principal would not be lost upon the subordinates. Herbert Morton could not boast to his comrades of the attachment of Namaska, without exposing her to the danger of being waylaid and insulted by his coarser companions. He held his peace; and thus unknown to all save themselves, and unsuspected, the interviews daily took place, which were the life of the Indian girl—the heartless gallantry of Herbert Morton. But he could but admire and respect the native nobility and confiding truth of the savage's truly refined attachment; and the *liaison* puzzled him as an enigma.

Thomas Morton, in freaks of lawless avarice, frequently seized such Indian property as he coveted, but could not, or cared not, honestly to purchase. When the exasperated natives demanded restitution, he insulted them with threats. Complaints to the authorities at Boston produced nearly the same result that too often follows the litigation of the poor and weak against the rich and powerful. It was not that the Puritans did not earnestly desire to do justice; it is not that the law is not intended to mete the same measure to the poor and to the rich; but a wily antagonist, like Thomas Morton, will too often discover some cunning mode of evading justice. Savages frequently seek redress in a director path; and hence the origin of almost all Indian wars. The good among the whites are compelled, indirectly, to support the bad, by defending a whole nation from the wrath of those whom the bad have outraged.

Agnes, with a female friend, was sitting in the house of Thomas Morton, when a party of Indians suddenly entered. That they had all the marks of anger and fierceness in their aspects did not surprise Agnes—for such countenances she had often seen her guardian's native visiters bear—so frequently came they to complain of wrong, and remonstrate against outrage. But she had not time to commence a parley with the angry Indians. Herself and companion were suddenly seized—prevented from shouting by withes twisted in the mouth, and carried noiselessly and rapidly to a neighboring thicket on a knoll, on which, while their position commanded a full view of Mount Wollaston, they were so disposed that their while drapery would not betray the place of their concealment.

Namaska was entrusted by her brothers with the custody of the prisoners. Warning them to silence, she accepted their promises, while she removed the painful means which had been taken by the rude Indians to compel them to forego exclamation. Fainting with fear and excitement,

Agnes seated herself upon a bank, where her older and calmer companion supported her trembling frame.

The quick eye of an Indian maiden detected the glitter of a chain and trinket on the neck of Agnes. The elder of the captives, with the hasty thought of purchasing their ransom, took the bauble from the neck of her companion, and placed it in the hands of the Indian girl. With what intense curiosity did Namaska examine it. Curiosity—a deeper emotion fires those features. Her eyes have lighted with the same fierce expression that her brothers wore; she looks an instant at the prisoners, and her hand seeks the beautifully embellished hatchet which ornamented the toilet of the Indian belle. Agnes trembled, and even her more equable companion shuddered with fear.

The wild expression passed from the face of the Indian girl. It is not the gold she is scrutinizing—it is not the cunningly wrought chain that attracts the maiden's eye. An expression of faint delight and wonder for an instant has possession of Namaska's countenance—and then the sunlight of pleasure fades from her features, and calm sorrow succeeds—the mask of fearful emotions within.

A shout of surprise from the Indians! The house of Thomas Morton has broken out into flames—and see—those are Puritans—messengers from Boston who stand and regard the conflagration as evidently of their own causing. A runner who has been despatched to the place from the Indian party returns—the savages converse a moment together—and in a short space more the captives are alone—and free! Namaska has dropped at the feet of Agnes the—MINIATURE of HERBERT MORTON.

The key to this event is on the ancient records of Massachusetts Colony, as followeth:

> "*September 7, 1730.* Second Court of Assistants, held at Charlestown. Present, Governor Winthrop, Deputy Governor Dudley, Sir Richard Saltonstall, and others. Ordered, 'That Thomas Morton, of Mount Wollaston, shall presently be set in the bilboes, and after sent to England by the ship called the Gift, now returning thither: that all his goods shall be seized to defray the charge of his transportation, payment of his debts, and to give satisfaction to the Indians for a canoe he took unjustly from them, and that his house be burnt to the ground in sight of the Indians, for their satisfaction for many wrongs he has done them.' "

The prompt execution of this order of the Court of Assistants, occurring so soon after the capture of the English maidens, was the secret of their manumission. The girls had been seized as the most direct reprisal for "many wrongs," and were to have been detained as hostages to compel reparation—a measure which, as we have seen, became unnecessary. The full sentence of the court was carried into effect, and Thomas Morton was sent in disgrace to England. Agnes returned with him—Herbert purposed so to do, also; but he would once more see Namaska. This time the maiden did not seek the tryst. Herbert had infinite trouble in obtaining an interview—but he discovered her at last—alone. She started wildly at his approach, and prepared to fly—

"The Yengeese has two faces," said she, breaking from him, her fine features eloquent of scorn, "the brothers of Namaska will not that she listen to him."

"But Namaska, dearest Namaska, they need not know of our conference—"

"The pale face is double-tongued, like the serpent, and the daughter of the Eagle-Eyed spurns the traitor."

Herbert Morton looked with bitter emotions—shame—regret—affection—after the fleeing maiden. He looked his last—an arrow whirred in its lightning passage through the air—one howl of agony from the false lover, and all was over! Indignation for a sister's wrongs had nerved the arm which aped the weapon—the hate of a brother for his sister's betrayer had fixed his unerring aim.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*Import and Value of the Popular Lecturing of the Day. A Discourse pronounced before the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, Aug. 3, 1842. By Charles Pease.*

With many and prominent faults this discourse possesses essential merit: and, if studied aright, is well calculated to affect, in a salutary manner, the public mind. Its faults are those mainly of style, and in the manner of its execution. The author's meaning is not always clearly expressed, and the deficiency evidently arises from a want of acquaintance with, or rather, perhaps, of deference for, the ordinary style of our best and purest writers. Without intimating or suspecting that there is any thing like an imitation of the peculiarities of expression and of thought which characterize some of the erratic, though strong-minded, literary men of the present day, we have no hesitation in judging that their works have been diligently read by Mr. Pease. But the benefit he has derived from them is evidently much greater than the injury he has sustained. The tone of his discourse is lofty, and its general teaching of high intellectual worth. In his critical examination of the influence, upon society and the cause of science, of superficial and shallow instruction, he displays good ability and the warmest sympathy with that which is permanently good and true, and the most thorough indifference to the popular clamor with which whatever is brilliant, though worthless, is usually welcomed. Something of the spirit of Coleridge and of Carlyle is in his discourse; and maturity, we are persuaded, will bring strength and self-possession to his powers—which will free them from much that is faulty that now clogs their freest and highest exercise.

The "phenomenon"—as he terms it—of which he speaks, namely, the Popular Lecturing of the Day, is one of the most prominent features of the times. In age but a few seasons old, it has still shot up with a rapidity which of itself suggests comparison with mushroom growth in the vegetable world; and, as becomes evident on the slightest consideration, it now absorbs a great share of the literary enthusiasm of the present day—much of which, indeed, it has created, and will, we fear, entirely satisfy. Assuming as a fact its great prevalence, Mr. Pease seeks to determine its import and value; to trace the feeling which gives it birth to its source, and to determine as accurately as possible the grounds, of promise or of fear, which it affords.

> "These interpretations," he says, "vary between the widest extremes. On the one side, is heard the exulting about of those who whirl unresistingly in the vortex—'Does not wisdom cry and understanding put forth her voice? behold the 'progress of the species' and the march of mind.' And, on the other side, the contemptuous murmur of those who will be overwhelmed rather than gyrate against their will, they know not whither—'What meaneth this bleating of the sheep in mine ears?' "

This mania for lectures, taken in connection with the prevailing literary taste (of which it is in some sort an index) is regarded as pointing, more or less directly, to a want of the human spirit—to its cry—strong and importunate, though often stifled and but dimly felt, for light—the light of science and of truth. Many feel this want only as a *traditional* need—one which their fathers before them have felt and have taught them to feel—and *they* are apt to be satisfied with a traditional supply. Others ask for science because it will help them make, or work, and perchance *become*, machines, whereby they may earn bread: and oftentimes, says the writer, "does this mere irritability of the coating of the stomach pass itself off as the waking up of the Life of the Soul, and the sublime and pure aspirations of the spirit for high and ultimate truths, pure as itself." Then it is the *fashion* at the present day to be learned: and if the "fops of literature" desire to shine they must "follow the fashion"—and become learned as easily and speedily as possible. These, the writer thinks, and certainly with some truth, are the prevailing features of that demand for science which is so clamorous at the present time. The lectures of the day he thinks well calculated to supply it. He examines in detail the several classes into which they may be divided—those, first, the object of which is instruction—then those which seek to amuse—and finally those which profess to combine both these aims. The leading aspect of them all, in his opinion, is that they have no *vital, form-giving, organific principle* running through them, developing properly each separate part and uniting them all by its own power. In these discourses, the writer says:

> "The carpenter is the actual model; for like him the discourser cuts and fits his timber, according to rules the grounds of which it concerns not him to understand, with little labor, beyond that of hacking and hewing—materials being ever ready at his hand: for the world is full of books as the forest is of trees and the market of lumber. And this is done to instruct us; to build us up inwardly; to administer food to our intellect; to nourish our souls; to kindle the

> imagination and awaken to energetic action the living but slumbering world within. But, alas! this inner world cannot be kindled like a smouldering fire, by a basket of chips and a puff of wind! This inner world is a world of spirits, which feed on thoughts full of truth and living energy. And thought alone can kindle thought: and truth alone can waken truth: not veracity, not fact, but truth vital,
>
> ‘Truth that wakes
> To perish never.’
>
> This is the bread for which the soul is pining, and such are the husks with which its calls are answered.”

There is in this statement of the predominant character of our popular lectures much that is true and most wholesome. If the office properly belonged to this place, we could easily show its truth by a definite examination of the most popular discourses to which our audiences listen. Every one can see that their aim is, not to announce great truths, which are essential to the well-being of society and the instruction of the soul, but so to shape their sentences, so to point their paragraphs, and to give such a turn to their expressions, as to tickle most effectually the fancy of those who hear them, and to call down that round of applause which tells them they have made a *hit*. Now just so far as this is the case, popular lecturing not only seeks to supply the place of the theatre, but actually becomes theatrical; and lacking the essential worth and dignity of the drama, assumes its tricks and shallow vanities. Look at the exhibitions we have had in this city; the attempted dramatizing of the French Revolution, under the name of lectures; and the introduction upon the stage, set off in all the tinsel frippery of the green-room, the foot-lights, and the curtain, of Astronomy and the exact sciences. Is there not, when it is regarded seriously and with any thing like a proper appreciation of the nature and value of science, something in all this supremely absurd and ridiculous? Yet, though we have alluded to an extreme case, it is only a tithe of the whole. All our lectures partake of the same spirit, with a few exceptions, which not in the least destroy the force of the general rule.

Still Mr. Pease is not discouraged by this clamorous prevalence of a shallow taste. On the contrary he sees in it signs of promise—for it signifies the existence and the struggling toward the light of the absolute want of the soul—which will soon rectify the public taste, and teach men that pleasure lies only in the life-giving and the true.

“In this,” he says, “lives an abiding ground of hope and cheerful confidence; for it teaches us that every human heart has those depths and living powers in it, the healthful action of which is the true life and well-being of the soul—and in none, we hope, are they forever dormant; and no heart, we hope, is wholly closed. Light, though in rays feeble and scattered, may shine in upon it, and it shall awake—for it is not dead, but sleepeth.” . . . “The feeling of wants that lie deeper and farther inward than the sensual appetites, must be supplied or suppressed; and hence arise a struggle and conflict between the antagonist principles of our being. Firm peace, and healthful, quiet energy of soul, are the fruit of victory, and of victory only. Therefore, though attended with a ‘troubled sea of noises, and hoarse disputes,’ the contest, with its hubbub and vain clamor, is the door to quietness and clear intelligence. Pedantry and pretension, quackery and imposture, shall, in spite of themselves, conduct to their own exposure and extinction; for a higher sway than ours guides all affairs, causing even the wrath of man to praise Him, and making folly itself the guide to wisdom. Hooker characterized his own times as ‘full of tongue, and weak of brain;’ and Luther said to the same effect, of the preachers and scholars of his day: ‘If they were not permitted to prate and clatter about it, they would burst with the greatness of their art and science, so hot and eager are they to teach.’ But the noise and dust having subsided, there is left us, of those very times, works which men will not willingly let die. Noise and smoke causeless do not come. There is a force at bottom which will ultimately work itself clear, and produce good and substantial fruits. There is force somewhere, or no form and dust would rise; but there is little force in the form and dust themselves. And the immediate instruments are *only* instruments, working without knowing what they do, like puppets, dancing and swinging their arms, while far behind resides the force that works the wires. All wonder bestowed upon *them* is, most certainly, foolish wonder. But there is no ground for discouragement, or for any but good hopes, although ignorance and pretension stand in high places, and vainly babble concerning things beautiful and profound. This uproar comes only from the troubling of the stream—the foam and roar will not continue always; the smooth plain lies below, along which it shall soon flow, quietly, but strongly, murmuring sweet music. And for the ambitious rainbows painted in the mists above,

there shall be the sweet reflection of earth and heaven from its calm bosom.”

# EDITOR'S TABLE.

An Intercepted Letter to Dickens.—A friend of ours, connected with the dead letter office, sends us the following epistle to "Charles Dickens, *Esquire*." As the author, who lives somewhere out west, and may not have known the law in the case, failed to prepay the inland postage, it was not forwarded by the steamer; and as Boz has doubtless received enough of the same kind already, we give it a "general circulation" through our magazine.

*Dear Sir*,—As you wish for a private narration,
Of the cavils that rise at your "notes" on this nation,
I've devoted the evenings of two or three Sundays,
(You, I know, are a *liberal*,) to gather the *on dits*.
*That* was easy enough, for the people (the rabble,
Of course,) are quite free with their insolent babble;
But for me to repeat it is quite lacerating,
Though I trust you're above being hurt at such prating.
You urge me to candor, and somebody sings
That *candor* and *candied* are different things;
(Which I dare say you know, for the stores of your knowledge
Are such as could never be gather'd at college.)
So here goes for the whole—not the views of a *clique*;
I shall call to my aid neither Latin nor Greek,
But just a plain English, that *both* of us speak.
You'll allow me at starting to state that a few of us
Are chop-fall'n to find that you've said nothing new of us.
We hop'd from our Pickwick some striking *tableaux*,
And were ready to laugh most "consum'dly" at those;
(As indeed when you tickle there's seldom a choice)
But our verdict agrees with the general voice—
That the book, as a book, has not half the profundity
Of that of the club, let alone its jocundity;
And your foes vow there's nothing Pickwickian in it,
Save the "brandy and water" recurring each minute.
As to humor, 'tis thought there is plenty of that,
But 'tis only ill humor, and desp'rately flat.
One *tableau*, you'll kindly permit me to say,

Might have shown up the hubbub in Boston that day
When our magnates and minnows with beau and with belle come
To kiss the "cork soles" in their ardor of welcome;
And you—just conceive of the change that came o'er them!—
Could not keep in your errand, but flung it before them.
And when they bethump'd you with words steep'd in honey,
Just call'd up a smile, but kept bawling for money;
When all eyes seemed in danger of quitting their sockets,
You bowed and grimaced, but still fingered the pockets.
How you, my dear sir, must have relished the fun,
Since you knew long ago how such things should be done.[1]
Oh! rich field for an artist, of forty-Boz power,
(I was going to say,) might be found in that hour!
If you *won't* undertake it, I'll back my friend Johnson
To give it a touch (in his "scrape" that come on soon)
That shall set the world roaring; and then in a label,
Bursting forth from your lips as you sit at the table,
We'll have—"Shell out your shiners as fast as you can shell!"
" 'I no come here for chatter!' but 'something substantial!' "
You'll excuse this digression; my pen ran away
At the thought of that whitest and funniest day.
To return to the strictures: your "notes," it is said,
Show a deficit either of heart or of head;
(Some *do* say of *both*) and that too much strong liquor
Has muddled your brains, 'stead of making them quicker;
And they hint that the fact of your seeing the door
Break lose from its moorings and yawn on the floor,
(Aboard ship) was not one of old Neptune's famed marvels,
But just the "mull'd claret" that glows through your travels.
There are those to your face were as supple as kittens,
Now handle yourself and your looks without mittens.
"Six months" for a circuit of thousands of miles,
Has called up a legion of ill-natured smiles.
'Twas a cockney idea, the knowing ones say,
And scarce honest, to give such "poor preach" for good pay;
Nay, e'en your defenders (I grieve while I'm writing)
Own your satire is stale, and your praise not inviting.
Your spitting and spitters, we think "the fair thing,"
And we wish every tourist would give them a fling,

(Though even here, truth is a jewel, you’ll own,
And the case did not need that ought else should be shown;)
But we can’t, for our lives, ’spite of warm admiration,
Discover the reason for one exclamation—
(It occurs at page fortieth, line twenty-one—)
“Delighted to ourselves once more alone!”
Now to scrape an acquaintance with dear Mrs. D.,
Scarcely needed the risk of the treacherous sea;
And as to the “maid”—why, to say nothing cross of her,
She was surely no study for such a philosopher.
Please explain in your next. There are further objections
Called up by the tone of your *moral* reflections.
Our forefathers thought that Religion had sense in ’t,
At least they felt sure there could be no offence in ’t;
But we learn from the “notes” that the theatre’s surer
To make saints than the church, since its morals are purer;
And ’tis plain that you’d rather the exquisite Fanny
Should train up your younglings, than “Il Puritani.”

But this giving *on dits*,—you are not an archbishop—
Yet I own I dislike such opinions to fish up;
And as to advice, it is really a trial,
Yet you urge and insist, and will take no denial.
(It must be for the future; what’s done can’t be undone,
Though I wish you’d been safe in the purlieus of London.)
As the “notes” have accomplished the main point—the *pewter*—
I scarcely dare whisper a caution—*ne rutor*;
Yet truth, which I’ve praised, prompts this humble suggestion—
Since you’ve powers, in *one with*, that no mortal will question,
*Better let well alone!* husband close your resources;
Make no soaring attempts; try no venturesome courses;
Fall back on your conquests; sit under your laurels;
Don’t be greedy of money; don’t meddle with morals;
But let alone temp’rance, and Hoosiers, and hom’ny,
And stick to your cockneys, *et id genus omne*;
The tavern, the play house, the prison, the circus,
The Tuggnes at Ramsgate, the boys in the “work ’us;”
And while you have Sam and sweet Nelly to rally by,
When accused of these “notes,” I would just “*prove an alleybi*.”

But my paper is out ere my tale is half finished;
I’ll write you again when the buz is diminished;

And hoping we’ll soon have the pleasure of hearing,
Remain your devoted

AMINADAD PEERING.

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[1] See the reply of old Weller, “Pickwick Papers”—“It’s a rum sort of thing, Sammy, to go a hankerin arter any body’s property.”

## TRANSCRIBER NOTES

Mis-spelled words and printer errors have been corrected. Where multiple spellings occur, majority use has been employed.

Punctuation has been maintained except where obvious printer errors occur.

Some photographs have been enhanced to be more legible.

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