

# GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

## OF LITERATURE AND ART.

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WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE MOST EMINENT ARTISTS.

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VOLUME XXII.

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## OLIVER HAZARD PERRY.

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

The family of Perry has now been American for near two centuries. The first of the name on this side of the Atlantic, was a native of Devonshire, who emigrated to the new world about the middle of the seventeenth century, settling at Plymouth, in Massachusetts. Being of the sect of Friends, however, this residence proved to be as unfavorable to the indulgence of his peculiar religious opinions, as that from which he had so lately migrated in his native island, and he was induced to go deeper into the wilderness. He finally established himself, accompanied by others of his persuasion, on Narragansett Bay, at a place called South Kingston. Here Edmund Perry, for so was the emigrant called, acquired a landed property of some extent, from the Indians, and by fair purchase, which has continued in the possession of his descendants down to our own time.

From Edmund Perry was descended, in the fourth generation, Christopher Raymond Perry, the father of the subject of this memoir, who was born in 1761. This gentleman chose to follow the sea. After serving for some time in private armed vessels of war, during the Revolution, he turned to the merchant service for employment when peace was made, being at that time a very young man, as is seen by the date of his birth. In the course of one of his early voyages, Mr. Perry met with a passenger of the name of Sarah Alexander, a lady of Irish birth, but of Scotch extraction, whom he married, in the year 1781. The fruits of this union were a family of sons, most, if not all of whom have been in the naval service of the country, and of daughters, one of whom, at least, is now the widow of an officer of rank. From this marriage, indeed, have been probably derived more officers of the navy, than from any other one connection, that of the family of Nicholson excepted. The lady who so soon found herself a wife and a mother, in the country of her adoption, proved a valuable acquisition to her new relatives, and left a strong and useful impression on most of those who have derived their existence from her.

The first child of the marriage between Christopher Raymond Perry and Sarah Alexander, was the subject of this memoir. He was called Oliver Hazard, after an ancestor of that name who had died just previously to his birth, as well as after an uncle of the same appellation, who had been

recently lost at sea. Oliver Hazard Perry was born on the 20th of August, 1785. The early years of the child were distinguished by no unusual occurrences. He was kept at school, at different places, but principally in the vicinity of the residences of his own family. The armaments against France, however, induced a sudden and material increase of the naval force of the country; and in June, 1798, Christopher Raymond Perry, the father of Oliver, received an appointment as a captain in the new marine. Capt. Perry's commission placed him the eighth on the list of officers of his rank, but there being no ship of a suitable size for him to take, he was directed to superintend the construction of a vessel that was soon after laid down, at Warren, in his native State. On this occasion, Capt. Perry, accompanied by his wife, removed to Warren, leaving the household in charge of their eldest son, then a boy of only thirteen. This may be said to have been Oliver Perry's first command, and it is the tradition of the family that he acquitted himself of these novel duties with great prudence, kindness and impartiality. It was certainly a high trust to repose in a boy of his tender years, and proves the complete confidence his parents had in his discretion, temper and good sense. At this period of his life, as indeed he continued to be to a much later day, the youth was obliging, active and of singularly prepossessing appearance; and is said to have been an object of great interest within the limited circle of his acquaintance.

Capt. Perry's vessel was a small frigate, that was very appropriately named the General Greene. She appears on the registers of the department as a vessel of 645 tons, and rating as a 24. In the journals of the day, however, she is oftener called a 32, which was about the number of guns she actually carried, while her rate would have properly made her a 28. This ship was not ready to sail until the spring of the year 1799. By this time her captain's eldest son had resolved to enter on a career similar to that of his father's, and, having some time previously announced his wishes, a warrant was issued to him as a midshipman. Perry's appointment was dated April 7th, 1799, and made one of a small batch which occurred about that time, generally with intervals of a day between each warrant, and which contained the names of Trippe, Robert Henly, Joseph Bainbridge, Noel Cox, &c., &c.

Soon after Perry joined his father's ship, or about the middle of May, the General Greene sailed to join the force in the West Indies. Capt. Perry was directed to proceed to the Havana, and to look after the trade in that quarter, as "well as that which passes down the straits of Bahama to the Spanish main." After remaining a few weeks on her station, the yellow fever broke out in the ship, and she returned to Newport about the close of the month of July. In this short cruise Perry was first initiated in his sea service, and it is a

singular circumstance that it was marked by the appearance of that dire disease by which he was, himself, subsequently lost to the country.

By bringing his ship North, Capt. Perry soon purified her, and she sailed again, for the same station, a few weeks later. Thence she went off St. Domingo, to cruise against Rigaud's barges, which committed many and sanguinary outrages; his orders directing him to circumnavigate the whole island of St. Domingo. While employed on this service, the General Greene found several of the brigand's light craft at anchor under the protection of some batteries. The ship stood in, and anchoring, a warm cannonade commenced. In about half an hour the batteries were silenced, as was supposed with some loss, but a vessel which had the appearance of a French frigate heaving in sight in the offing, Capt. Perry lifted his anchor, and went out to meet her, without taking possession of his conquests. The stranger proved to be a French built vessel, that had changed masters; being, at the time, in the English navy.

The General Greene next went off Jaquemel to assist Toussaint to reduce the place. The ship is said to have been very serviceable on this duty, and to have had her full share in the success which attended the expedition. In all this service, Perry was present, of course, though in the subordinate station of a young midshipman. It was the commencement of his career, and no doubt had an influence in giving him useful opinions of duty, and in favorably forming his character.

The General Greene was placed under the particular command of Com. Talbot, by special orders from the department, of the date of Sept. 3d, 1799, but did not fall in with that officer until April of the following year, when Capt. Perry reached Cape François, the point from which he had sailed to make the circuit of the island. Here the latter officer was directed to proceed to the mouth of the Mississippi, and receive on board Gen. Wilkinson and family; that officer being then at the head of the army. The frigate arrived off the Balize about the 20th of the month, and sailed again for Newport on the 10th of May. An act of spirit manifested by the elder Perry, on his return home from the Balize, is recorded to his credit, and as affording a proof of the school in which his gallant son was educated. The Gen. Greene had taken an American brig under convoy that was bound into the Havana. Off the latter port, an English two-decked ship fired a shot ahead of the brig to bring her to. Capt. Perry directing his convoy to disregard the signal, and the wind being light, the Englishman sent a boat in chase of the brig. When sufficiently near, the Gen. Greene fired a shot ahead of the boat, as a hint to go no closer. The boat now came alongside of the frigate, and the two-

decker closed at the same time, when the latter demanded the reason of the Gen. Greene's shot. The answer was that it had been fired to prevent the boat from boarding a vessel under her convoy. The English officer, who must have known that this reply, which manifested far more spirit in the year 1800 than it would to-day, was in strict conformity with maritime usage, had the prudence not to persist, and the honor of the American flag was vindicated. This circumstance, taken in connection with a few others of a similar character, which occurred about the same time, had a strong influence in elevating the reputation of the infant navy, and in erasing an unfavorable impression that had been made by the impressment of five men, two years earlier, from on board the *Baltimore*, 20.

The crew of the Gen. Greene were paid off, as usual, at the end of the year; or, soon after her second return to Newport. Capt. Perry was continued in command of the ship, however, and orders were sent to prepare her for another cruise; but the negotiations for peace assuming a favorable aspect, the orders were countermanded, and the ship was carried to Washington and laid up. The peace-establishment law reduced the list of captains from twenty-eight to nine, and, as Captain Perry was not one of those retained, he retired from service, with Talbot, Sever, the elder Decatur, Tingey, Little, Geddes, Robinson, and others. His son Oliver, however, belonged to the one hundred and fifty midshipmen that the law directed to be retained, and his fortunes were cast for life in the service.

Young Perry was left on shore, to pursue his studies, from the time the Gen. Greene returned from her second cruise, until the spring of the year 1802, when he was ordered to join the *Adams*, 28, Capt. Campbell, which ship was then fitting for the Mediterranean station. This frigate, known to the navy by the *sobriquet* of the little *Adams*, was a vessel a hundred tons smaller than the *General Greene*, but was deemed one of the fastest ships the country had sent into the West Indies, during the late contest. Her present commander was an officer of gentleman-like habits and opinions, and well suited to inspire young men with the manners and maxims appropriate to their caste. The ship also enjoyed the advantage of possessing a thorough practical seaman in her first lieutenant, the late Com. Hull, who, a short time before, had filled the same station on board the *Constitution*, 44, Com. Talbot.

The *Adams* sailed from Newport, June 10th, 1802, and arrived at Gibraltar about the middle of July, where she found Com. Morris, in the *Chesapeake*, 38, who sent her up as far as Malaga with a convoy. On her return from this duty, the ship was left below to watch a Tripolitan that was

then lying at Gibraltar, the remainder of the squadron going aloft. Here the Adams passed the winter, cruising in the Straits much of the time; a duty that the young men in her found irksome, beyond a question, but which they also must have found highly instructive, as nothing so much familiarizes officers to manœuvering, as handling a ship in narrow waters, and with the land constantly aboard. One of the favorite traditions of the service relates to the steady and cool manner in which Hull worked the Adams while employed on this duty, the ship being in great danger of going ashore on the rocks. Six or eight months of such service is equal, in the way of experience, to two or three years of running from port to port, in as straight lines as can be made; or of making sail in good weather, and of reducing it in bad. The Adams must have commenced her blockade of the Tripolitan about the 21st July, 1802, the day Com. Morris sailed, and remained actively engaged on this duty until relieved by the squadron, which did not reach the rock until the 23d March, 1803; this makes a period of eight months and two days. Apart from the instruction which an ambitious youth like Perry must have been conscious of obtaining under such circumstances, this blockade contained an event which is always an epoch in the life of a young officer. Perry was a favorite with his captain, and being studious, attentive to his duties, sedate and considerate beyond his years, and of a person and manner to set off all these qualities to advantage, that officer gave him an acting appointment as a lieutenant. To enhance the gift, Capt. Campbell made out his orders on the young man's birth-day. This was transferring young Perry from the steerage to the ward-room the day he was seventeen, one of the very few instances of promotions so young, that have occurred in the American navy.<sup>[1]</sup> As this promotion took place on the 21st August, 1803, and Perry's warrant was dated April 7th, 1799, it follows that, in addition to his youth, he got this important step when he had been in the service less than four years and five months.

As soon as the squadron came down to Gibraltar, the Adams was sent aloft again with a convoy. As the ship touched at many different ports on the North shore, our young lieutenant had various occasions to visit places at which she stopped, and to store his mind with the pleasing and useful information with which that region abounds, probably, more than any other portion of the globe. There is little doubt that one of the reasons why the American marine early obtained a thirst for a knowledge that is not uniformly connected with the pursuits of seamen, and a taste which perhaps was above the level of that of the gentlemen of the country, was owing to the circumstance that the wars with Barbary called its officers so much, at the most critical period of its existence, into that quarter of Europe. Travelers to



the old world were then extremely rare, and the American who, forty years ago, could converse, as an eye witness, of the marvels of the Mediterranean; who had seen the remains of Carthage, or the glories of Constantinople; who had visited the Coliseum, or was familiar with the affluence of Naples, was, nine times in ten, in some way or other, connected with the Navy.

In May, the Adams, in company with the rest of the squadron, appeared before Tripoli, but no service of importance occurred in which there is any evidence that Perry participated. Soon after, Com. Morris left the coast, and his ships separated. The Adams cruised along the South shore, rejoining the squadron at Gibraltar. This gave Perry an opportunity of seeing some of the towns of Barbary. At Gibraltar, the Commodore took the Adams, in person, she being the ship which he had first commanded in the service, and came home in her, Capt. Campbell going to the John Adams, but taking no officers with him.

Perry reached America in the Adams, in November, 1803. His cruise had lasted eighteen months; much of the time the vessel being actually under her canvass. This was, in every respect, a most important piece of service to the young man, and probably laid the principal foundation of his professional character, besides contributing largely to his information and manners as a man. On his return, he is said to have devoted himself earnestly to the studies peculiar to his calling, and to have made laudable efforts to do credit to himself in his new rank. The young officers, however, who made the Mediterranean cruise in 1802 and 1803, were unfortunate as to the time of their service. The following season, or that of the summer of 1804, was the eventful period of the Tripolitan war, and this was the moment when accident left Perry ashore, devoting himself to useful pursuits, it is true, but removing him from those scenes of active warfare in which he was so well qualified to become distinguished. From the close of November, 1803, until the summer of 1804, Perry was on furlough, and at home. One cannot know this, without regretting that a young officer of his peculiar fitness for the service which then occurred before Tripoli, should not have had it in his power to have been with Preble.

In May, or June, of the latter year, however, Lt. Perry received orders to join the Constellation, at Washington, then fitting for the Mediterranean, again, under his old commander and friend, Capt. Campbell. The ship sailed in July, and on the 10th of September, or six days after the explosion of the Intrepid, and just as the last shot had virtually, if not actually, been fired at the town, she appeared off Tripoli, the President, 44, Com. S. Barron, in company. The Constellation was subsequently employed near Derne, in

sustaining the operations of Gen. Eaton, but her size rendered her of no great use on that coast.

Among the vessels off Derne was the Nautilus, 14, the schooner of the lamented Somers, and being in want of a first lieutenant, Capt. Campbell ordered Perry to join her in that capacity. Perry was now in his twenty-first year, and had been about six years in the navy. He had made himself a very good seaman, and was accounted a particularly efficient deck-officer. His acquirements were suited to his profession, his manners good and considerate, his appearance unusually pleasing, his steadiness of character such as to awaken confidence, and his mind, if not of an unusually high order, was sufficient to command respect. The new situation in which he was placed, was one to put his professional qualities to the test, and he acquitted himself, notwithstanding his youth, with credit.

Perry remained in the Nautilus till the autumn of 1805, when Com. Rodgers gave him an order to join the Constitution, as one of his own lieutenants. As this officer was very rigid in his exactions of duty, and particularly fastidious in the choice of subordinates, it was a compliment, though no sinecure, to be thus selected, and there can be no question that it was an advantage to one disposed to do his whole duty to serve under his immediate eye. In this ship Perry remained until the autumn of the succeeding year, when he went to the Essex as second lieutenant, following the Commodore, who was about to return home, where they arrived in October.

Perry had now acquired his profession, and obtained respectable rank. At this period of his life, he was known as one of the more promising young officers of the service, and had his full proportion of friends in all the grades of the navy. He was employed in superintending the building and equipment of gun-boats, soon after his arrival at home, and this was the period of his life when he is said to have formed the attachment, which, a few years later, produced a union with the lady he married. After seeing the gun-boats equipped, he was attached to them, for some years, with the command of a division. This disagreeable service, however, finally ended. After superintending the construction of a second *batch*, for these useless craft were literally put into the water in flotillas, in 1808, he was appointed in April, 1809, to his first proper command. The vessel he got was a schooner, called The Revenge, which had been bought into the service, and which proved to be a very respectable cruiser of her class; her armament consisting of fourteen short and light guns. His predecessor in this schooner was Jacob Jones, who had been one of the oldest lieutenants, if not the very oldest

lieutenant in the navy, at the time he commanded her. As Perry had many seniors on the list, his selection for this command is another proof of the estimation in which he was held by his superiors.

The Revenge had been introduced into the navy more as a despatch-boat than as a regular cruiser, but she was subsequently put into the coast squadron, and was in that situation when Perry took her. After passing the summer of 1809, and the winter of 1809-10, in this duty, cruising most of the time on the Northern and Eastern coast, Perry was ordered to take his vessel to Washington for repairs, in April of the latter year. From this place the Revenge sailed on the 20th of May, for the Southern coast, where she was to be stationed. While thus employed, two occasions occurred to enable Perry to prove the spirit by which he was animated, and, on both of which, he acquitted himself with credit. The first was the seizure of an American vessel that had been run away with by her master, an Englishman by birth, who had put her under English colors, as English built. This vessel was lying in the Spanish waters, off Amelia Island, and two small English cruisers were at anchor near her. The Spanish authorities consented to the seizure, which was made by the Revenge, sustained by three gun-boats, and the vessel brought off in the presence of the two English cruisers. It is impossible to say whether the English officers were, or were not apprised of the true circumstances of the case, or how far they were willing to see justice done; but the spirit of Perry is not affected by these facts, as he proceeded in total ignorance of what might be their determination. While carrying his prize off to sea, an English sloop of war was met, the captain of which sent a boat with a request that the commander of the Revenge would come on board and explain his character. The occurrence between the Leopard and the Chesapeake was then fresh, and the utmost feeling existed in the service on the subject of British aggressions. Perry refused to quit his vessel, and prepared for hostilities. His plan was to throw all hands on board his expected foe, and to trust the chances to a hand-to-hand struggle. The Revenge was well manned, and so judicious and cool were his arrangements, that the probability of success was far from hopeless. The desperate resort to force, however, was avoided by the discretion of the English officer, who did not press his demand.

In August, 1810, the Revenge returned North, and was stationed on the coast in the vicinity of Newport. On the 8th of January, 1811, this schooner was unfortunately wrecked on Watch Hill Reef, though many of her effects were saved through the activity of her commander and his people, aided by boats from the squadron then lying in the Thames. This accident was to be attributed to the influence of the tides in thick weather, but the blame, if

blame there was, fell solely on the coast pilot, who was in charge at the time. It was one of those occurrences, however, to which all seamen are liable, and which it surpasses human means to foresee or prevent, while the duty on which the vessel was employed was performed. Perry's conduct, on this occasion, was highly spoken of at the time, and he at least gained in the estimation of the service by an event which, perhaps, tries a commander's true qualities and reputation as much as any other which can occur to him. A court, consisting of Com. Hull, Lieut, now Com. Morris, and Lieut, the late Capt. Ludlow, fully acquitted Perry of all blame, while it extolled his coolness and judgment. By this accident Perry lost a command, which he had held about twenty-one months.

On the 5th May, 1811, Perry was married to Elizabeth Champlain Mason, of Rhode Island, the lady to whom he had now been attached since the commencement of the year, 1807, and to whom he had been affianced for most of the intervening time. At the time of his marriage, Perry was in his twenty-sixth year, and his bride was about twenty. Not long after, he was promoted to the rank of master and commander. Perry obtained this step when he had not been quite fourteen years in service, and at the age of twenty-six. This was a fair rate of preferment, and one that would be observed even at the present time, with a proper division of the grades, and a judicious restriction on the appointment of midshipmen, a class of officers that ought never to be so numerous as to allow of idleness on shore, and which, in time of peace, should be so limited as to give them full employment when at sea.

The declaration of war, in 1812, found Perry in command of a division of gun-boats on the Newport station. This being a duty in which the chance of seeing any important service was very trifling, his first and natural desire was to get to sea in a sloop of war. Most of the vessels of this class, which the navy then possessed, however, were commanded by his seniors in rank, and those that were not, accident had put in the hands of officers whom it would have been ungracious to supersede. Anxious to be in a more active scene, in the course of the winter of 1812-13, he made an offer to serve on the Lakes. This offer was accepted, and in February, 1813, he was ordered to report to Com. Chauncey, at Sackett's Harbor, and to take with him such of the officers and men of his flotilla as were suited to the contemplated service.

Perry met his commanding officer at Albany, on the 28th February, and together they set out for the Harbor, which place they reached on the 3d of March. Here Perry remained until the 16th, when he was ordered to Lake

Erie, with instructions to superintend the equipment of a force on those waters. On the 27th, he arrived at the port of Presque Isle, or Erie, and immediately urged on the work, which had been already commenced. There is a portion of military duty that figures but little in histories and gazettes, but which is frequently the most arduous of any on which an officer can be employed. To this class of service belong the preparations that are limited by insufficient means, the procuring of supplies, and contending with the difficulties of hurried levies, undisciplined men, and imperfect equipments. These were the great embarrassments with which Washington had to contend in the war of the Revolution, and his conquests over them entitle him to more credit than he might have obtained for a dozen victories.

As respects the state of the Northern frontier during the last war, the reader of history is not apt fully to appreciate all the obstacles that were to be overcome in conducting the most important operations. In 1813, with very immaterial exceptions, the whole lake frontier, on the American side of those inland waters, was little different from a wilderness. The few roads which communicated with the older parts of the country, were scarcely more than avenues cut through the forests, and not always these, while the streams that it was indispensable to navigate were often obstructed by rapids and even falls, frequently filled with drift wood, and rarely aided by locks, or other similar inventions. Supplies usually had to be brought from the Atlantic towns, and most of the artisans were transported from the sea coast, into those distant wilds. Against the difficulties of this nature Perry had now to contend, and he exerted himself to the utmost. At different periods he received reinforcements of officers and men, and in the course of the spring all of his vessels were got into the water. Still a great deal remained to be done; stores, guns, munitions of war, and, to a certain extent, crews having yet to be assembled.

While thus employed, Perry received the welcome intelligence that the squadron and army below were about to make a descent on Fort George. This enterprise had been contemplated for some time, and Commodore Chauncey had promised to give our young commander the charge of the seamen that were to land. No sooner did he get the information that the expedition was about to take place than he left Erie, in a four-oared boat, on a dark and squally night, and after a laborious passage of twenty-four hours he reached Buffalo. The British batteries were then passed in the same boat, as it descended the Niagara river. It had a narrow escape from a party of the enemy stationed on Grand Island. This party compelled Perry to land, when he proceeded on foot. A horse was finally procured from a common, by the seamen of his boat, a bridle was made out of a rope, a saddle without girth,

stirrup or crupper was found, and in this style Perry reached the American camp. Here better equipments were given him, and by the evening of the twenty-fifth he got on board the Madison, 24, in which ship Com. Chauncey's pennant was then flying.

Chauncey gave his visiter a warm reception. There was a scarcity of officers of rank on the lakes, and Perry had obtained a reputation for zeal and conduct that would be apt to render his presence acceptable on the eve of an important enterprise. When he got on board the ship he found the officers of the squadron assembled to receive their orders, and a general welcome met him. The next morning the commodore went to reconnoitre the enemy's batteries, taking Perry with him, in the Lady of the Lake. Arrangements were then made for the descent.

It would not be easy to write a better description of the appearance of the fleet, as it advanced to the attack on this occasion, than has been simply but graphically given by Perry himself, in one of his published letters. "The ship was under way," he says, "with a light breeze from the Eastward, quite fair for us; a thick mist hanging over Newark and Fort George, the sun breaking forth in the East, the vessels all under way, the lake covered with several hundred large boats, filled with soldiers, horses and artillery, advancing toward the enemy, altogether formed one of the grandest spectacles I ever witnessed." It had been decided that a body of seamen were to be landed, under the immediate orders of Perry, but some irregularity existing in the movements of the brigades, his duties took a more extended range. As the boats pulled toward the shore, Perry saw that the soldiers, who rowed their own boats, were getting too far to leeward, for the wind had freshened; and, pointing out the circumstance to the commodore, he was desired to put them on the right course. Pulling toward the advance, Perry fortified his authority by requesting Col. Scott, who led the troops in front, to join him, and together they proceeded on the duty, which was successfully and very opportunely performed. Col. Scott now rejoined his command, and Perry pulled on board the schooner that was nearest in, covering the debarkation. Here the lookout aloft informed him that the British were advancing toward the lake, in force. Aware that the Americans did not expect such a meeting on the shore, Perry now pulled down the whole line to reach Col. Scott, and apprise him of the resistance he was to meet with. Before he could reach that point, however, the British appeared on the bank and gave a volley. This unexpected attack checked the advance but a moment; the boats being within fifty yards of the beach at the time, were soon on it, and the troops landed. Perry now went on board the Hamilton, a schooner of 9 guns, which vessel maintained a heavy fire of grape and canister on the enemy. Other

vessels aided, and the troops forming, rushed up and carried the bank. At this moment, Maj. Gen. Lewis, who was to command in chief on shore, reached the schooner, reconnoitered the ground, and then landed, Perry following him. Throughout all this affair, the latter manifested great temper, the utmost coolness, and a zeal which was certain to carry him into the scenes of danger. Commodore Chauncey mentioned his services honorably in his despatches.

The Americans now had command of the Niagara, and Chauncey profited by it to get several small vessels, that had been bought for the service, but which still lay at Black Rock, past the position of the enemy, and up the current into Lake Erie. Perry superintended this service in person, which was immensely laborious, but was successfully performed. This was clearing the way for assembling all the force on Lake Erie, at a single point, and he sailed from Buffalo for Erie about the middle of June. At this time the command of the lake was with the enemy, and it was a great point to collect all the American vessels, in order to make head against him. This was now done, the enemy actually heaving in sight off their port as the last of the Americans arrived.

The English had long maintained a naval force on the great lakes, which was termed the provincial marine. The vessels were employed for the general purposes of a maritime police for transporting troops, and for conveying supplies. By their means the communications were kept up with the different military posts of the interior, and the command of those inland waters was, at need, effectually secured. The Americans had not imitated this policy. On the upper lakes, however, they kept a brig, which was found almost indispensable to convey the stores needed at the more distant stations, and particularly in the intercourse with the Indians in their vicinity. This brig belonged to the war department, however, and not to the navy. For some years previously to the war she had been commanded by a gentleman of the name of Brevoort, who was then an officer in the 1st Infantry. This brig was called the Adams, and she mounted a few guns. She had fallen into the hands of the enemy at the capture of Michigan, had her name changed to that of Detroit, had been cut out from under Fort Erie the previous autumn by the Americans, and destroyed. This produced the necessity of creating an entirely new force, leaving the command of the lake with the enemy until that object could be effected.

In the face of a thousand obstacles Perry succeeded in getting his vessels ready to go out by the early part of August, though he was still greatly in want of officers and of men, particularly of seamen. Capt. Barclay, who

commanded the enemy, lay off the port watching him, however, and there existed a serious obstacle in a bar, which extended some distance into the lake. To cross this bar in the presence of the English would have been extremely hazardous, when, fortunately, the latter unexpectedly disappeared, in the Northern board. It is said that Capt. Barclay had accepted an invitation to dine on the Canada shore, and that he passed over with this intention, probably deceived by his spies as to the state of preparation of the Americans. A reinforcement of men was certainly expected from below, and, if acquainted with this fact, the English officer may very well have supposed that his opponent would wait for it.

It was of a Sunday afternoon when Perry commenced his movements; a day and an hour when the measure was probably least expected. To cross the bar it was necessary to lift the larger vessels on camels, and the work required not only great labor, but much time. It was attended with delays and embarrassments, nor was it entirely effected before the British re-appeared. Some distant firing between them and a few of the American small vessels succeeded, but with little or no damage on either side.

Once in the lake, incomplete as were his crews and his equipments, Perry was decidedly superior to the enemy, who had not yet brought their principal vessel, the Detroit, into their squadron. Under the circumstances, therefore, he wisely determined to bring on an action if possible without any unnecessary delay. Getting under way with his vessels, he went off Long Point in search of the enemy, but failing to find them, as they had gone into Malden to join their new ship, he returned to the anchorage off Erie. Here he received the welcome intelligence that a party of seamen was on its way to join him, from the lower squadron. This reinforcement arrived a day or two later. It was under the orders of Capt. Elliott, who had just been promoted to the rank of master and commander.

As soon as possible, after the arrival of the party from below, the squadron sailed again in quest of the enemy. After communicating with the army above, and ineffectually chasing a British cruiser, it went into Put In Bay, a haven among some islands that lie in the vicinity of Malden, and was favorably placed for watching the enemy. The malady common to these waters in the Fall of the year, had attacked the crew, and Perry himself was soon included among those on the doctor's list. His case was a very severe one, and to render the matter more grave, all three of the medical officers of the squadron were taken ill also. This was a critical situation to be in, in the face of the enemy, and the more especially, as the vessels were still short of their complements. The latter difficulty, however, was in part remedied, by



receiving a hundred volunteers from the army. While lying in this port, the men were exercised in boats, it being Perry's intention to make an attack on the enemy in that manner, should the latter fail to come out.

Early in September, Perry had so far recovered as to quit his cabin. He now went off Malden to reconnoitre, and to invite the British to meet him. After manœuvring about the head of the lake for a few days, the Americans returned to Put In Bay, on the 6th of September. It would seem Perry received an intimation at Sandusky, that it was the enemy's intention to come out and engage him, as he was short of provisions, and felt the immediate necessity of opening a communication with his supplies. Subsequent intelligence has confirmed this report, and it is now known that the battle which was fought a few days later was actually owing to this circumstance.

As Perry now fully expected that the English would at least attempt to force a passage toward Long Point, he made his final preparations for a general battle. At a meeting of some of his officers, on the evening of the 9th September, it was determined, at all events, to go out next day, and attack the enemy at anchor, should it be necessary. In order, however, that the reader may have a clear idea of the forces of the respective parties in the approaching action, as well as of their distinctive characters, it is now necessary to give lists of the two squadrons, from the best authorities it has been in our power to consult. The vessels under the command of Capt. Perry, and which were present on the morning of the 10th of September, 1813, were as follows; the Ohio, Mr. Dobbins, having been sent down the lake on duty, a few days before, viz.

	Guns	Metal
Lawrence, Capt. Perry	20	2 lg. 12s, 18 32lb. carronades.
Niagara, Capt. Elliott	20	2 lg. 12s, 18 32lb. carronades.
Caledonia, Lieut. Turner	3	2 long 24s, 1 32lb. carronade.
Ariel, Lieut. Packett	4	4 12s.
Somers, Mr. Almy	2	1 long 24, 1 32lb. carronade.
Porcupine, Mr. Senatt	1	1 long 39.
Scorpion, Mr. Champlin	2	1 long 24, 1 32lb. carronade.
Tigress, Lieut. Conklin	1	1 long 32.
Trippe, Lieut. Holdup	1	1 long 32.
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Total number of guns	54	

It is proper to add that all the guns of all the American vessels, with the exception of those of the Lawrence and the Niagara, were on pivots, and could be used together. The vessels which carried them, however, were without bulwarks, and their crews were exposed to even musketry in a close action. Of these vessels, the Lawrence, Niagara and Caledonia were brigs; the Trippe was a sloop; and the remainder were schooners.

The force of the British has been variously stated, as to the metal, though all the accounts agree as to the vessels and the number of the guns.<sup>[2]</sup> No American statement of the English metal has ever been officially made, but one was appended to Capt. Barclay's report of the engagement, which should be taken as substantially correct, though a few of its less important details have been questioned by some of the American officers, but not, so far as we have been able to ascertain, on grounds sufficient to render their own recollections certain. The English vessels were as follows, their force being, as stated by Capt. Barclay—

Detroit, Capt. Barclay, 19 guns; 2 long 24s, 1 long 18 on pivot, 6 long 12s, 8 long 9s, 1 24lb. carronade, 1 18lb. do.

Queen Charlotte, Capt. Finnie, 17 guns; 1 long 12 on pivot, 2 long 9s, 14 24lb. carronades.

Lady Prevost, Lieut. Buchan, 13 guns; 1 long 9 on pivot, 2 long 6s, 10 12lb. carronades.

Hunter, Lieut. Bignall, 10 guns; 4 long 6s, 2 long 4s, 2 long 2s,  
2 12lb. carronades.

Little Belt, 3 guns; 1 long 12 on pivot, 2 long 6s.

Chippewa, Mr. Campbell, 1 long 9 on pivot.

Total number of guns 63.

On the morning of the 10th September, the British squadron was seen in the offing, and the American vessels got under way, and went out to meet it. The wind, at first, was unfavorable, but so determined was Perry to engage, that he decided to give the enemy the weather-gage, a very important advantage with the armament he possessed, should it become necessary. A shift of wind, however, brought him out into the lake to windward, and left him every prospect of engaging in a manner more desirable to himself.

The enemy had hove-to, on the larboard tack, in a compact line ahead, with the wind at South-East. This brought his vessels' heads nearly, or quite, as high as S.S. West. He had placed the Chippewa in his van, with the Detroit, Barclay's own vessel, next to her. Then followed the Hunter, Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost, and Little Belt, in the manner named. Perry had issued his order of battle some time previously, but finding that the enemy did not form his line as he had anticipated, he determined to make a corresponding change in his own plan. Originally, it had been intended that the Niagara should lead the American line, in the expectation that the Queen Charlotte would lead that of the English; but finding the Detroit ahead of the latter vessel, it became necessary to place the Lawrence ahead of the Niagara, in order to bring the two commanding vessels fairly along side of each other. As there was an essential difference of force between the two English ships, the Detroit being a vessel at least a fourth larger and every way heavier than the Queen Charlotte, this prompt decision to stick to his own chosen adversary is strongly indicative of the chivalry of Perry's character, for many an officer would not have thought this accidental change on the part of his enemy a sufficient reason for changing his own order of battle on the eve of engaging. Calling the leading vessels near him, however, and learning from Capt. Brevoort, of the army, and late of the brig Adamps, who was then serving on board the Niagara as a marine officer, the names of the different British vessels, Capt. Perry communicated his orders for the Lawrence and Niagara to change places in the contemplated line, a departure from his former plan which would bring him more fairly abreast of the Detroit.

At this moment, the Lawrence, Niagara, Caledonia, Ariel and Scorpion were all up, and near each other, but the Trippe, Tigress, Somers and Porcupine were still a considerable distance astern. All of these small craft but the Porcupine had been merchant vessels, purchased into the service and strengthened; alterations that were necessary to enable them to bear their metal, but which were not likely to improve whatever sailing qualities they might possess.

It was now past ten, and the leading vessels manœvered to get into their stations, in obedience to the orders just received. This brought the Scorpion a short distance ahead, and to windward of the Lawrence, and the Ariel a little more on that brig's weather bow, but in advance. Then came the Lawrence herself, leading the main line, the two schooners just mentioned being directed to keep to windward of her; the Caledonia, the Niagara, the Tigress, the Somers, the Porcupine and the Trippe. The prescribed distance that was to be maintained between the different vessels was half a cable's length.

The Americans were now astern and to windward of their enemies, the latter still lying gallantly with their topsails aback, in waiting for them to come down. Perry brought the wind abeam, in the Lawrence, and edged away for a position abreast of the Detroit, the Caledonia and Niagara following in their stations. The two schooners ahead were also well placed, though the Ariel appears to have soon got more on the Lawrence's beam than the order of battle had directed. All these vessels, however, were in as good order as circumstances allowed, and Perry determined to close, without waiting for the four gun-vessels astern to come up.

The wind had been light and variable throughout the early part of the morning, and it still continued light, though sufficiently steady. It is stated to have been about a two-knot breeze when the American van bore up to engage. As they must have been fully two miles from the enemy at this time, it, of course, would have required an hour to have brought them up fairly along side of the British vessels, most of the way under fire. The Lawrence was yet a long distance from the English when the Detroit threw a twenty-four pound shot at her. When this gun was fired, the weight of the direct testimony that has appeared in the case, and the attendant circumstances, would show that the interval between the heads of the two lines was nearer two than one mile. Perry now showed his signal to engage, as the vessels came up, each against her designated opponent, in the prescribed order of battle. The object of this signal was to direct the different commanders to engage as soon as they could do so with effect; to preserve their stations in

the line; and to direct their fire at such particular vessels of the British as had been pointed out to them severally in previous orders. Soon after an order was passed astern, by trumpet, for the different vessels to close up to the prescribed distance of half a cable's length from each other. This was the last order that Perry issued that day from the Lawrence to any vessel of the fleet, his own brig excepted. It was intended principally for the schooners in the rear, most of which were still a considerable distance astern. The Caledonia and Niagara were accurately in their stations, and at long gun-shot from the enemy. A deliberate fire now opened on the part of their enemy, which was returned from the long gun of the Scorpion, and soon after from the long guns of the other leading American vessels, though not with much apparent effect on either side. The first gun is stated to have been fired at a quarter before twelve. About noon, finding that the Lawrence was beginning to suffer, Perry ordered her carronades to be tried, but it was found that the brig was still too distant for the shot to tell. He now set his topgallant-sail and edged away more for the enemy, suffering considerably from the fire of the long guns of the Detroit in particular.

The Caledonia, the Lawrence's second astern, was a prize brig, that had been built for burthen, rather than for sailing, having originally been in the employment of the Northwest Company. Although her gallant commander, Lieut. Turner, pressed down with her as fast as he could, the Lawrence reached ahead of her some distance, and consequently became the principal object of the British fire; which she was, as yet, unable to return with more than her two long twelves; the larboard bow gun having been shifted over for that purpose. The Scorpion, Ariel, Caledonia and Niagara, however, were now firing with their long guns, also, carronades being still next to useless. The latter brig, though under short canvass, was kept in her station astern of the Caledonia, only by watching her sails, occasionally bracing her main-topsail sharp aback, in order to prevent running into her second ahead. As the incidents of this battle have led to a painful and protracted controversy, which no biographical notice of Perry can altogether overlook, it may be well to add, here, that the facts just stated are proved by testimony that has never been questioned, and that they appear to us to relate to the only circumstance in the management of the Niagara, on the 10th of September, that is at all worthy of the consideration of an intelligent critic. At the proper moment, this circumstance shall receive our comments.

It will be remembered that each of the American vessels had received an order to direct her fire at a particular adversary in the British line. This was done to prevent confusion, and was the more necessary, as the Americans had nine vessels to the enemy's six. On the other hand, the English, waiting

the attack, had to take such opponents as offered. In consequence of these orders, the Niagara, which brig had also shifted over a long twelve, directed the fire of her two chase guns at the Queen Charlotte, and the Caledonia engaged the Hunter, the vessel pointed out to her for that purpose; leaving the Lawrence, supported by the Ariel and Scorpion, to sustain the cannonading of the Detroit, supported by the Chippewa, as well as to bear the available fire of all the vessels in the stern of the English line, as, in leading down, she passed ahead to her station abreast of her proper adversary. Making a comparison of the aggregate batteries of the five vessels thus engaged at long shot, or before carronades were fully available, we get on the part of the Americans, one 24 and six 12s, or seven guns in all, to oppose to one 24, one 18, three 12s, and five 9 pounders, all long guns. This is estimating all the known available long guns of the Ariel, Scorpion and Lawrence, and the batteries of the Chippewa and the Detroit, as given by Captain Barclay in his published official letter, which, as respects these vessels, is probably minutely accurate; though it is proper to add that an American officer who subsequently had good opportunities for knowing the fact, thinks that the Chippewa's gun was a 12 pounder. Although the disparity between 7 and 10 guns is material, as is the difference between 96 and 123lbs. of metal, they do not seem sufficient to account for the great disparity of the injury that was sustained by the Lawrence, more especially in the commencement of the action. We are left then to look for the explanation in some additional causes.

It is known that one of the Ariel's 12s burst early in the day. This would at once bring the comparison of the guns and metal, as between the five leading vessels, down to 6 to 10 of the first, and 84 to 123 of the last. But we have seen that both the Lawrence and Niagara shifted each a larboard bow gun over to the starboard side, a course that almost any commander would be likely to adopt under the circumstances of the action. It is not probable that the Detroit, commencing her fire at so great a distance, with the certainty that it must be some time before her enemy could get within reach of his short guns, neglected to bring her most available pieces into battery also. Admitting this to have been done, there would be a very different result in the figures. The Detroit fought ten guns in broadside, and she had an armament that would permit her to bring to bear on the Lawrence, at one time, two 21s, one 18, six 12s and one 9 pounder. This would leave the comparison between the guns as 6 are to 11, and between the metal as 84 are to 147. Nor is this all. The Hunter lay close to the Detroit, and as the vessel which assailed her was still at long shot, it is probable that she also brought the heaviest of her guns into broadside, and used them against the nearest

vessel; more particularly as her guns were light, and would be much the most useful in such a mode of firing.

But other circumstances conspired to sacrifice the Lawrence. Finding that he was suffering heavily, and that he had got nearly abreast of the Detroit, Perry furl'd his topgallant-sail, hauled up his foresail and rounded to, opening with his carronades. The distance from the enemy at which this was done, as well as the length of time after the commencement of the fire, have given rise to contradictory statements. The distance, Perry himself, in his official letter, says was "within canister shot," a term too vague, to give any accurate notion that can be used in a critical analysis of the facts of the engagement. A canister shot, thrown from a heavy gun, would probably kill at a mile; though seamen are not apt to apply the term to so great a range. Still they use all such phrases as "yard-arm and yard-arm," "musket-shot," "canister-shot," and "pistol-shot" very vaguely; one applying a term to a distance twice as great as would be understood by another. The distance from the English line, at which the Lawrence backed her topsail, has been placed by some as far as half a mile, and by others as near as 300 yards. It was probably between the two, nearer to the last than to the first; though the brig, as she became crippled aloft, and so long as there was any wind, must have been slowly drifting nearer her enemies.

On the supposition that there was a two-knot breeze the whole time, that the action commenced when the Lawrence was a mile and a half from the enemy, and that she went within a quarter of a mile of the British line, she could not have backed her topsail until after she had been under fire considerably more than a half an hour. This was a period quite sufficient to cause her to suffer heavily, under the peculiar circumstances of the case.

The effect of a cannonade is always to deaden, or even "to kill," as it is technically termed by seamen, a light wind. Counteracting forces neutralize each other, and the constant explosions from guns, repel the currents of the atmosphere. This difficulty came to increase the critical nature of the Lawrence's situation, the wind falling to something very near, if not absolutely to a flat calm. This fact, which is material to a right understanding of the events of the day, is unanswerably shown in the following manner.

The fact that the gun-boats had been kept astern by the lightness of the wind, is mentioned by Perry, himself, in his official account of the battle. He also says, "at half past two, the wind springing up, Capt. Elliot was enabled to bring his vessel, the Niagara, gallantly into close action," leaving the unavoidable inference that a want of wind prevailed at an earlier period of

the engagement. Several officers testify that it fell nearly calm, while no one denies it. One officer says it became “perfectly calm,” and others go near to substantiate this statement. There is a physical fact, however, that disposes of this point more satisfactorily than can ever be done by the power of memories, or the value of opinions. Both Perry and his sailing master say that the Lawrence was perfectly unmanageable for a considerable time. This period, a rigid construction of Perry’s language would make two hours; and by the most liberal that can be given to that of the master, must have been considerably more than one hour. It is physically impossible that a vessel, with her sails loose, should not drift a quarter of a mile, in an hour, had there been even a two-knot breeze. The want of this drift, which would have carried the Lawrence directly down into the English line had it existed, effectually shows, then, that there must have been a considerable period of the action, in which there was little or no wind, and corroborates the direct testimony that has been given on this point.<sup>[3]</sup>

Previously, however, to its falling calm, or nearly so, and about the time the Lawrence backed her topsail, a change occurred in the British line. The Queen Charlotte had an armament of three long guns, the heaviest of which is stated by Capt. Barclay to have been a 12 pounder, on a pivot, and fourteen 24lb. carronades. The latter guns were shorter than common, and, of course, were useless when the ordinary American 32lb. guns of this class could not be served. For some reason, which has not been quite satisfactorily explained, this ship shifted her berth, after the engagement had lasted some time, filling her topsail, passing the Hunter, and closing with the Detroit, under her lee. Shortly after, however, she regained the line, directly astern of the commanding British vessel. The enemy’s line being in very compact order, and the distance but trifling, the Queen Charlotte was enabled to effect this in a few minutes, there still being a little wind. The Detroit probably drew ahead to enable her to regain a proper position.

This evolution on the part of the Queen Charlotte has been differently accounted for. At the time it was made the Niagara was engaging her sufficiently near to do execution with her long twelves, and, at the moment, it was the opinion on board that brig, that she had driven her opponent out of the line. As the Queen Charlotte opened on the Lawrence with her carronades, as soon as she got into her new position, a more plausible motive was that she had shifted her berth, in order to bring her short guns into efficient use. The letter of Capt. Barclay, however, gives a more probable solution to this manœuvre, than either of the foregoing conjectures. He says that Capt. Finnis, of the Queen Charlotte, was killed soon after the commencement of the action, and that her first lieutenant was shortly after



struck senseless by a splinter. These two casualties threw the command of the vessel on a provincial officer of the name of Irvine. This part of Capt. Barclay's letter is not English, and has doubtless been altered a little in printing. Enough remains, however, to show, that he attaches to the loss of the two officers mentioned, serious consequences; and in a connection that alludes to this change of position, since he speaks of the prospect of its leaving him the Niagara also to engage. From the fact that the Queen Charlotte first went under the lee of the Detroit, so close as to induce the Americans to think she was foul of the quarter of that ship, a position into which she never would have been carried had the motive been merely to get nearer to the Lawrence, or farther from the Niagara, we infer that the provincial officer, finding himself unexpectedly in his novel situation, went so near to the Detroit to report his casualties and to ask for orders, and that he regained the line in obedience to instructions from Capt. Barclay in person.

Whatever was the motive for changing the Queen Charlotte's position in the British line, the effect on the Lawrence was the same. Her fire was added to that of the Detroit, which ship appeared to direct all her guns at the leading American brig, alone. Indeed, there was a period in this part of the action, during which most, if not all of the guns of the Detroit, the Queen Charlotte, and Hunter, were aimed at this one vessel. Perry appears to have been of opinion that it was a premeditated plan, on the part of the enemy, to destroy the commanding American vessel. It is true, that the Ariel, Scorpion, Caledonia and Niagara, from a few minutes after the commencement of the action, were firing at the English ships, but that the latter disregarded them, in the main, would appear from the little loss the three small American vessels sustained, in particular. The Caledonia and Niagara, moreover, were still too distant to render their assistance of much effect. About this time, however, the gun-boats astern got near enough to use their heavy guns, though most of them were yet a long way off. The Somers would seem to have engaged a short time before the others.

At length, Capt. Elliott finding himself kept astern by the bad sailing of the Caledonia, and his own brig so near as again to be under the necessity of bracing her topsail aback, to prevent going into her, determined to assume the responsibility of changing the line of battle, and to pass the Caledonia. He accordingly hailed the latter, and directed that brig to put her helm up and let the Niagara pass ahead. As this order was obeyed, the Niagara filled and drew slowly ahead, continuing to approach the Lawrence as fast as the air would allow. This change did not take place, however, until the

Lawrence had suffered so heavily as to render her substantially a beaten ship.

The evidence that has been given on the details is so contradictory and confused, as to render it exceedingly difficult to say whether the comparative calm of which we have spoken occurred before or after this change in the relative positions of the Lawrence and Caledonia. Some wind there must have been, at this time, or the Niagara could not have passed. As the wind had been light and baffling most of the day, it is even probable that there may have been intervals in it, to reconcile in some measure these apparent contradictions, and which will explain the inconsistencies. After the Niagara had passed her second ahead, to do which she had made sail, she continued to approach the Lawrence in a greater or less degree of movement, as there may have been more or less wind, until she had got near enough to the heavier vessels of the enemy to open on them with her carronades; always keeping in the Lawrence's wake. The Caledonia, having pivot guns, and being now nearly or quite abeam of the Hunter, the vessel she had been directed to engage, kept off more, and was slowly, drawing nearer to the enemy's line. The gun-vessels astern were closing, too, though not in any order, using their sweeps, and throwing the shot of their long heavy guns, principally 32 pounders, quite to the head of the British line; beginning to tell effectually in the combat.

As the wind was so light, and the movements of all the vessels had been so slow, much time was consumed in these several changes. The Lawrence had now been under fire more than two hours, and, being almost the sole aim of the headmost English ships, she was dismantled. Her decks were covered with killed and wounded, and every gun but one in her starboard battery was dismantled, either by shot or its own recoil. At this moment, or at about half past two, agreeably to Perry's official letter, the wind sprung up and produced a general change among the vessels. One of its first effects was to set the Lawrence, perfectly unmanageable as she was, astern and to leeward, or to cause her to drop, as it has been described by Capt. Barclay, while the enemy appear to have filled, and to commence drawing ahead. The Lady Prevost, which had been in the rear of the British line, passed to leeward and ahead, under the published plea of having had her rudder injured, but probably suffering from the heavy metal of the American gun-vessels as they came nearer. An intention existed on the part of Capt. Barclay to get his vessels round, in order to bring fresh broadsides to bear. The larboard battery of the Detroit by this time was nearly useless, many of the guns having lost even their trucks, and, as usually happens in a long

cannonade, the pieces that had been used were getting to be unserviceable, from one cause or another.

At this moment the Niagara passed the Lawrence to windward, and then kept off toward the head of the enemy's line, which was slowly drawing more toward the Southward and Westward. In order to do this, she set topgallant-sails and brought the wind abaft the beam. The Caledonia also followed the enemy, passing inside the Lawrence, having got nearer to the enemy, at that moment, than any other American vessel. As soon as Perry perceived that his own brig was dropping, and that the battle was passing ahead of him, he got into a boat, taking with him a young brother, a midshipman of the Lawrence, and pulled after the Niagara, then a short distance ahead of him. When he reached the latter brig, he found her from three to five hundred yards to windward of the principal force of the enemy, and nearly abreast of the Detroit, that ship, the Queen Charlotte and the Lady Prevost being now quite near each other, and probably two cables' length to the Southward and Westward; or that distance nearly ahead of the Lawrence, and about as far from the enemy's line as the latter brig had been lying for the last hour.<sup>[4]</sup>

Perry now had a few words of explanation with Capt. Elliott, when the latter officer volunteered to go in the boat, and bring down the gun-vessels, which were still astern, and a good deal scattered. As this was doing precisely what Perry wished to have done, Capt. Elliott proceeded on this duty immediately, leaving his own brig, to which he did not return until after the engagement had terminated. Perry now backed the main-topsail of the Niagara, being fairly abeam of his enemy, and showed the signal for close action. After waiting a few minutes for the different vessels to answer and to close, the latter of which they were now doing fast as the wind continued to increase, he bore up, bringing the wind on the starboard quarter of the Niagara, and stood down upon the enemy, passing directly through his line. Capt. Barclay, with a view of getting his fresh broadsides to bear, was in the act of attempting to ware, as the Niagara approached, but his vessel being much crippled aloft, and the Queen Charlotte being badly handled, the latter ship got foul of the Detroit, on her starboard quarter. At this critical instant, the Niagara had passed the commanding British vessel's bow, and coming to the wind on the starboard tack, lay raking the two ships of the enemy, at close quarters, and with fatal effect. By this time, the gun-vessels under Capt. Elliott, had closed to windward of the enemy, the Caledonia in company, and the raking cross-fire soon compelled the enemy to haul down their colors. The Detroit, Queen Charlotte, Lady Prevost and Hunter struck under this fire, being in the *mêlée* of vessels; but the Chippewa and Little

Belt made sail and endeavored to escape to leeward. They were followed by the Scorpion and Trippe, which vessels came up with them in about an hour, and firing a shot or two into them, they both submitted. The Lawrence had struck her flag also, soon after Perry quitted her.

Such, in its outline, appears to have been the picture presented by a battle that has given rise to more controversy than all the other naval combats of the republic united. We are quite aware that by rejecting all the testimony that has been given on one side of the disputed points, and by exaggerating and mutilating that which has been given on the other, a different representation might be made of some of the incidents; but, on comparing one portion of the evidence with another, selecting in all instances that which in the nature of things should be best, and bringing the whole within the laws of physics and probabilities, we believe that no other result, in the main, can be reached, than the one which has been given. To return more particularly to our subject.

Perry had manifested the best spirit, and the most indomitable resolution not to be overcome, throughout the trying scenes of this eventful day. Just before the action commenced he coolly prepared his public letters, to be thrown overboard in the event of misfortune, glanced his eyes over those which he had received from his wife, and then tore them. He appeared fully sensible of the magnitude of the stake which was at issue, remarking to one of his officers, who possessed his confidence, that this day was the most important of his life. In a word, it was not possible for a commander to go into action in a better frame of mind, and his conduct in this particular might well serve for an example to all who find themselves similarly circumstanced. The possibility of defeat appears not to have been lost sight of, but it in no degree impaired the determination to contend for victory. The situation of the Lawrence was most critical, the slaughter on board her being terrible, and yet no man read discouragement in his countenance. The survivors all unite in saying that he did not manifest even the anxiety he must have felt at the ominous appearance of things. The Lawrence was effectually a beaten ship an hour before she struck; but Perry felt the vast importance of keeping the colors of the commanding vessel flying to the last moment; and the instant an opportunity presented itself to redeem the seemingly waning fortunes of the day, he seized it with promptitude, carrying off the victory not only in triumph, but apparently against all the accidents and chances which, for a time, menaced him with defeat.

[*Conclusion in our next.*

[1]

The writer knows of but two other instances of promotions at so very young an age. One was that of the present Capt. Cooper; and the other, that of the late Lt. Augustus Ludlow, who fell in the Chesapeake. In both these instances, he thinks the gentlemen were a little turned of seventeen. Mr. Cooper, however, got a commission, which was not the case with either Perry or Ludlow. Lawrence must have been made acting when little more than eighteen, and Stewart's original appointment was made when he was only nineteen.

It is extremely difficult to get the exact truth in details of this nature. With the best intentions men make mistakes, and the historian is obliged to depend on such authority as he can get. The foregoing has been laid before the world by the English, as Capt. Barclay's official account of his own force. It may have some inaccuracies, but it is doubtless true in the main. A biography of Perry has lately appeared, written by Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, a gentleman who is connected with the family of the late Com. Perry, and who has doubtless enjoyed great advantages in collecting many of his personal facts. To this history the writer is indebted for many of his own details in connection with Perry's early life and services, but the work is written in too partisan a spirit to be at all relied on in matters relating to the battle of Lake Erie. As respects the force of the two squadrons, for instance, Capt. Mackenzie has fallen into material mistakes even in relation to the American vessels; or not only is the writer greatly misinformed, but the incidental evidence which has appeared in the course of the controversy that has arisen from this battle, is untrue. Thus Capt. Mackenzie puts the force of the Somers at "two long thirty-twos." Mack. Per. p. 228, vol. I. Now this is contrary to the English official account, contrary to every other American account the writer can get, and contrary to the certificate of Mr. Nichols, who commanded the Somers, after Mr. Almy was sent below. This officer, in explaining the silly story about Capt. Elliott's dodging a shot, says—"the quarter-gunner at *the* 32, being about to fire," &c. This language would not have been used had there been *two* thirty-twos. Capt. Elliott has more than once distinctly called the 32 a *carronade*, in speaking of this transaction to the writer, and, as the fact cannot affect any question connected with himself, his testimony is certainly good on such a point. Capt. Mackenzie gives the Scorpion *two* long guns, whereas the writer believes she had but *one*; the Caledonia *three* long guns, when she had but *two*, &c. &c. It is a fact which would seem to have been generally known to the American squadron, that the *third* gun of the Caledonia, a *32lb. carronade*, was

dismounted by its recoil, and fell into the hatchway. Capt. Mackenzie's account of the British metal, the writer entertains no doubt, is materially inaccurate also, while he will not insist that the one he gives himself, from Capt. Barclay, is rigidly correct. The writer will take this occasion to say that the work of Capt. Mackenzie abounds with errors, though he does not wish to disfigure this biographical notice by detailing them. He refers those who have any curiosity on the subject to his own answer to Mr. Mackenzie's book, which will shortly be published.

[3]

In the battle of Plattsburg Bay, which took place the succeeding year, the wind was so light and battling, that the British anchored before they got as close as they had intended to go. Still, one of their vessels, the Chubb, was crippled, and she drifted into the American line, in the first half hour of the engagement. The distance this vessel actually drifted, under such circumstances, was about as far as that at which Perry engaged the enemy, proving that the latter must also have drifted an equal distance, after he was disabled, had there been any wind. The Chubb, too, was a fore-and-aft vessel, a species of craft that would not have the drift of a square-rigged brig, as her sails would be, and probably were, lowered; nor would they hold as much wind.

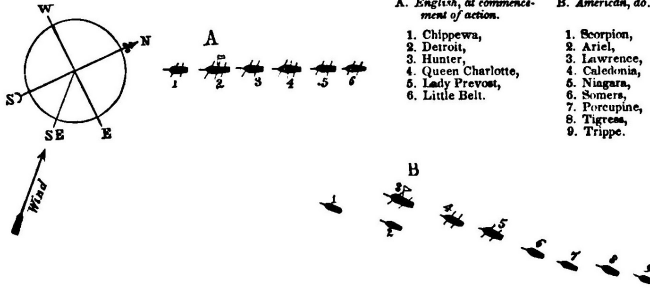
Capt. Pring, in his official account of this battle, excuses his not cutting the brig Linnet's cable, after the Constance had struck, and endeavoring to escape, on the ground that his vessel was crippled, and that had he done so, she would have drifted directly into the American line. "The result of doing so (cutting the cable,) must," he says, "in a few minutes have been her drifting alongside of the enemy's vessels, close under our lee." The distance was almost two cables' length, or 480 yards; 440 yards being a quarter of a mile. Those who believe that Perry engaged the enemy at a less distance than this, increase the probability of his drifting into the British line, had there been any wind. The fact that he did *not*, is conclusive on the subject of the wind. It should also be remembered that Perry, in saying that the Lawrence was disabled, does not in the least speak *figuratively*, but *literally*. His words are "*every brace and bowline being shot away, she became unmanageable, notwithstanding the great exertions of the sailing master.*" A square rigged vessel, *without a brace or bowline*, is perfectly unmanageable, as a matter of course.



[4]

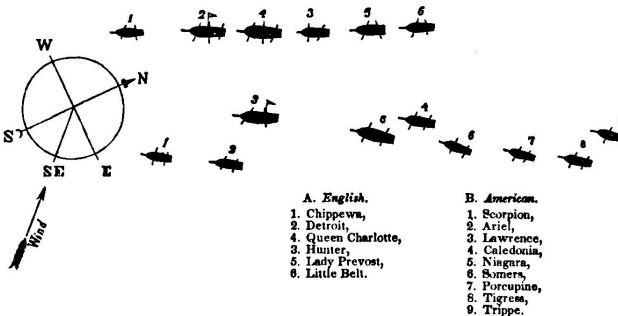
For the easier comprehension of the reader, we give three diagrams, in explanation of what we conceive to have been the positions of the two flotillas, or squadrons, at as many different periods of the battle.

DIAGRAM NO. I.



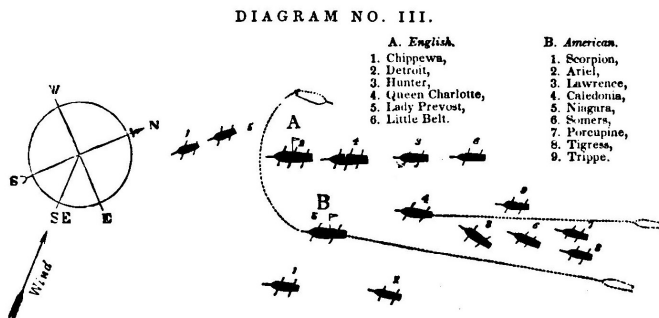
In this diagram, the English are heading about S.S.W., a little off, lying-to; the Americans about S.W. or with the wind abeam. The distances cannot well be represented here, but the reader will imagine the leading American vessels to be about a mile from the enemy, and the sternmost more than two. The Lawrence having made sail, is leaving the Caledonia. The witnesses who testify against Capt. Elliott evidently think he ought to have passed the Caledonia, in this stage of the battle, without orders.

DIAGRAM NO. II.



In this diagram the Lawrence is lying abreast of the English ships, hove-to; No. 5, the Niagara, has passed

No. 4, the Caledonia, and the vessels astern are endeavoring to get down. The distances are not accurate, on account of the small space on which the diagram is drawn, but the intention is to represent the Lawrence at about a quarter of a mile from the enemy, and the Niagara nearly as far astern of her. The Niagara, Caledonia, &c. are all placed a little too far to *leeward* in this diagram. The four sternmost American vessels, at this period of the action, were probably a mile and a half from the enemy, but making the shot of their long heavy guns tell. At this period of the action it must have been nearly, or quite calm.



This diagram represents No. 3, the Lawrence, as crippled and dropping out of the combat. the English forging ahead. No. 5, the Niagara, has passed ahead, and is abreast of the two English ships, distant from 1000 to 1500 feet; or about as near as the Lawrence ever got. There is no question that this is near the position in which Perry found her, and when he backed her topsail, previously to bearing up. No. 4, the Caledonia, has also passed the Lawrence, and is closing. The other vessels astern are closing also, but their distance was probably greater than represented in the diagram. The precise positions of Nos. 1 and 2, the Scorpion and Ariel, cannot be given at this particular moment; but they were both to *windward* of the Niagara, as is proved on oath, and denied by no one who was in the battle. On the part of the English some changes had also taken place. The Prevost had gone to leeward and ahead, while the Charlotte had

passed the Hunter even in diagram No. 2. The dotted lines from No. 5, Niagara, and No. 4, Caledonia, show the general courses steered by each in passing the Lawrence.

Taking this diagram as the starting point, let the reader imagine the English attempting to wear, and their two ships, Nos. 2 and 4, getting foul, while the Niagara, No. 5, (Am.) keeps dead away, passes them, firing at Nos. 1 and 5, Chippewa and Prevost, with her larboard guns, and the two ships with her starboard; then let him suppose the Niagara hauling up on the *starboard* tack to leeward of the two English ships, raking them, while all the other American vessels close with the English, to windward, and he will get an idea of the closing evolutions of the battle. We have traced a dotted line *ahead* of the Niagara to show the course she steered, though, as the English kept off also, the combatants ran a greater distance to leeward than is here given. There may not be perfect accuracy in these diagrams, but they must be *near* the truth. It is also probable that, during the whole action, the English, while lying-to, kept so much off as to continue to draw ahead, in order to protract the engagement at *long shot*.

# HYMN TO THE CLOUDS.

BY WILLIAM PITT PALMER.

Αεναοι Νεφελαι  
Αρθωμεν φανεραι,  
Δροσεραν φυσιν ευαγητον,  
Πατρος απ' Ωκεανου βαρυαχεος  
Υψηλων ορεων κορυφας επι  
Δενδροκομους, ινα  
Τηλεφανεις σκοπιας αφορωμεθα,  
Καρπους τ' αρδομεναν (ιεραν) χθονα.

*Aristophanes.*

Tum poteris magnas moleis cognocere eorum,  
Speluncasque velut maxis pendentibus structas  
Cernere.

*Lucretius.*

Eilende Wolken! Sexler der Luft!  
Wer mit euch wanderte, mit euch schiffte!

*Schiller.*

HAIL!  
graceful children of the genial sun,  
Whose quickening beams evoked your fairy forms  
From ocean's heaving bosom, or the lap  
Of silvan lakes or sheen of murmuring streams,  
Or green savannas where the moonlit night  
Ensphere her brightest galaxy of dews!  
Come ye with airy chalices to fill  
The wild flowers' languid eyes with tears of joy—  
Come ye to catch the earliest smiles of morn  
And pour their reflex on the vales below,  
Or drape the closing chambers of the day  
With curtains woven in the looms of heaven—  
Come ye to hush the nations in deep awe,  
As o'er their bended heads in frowning pomp

Ye waft the flashing armory of God;  
Or calm their terrors, when from deluged fields  
They lift their suppliant eyes, and see again  
The rainbow's promise beaming through the storm—  
Come ye in gloom or glory, hope or fear,  
Whate'er your aspect or your errand, hail!  
Aye, ever welcome to the mountain land  
Where freedom haunts be ye, divinest types  
Of her embodied presence! famed of old  
To love the hoary fastnesses she loves;  
For there your grandeur finds its fittest throne,  
And hearts to kindred majesty sublimed.

Wonder and glory of the element!

In earlier years strange questioning was mine  
Of what ye were, and whence and whither bound,  
As to and fro your gliding phantoms trailed  
Their dusky shadows o'er the sunny plains,  
Or in mid air slept motionless. How oft  
The half-conned tusk and tasker's dreaded frown  
Were unremembered as my schoolward steps,  
Enchanted, lingered while I gazed and gazed  
On your fantastic phases! seeming now  
Aerial monsters stranger than the shapes  
Which haunt wild dreams, or throng the fabling lore  
Of earth's first minstrels; then celestial isles  
Embosomed in the calm of azure seas;  
Then bright pavilions where the storm-tost sylph  
Might furl her ruffled wings in sweet repose;  
Anon sky-mountains cliffed with giant gems  
Of ruby, sapphire, amethyst or pearl,  
From whose resplendent pomp, methought, were hewn  
The gorgeous shafts, and architraves and domes  
That grace the vistas of the Fairy-land.

Free rovers of the boundless and the free!  
To every breeze ye lift your careless sails  
And course from laud to land, from zone to zone,  
With store of jeweled treasures to which earth's,  
Thrice told in all their glory, were but dross.  
Nor hoard ye these, blest almoners of Him  
Whose bounty knows nor weariness nor bourne;  
But, true to your high mission, visit all

That breathe or be with largesses of love.  
To vernal climes, aerial argosies  
Ye waft from warmer skies the curly rain;  
And lo! the lifeless bosom of the waste  
Beteems with quickened germs; the naked glebe  
Is robed anon as with a mantle dyed  
In liquid emeralds, and every gale  
That waves the bridal drapery of May,  
Baptised in floral sweets, a spirit seems  
Just parted from the gardens of the Blest!

But nature most in Summer's fiery reign  
Exults in your glad presence and adores;  
For then a deeper and intenser life,  
And hopes and fears of mightier concern,  
As linked with plenty's weal or famine's wo,  
On your celestial ministries depend.  
When faints the breeze and e'en the very air  
Grows visible with crinkling sultriness,  
And flowers shrink earthward from the lingering gaze  
Of suns that wanton nearer day by day;  
When flocks and herds forsake the russet hills  
For glens where nooks of herby green still smile;  
When sunny glades are glorious no more  
With flash of dancing streams, and listening dells  
Scarce catch the murmur of their dying song;  
Then shouts the swain to hear the thunder-tramp  
Of your roused legions echoing from afar.  
And gladlier yet, to see their darkling van  
O'er loom his near horizon and frown back  
The noon's effulgence from his withering fields.  
Still where he stands, so deep the breathless calm,  
The spider's pendant streamer plumbs the air  
Direct as line of steel; but on the heights  
Beyond the wimpled vale he sees the groves  
Wave their glad signals, and the harvest-slopes  
Break into golden billows like a sea  
Of amber glory, as the courier gale  
Speeds onward in its heralding of joy.  
Anon the silvery curtains of the shower  
Infold the smiling landscape from his view;  
And now the leafy shelter o'er his head

Rustles with liquid music, as ye pour  
The beaded crystal from your mysty urns;  
And hark! the streams have found their harps again,  
And in wild chorus from the circling hills  
Proclaim their gushing gladness to the vales.  
And Autumn, too, rejoices when the storm  
Unseals your waited Horebs o'er her wastes  
And spring and mere replenishes anew,  
To bless the homeless creatures of the wild  
With grateful bounty graciously bestown  
What time all else grows pitiless and stern:  
Nor are ye praiseless when the ruffian hand  
Of Winter strips from nature's stricken form,  
Her weeds of faded wretchedness, and leaves  
Her shivering bosom naked to the blast;  
For then around her palsied heart ye fold  
Your fleecy mantle till the sunny Spring  
Shall bid its quickening pulses throb again.

Thus with the seasons in eternal change  
And with the chainless winds ye circle on  
O'er earth and ocean through the day's bright round,  
Or night's dim shadow, beacons by her stars.  
O stoop your wandering pinions and upbear  
A lowly suppliant in your flight sublime!  
Yon mountain cincture of his native vale  
Embraces all the universe he knows:  
Ah! bear him hence to that remoter world  
O'er whose broad realms and intervolving seas,  
And fairy isles and lakes, and haunted streams,  
And pilgrim shrines and fields of old renown,  
And bannered cities dark with thronging hosts,  
As chartered rovers ye have gazed at will.  
Let him with you behold the morning star  
While yet the mountain peaks are palled in gloom;  
And gaze at eve upon the lingering sun,  
While Alp or Andes mourn his vanished smile.  
Let him behold the eagle's stalwart wing  
Upsweeping falter far beneath the height  
Of your sublimer soaring; and beyond  
The utmost trace of man's determined will,  
To plant his fool upon the stormy poles,

Still bear him onward in your boundless sweep;  
That one at least of mortal birth may see  
How ye for long dark centuries have piled  
Their lifeless wastes with everlasting snows.  
And list the thunders of the meteor main  
Boom on the shuddering air, when many a league  
The frost-pang rives its adamantine deeps.  
Vain wish! though man may launch his echoing ear  
Sheer through the rock-ribbed hills, or probe the heart  
Of giant mountains for the glittering stores  
Hid in their sunless crypts; may mock the winds  
As o'er the waves they chase his careless bark,  
Or bid the storm lash white the yeasty surge,  
While, undismayed, beneath the wild uproar  
He walks the solemn chambers of the deep;  
Yet when his vain presumption would ascend  
Your glorious heights, proud dwellers of the air,  
The swallow soaring from her lowly nest  
Doth laugh his vaulting impotence to scorn.

And yet the groveling worm—the meanest thing  
On whose blind wants your blest aspersion falls—  
Hath wings unfolding in its reptile frame,  
And instincts ripening for a nobler sphere.  
Therefore, O Man! though tethered to the clod,  
Take heart from thy low brother of the dust,  
And deem his fate presageful of thine own.  
Yon glorious shapes whose coursers are the winds,  
Whose range the airy infinite, whose robes  
The prismatic texture of celestial beams,  
But now were portion of the trodden earth,  
Or of the weltering chaos of the deep;  
Till from gross ties emancipate, they rose  
To nearer fellowship with sun and star.  
Then lift thine eyes to those exalted ones,  
And trust that when these Adams fall to dust,  
The spirit, plumed for seraph flights, shall soar  
To high communion with the hosts that sweep  
On Mercy's bests the universe of God!



## PRESCIENCE.

Oh there are feelings in the conscious breast  
Which antedate its doom. The wretch may seek  
O'er earth, or sea, the fond illusion—Rest!  
It flies before him. Naught so wild or weak  
That cannot chill his blood and blanch his cheek.  
The clouds that darken, and the storms that rave,  
Still to his soul one solemn warning speak—  
*They lift the sable veil that shrouds the grave.*

## THE PILLOW OF ROSES.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

She was a queen—and in this thought did yield  
The very essence of her being up,  
Guarded her heart as with a golden shield  
Till love came sparkling in her life's full cup,  
Which, like a brimming goblet rich with wine,  
She dashed to atoms on the world's broad shrine.

“Will you leave me thus?”

“I dare not stay longer,” said the royal girl, to whom these words were spoken, lifting her finger toward the palace window, and moving forward; “see, the reception-room is already lighted—a few moments and I shall be summoned to join the queen. Do not attempt to detain me.”

“One word,” pleaded the deep, manly voice which had first spoken, and a cavalier followed her out from the shadow of a large tulip tree, beneath which they had been conversing, and his fine figure, richly arrayed in a court dress, stood revealed in the moonlight; “give me but one word of hope, a single promise that you will struggle against the destiny which they are urging upon you!”

“Alas! what can I promise—what hope?” replied the young girl, folding her arms despondingly in the moonlight; “how can I, single handed, contend against their majesties of France? how break the plighted faith of my own kingdom—baffle the ambitious projects of my Uncle Guise—and, above all, wrong the heart of one who already looks upon me as his wife, and who loves me but too, too well?”

“But not as *I* love you, with this mighty strength of passion and judgment—not with his whole being, and with a sense that thrills every nerve as with strange music, and tinges each thought with a ray of your own young beauty. Ah, no! my sweet Mary, this effeminate dauphin never dreamed of the intense passion which swells through and floods my whole being. Nor do you love him, Mary. The queen might forget the dignity of mere station, even for a subject. But the woman who is regal of mind, and feminine by nature, must look upward for the object of her love.”

The young man unconsciously drew himself up as he spoke, and his eyes flashed proudly in the moonlight. And Queen Mary of Scotland—the poetry of her young being was all awake, her bosom heaved, she felt the light spring to her eyes, and sparkle through the tears that shone there; a blissful sigh broke up from her heart, and, turning away her head, she murmured—

“Alas! it is all true. I cannot love the dauphin!”

“Do you love me?” said the young noble, taking both her hands in his, and bending his eyes pleadingly on her face. The proud fire had left them, and an expression was there, humble, but eloquent with tenderness. The question might have sounded abruptly to the royal girl, but for the low and almost feminine tones in which it was spoken.

Mary felt the blood swell up to her cheek and brow, but her warm, true heart prompted the answer, “As my own life!” she murmured, and with an impulse half shame, half tenderness, her face drooped forward, and rested on the hands which still clasped her own, and so near was it to the bosom of the impassioned suitor, that the prodigal curls which fell over it sunk in glossy masses on his embroidered vest. The noble disengaged his right hand, and drew her closer to him.

“Then shall we not be happy?” he questioned, in a voice that was low but rich with joyful feeling. “Let us leave this land, with its heartless court and hollow pomp. Believe me, this foreign match is hateful to the Scottish nation. There is not a true subject of your realm who would not fling up his cap in triumph, could he see his queen the bride of a true born Scot. The people of your realm feel that their sovereign is almost a foreigner in heart. Wed the dauphin, and the alienation which a residence here has created will be complete. They know that Mary Stuart will be more the subject of France than a Queen of Scotland—”

“Hark!” said the young queen, starting from the arm that circled her, and yet nestling close to his side, “did you not hear a rustling sound?”

“It was but a nightingale trying his wing in the moonlight,” replied the young man.

“Nay, there goes a shadow,” exclaimed Mary, “yonder, behind the Queen’s Walk. Heaven grant that no one has overheard us. Good night—nay, do not detain me another moment.”

“It was but the shadow of a tree bough swayed by the wind,” he answered; “dearest, we are alone.”

But the terrified girl was not to be appeased. She trembled so violently, that his arm could scarcely support her.

“It was the queen—it was Catherine de Medicis,” she said, “none else would be in that spot at such an hour.”

“Nay, this is mere conjecture,” said the youth, still attempting to reassure her, “and to convince you of it—see! there is the queen by her dressing-room window. Her hand has this moment flung back the drapery, and she seems to be looking forth on the moonlit garden.”

Mary looked up and drew a deep breath, for she could not be mistaken in the person of Catherine de Medicis, who stood at a window opposite; the room was lighted brilliantly within, and a strong sunshine could not have revealed her superb figure to better effect. She was forcing back the volumes of rich drapery that fell over the window with her right hand, and her head was turned, as if speaking to some one within the chamber. The light fell with a soft glow on her vestments of purple velvet, and Mary could see, by the jewels that sparkled amid her hair and turned around the graceful curve of her neck, that Catherine was already arrayed for the festival, which was to be given that night in honor of her own birth-day. As she gazed, another figure appeared at the window, that of a fair girl, shorter by far than the queen, and with a profusion of ringlets from which the fresh rose-buds seemed dropping over her person. Her face, brilliant and beautiful, was lifted toward Catherine, and she seemed to be speaking low, but with great eagerness, for the queen bent her head as if to listen. After a moment, Catherine turned her face to the window, and looked keenly out, while her companion lifted her ungloved arm and pointed toward the tulip tree.

“Let us fall back into the shadow!” said the young nobleman, and he drew the trembling girl hastily toward the tree which they had left but a few paces. When he looked up again, Catherine de Medicis was gently shaking her head, as if in disbelief of something which the young girl had urged upon her, and carelessly dropping her arm, she allowed the drapery to sweep over the window again.

“I shall be missed! in ten minutes I shall be missed!” said Mary, almost breathless with apprehension, and darting from the side of her companion she hurried toward the palace.

He sprung after her—“Come back, I beseech you!” he said, “not now, but after the festival—before you rest, come hither! I shall be waiting, and at that hour no one will think of the garden. Let us converse—let us decide on the future.”

“I will come,” said Mary, “but not another word—I am half dead with terror already!”

And drawing her hand away, she hurried along the shadowy side of a gravel walk, and entered the palace by a private door.

The young Queen of Scots entered her dressing-room. No one was there save the two waiting-women, who stood by the toilet. The wax lights were half burnt out in the silver candelabra that stood before the mirror, and the women seemed restless with the long and fruitless attendance. A little ebony clock, chased and inlaid with gold, stood in a corner of the room. Mary cast her eyes on the dial and started to see how late it was. Hastily flinging herself in a chair, she shook her already half loosened tresses over her panting bosom, and desired her attendants to make haste in arranging them. But the women were sullen, and little inclined to disturb the dignity of a royal toilet with too much haste. Five minutes were exhausted in smoothing the rich mass of ringlets back from her fair forehead—another five, and Catherine de Medicis would expect her to join the royal circle before they entered the reception rooms.

Mary started to her feet, and gathering the whole wealth of her tresses in both hands, gave them one twist, and thrusting a diamond bodkin through the knot thus formed, allowed the bright mass to fall in beautiful profusion over her shoulders. With one hasty glance in the mirror, one pass of her small hand over the glossy curve of her head, she called for her bodice. It was of azure velvet, and even in her anxiety and haste, that small mouth dimpled to the remembrance that it was *his* favorite color. With her own hands she threaded the silken cord over her still panting bust, while one of her women smoothed the rich and silvery folds of her skirt, and the other was upon her knees fitting the silken slippers to each fairy foot, as its fellow beat restlessly against the ottoman with impatience at the least delay.

“No jewels—no ornaments to-night,” she said, hastily putting aside the casket which her women presented; “well, well—rather than see that crestfallen look, clasp that one string of pearls to my neck, Beatrice. That will do!”

With a light step, but still disordered manner, Mary left the room, and, followed by her attendant, timidly entered the chamber where she had, a few minutes before, seen Catherine de Medicis. That remarkable woman was sitting near the window. She might have been just aroused from a refreshing sleep from the air of tranquil repose which hung about her person. Her foot rested on an ottoman, and was half concealed by the vestments of the same

fair girl that Mary had seen talking with her at the window. She occupied a portion of the luxurious ottoman, and her round arm rested in the queen's lap so heavily that a rich purple tinge crept up from the velvet of her robe, and gave a soft and mellow luster to its exquisite whiteness.

Catherine put her daughter's arm gently away as she saw the young Queen of Scots, and smilingly extended her hand.

"We were about to send a messenger to learn what kept the fair lady of Scotland at her toilet so long," she said, "but a birth-day fête requires some extra adornment."

Mary blushed and lifted a hand to her head, conscious that it betrayed evidence of any thing but a fastidious taste.

"I was not aware how rapidly the time passed," she faltered, blushing still more deeply as the dark eyes of Margaret de Valois were lifted to her face.

"Very probable—"

Perhaps Margaret would have added something more, but for the quiet yet stern glance which Catherine bent upon her.

"I have always told you, Margaret," said the queen, "that simplicity of attire, such as our Cousin Mary has chosen for her birth-night, requires both time and study."

Margaret de Valois smiled—but beneath the arch dimples that played round her voluptuous mouth might have been detected something of inquietude and scorn, which amounted almost to a sneer. It was not exactly that, but an expression singularly unpleasant was woven with that careless and smiling look which brought the blood more warmly to Queen Mary's face.

"Our cousin—or fair sister it should be—was always remarkable for her *simplicity*. Francis persists in it that there is not a shepherdess on her native hills so guileless and frank-hearted as his fair betrothed."

"The dauphin speaks like a lover, but not the less truly," said Catherine, rising. "It would be well if the same could be said of Margaret de Valois."

"She must have made trifling use of her mother's lessons and example, then," muttered the princess, as Catherine moved toward the door.

Margaret did not arise from the ottoman till her mother and Queen Mary had passed out. She then started to her feet, clenched her small hand

together, and began to walk to and fro in the room. Her face was lowering and passionable in its expression, and she stamped her foot vehemently on the carpet once or twice, as if there had been a serpent coiled amid the woven flowers, which she was eager to crush out of existence. She was standing with her back to the door, when a hand was laid softly on her shoulder. It was Catherine de Medicis, who had returned to caution and reprove.

“Foolish girl!” said the subtle woman, without allowing her usually sweet voice to vary in the slightest intonation; “go smooth that ruffled brow, and follow us to the reception chamber.”

“I cannot act a part, to-night,” said the princess, dashing away the passionate tears that sprung to her eyes.

Catherine took her daughter’s arm, and led her to the mirror, which stood on a toilet close by.

“Look there,” she said, “is that face one to lure back a laggard gallant?”

Margaret cast an angry glance at the mirror. Never had its delicate framework, of filigree gold, encompassed the reflection of a face so stormy with passion, and yet so beautiful. The effect which Catherine desired was instantly produced. The princess exerted herself to subdue the tremulous motion of her lips, and suddenly closed her eyelids, till the heavy black lashes lay knitted and working on her flushed cheeks, in a strong effort to force back the tears that still gushed through them, one by one, like diamond drops in a fringe of jet. Catherine looked on and smiled blandly. She took a flask from her dressing-case, and pouring its contents into a tiny crystal cup that stood by, handed it to her daughter.

“Bathe your eyes with this,” she said, “it will take the flush away directly.”

Margaret took the cup, and as she poured the sparkling fluid into her palm, turned her large black eyes, with a cold and half-mocking look, on her mother.

“Is it your highness’s *favorite* perfume?” she said; “that which took such an effect on my uncle, the late dauphin?”

An angry and crimson streak shot across the queen’s forehead and instantly disappeared. The next moment she became pallid beneath the scornful glance of her child—but it was not the eye of a girl like Margaret that could long disturb the composure of so smooth and practiced a being as Catherine de Medicis. Without appearing to observe the triumphant smile

that curled her daughter's lip on noticing the effect of her taunt, she answered the question quietly, as if the words that had a power to move her for a moment, contained no hidden meaning.

"It was a favorite cosmetic with your lamented uncle, as it is now with the king," she said. "See if it has not given new brilliancy to the eyes of his daughter already."

Margaret glanced at the mirror and smiled, for the essence had indeed kindled her eyes with a brilliancy such as had never sparkled there before.

"If it could but light up the heart so!" murmured the strange girl, for with all the evil of her nature, there was mingled something impulsive and generous.

"There is no stimulus for the heart like a strong will!" replied the queen, impressively.

"Mother!" exclaimed the princess, abruptly, "is it still your belief that he whom I saw in the garden, an hour since, was not the Scottish ambassador!"

Before Catherine could answer, the door was flung open, and a page announced the king.

It was well known in the court of Henry II., that the festival given in honor of Mary Stuart's sixteenth birth-day, was but the prelude to many others, still more sumptuous, which were to celebrate her union with the dauphin, and heir of France. Queen Catherine, who combined in her character the two opposite qualities of unwomanly cruelty and exquisite taste, had superintended the arrangements for this important festival in person.

"The sweet flower of Scotland shall be fitly represented," she said. "Hers shall be a festival of roses!"

And so it was. Garlands of fresh flowers, with the dew scarcely dry upon their petals, fell a thick and fragrant drapery over the heavy window-frames. The exquisite stucco work over-head gleamed like the ice tracery over a fountain through the massive festoons coiled around the carved beams which traversed the low ceilings. A thousand silver lamps twinkled, like stars, amid the drapery of blossoms, and their perfumed smoke wreathed itself lazily among the leaves, shedding a rich and voluptuous atmosphere through the apartment.



It was a warm night, and the casements were all flung open, but each was embowered with roses, and looked forth on an artificial labyrinth of rare plants, which perfumed the air as it swept to the apartments, where it softly waved the sweet flowers, the burning lamps, and the smoke that curled from them, with a sleepy and pleasant motion.

Their majesties had not yet appeared, but the apartments were already crowded with a throng of nobles and ladies—a mass of smiling, glittering, gorgeous life. The hum of soft, youthful voices filled the room, bright diamonds and brighter eyes flashed in the brilliant lamp-light. All was excitement and pleasant expectation—for Queen Catherine never gave an entertainment to her court without inventing some novelties for their amusement, some new and exquisite device, the emanation of her own perfect taste, which was certain to surprise and delight her guests.

That night it was rumored that a band of most skillful musicians had just arrived from Italy, and were, for the first time, to delight the court with their performance, and that statues of rare sculpture, never exhibited before, were to decorate the orchestra. Many a bright eye and anxious look was lifted to the curtain of heavy silk, which fell over the orchestra, long before a single fold was lifted; and when it was at length drawn up, in a gorgeous mass of crimson and gold, the vast rooms were filled with exclamations of delight. The little gallery of stone work, which had always accommodated the court musicians, was now a perfect jungle of flowers. A profusion of such blossoms as take their birth in foreign lands were entangled with sweet prodigality around the stone railings, the pillars, and the fretted canopy overhead; the very cord of gold, which looped up the curtain, was woven and twisted with Provence roses. A Cupid, sculpture-like from its perfect symmetry, but with a flush of warm life breaking over it, stood poised on an angle of the railing, a scarf of silvery white floated around him, and with one exquisite foot crushing down the flowers, he poised over the glittering throng with bent bow and a golden arrow just flashing from his fingers. Another, beautiful and life-like as the one just described, stood on an opposite angle. His bow was relaxed, the arrows lay tangled amid the garlands at his feet, and his rounded limbs crouched dejectedly beneath the masses of rich blossoms that half concealed them. On the centre railing, where the stone work was broad and massive, the image of a young girl appeared, in a half recumbent position, with closed eyes, and one arm resting languidly among the flowers that pillowed her head.

Were these the specimens of Italian art—the statues so new and rare, that Catherine had received from her native land? The lights in that portion of

the room were small and dim, the statues might be marble, but, if so, art had given a warm and life-like tinge to the cold stone.

While the courtiers were full of wonder and delight, a sliding door beneath the orchestra shot behind its pillars, and Henry II. appeared leading Catherine de Medicis, and directly behind came the Dauphin Francis and Mary of Scotland.

As the royal party passed beneath the railing, a garland of tiny flowers dropped from the crouching Cupid, and rested on Mary's head. All looked up. It must have been accident, for the little god remained perfectly motionless beneath his burthen of blossoms. Mary turned her soft eyes upward, and smiled at the pleasant omen; but she felt the hand which lay upon Francis' arm lightly pressed, and a look of sadness followed the smile.

The royal party were advancing up the room, and a shadow still lay on Mary's face, when a golden arrow came flashing from the orchestra and dislodged the garland from her head. It was cut in twain and fell, arrow and all, at the dauphin's feet. While every one was looking at the poised Cupid, who stood motionless and as before, save that the arrow had left his bow, the dauphin took the azure ribbon, which suspended the insignia of some noble order, from his neck, and knotting the garland together, laid it with graceful gallantry on Mary's brow again. The arrow was a beautiful toy, burnished at the point and feathered with tiny gems, and when the courtiers looked toward the young couple again, Francis held it in his hand, and was about to secure the pretty crown in its place by thrusting the arrow through the azure knot and the bright ringlets in which it was embedded. That instant Mary looked up. The courtiers had drawn back in a circle, leaving the foreign ambassadors standing in front, and a little in advance of the rest stood the youthful representative of her own kingdom. His dark eyes were bent earnestly on her face, and there was something in their expression which deluged her face with crimson. She hastily lifted her hand, and put the arrow back.

"Nay, it is too sharp and heavy," she said, in a low voice, striving to smile.

"And therefore you leave it with me," replied the dauphin, in a voice as low as her own, but tender and almost reproachful in its tones, for with the quick perception of true love he had detected the cause of her confusion.

Mary did not reply, for her heart swelled at the thoughts of giving pain, and she could not trust her voice. Francis stood with his eyes rivetted on her. How eloquently those sweet features told what was passing in her mind! His

naturally pale face grew a shade whiter as he gazed, and a look of keen anguish came to his eyes.

“I will keep it,” he said. “It will be a fit remembrance of the hour, cold and glittering, as my fate!”

He bent his head, and seemed occupied in fastening the arrow to the diamond star which shone on his breast, but in reality he was striving to conceal his emotion from the vigilant scrutiny of his royal mother and the Scottish ambassador.

This brief interruption of their progress had caused Mary to remove her hand from the dauphin’s arm. When she placed it there again, after the arrow was disposed of, it was with a pleading, humble motion, that touched his heart. He was grateful, and tried to smile cheerfully again, but those few moments were such as turn the fate of a life-time. Francis knew that he was unloved where every hope of his being was garnered up, and his smile was a painful one to look upon. He moved forward with that fair creature leaning on his arm, all unconscious of the surprised and brilliant faces that everywhere turned toward the orchestra, and without feeling the burst of glorious music that swelled through the wilderness of flowers, and rang through the apartments like a jubilee. While he had been occupied by his own painful thoughts, and moving forward mechanically, a galaxy of lights had started up amid the flowery gloom which hung about the orchestra. The sleeping statue half rose and bent over a lute—the Cupids fell gracefully back, and each dropped to his knee amid the flowers, with a musical instrument—the statues were turned, as if by magic, into a group of musicians, glittering with silver and gossamer raiment.

Amid the swell of music, the perfume of flowers, and acclamations of pleasant surprise, Margaret de Valois was betrayed, surrounded by all the younger members of the royal family. She was the sleeping statue so promptly kindled into life, the smiling Cupids were her brothers, and from that blooming group came the music which rose and swelled, or subsided into soft sighs on the perfumed atmosphere.

If Margaret de Valois sometimes made a false note in her music, it was unnoticed in the hum and stir of the throng that moved a gorgeous mass beneath her seat; and if her dark eyes were constantly bent on one person alone of that moving crowd, there was no being, except her mother, sufficiently interested to observe it. Still her fingers wandered over the lute, and her rich voice was poured on the air—but she never once turned her glance from the Scottish ambassador. As the night waned, her eyes took a

more brilliant fire, and the blood grew feverish in her cheeks. He had not turned his attention to her during the whole evening, but stood leaning against a pillar, regarding every look and motion of the young Queen of Scots, as if his very existence hung on her movements—and this it was that gave fire to her glance, and fever to her cheek.

Long after the young musicians were supposed to have left the orchestra, Margaret crouched behind her flowery screen, jealously regarding him. If he moved, she forced back the garlands with her trembling hands to command a better view. If he remained, still she would kneel motionless, with her forehead pressed upon the stone railing, unmindful of the fragrance which she was crushing from the flowers that concealed her. At last she saw the king and queen withdraw from the glittering throng, and she knew, from the ambassador's anxious look, that Mary and the dauphin were about to follow. She reached forth her hand, and drew the golden cord that lay in a coil near her feet. The curtain swept down, and but for the light which flowed through its crimson folds, she would have been in darkness, as she was alone. Stealing through a small door into a neighboring corridor, she took up a mantle which had been flung from her person when she assumed the attitude of a statue, and enveloping herself in its folds, stole cautiously into the garden.

How quiet and holy was the stillness reigning through that garden. It fell subduingly even on the aroused feelings of Margaret de Valois, wicked as her errand was in that beautiful spot. The moon was in its zenith, a cool balmy air swept over the thickets, and a shower of dew drops rained from their branches as her mantle swept them in her hurried progress toward the tulip tree.

“I will know all,” murmured the passionate girl, casting a hurried look around, before she concealed herself behind the huge trunk. “Once certain that it is himself—that love of another is the cause of his cold and scornful bearing—let me attain incontestable knowledge of this, and he shall feel that neither the love nor revenge of Margaret de Valois is easily shaken off.”

Margaret drew in her breath, suddenly, and shrunk her limbs close together on the shadowy side of the huge trunk that formed her concealment, for that moment the tall form of a cavalier came hurriedly from the palace, and she could see the jewels of his ambassador's dress glitter in the moonlight. He paused beneath the thick branches which flung their shadow on the spot where she was crouching, and taking off his cap, allowed the cool air to blow over his forehead. She had time to observe that he breathed quick and heavily, and that he stamped his foot once or twice on the green

sward as if prompted to the action by some inward excitement. But she had scarcely noted these things, or obtained a clear view of his face, when a female, muffled like herself, came from a private door of the palace, looking nervously around, as if afraid that the broad moonlight would expose her movements to observation. On seeing the cavalier, she sprung eagerly to his side, and leaning against the tree, panted for breath, as if overcome with terror and fatigue. It was a moment before the nobleman addressed her, and when he did speak, it was coldly and in a constrained voice. But its first tones made the blood thrill in the veins of Margaret de Valois with a quick, painful rush, as it had never thrilled before.

“If the Queen of Scotland had decided to become dauphiness of France, as her actions indicate, it would surely have been more kind had she admitted it a few hours since, and this painful interview might have been avoided.”

Mary allowed the mantle to drop from her person, and even in that imperfect light the soft beauty of her face was visible, as she lifted it with an expression of affectionate surprise to that of her companion. There was something in that graceful attitude and subdued look which caused Margaret to turn away her head—she felt that such beauty could never be hers, perfect as she was in form and feature, and her heart grew faint with envy of attractions that know their birth in deep feelings alone.

“Nay, what change is this? What has so altered that tone and manner since we parted at night-fall?” she said, half anxiously, and yet she added with a mischievous smile—“Has the warm love you were so eager to pour upon my ear, scarce an hour ago, been drowned by the soft lute-tones of our Cousin Margaret, or smothered in the wilderness of dying roses which the proud queen has left perishing in the festal chamber there?”

“A fit association!” said the noble, “a pleasant emblem of woman’s love. Music that finds life beneath the fingers of a royal coquette—blossoms that drink a healthy bloom from the pure sunshine that is natural to them, but lavish their breath and drop apart from over ripeness, when they are touched by artificial lamp-light, or the poisonous breath of a profligate court. The love that exists in Catherine de Medicis’ household, the voluptuous music of her unprincipled daughter, may well be coupled with yon broken garlands that have exhausted their pure breath in a false atmosphere, and hang scentless and drooping in the deserted festal hall, to be swept away by the first troop of menials that happen to remember that they cumber the walls. Those withered roses convey a lesson, fair queen. When broken from their dewy stems, in the garden here, and woven in masses on the walls of

Catherine's palace, they did not seem more changed than the fair being who had left me but an hour before, with eyelids drooping to conceal the love-light that slept beneath them, and words trembling on her lips which should only know birth in a true heart—not more changed than that same young creature leaning on the arm of Catherine de Medicis' son, blushing beneath his gaze, and receiving from his hand a type of the crown which must be taken in exchange for a heart true and devoted as mine has been."

Mary Stuart looked in the proud, and yet half sorrowful face of her lover, bewildered, but with a smile breaking through the red lips that were slightly unclosed in the surprise created by his words.

"Nay, this is affectation, or rank injustice," she said, and he felt the clasp of her small hand on his arm. "How could I refuse the escort of Francis, or thwart arrangements made by the queen. How could the blood be forced from my cheek when I felt the earnest gaze fixed on me by the only eyes that ever had power to bring blushes there?"

"Did not Francis bear away upon his bosom the golden arrow placed there by the hands of Mary Stuart before the whole court of France?" said the ambassador, in a softened voice.

Mary dropped her hands, and clasping them together, looked sadly on the ground.

"Would to heaven, no more painful arrow had been left in that kind heart!" she said. "Mine will never know a deeper pang than it felt when Francis read its secret in the blushes you complain of. He has learned for the first time that the affections of his betrothed wife can never be his. That love which blinded thee made *him* clear-sighted—but *he*, who had just cause, did not reproach me!"

The ambassador unfolded the arms which had been haughtily reposing on his bosom, and drawing closer to the young queen, held forth his hand; but she drew a step back and continued speaking, earnestly, and with some displeasure in her tone—

"You call me half French," she continued, "and my subjects will have it forsooth that gentle breeding and soft words cannot be joined with pure principles and strong purpose. And you, the ambassador of my people, think it a light thing to charge a queen, your own sovereign, with perfidy and fickle resolve. Believe me, fair sir, although the royal blood of Scotland centres in the heart of a weak girl, it has learned to respect itself even in the court of Catherine de Medicis. If my cheek crimsoned or grew pale to-night

—and I felt that it did both—it was from no feeling unfaithful to the love I have perhaps too fondly expressed in this very place. When the dauphin clasped my hand at parting, a few moments since, it trembled to his touch agitated by the heart tremor that shook my whole frame. As a brother—a dear, kind brother—I love the prince; and when I asked permission to see him in the morning early and alone, it was scarcely above a whisper—for it seemed like treachery to leave him pale and wretched to meet his rival here.”

“And yet you come with his garland on your forehead, publicly given as the French crown may be at some future day,” replied the young noble, half ashamed of the jealous spirit with which he had greeted a being so proud and lovely.

Mary shook her head with a slight gesture of impatience, and the garland fell to the ground.

“Were it indeed the crown of France it were as readily shaken off as that little coronal of flowers, perishing as they now are and typical of woman’s love, as fading and worthless things are said to be.”

“Nay, forgive the heresy,” exclaimed the ambassador, bending his knee and prisoning her hand in his, for her words had humbled his proud nature. “Thy lover’s words did treason to his heart—look on him, he is indeed penitent.”

Mary bent her bright, earnest face toward that of her lover, and, spite of herself, a smile just parted those red and restless lips.

“Nay, the comparison was not so very unjust after all, sir ambassador,” she said, with a touch of that sweet coquetry which was so graceful in her, and pressing her small hand to his shoulder, she seemed roguishly inclined to keep him on his knees in the thick grass. “Promise me never to be jealous again, never to doubt, or put on that lordly air, till those same slandered roses are no more, and you have permission to arise.”

“Not until the sweet contract which was planned here at night-fall is confirmed;” said the noble, “not till I am made certain that no machinations of Catherine can influence you again in favor of this French alliance.”

Mary instantly became grave and earnest. “Go back to my people,” she said, “prepare them for our union—gain over the English queen—and when this is done we will be wedded in our own kingdom.”

“The queen of England is already secured to our interests,” replied the ambassador eagerly, “and the Scottish nation requires no incentive to

reconcile them to a union which places their queen once more in the bosom of her people. Inquire of the English ambassador, or any true Scot in Paris, and they will convince you that no measure can be unpopular with either country which rescues the sovereign of a nation from the influence, moral and political, of a woman like Catherine de Medicis. Be firm and resolute, sweet lady”—he pleaded still more earnestly—“keep everything secret from the court of France. Depart under my own escort and that of the English embassy to a people who are clamorous for a sight of their sovereign. In three weeks all can be arranged, the thralldom of Catherine broken, and Mary Stuart an independent queen, wielding the sceptre of her ancestors.”

“And with the crown matrimonial placed on this haughty forehead,” murmured the royal listener, passing her hand playfully across the lofty brow uplifted toward her in the moonlight.

Even in the moonlight Mary saw the blood rush over that forehead while her hand was yet lingering amid the raven curls that shadowed it; her remark had sprung from the generous affection of a young heart, and she could scarcely comprehend that it was calculated to arouse the sensitive pride of her lover. She was therefore surprised when he arose from his knees, in spite of her restraining hand, and led her forth into the broad moonlight.

“Mary,” he said, in a voice low and earnest, but the more impressive that it was quiet, “I do not deny that ambition which would lead me to seek advancement by all honorable means, it is a part of every energetic nature, and exists strongly with me. But, heaven is my witness, these feelings have no portion in the deep, deep love which made itself master of my whole being long before it was whispered even to my own heart. I struggled against it, wrestled with it, but all in vain. I love you, not that you are a queen, but in spite of your being such. Do you believe me, with your whole heart, lady, when I say this?”

“I have never for a moment thought otherwise,” was the sweet and trustful reply.

“Will you, then, consent that I quietly prepare for a withdrawal to your own kingdom,” pleaded the young man, clasping both her hands in his, “now, without a week’s delay?”

“You shall decide for me in all things,” was the affectionate reply, and Mary Stuart timidly kissed the hands that closed her own, as if she had been a peasant girl and that proud noble a monarch pleading for her love.



He drew her to his bosom, and held her there, looking down into that beautiful face which dimpled with happy smiles as the moonlight gleamed over it, and murmuring words of grateful tenderness—gentle words—but eloquent with the manly spirit which held her softer nature in thraldom.

“And have you indeed loved me so long and well?” she said, disengaging her form gently from his arms—all at once her mouth dimpled with an arch smile—and her face took that playful, mischievous expression which was one of its brightest charms, “so very long,” she added, lifting her finger with childlike grace, “even while you were fascinated by the dark eyes of Margaret de Valois?”

“The eyes of Margaret never had charms for me,” replied the lover a little impatiently, half vexed by her arch badinage.

“Nay, you are brought fairly to confession,” continued the queen, playfully pursuing the subject, “Think you I was blind to the soft glances cast from the orchestra, this evening, as she played the lute to a proud cavalier who stood all the time leaning against a pillar close by, gazing—”

“Not on the bold eyes of Margaret de Valois,” interrupted the lover, still more annoyed; “let me beseech you, lady, take not between those pure lips a name which is mingled with the jest and revelry of every gallant in Europe, a name which alike disgraces her sex and the blood royal of France, a—”

The young noble started, and the half uttered sentence died on his lips, for the word “dastard” was uttered close by him in a female voice, that of a person half suffocated with intense passion. He looked keenly around, every thing was hush as death, and for a moment he almost believed the harsh word had been uttered by Mary Stuart; but she, too, had heard the voice, and the sweet, timid whisper with which she drew close to his side, was utterly unlike that in which the single word was uttered.

“What was that—sure I heard a strange sound!” she said.

“I heard it also,” said the noble, “remain here a moment while I go and search yonder thicket.”

“He went toward the thicket, and peered anxiously through the dewy branches which hung motionless in the moonlight, while Mary drew back and leaned trembling against the tulip tree so near to the concealed figure of Margaret de Valois, which crouched close to the earth on the other side, that her garments brushed the muffled head which lay pressed against the rough bark.

“I can find nothing,” said the noble, returning to the terrified queen, “everything is still within the garden, not even the wing of a sleeping bird stirs itself, and yet the voice seemed close by.” He looked upward into the great branches woven over-head as he spoke, but the moonbeams were shimmering among the thick leaves and nothing so large as a human being could have been concealed among them.

“We must have been mistaken,” said Mary, drawing a deep breath, “yet it is strange that some unaccountable sound should have startled us twice the same night, and on this spot.”

The lovers moved toward the palace while Mary was speaking. Margaret de Valois rose slowly to her feet and looked after them, her hands clenched beneath the mantle that concealed her, and her black eyes glittering in the moonlight. When they had disappeared she crept stealthily toward the palace, through the private door to her mother’s chamber. But twice during her progress she was so near to the Queen of Scots that she could distinguish the quick and panting breath with which she hurried toward her apartments.

*[Conclusion in our next number.]*

## FLOWERS:

SENT ME DURING ILLNESS.

BY RICHARD H. DANA.

I loved you ever, gentle flowers,  
And made you playmates of my youth;  
    The while your spirit stole  
    In secret to my soul,  
To shed a softness through my ripening powers,  
And lead the thoughtful mind to deepest truth.

And now, when weariness and pain  
Had cast you almost from my breast,  
    With each a smiling face,  
    In all your simple grace,  
You come once more to take me back again  
From pain to ease, from weariness to rest.

Kind visitants! through my sick room  
You seem to breathe an air of health,  
    And with your looks of joy  
    To wake again the *boy*,  
And to the pallid cheek restore its bloom,  
And o'er the desert mind pour boundless wealth.

And whence ye came, by brimming stream,  
'Neath rustling leaves, with birds within,  
    Again I musing tread—  
    Forgot my restless bed  
And long, sick hours.—Too short the blessed dream!  
I woke to pain!—to hear the city's din!

But time nor pain shall ever steal  
Or youth or beauty from my mind.  
    And blessings on ye, Flowers!  
    Though few with me your hours,  
The youth and beauty, and the heart to feel,

In her who sent you, ye will leave behind!

## SENATCHWINE'S GRAVE.<sup>[1]</sup>

BY JOHN H. BRYANT.

He sleeps beneath the spreading shade,  
Where woods and wide savannas meet,  
Where sloping hills around have made  
A quiet valley green and sweet.

A stream that bears his name, and flows  
In glimmering gushes from the West,  
Makes a light murmur as it goes  
Beside his lonely place of rest.

And here the silken blue-grass springs  
Low bending with the morning dew,  
The red-bird in the thicket sings  
And blossoms nod of varied hue.

Oh, spare his rest! oh, level not  
The trees whose boughs above it play,  
Nor break the turf that clothes the spot,  
Nor clog the rivulet's winding way.

For he was of unblenching eye,  
Honored in youth, revered in age,  
Of princely port and bearing high,  
And brave, and eloquent, and sage.

Beyond the broad Atlantic deep,  
In mausoleums rich and vast,  
Earth's early kings and heroes sleep,  
Waiting the angel's trumpet blast.

As proud in form and mien was he  
Who sleeps beneath this verdant sod,  
And shadowed forth as gloriously  
The image of the eternal God.

Theirs is the monumental pile,  
With lofty titles graved on stone,  
The vaulted roof, the fretted aisle—  
He sleeps unhonored and alone.

Then leave him still this quiet nook,  
Ye who have grasped his wide domain,  
The trees, the flowers, the grass, the brook,  
Nor stir his slumbering dust again.

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[1] Twelve or fifteen years since, Senatchwine was an eminent chief of the tribe of Pottawatamies, in Illinois, enjoying more influence and a greater reputation for talents than any other. The Indian traders, who knew him well, say that he was a truly great man, an orator and a warrior. He died at an advanced age in the year 1833, and was buried by a small stream which bears his name, and which runs through the Southeastern part of Bureau county. His hunting-grounds are in that vicinity. The circumstance alluded to in the line—

And here the silken blue-grass springs,  
is familiar to the western people, who have a proverbial saying that the blue-grass springs up wherever an Indian foot has stepped. Though this may not be literally true, yet it is certain that the blue-grass is always found growing where the Indians have encamped, though it might have been only for a few days. This kind of grass makes a soft and rich turf, thick with blades, in which respect it is very different from the common coarse grass of the prairies.

# HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

WITH A PORTRAIT.



Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The life of a scholar and man of letters is seldom fruitful in events. His true biography, indeed, is to be found in the growth and movements of his mind, and not in the deeds which he does or the events of which he is a part. A single lustrum in the crowded life of a soldier or statesman will furnish more material to a biographer than three-score years passed in the tranquillity of study or the toils of literary production. An author's biography is to be read in the dates and titles of his books. Take away these, and what remains has, generally speaking, as little of significance or interest as the

annual changes from the fireside to the window, or from the blue bed-room to the brown.

The distinguished poet and scholar, who forms the subject of the present paper, offers no exception to these observations. The events of his life may be told in a very few lines.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on the 27th day of February, 1807. His father, Hon. Stephen Longfellow, who still lives to enjoy and take pride in the honors and success of his gifted son, is well known as a distinguished member of the legal profession, who has long held the highest rank as a lawyer and advocate, and is, wherever he is known, honored and beloved for the purity of his character, his strict integrity, his benevolence of feeling, and the cordial and unaffected charm of his manners. In what way the author of "Hyperion" was distinguished from the companions of his infancy and boyhood—whether he lisped unconsciously in numbers and displayed, even in the days of hoops and marbles, the melancholy, the enthusiasm and the sensitiveness which belong to the poetical temperament, we are unable to say, either from our own knowledge or the information of others. We lose sight of him for some years, though we can readily picture him in the mind's eye, running about the streets of that pretty town of Portland, loitering to school and hurrying from it, yet always with a light step and a light heart, for we know that he had that which, of all things, lightens a boy's steps and heart—a happy home. We do not hear of him again till 1821, when, at the early age of fourteen, he entered Bowdoin College, in Brunswick. He remained at this institution the usual period of four years and was graduated with high honors in 1825. His college career was honorable both to his mind and character. It left no stain upon his moral nature, and enriched his mind with the fruits of an extensive course of reading and study. Though he never neglected his college studies, we apprehend that the larger portion of his time was devoted to those writers in elegant literature whose names would have been sought in vain in the prescribed course of instruction.

After leaving college he spent a few months in his father's office in converse with the grim teachers of the law, and we have heard it stated on competent authority that there is still in existence a writ filled out by the same hand that wrote "Excelsior;" a fact which we mention for the special benefit of autograph collectors. The graceful genius of the youthful poet found nothing congenial in the austere countenance of Jurisprudence, and it being contemplated by the friends of Bowdoin College to found a professorship of modern languages, it was arranged that he should visit



Europe, in order to prepare himself for its duties, which were to be assumed by him upon his return. He accordingly left home and passed three years and a half in Europe, traveling or residing in France, Spain, Italy, Germany, Holland and England. During this period he acquired an accurate knowledge of the languages and literature of modern Europe, and the influence exerted upon his young and susceptible mind, by the world of nature and art there unrolled to his sight, was deep and permanent. He returned home in 1829, eminently qualified to discharge the duties of his professorship, upon which he immediately entered.

He resided for some years in Brunswick, tranquilly engaged in the unexciting labors of instruction, occasionally wooing the Muses in his leisure hours, and diligently increasing the stores of knowledge he had brought home. His sources of happiness were greatly increased by his marriage with a most amiable and intelligent young lady, which took place in 1831, and which, during the few years it continued, diffused over his life that calm atmosphere of domestic repose so essential to the healthy condition of a scholar's mind. In the mean time his reputation as an elegant and accomplished scholar gradually extended itself, and when, in 1835, the post of Smith Professor of Modern Languages and Belle-lettres in Harvard University was made vacant by the resignation of Professor Ticknor, who had filled it for many years with signal ability, the eyes of the guardians of the college were naturally turned to Professor Longfellow as the best qualified to succeed him, and the vacant situation was accordingly tendered to him, and by him accepted. He resigned his professorship at Brunswick in 1835, and again visited Europe with a view of becoming more thoroughly acquainted with the languages and the literatures of the North of Europe. He passed upward of a year abroad, traveling in Denmark, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland. It was on this journey that the hand of death separated him from his wife, who, though she had been for some time an invalid, was, at the last, suddenly and unexpectedly called away into the "silent land."

He returned to America in the autumn of 1836 and immediately entered upon the duties of his professorship at Cambridge, where he has constantly resided ever since, with the exception of a short visit to Europe last year for the restoration of his health.

Professor Longfellow first became known as a poet by his contributions to the "United States Literary Gazette," some of which were furnished by him while he was yet an undergraduate, and the remainder during the few months which elapsed between his leaving college and his departure for Europe. These poems, like most early poetry, have no marked individual

characteristics; but, considered as the productions of a young man of eighteen or nineteen, they deserve great praise. They have nothing crude, unformed, or boyish. The verse flows easily and gracefully; there is both delicacy of sentiment and beauty of expression in them; the atmosphere of good taste envelops them all; and they are marked by that power of observing and delineating the picturesque combinations of the visible world which characterizes all his writings. Some of them, such as "The Angler's Song," "An April Day," "Woods in Winter," were generally read and admired at the time of their first appearance, and are not yet forgotten by the lovers of good poetry. A few of these early poems have been included by the author in his first published volume of poems, and he might have added materially to their number without any loss of reputation.

In 1833 he published, in a thin volume of about one hundred pages, at Boston, a translation from the Spanish of the celebrated poem written by Don Jorge Manrique on the death of his father, to which was prefixed an eloquent and beautiful introductory essay on the moral and devotional poetry of Spain. Of the translation itself we shall have a few words to say, when we come to speak of his peculiar merits as a translator.

In 1835 appeared at or about the same time in New York and London, his "Outre-mer, or a Pilgrimage to the Old World, by an American," in two duodecimo volumes. A very pleasant book is this, full of matter both entertaining and instructive. It is the note-book of a young scholar, in Europe, divided between his love for old books and mouldy learning, and those ardent impulses of soul and sense which carry him out perpetually into the unwrinkled world of beauty, nature and art. Here we have an enthusiastic and most scholarlike paper on "Old English prose romances," and there a lively sketch of a scene in Spain, in which the periods trip gaily along, as if to the sound of castanets; here a dissertation on the ancient lyric poetry of France or the Spanish ballads, and there a picture of Père la Chaise and of the French village of Auteuil, drawn in colors as vivid as if the writer had lived always in the open air. Much of this work was written, or at least conceived, in the South of Europe; and it is full of the sunny spirit of the warm South. It reminds one of deep, blue skies, of long, hot days, of fountains playing in the sun, and of the grateful shade of pine forests. It is a pleasant book to read of a summer's day, and breathes over the mind as a cool breeze refreshes the languid frame. It is written in a gay and joyous spirit, and flows from a youthful, susceptible, and gifted nature, unknowing as yet the touch of sorrow, and in whom the tones of music and the forms of living or lifeless beauty call up none but bright associations.

In 1839 appeared a second prose work from his pen, "Hyperion," a romance in two volumes. In comparing this work with "Outre-mer" we can perceive that the mind and character of the writer had undergone some changes in the interval between the publications of the two. There are traces in the latter of the discipline of life and of that deeper wisdom which comes from the experience of trial and the bitter taste of disappointment. His glance is more piercing and his insight more profound. The varied forms which he was before content to merely copy into his sketch-book are now suggestive and linked to long trains of association. Where he once observed he now analyzes; where he once delineated he now dissects; what he once enjoyed he now speculates upon. This romance has not much artistic skill in its construction. The incidents are few and the plot of the simplest kind. Nor has it any great merit in its varied delineation of character, the interest being almost wholly absorbed by that of the hero, Paul Flemming. The events which take place in it have no other significance than as affecting him and calling forth those trails of mind and character, in the delineation of which, the power and interest of the work chiefly reside. It is a prose poem; a passage in the life of a young man of intensely poetical temperament, exposed to such influences as for a time transfigured the whole world and made it all poetry.

Paul Flemming, the hero, is a being of mingled elements, with much of heaven and something of earth, with the creative imagination and the susceptible blood of genius—one of those persons whose destiny and end depend much upon circumstances beyond their own control, and who, generally speaking, are to be refined and elevated by the "uses of adversity." He is exposed to this discipline of trial, and the book is a vivid picture of his convulsive struggles and final triumph, by which he, who might have curdled into a misanthrope or hardened into a voluptuary, becomes ennobled, strengthened and exalted. The work teaches a great moral lesson—one which the author has also inculcated in more than one of his poems, and which cannot be too often or too forcibly impressed—and that is, that a wise and strong man should extract from suffering and disappointment the elements of moral growth—that vigorous action and manly effort are the best medicines for a wounded spirit—and that he who is paralyzed by the touch of sorrow is untrue to his better nature, no less than he who is petrified into sullen gloom or maddened into fierce despair. This lesson is taught in a most effective and impressive manner, and we know that many persons, who have been placed in similar circumstances of trial with Paul Flemming, have found comfort and healing in the pages of "Hyperion." Its literary merit is unequal. Some of the chapters are not particularly interesting, and

apparently have little to do with the main purpose of the work, and we occasionally meet with something which a stern taste would have rejected; but, on the other hand, there is much beauty and sometimes depth of thought, sentiments whose truth and appropriate expression send them at once to the heart, exquisite descriptions of natural scenery, and an earnest and impassioned tone of eloquence. It particularly abounds with striking and beautiful illustrations, some of which are among the most felicitous that we have ever seen. The following seems to us to have no superior in the whole range of our reading, and is of the very highest order of imaginative beauty, and which none but a true poet could ever have conceived. Speaking of the glacier of the Rhone, he says, "Its shape is that of a glove, lying with the palm downward, and the fingers crooked and close together. It is a gauntlet of ice, which, centuries ago, Winter, the king of these mountains, threw down in defiance to the Sun; and year by year the Sun strives in vain to lift it on the point of his glittering spear."

For the twofold purpose of giving our readers a fair specimen of the style of "Hyperion," and, at the same time, of furnishing them with a key to its spirit and tendency, we extract a few paragraphs from the close of the eighth chapter of the second volume.

"And now the sun was growing high and warm. A little chapel, whose door stood open, seemed to invite Flemming to enter and enjoy the grateful coolness. He went in. There was no one there. The walls were covered with paintings and sculpture of the rudest kind, and with a few funeral tablets. There was nothing there to move the heart to devotion; but in that hour the heart of Flemming was weak—weak as a child's. He bowed his stubborn knees, and wept. And oh! how many disappointed hopes, how many bitter recollections, how much of wounded pride, and unrequited love, were in those tears, through which he read on a marble tablet in the chapel wall opposite, this singular inscription:

"'Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future, without fear, and with a manly heart.'

"It seemed to him as if the unknown tenant of that grave had opened his lips of dust, and spoken to him the words of consolation, which his soul needed, and which no friend had yet spoken. In a moment the anguish of his thoughts was still. The stone was rolled away from the door of his heart; death was no

longer there, but an angel clothed in white. He stood up, and his eyes were no more bleared with tears; and, looking into the bright, morning heaven, he said;

“ ‘I will be strong!’

“Men sometimes go down into tombs, with painful longings to behold once more the faces of their departed friends; and as they gaze upon them, lying there so peacefully with the semblance that they wore on earth, the sweet breath of heaven touches them, and the features crumble and fall together, and are but dust. So did his soul then descend for the last time into the great tomb of the Past, with painful longings to behold once more the dear faces of those he had loved; and the sweet breath of heaven touched them, and they would not stay, but crumbled away and perished as he gazed. They, too, were dust. And thus, far-sounding, he heard the great gate of the Past shut behind him, as the Divine Poet did the gate of Paradise, when the angel pointed him the way up the Holy Mountain; and to him likewise was it forbidden to look back.

“In the life of every man there are sudden transitions of feeling which seem almost miraculous. At once, as if some magician had touched the heavens and the earth, the dark clouds melt into the air, the wind falls, and serenity succeeds the storm. The causes which produce these sudden changes may have been long at work within us, but the changes themselves are instantaneous, and apparently without sufficient cause. It was so with Flemming; and from that hour forth he resolved that he would no longer veer with every shifting wind of circumstance; no longer be a child’s plaything in the hand of Fate, which we ourselves do make or mar. He resolved henceforward not to lean on others; but to walk self-confident and self-possessed; no longer to waste his years in vain regrets, nor wait the fulfillment of boundless hopes and indiscreet desires; but to live in the Present wisely, alike forgetful of the Past, and careless of what the mysterious Future might bring. And from that moment he was calm and strong; he was reconciled with himself! His thoughts turned to his distant home beyond the sea. An indescribable, sweet feeling rose within him.

“ ‘Thither will I turn my wandering footsteps,’ said he; ‘and be a man among men, and no longer a dreamer among shadows. Henceforth be mine a life of action and reality! I will work in my

own sphere, nor wish it other than it is. This alone is health and happiness. This alone is Life;

‘Life that shall send  
A challenge to its end,  
And, when it comes, say, Welcome friend!’

Why have I not made these sage reflections, this wise resolve, sooner? Can such a simple result spring only from the long and intricate process of experience? Alas! it is not till Time, with reckless hand, has torn out half the leaves from the Book of Human Life, to light the fires of passion with, from day to day, that Man begins to see that the leaves which remain are few in number, and to remember, faintly at first, and then more clearly, that, upon the earlier pages of that book was written a story of happy innocence, which he would fain read over again. Then comes listless irresolution, and the inevitable inaction of despair; or else the firm resolve to record upon the leaves that still remain a more noble history than the child’s story with which the book began.’ ”

Longfellow’s high fame as a poet rests upon two volumes of poems, one published in 1839, called “Voices of the Night,” and the other published in 1841, called “Ballads and other Poems.” These have given to him a rank second to no one among our native bards; and, in the opinion of many, the very first place would be accorded to him. Poetry, it has sometimes occurred to us, may be divided into two classes, which, for want of better appellations, we may call professional poetry and amateur poetry, though these epithets do not exactly convey the distinction we mean. In the latter class we include all that poetry which is written by men of cultivated minds and literary taste, without any particular poetical genius, all album verses, charades, acrostics and valentines, much of the love verses that find their way into print, all those graceful trifles that the French call “*vers de société*,” in short, that multiform species of poetry, the power of writing which is a mere accomplishment, embellishing other and graver capacities and faculties, but, in itself, conferring no distinction and of no especial value. The former class consists of that poetry, in which, in spite of all defects of form, arising from imperfect training, want of skill, erring judgment or defective taste, we trace indubitably those radiant symbols and tokens of inspiration which separate the poet from the verse-maker—the creation from the manufacture. No one, who ever read a page of Mr. Longfellow’s poetry, would hesitate for one moment, as to which of these two classes it belongs.

“This is a poet,” is the sentence which every one capable of distinguishing poetry from prose would pronounce. We see here the footprints of genius, and the fire of inspiration burns along the line. His poetry is no light breath, thrown off without effort for the amusement of himself or his friends—no airy bubble of the brain, glittering with momentary hues and then passing away and seen no more—but is the grave, sincere and earnest growth of a highly gifted mind, in the ripe fullness of its powers, finding in the utterance of musical numbers its appropriate expression and natural language. In writing poetry, we can perceive that he does no more than obey a primitive necessity of his nature. The inward voice, as it struggled into words, spoke in the sweet cadences of verse. As might be expected from Mr. Longfellow’s careful intellectual training and familiarity with the best models in every language, his poetry has all that elaborate finish that never seems elaborate, that polished elegance and minute attention to form and garb, without which, no production can hope for any thing more than a fleeting popularity. The most fastidious taste and the most delicate ear will seek in vain in his pages for a halting stanza, a harsh line, an imperfect rhyme or an ill-chosen epithet. His poems leave upon the mind that abiding pleasure which flows from the perception of completeness, in which nothing is omitted, nothing overlooked, nothing half done and nothing ill done, that serene satisfaction produced by finish of construction, akin to that which we feel in reading a Greek epigram or seeing an antique cameo.

In looking at Mr. Longfellow’s poetry to ascertain what has given it so high a place in the estimation of competent judges, we are immediately struck with the impression of that quality which the phrenologists call ideality; in other words, a love of ideal beauty. He is the most poetical of poets. His poetry is the farthest removed from prose that it is possible for good poetry to be. All the prosaic elements have been successively thrown off in the various refining and purifying processes through which it has passed in the alembic of his brain, and that which remains is poetry in its purest and most essential form. That delicate atmosphere of beauty which the gifted eye sees hanging over the world, like fragrance round the flower, he arrests and condenses by the magic power of genius, and fixes it upon his page. From this intense feeling of the beautiful, it follows that he is a writer of no great versatility in his poetry. He has no art or humor, or, at least, does not allow them utterance in verse; no satire, no moral reflections on artificial life and manners. He has none of those accurate and minute transcripts of natural scenery—those landscapes of the Dutch school painted with words for colors—which we admire so much in Bryant, none of that graceful and airy combination of the grave and the mirthful, which is the peculiarity of

Halleck. His poetry is the effluence of the imaginative faculty, in the highest state of creative energy. His illustrations are, generally speaking, drawn from the imagination rather than the fancy, and we do not find in his poetry those quaint and fantastic comparisons which provoke a smile by the unexpected resemblance they suggest.

From the predominance of pure imagination in his intellectual organization, comes that slight tendency to mysticism which we observe in some of his poems, that vague dreaminess of expression arising from an attempt to express a thought too delicate and volatile to bear the chains of language—a peculiarity indigenous to the soil of Germany and which may have been unconsciously induced, or at least fostered in Longfellow's mind, by his extensive acquaintance with the writers of that nation. It is difficult to define exactly the element of which we are speaking, but any one will apprehend our meaning after reading his "Prelude," "The Goblet of Life," and "Maidenhood." Some persons object to these poems and say they cannot understand them. To such we have only to say, that God has denied to them the power of distinguishing prose from poetry, as he has to others, that of distinguishing noise from music. Readers of imaginative and poetical temperament, on the contrary, find a charm in poetry which suggests more than it tells, which fills the mind with soft images of beauty, whose outlines are not sharply defined, but broken and indistinct like the edges of a summer cloud.

Every man of genius feels conceptions which he can only imperfectly express in language, and his utmost efforts only succeed in striking the keynote, which, when falling upon a mind in unison, awakens the proper harmony. In Jacob wrestling with the angel, and retiring maimed from the struggle, we have a type of the inadequate effort made by language, on mortal instrument, to grapple with those immortal thoughts which dart from the heaven of invention into the gifted mind.

But that which most recommends the poetry of Longfellow is the moral element which it contains, its pure and elevated tone of feeling, its dignity of sentiment and the lessons of high-toned resolve and manly resolution which it teaches. It is this element which commends it to so many minds, for the number of those who can apprehend moral truth is, fortunately, far greater than that of those who delight in poetry for its own sake. The poet, in looking over life, perceives everywhere that to be weak is to be miserable; that happiness is less dependent upon circumstances than upon the use which the mind makes of them; that the soul should gather from suffering the wings upon which it may mount and soar; that the elements of moral



growth are to be drawn from the storm, as well as the sunshine, and that in the resolute discharge of the daily duties of life, the best and most unfailing sources of comfort and support may be found. These great primal truths, as we have before mentioned, it was the main object of "Hyperion" to illustrate and enforce, and in his poetry they are taught in strains of unrivaled beauty. They breathe upon us, like a grand swell of organ music, from "A Psalm of Life," "The Light of Stars," "The Goblet of Life," "Excelsior," etc., and, indeed, in all his later poetry are either directly urged or indirectly inculcated. The peculiar literary qualities of his poetry, its grace, its delicacy, its sweetness of versification, its ideal and imaginative beauty, especially commend it to the very class of minds which are most in need of that moral tonic which it prescribes and administers; we mean those minds, whose danger arises from their very fineness of organization, which are most likely to be jangled into harsh discord by the touch of pain, which, from their fastidiousness, are in peril of becoming selfish both in their joy and their sorrow, and which must borrow those moral weapons which are forged in the armory of Truth, in order to aid them against those assaults of time, which coarser natures resist by their mere firmness of fibre. Happy is he who can minister to the moral wants of minds like these; happy and ever to be honored is that poet who devotes his gifts not to the kindling of those consuming passions which waste the heart, as fire does the scroll, and leave behind only the cold and bitter ashes of despair, but to the awakening and strengthening of those nobler aspirations, which lift the soul upward from earth and enable it to commune with Heaven. Such poets are the benefactors of their race;

They render with their precepts less  
The sum of human wretchedness  
And strengthen man with his own mind.

We know that Mr. Longfellow has reaped, in no scanty measure, that harvest of grateful acknowledgment, which is due to those who have laid the offerings of their genius upon the altar of truth. We know that many fainting spirits have found strength, and many despairing ones, hope in his poetry; that it has awakened new energy in bosoms that sorrow had benumbed, and sent the sunshine of peace into many a benighted heart.

We have preferred to speak of the general impression left by Mr. Longfellow's poetry, rather than to take up his pieces one by one, partly because they have all a certain family likeness, and partly because they are so familiar to the lovers of poetry, that they need not to have their peculiar beauties pointed out. We have therefore said nothing of his admirable

ballads, "The Skeleton in Armor" and "The Wreck of the Hesperus," so full of strength and beauty, with their vigorous conceptions and vivid power of painting; nothing of the picturesque simplicity and quiet wisdom of "The Village Blacksmith;" nothing of the exquisite delicacy and matchless grace of expression which mark his "Endymion," "It is not always May," etc., for these may be read by him that runs. But it would be doing injustice to his claims not to speak of his peculiar merits as a translator, which he has displayed in some very happy versions of poems, presenting more than common difficulties of construction and expression. His earliest published work was a translation from the Spanish of Manrique's noble poem on the death of his father, which has always appeared to us one of the most felicitous versions in the language. It is sufficiently, though not slavishly literal; the flow of the verse is easy and graceful, and the spirit of the original is most completely preserved. The translation is a fine and finished poem, and a valuable accession to the stores of English literature. He has also translated from the Swedish of Tegner, the author of the well-known poem, "Frithiof's Saga," a religious poem called "The Children of the Lord's Supper," which is very popular in Sweden. The original is written in hexameters, and the translation is in the same measure, which has never been naturalized in our language, and never will be. Professor Longfellow deserves great praise for the patience and skill he has shown in the accomplishment of his self-imposed and difficult task. By those who understand the original, his version is said to be exact and faithful, and regarded as a poem simply, it has great merit of thought and expression, and its hexameters are, to say the least, as good as those of any one who has made use of them before. But every reader will give a ready assent to the apologetic remarks of the translator in the preface. "I have preserved even the measure; that inexorable hexameter, in which, it must be confessed, the motions of the English muse are not unlike those of a prisoner dancing to the music of his chains; and perhaps, as Dr. Johnson said of the dancing dog, 'the wonder is not that she should do it so well, but that she should do it at all.'" There are in his two volumes of poems many other translations, mostly from the German, Spanish and Italian, all of which have marked merit, and show, even the shortest of them, the master's hand.

In addition to his two volumes of poems, Professor Longfellow, as will be remembered by our readers, has recently published in this magazine a drama in three acts, called "The Spanish Student," the merits of which are too fresh in the minds of our readers to require any critical exposition on our part. Though, in those particular qualities which separate the drama from other forms of intellectual production, as the skillful construction of the plot,

the natural succession of events, the appropriateness of the dialogue, the exposition of character and the probability of the denouement, it can claim no very high rank as a work of art, yet, as a poem, its merit is most unquestioned and emphatic, and it contains scenes and passages of extreme beauty. Within a few weeks he has also published in a thin pamphlet a few striking poems on slavery, of considerable literary merit, though, in that point of view alone, they will not add essentially to his reputation. They will be judged by a different standard, and the estimate formed of them will be according to the reader's views upon the subject which gave them birth, and which is hourly assuming more importance and filling a larger space in the public mind.

Professor Longfellow has by no means devoted his whole time to the composition of those works, in prose and verse, which have passed in review before us. He has made himself a ripe and good scholar, and his intellectual accomplishments and attainments would entitle him, apart from his genius, to much honor and consideration. Few poets have ever accumulated such stores of various and elegant learning. He is familiarly acquainted with the principal languages of modern Europe, speaking them fluently and correctly, and has read with critical accuracy all the best productions of their respective literatures. Of the best writers in English literature he has also been a diligent student, and has deeply freighted his mind with their golden stores of thought and expression. He has also contributed several papers to the *North American Review*, some of which are learned and elaborate, and show that patient and plodding industry not often found in connection with an inventive genius like his. Among these is a review of Tegner's "Frithiof's Saga," containing some original translations from the reviewer's own pen, which were highly approved by its distinguished author, who pronounced them, so far as they went, superior to any of the several English versions which had been made of his poem, and added his earnest request that he would translate the whole poem.

Professor Longfellow's present position is a very enviable one, and affords ample sources both of happiness and intellectual improvement. His professorship occupies, without absorbing, his time, and he is as regular and conscientious in the discharge of its duties as the dullest pedant that ever darkened the meaning of Æschylus or Pindar with bad Latin. His instructions are highly appreciated by the students, with whom he is also, personally, a great favorite. The cultivated and graceful society of Boston and Cambridge proffers him social privileges of the highest order, into which he is always warmly welcomed, not only on account of his genius, attainments and character, but also for his agreeable manners and pleasing

conversation. In the retirement of his own study, he finds himself in the companionship of a large and well-chosen library, and in the midst of those silent friends who are ever ready to sympathize with the scholar in every mood of mind in which he may find himself; who smooth with gentle appliance “the raven down” of sadness till it smiles, and lend their own light to add to the sunshine of his cheerful hours. He is in the full flower and perfection of his fine faculties, and we may confidently anticipate from him many and various contributions to the wealth of our young and growing literature.

The likeness which accompanies this, we are sorry to say, is not a very good one. Though correct, perhaps, in the general outline, Mr. Franquinet has failed to give that refined and poetical expression of his original which attracts the regard of every one who sees him in person.

## A WHISPER FROM THE GRAVE.

As through the church-yard lone I strayed,  
Communing with the silent dead,  
What time the sun's last radiance played  
Around the distant mountain's head;

Methought there caught my startled ear,  
Breathed from a mossy time-worn tomb,  
A voice that I could scarcely hear,  
Whispering "Thou'rt welcome to thy home!

"If thou art weary of thy life;  
If anguish rack thy throbbing breast;  
If with thy destiny at strife,  
Here thou wilt find a place of rest.

"Here love can stay his wild desires;  
Here mad ambition tame his pride;  
Here lust assuage his raging fires;  
And avarice cast his curse aside.

"For some cold beauty dost thou pine;  
Some wicked joy that thrilled thy heart;  
Some bliss that never can be thine,  
Yet stings thee with its poisoned dart;

"If fortune, in her cruel mirth,  
From some proud eminence has hurled,  
And sent her brood of bloodhounds forth  
To track thy footsteps round the world;

"If harassed by some cureless pain,  
That wastes thy strength from day to day;  
Or memory racks thy burning brain,  
Or hope has thrown his staff away;

"Here is thy destined place of rest;  
Here is thy last, long, quiet home;  
Here every outcast wretch is blest—

Come hither then, poor pilgrim, come!

“Here many a playmate thou wilt meet;  
Old friends lay scattered all around;  
And many loved ones thou may'st greet  
Within this little narrow bound.

“She who first gave thee milk is here,  
Thy bosom's partner by her side;  
The little ones thou lov'dst so dear,  
Thy two twin cherubs here abide.

“For living foes dead friends thou'lt meet,  
Harmless companions every one;  
They neither slander, lie, nor cheat,  
Nor leave the wretch to pine alone.

“Good company they are, my friend;  
They'll never tempt thy feet astray,  
But point thee to thy journey's end,  
And show thee safely on the way.

“Then come and lay thee by my side,  
And wait the last great judgment day,  
When all that sleeping here abide,  
Shall wake, and speed their heav'nward way.”

J. K. P.

# AMERICAN BALLADS.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

NO. II.—ARNOLD'S TREASON.

Night upon the Highland hills,  
Night upon the mighty river,  
Darkly in the witching calm  
Did the breezeless aspen shiver,  
Darkly o'er the shrouded moon  
Were the misty vapors flying,  
Sadly down the hollow pass  
Sighed the night air softly dying.

Silence, like a heavy shadow,  
Brooded over Hudson's breast,  
Brooded over Beacon hoary,  
Brooded over huge Crow-Nest,  
Save, when, as the tide was making,  
Faintly rose its fitful dash,  
Save, when, all the echoes waking,  
Rose the leaping sturgeon's flash.

Once, and oft the katydid  
Shrilled upon the mountain side,  
Once, and oft, from shoal and shallow,  
Deep the bullfrog's bass replied.  
Mute was all beside and solemn—  
Tread of brute, or wildfowl's flight,  
Sounded none i' the stilly woods,  
Sounded none i' the starless night.

Leagues of wilderness and river,  
Countless leagues, lay hushed in sleep,  
Scarce a rustle in the trees,  
Scarce a ripple on the deep;  
Not a sign was there or token,  
Not a sign of human life,

Yet those woods and waters lonely,  
All with armed foes were rife.

Floated o'er the fortress, northward,  
New-born freedom's clustered stars,  
Soon to rank with flags that numbered  
Centuries of glorious scars.  
Southward o'er the Vulture's pinion,  
Meteor of a thousand years,  
Gleamed old England's red cross glorious,  
Known wherever pilot steers.

Noble foemen, southward, northward!  
Noble foemen! noble cause!  
These for loyalty and fame!  
Those for liberty and laws!  
Long had been the strife between them,  
Long and hard was it like to be,  
Those the tamers of the forest,  
These the rulers of the sea!

Yet was treason in the camp,  
Where no treason should have been—  
But it has been so forever,  
So forever 't will be seen,  
That the highest, holiest cause,  
And the purest patriot band,  
Number with their good and great  
Still the traitor's heart and hand!

When the Persian myriads quailed,  
Quailed before the hundreds three,  
Of the glorious Spartans one  
Died not at Thermopylæ—  
When the consuls yet were new,  
And the Tarquins hardly down,  
One in Rome, a Brutus too,  
Sold his country to the crown.

And if man the foulest treason  
Plot against his fellow clay,  
How shall we presume to murmur,



Things whose life is but a day,  
When the Lord of Earth and Heaven  
Counted in his chosen fold  
Judas, who betrayed his master  
For the filthy lust of gold?

Mark the bullfrog's startled croak,  
Mark the teal on sudden pinion  
Springing from her watery roost—  
What invades their wild dominion?  
Lo! with noiseless motion stealing,  
In the shadow of the shore,  
Not a star its course revealing,  
Crawls a boat with muffled oar.

Crawls a boat with muffled oar  
Slowly toward an inlet deep,  
Where the Long-clove frowns above,  
And dark below the eddies sleep.  
Not an eagle's eye could pierce  
That recess of utter gloom,  
Suited well for treason's cradle,  
Suited well for a traitor's tomb!

Grated on the rocks the keel,  
Slept a stately form to land—  
Well could rein the dashing war-horse,  
Well could wield the mortal brand—  
Nobler spirit, braver hand,  
Warmer heart have never met—  
Wo betide the wicked hour  
When ashore his foot he set!

Not a word had yet been spoken,  
For the rowers knew him not,  
Knew him not the man who steered him  
To that gloomy, guilty spot.  
But there waited one ashore,  
Shrouded in the shades of night,  
Shrouded in the thickest covert—  
His were deeds that shun the light.

Yet had he a glorious name—  
Deeds of his i' the face of day  
Had outgrown all rival laurels,  
None so daring-bold as they—  
By the wild Dead River's course,  
On Megantic's stormy lake—  
On the Chaudiere's boiling rapids,  
In morass, ravine and brake—

On the plains of Abram glorious,  
All beneath the battled wall,  
That beheld young Wolfe victorious  
In the arms of glory fall—  
In the weary, weary march  
Up the wintry Kennebec—  
In the fight where fell Montgomery  
By the ramparts of Quebec.

Upon Behmus' bloody height,  
And the field of grounded arms,  
Foremost he, though not their leader,  
Led the men i' the fierce alarms;  
Foremost when the works were taken,  
When the Hessian lines were won,  
Fell he horse and man i' the port,  
Wounded fell, when his work was done—

But it galled his haughty spirit,  
And it rankled in his heart—  
Others won the meed of praise,  
Only he had played the part—  
Fame deferred and rank denied  
Turned his very soul to gall—  
Pride it was that conquered him—  
Pride which made an angel fall.

Heavy debt oppressed him too—  
Oh! but he was sorely tried!  
Oh! that in the battle's hurly,  
Young and honored he had died!  
But he hedged aside from truth,  
Held not honor in his eye—

Pray we, then, for grace to fall not,  
Fall not thus, but rather die!

Partly spurred by bitter hate,  
Partly driven by sordid need,  
He his patriot laurels bartered  
Basely for a traitor's meed;  
He, in falling, by his sin  
Dragged a loftier spirit down,  
Spirit that stooped not to treason,  
Would not stoop to win a crown.

No man knows the words they said,  
No man knows the villain's suit—  
For the knave escaped his doom,  
And the martyr perished mute.  
No man knows but only this,  
That his post he should betray—  
Near the sun!—the work not done!—  
And they mounted and away.

Hard they galloped up the road;  
Up the road through Haverstraw;  
Through the village, o'er the bridge;  
Their approach the sentry saw—  
Challenged loud—advanced his arms—  
“Congress” is the countersign—  
“Pass—all's well!” the sentry cried—  
He is in the foeman's line.

Heavily it smote his heart!  
He, a Briton, thus betrayed—  
He, who loathed the name of baseness,  
Basely thus a prisoner made!  
He had risked his person boldly!  
He was clad in his martial dress!  
He was perilled, oh! how co'dly!  
By the traitor knave's address.

To a lonely house was he taken,  
Never told he what passed there—  
Though he tarried till the morning,

Till the sun shone broad and fair.  
Then the traitor turned him home,  
Turned him home, his treason planned—  
Little recked he what fell out,  
So the guerdon reached his hand.

Turned and left his victim there,  
Cheated by a specious lie!  
Left the true and noble-hearted  
By a felon's doom to die!  
Sent him not in safety back  
To the Vulture, whence he came—  
But by dastard artifice  
Left him to a death of shame.

Oh! but he resisted strongly,  
Ere he laid his dress aside!  
Oh! but he consented wrongly,  
Or he never so had died!  
He had passed the farthest post,  
He was riding free from fear—  
And the foe was far behind,  
And the English lines were near—

When, beside a little brook,  
Three who lay in ambush nigh,  
Bade him stand—he 'lighted down—  
And they took him for a spy!  
Then to Northcastle they led him—  
Sheldon's horsemen there they lay—  
And his hours they were numbered—  
They were numbered on that day.

For the papers they were found—  
And the traitor he had fled—  
And the victim would not lie!  
Lie!—no! not to save his head!  
Would not lie to save his head—  
Would not lie to save his fame!  
He had risked his person fairly—  
Never risked his soldier name!

Dying, 'twas his only fear  
Lest his leader should suppose  
That obedience to his orders  
Had betrayed him to his foes—  
And the fondest, latest wish  
Of his noble, noble heart  
Was to save Sir Henry's soul  
From that unavailing smart.

Then to his doom they led him,  
In a sunny morning's light,  
When the muffled drums were beating,  
And the bayonets glancing bright—  
To his bitter doom they led him—  
He had asked a soldier's death—  
But he saw the shameful tree,  
And the cursed rope beneath—

Back he started—"Why this shrinking?  
And what shakes thy gallant breast?"  
"To my death I go all fearless,  
But the manner I detest!"  
To his death he went all fearless,  
With a cheerful heart and high;  
Not an eye of all the host,  
Not an eye but his was dry!

Better, better was it far,  
So like Andrè to be dying,  
With his country mourning o'er him,  
And his foemen round him sighing,  
Than like Arnold to live on,  
Scorn of his adopted land,  
Loathed of every noble heart,  
Shunned of every honest hand!

Heard ye not how England's King,  
With his peers in circled state,  
Would have made him known to one,  
Who in every deed was great?  
"No, my liege," the earl replied—  
"Rank, and lands, and life are thine—

But no traitor's touch may sully  
This untainted hand of mine."

But the traitor still was brave—  
Quailed not he to the old lord's scorn—  
Quailed not he to the bravest man  
That was e'er of woman born—  
Challenged him to the deadly field—  
Met him sternly face to face—  
Leveled! fired! but erred his ball—  
It may be his soul was touched of grace!

Proudly, coldly stood the peer—  
Proudly, coldly turned away!  
"Stand and fire!" the traitor cried—  
"Yours, my lord, is the luck to-day!"  
"No! I leave you," sternly spake—  
Spake the old and haughty lord—  
"Leave you to a fitter doom—  
To the hangman and the cord!"

LITTLE RED-RIDINGHOOD.

BY MRS. FRANCES S. OSGOOD.



Little Red-Ridinghood

“Wild flowers looked upward  
Her blue eyes to meet,

Then bent again 'neath  
Her little, light feet.”

Dear little wanderer!  
Dancing along;  
Now with a silver laugh.  
Now with a song:

Little that loving heart,  
Guileless and gay,  
Dreamed of the evil  
That darkened thy way.

Soft from the crimson hood  
Floated her hair,  
Changing to gold  
In the sunlighted air;

Blue as the hare-bell  
That, as she tripp'd by,  
Kissed those light feet in love  
Shone her young eye;

Bright as yon rivulet  
Glanced to the day  
Dimpled her cheek  
In her smile's sunny play.

Oh! 'tis a fable,  
'Twere sin to believe!  
How could the wolf  
Such a darling deceive?

Say that she met him there!  
That may be so;  
Innocence walks not  
Unperilled below;

But on the faith  
Of a poet the rest  
Is but a libel,  
And should be repressed.



Say that she met him there,  
Face unto face!  
Soft o'er the savage  
The magic of grace,

Sweetness and purity,  
Beauty and love,  
Stole to his heart  
Like the coo of a dove.

One earnest look  
Of those eloquent eyes,  
One music-tone  
Of her childish surprise,

Melted the iron  
Of evil design  
Into soft homage  
For grace so divine;

And if he spoke to her,  
(So goes the tale,)  
These must have been the words  
Growled on the gale—

“Joyous and innocent,  
Bright as the day,  
Little Red-Ridinghood,  
Go on thy way!

“Flower of the Spring-tide,  
Graceful and wild,  
Never come harm to thee,  
Beautiful child!

“Speed on thine errand  
Unconscious of art,  
Bloom on thy young cheek  
And love in thy heart.

“Bare to the sunset  
Those soft, waving curls,  
Fearless and frolicsome,

Fairest of girls.

“See how yon changing sky  
Fades with the day!  
Little Red-Ridinghood,  
Haste on thy way!”

# THE TWIN-SISTERS.

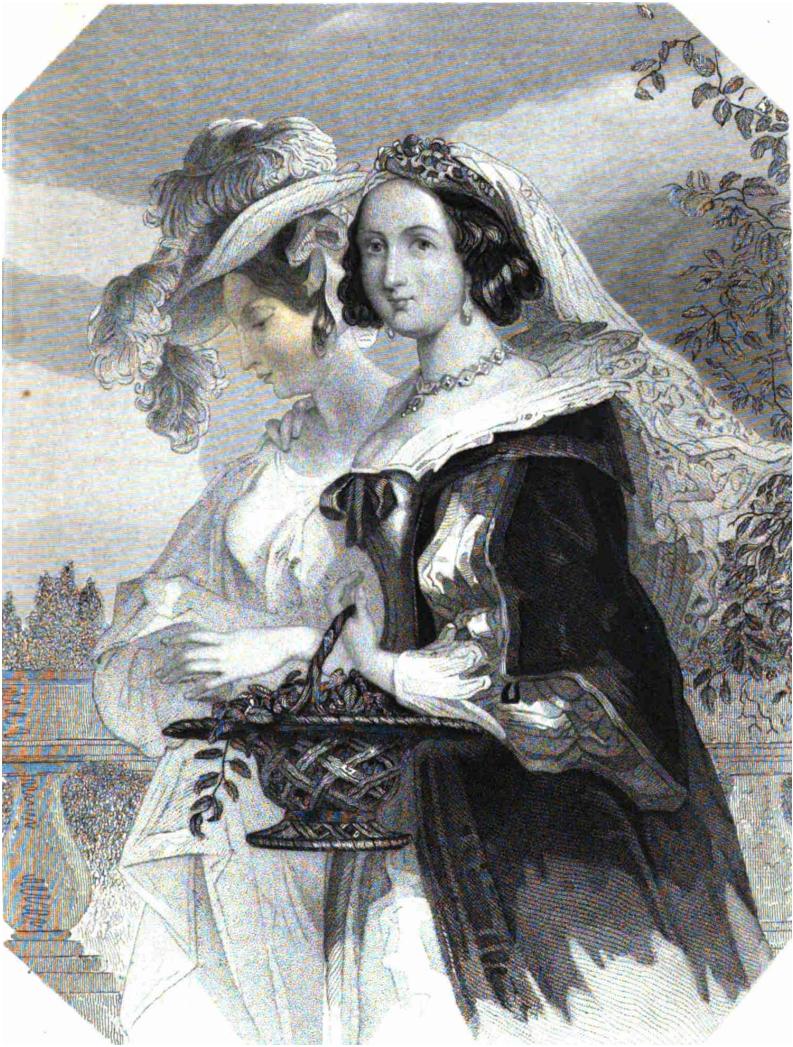
A LEAF FROM THE JOURNAL OF AN ANTIQUARIAN.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

The old manor house of Folkstone has little to attract the notice of the passing wayfarer, for its fine park is now converted into a sheep pasture, its flower garden is planted with turnips, and its noble woods have long since been felled to enable its owner to enrich and embellish some fairer domain. The house has suffered comparatively little from time, but a fiercer enemy has been at work within its walls, and in its finest apartments are still visible the traces of that devouring fire which has reduced it almost to ruin. Strange rumors are abroad concerning the origin of that fire. The present owner, a wild and dissolute youth, came down to visit it, with a party of gay revelers, soon after it fell into his possession. Five more stately and better appointed mansions were already his, for he was one of the wealthiest of England's peers, and when he beheld the worm-eaten tapestries and mouldering furniture, he was heard to exclaim, with a loud oath—

“I would that my mad cousin of Folkstone had set fire to the old nest; it will cost more in taxes than the lands will yield in revenue.”

His steward, a keen-eyed, iron-faced man, heard his master's words, and on the very night after the young lord's departure, the building was discovered to be in flames. Some said it was a judgment from Heaven—others shook their heads, and whispered that the agency of man was visible in a fire which had broken out from four different points at the same moment, and certain it is that no money was ever spent upon the repair of the once noble structure. I had been told that the staircase was still decorated with some remains of the magnificent oaken carvings which had once adorned many of the rooms, and I was therefore induced to visit the almost roofless mansion, which certainly promised little to reward my search. I had wandered for some time through the empty apartments, which were nearly stripped of every vestige of furniture, when, upon opening the door of a small chamber that seemed originally designed for an oratory, I found myself suddenly in the presence of a picture, whose tints were so unfaded and life-like, that, for a moment, I started as if the actual beings had suddenly risen before me.



The Twin-Sisters

The picture represented two children, apparently about twelve years of age, and the painter had seated them upon a turfy bank, with the arm of one resting on the neck of the other. Perhaps, had I seen the picture elsewhere, it might not have offered such powerful attraction, although it was as exquisite in its execution as in its design. But the faces of those beautiful girls, gleaming out from the dark oaken panel in which the picture was deeply inserted—this painted semblance of life—active and joyous life in the midst of utter desolation—this solitary vestige of a race now passed forever from the earth—this single record of the past, which had escaped the destruction to which its stranger lord had doomed the home of an ancient family,

awakened a feeling of awe for which I could scarcely account even to myself. I gazed upon those bright faces until imagination began to weave many a dream of the fortunes of those lovely children. I pictured them the idol of their stately parents, the pride of their family, the darlings of their dependents, I had been struck with their wonderful similarity of feature, and I fancied the fair sisters had been as much assimilated in character, while I endeavored to sketch some probable view of their course through life. The setting sun, which, beaming through the single window, suddenly lighted up the lonely picture with a bright halo of departing glory, recalled me to myself, and as I turned my back upon the little chamber, I felt the folly of my own imaginings. Why should I seek to penetrate the veil of years? They had lived, and probably loved, and certainly suffered, and doubtless their ashes were now mingling with those of their forefathers in the family vault of the neighboring chapel. They had but shared the common lot of all mankind, and why should I be so strangely interested in two fair faces on which the worm had long since feasted in the silent tomb? Yet those beautiful children seemed to me like a bright vision, seen amid the blackness of darkness, long after I had returned to my solitary room, and I determined to make some inquiries respecting them ere I left the neighborhood. There are always some old retainers of a noble house, or at least some descendants of such, who haunt the scenes of ancient splendor; and from an aged crone, whose mother had been the nurse of the beautiful twins whose portraits I had seen, I learned the tale which proved how false had been my own imaginings.

The ladies Rosamond and Lilius were the only children of the proud old marquis whose ancestors had for centuries ruled over the domain of Folkstone, Born after a childless marriage of many years, perhaps both parents would have been better pleased if one fair son had been given to them instead of the two fragile daughters who were now destined to inherit the estates, and extinguish the name of their ancient family. But parental affection silenced, if it could not subdue, their regrets, and ere long the twins were the idols of both father and mother. The singular personal resemblance, which so generally characterizes those whom nature has so mysteriously connected, was in this case very strongly marked. As infants they could, with difficulty, be distinguished from each other, and only the unerring eye of a mother could detect the shade of difference between the deep gray eye of Rosamond and the slight hazel tint which was diffused through the same color in the eyes of Lilius; while only a mother's heart could remember that when the two little heads were laid upon the same pillow the curls which clustered round Rosamond's brow were darker than the chestnut locks of

Lilias. This similitude seemed rather to increase with the progress of time, and in the sportiveness of their innocent mirth the fair children would often puzzle their parents by changing the ornaments which formed the only distinction between them in the eyes of the family servants. Nor were they less alike in character than in person, and happier had it been for both if more diversity between them had really existed.

Entitled by their birth to rank and affluence, gifted by nature with exceeding beauty, and almost worshiped by parents who had long despaired of beholding the renewal of their youth in their own offspring, they early learned their own importance in the eyes of the whole household. Their will became a law to all, from the proud old lord down to his humblest servant, and it is not surprising that they should soon have acquired a full portion of the waywardness which is ever the result of unlimited indulgence. Their similarity of taste and feeling produced disunion between them even in the nursery, for each was sure to desire the same gratification at precisely the same moment, and as it was scarcely possible always to fulfill the desires of both, their wilfulness occasioned continual discord between them. Many a dispute which has separated those whom God himself had united—many a family feud which has left its inheritance of hatred in the second and third generations—many a bitter jealousy—many an evil passion which curdles the milk of human kindness in the hearts of men, and makes the bond of kindred only a fetter which is gladly broken—may be traced to the petty bickerings and still renewed quarrels which disturbed the days of infancy. The misfortunes which befell the beautiful sisters, if traced to their first cause, will be found to have arisen in that disunion of feeling, and selfishness, which characterized their childhood, while the wonderful similarity which distinguished their moral as well as their physical nature, and which should have bound them by the closest ties, became only an unfailling source of discord and dislike.

As nothing is more unlovely than childhood without its innocent attributes, its frankness, its overflowing affections, its utter unselfishness, its purity of feeling—we will pass over the events of the sisters' early life; events which, though of trifling import in themselves, were of no little consequence to the formation of character. At sixteen, the ladies Rosamond and Lilias were known to all the country around as the Beauties of Folkstone; and the rare spectacle of two young females so exquisitely lovely and so wonderfully similar that a portrait of the one would have served as a most accurate likeness of the other, drew around them a crowd of admirers. It required an intimate acquaintance with both to discover the points of difference which existed between them, and yet these differences were of the

most decided and definite kind. Possessed of equally violent passions, equally self-willed and resolute of purpose, they yet were most unlike in talent and in their power of self-possession. Rosamond, with far more real strength of mind than her sister, had far less control over her wayward impulses. Her acuteness of perception and brilliant wit gave point and poignancy to her conversation which too frequently degenerated into severity and sarcasm, while the least irritation of temper produced such cutting and violent invective against the offender, that few were found willing to brave her anger more than once. But with all these defects she yet possessed a degree of generous frankness, and magnanimity in acknowledging her errors, which gave promise of many noble qualities hidden beneath the waywardness of her temper. Lilias, on the contrary, was one of those sensitive, morbid creatures, who delight in cherishing every sentiment into a passion; romance was the atmosphere in which she sought to dwell, and failing to find its subtle essence pervading the grosser elements of everyday life, she was ever fretful, repining, and discontented. But Lilias was, also, a profound and skillful dissembler. Though guided ever by the impulses of a headstrong will, she yet managed to appear one of the most refined and delicate and gentle of women. Though resolute of purpose, and defying all hindrances when her passions were excited, she seemed only one of those frail, dependent, timid creatures who attach themselves to the hearts of men by their very helplessness. While the dark eyes of Rosamond flashed with the fires of intellect, those of Lilias were full of liquid light, as if a tear were ever ready to soften their rich lustre. While the chiseled lips of the franker sister were sometimes wreathed with merry smiles, sometimes curved in bitter scorn, the rose-bud mouth of the gentle Lilias never expressed a ruder emotion than quiet pleasure or placid pensiveness. While the lithe figure of one was seen in all the unstudied grace of attitude, which might beseem a wood-nymph, the drooping form and equally picturesque but more artificial postures of the other would have afforded a model to the sculptor who vainly sought to image the statue of modesty. At first view, the observer was ready to exclaim, as he gazed upon both sisters—"How marvelous a likeness!" But a second look would probably excite his wonder still more, by showing how utterly different an expression might be worn by features moulded to the most perfect exactitude of form.

Scarcely had the beautiful sisters attained the age of womanhood when death deprived them of their mother, whose weak indulgence had fostered the growth of those errors in her children of which she was keenly sensible ere she was removed from them forever. They felt little respect for the parent who had early submitted her better judgment to their infantine

caprices, and, like all spoiled children, they made a most ungrateful return for her unlimited affection. She was allowed to minister to their pleasures, but when, excited by their willfulness, she attempted to act the mentor, or to assert her long dormant authority, she was met by utter contempt for her counsels, and disregard of her commands. Her last days were embittered by their disobedience, and the children who had been bestowed as blessings, were, by her own excess of affection, made her most bitter scourges. Their father, a weak, silly, proud old man, who fancied that every thing which appertained to him was beyond censure or criticism, and who allowed his daughters to act precisely as they pleased, so long as they did not controvert his peculiar prejudices, was little calculated to be their guide during the perilous period of life which they had just entered. Thus left to follow the dictates of their own will, they could scarcely fail of laying up a store of future suffering.

Among their numerous admirers was one who mingled timidly with the throng of the noble and the gifted that surrounded the lovely heiresses of Folkstone, as if conscious of his feeble claims upon their notice or regard. Herbert Bellenden was a younger son, who, from his boyhood, had been destined to the church, because a valuable living was in the gift of his family. His rectory was but a short distance from Folkstone, and the large estates of his elder brother lay contiguous to those which were the future inheritance of the lovely sisters. Shy and retiring in his manner, a student in the fullest sense of the word, he avoided society with an almost morbid feeling of self-distrust and false pride; while his keen sense of the beautiful, and his ardent admiration of feminine loveliness, led him to find his chief delight in the continuance of his boyish intimacy with the ladies of Folkstone. He had mastered much of the lore of books, and had not altogether neglected the study of human nature, though his reserved manners gave him little facility in this pursuit—but of that strangest of all strange volumes—the heart of woman—he was profoundly and hopelessly ignorant. Considering the sex as vastly inferior to men in intellectual strength, he looked upon them as fair and gentle beings, sent to soften man's rugged nature, and embellish life's dreary scenes; but the idea that they had characters which might be studied, and faculties which might be developed, never once occurred to him.

To a man of secluded habits and timid nature, the bold, frank, fearless bearing of Rosamond was far more attractive than the sensitive and relying temper of Lilius. He had not the decision of character and firmness of purpose which is sufficient for itself, and can, therefore, afford to offer its support to the feebler nature of woman. Rosamond's self-reliance, though



generally the least attractive of all feminine traits, seemed peculiarly calculated to please one who was conscious of his own weakness; and Herbert Bellenden was not long in discovering that his affections were no longer in his own keeping. That his fine talents, his poetic temperament, his enthusiasm and his romance of feeling should have given him an interest in the heart of the morbidly sensitive Liliás, was by no means extraordinary; but that the high-spirited and joyous-hearted Rosamond—she who shared her father's pride and looked with scorn upon all who trod a lowlier path through life than that which she pursued—she who mocked at the name of love, and despised the thought of being humbled to the condition of a loving and submissive woman—she who had heretofore fancied that a paladin of the olden time, a knight ready to do his devoir to the death, or at least a noble gentleman, skilled in all manly and daring exercises, could alone fix her wandering fancy—that she should have loved the shy and vacillating student, was one of those marvels for which philosophy has no explanation. Alas! were "human love the growth of human will," how much of the suffering which belongs to its full and perfect development would the hearts of men, and more especially of women, be spared. Herbert loved the high-souled Rosamond, and the lofty Rosamond, as well as the romantic Liliás, had yielded up their hearts to him. Both, turning from the advantages which were offered them by wealth and rank, had bestowed their affections on the youthful rector. But while Rosamond proudly and sternly struggled against the love which was daily gaining new vigor in her heart, Liliás, ever attracted by those incongruities of life which give a tincture of romance to the dull realities of this working-day world, cherished the feeble sentiment of preference into a deep and absorbing passion.

It would be useless to attempt describing the progress of those events which gradually tended to compass the scheme of the romantic but self-willed Liliás. She had early discovered Herbert Bellenden's preference for Rosamond—she had almost as soon detected her proud sister's mental struggles against reciprocal affection, and yet, in despite of these things, she resolved to win the object of her love, even if her path to the altar led over her sister's crushed and bleeding heart. All the powerful machinery of a woman's wiliness was put in motion to secure the prize. All that she could devise of boldness or of stratagem was exercised upon the unsuspecting lovers. By cunningly constructed tales of Herbert's presumption, Rosamond was instigated to treat him with a degree of proud coldness almost amounting to contempt, while the downcast eye of Liliás, her quivering lip, her trembling voice, her agitated manner when in his presence, were all made to bear palpable witness to the depth of her own fervent tenderness. A

woman's cunning is almost sure of success, because men rarely suspect the sex until they have had some experience of their falsehood, and even if once deceived, personal vanity is usually a most powerful auxiliary on the side of the weaker, but more subtle adversary. Herbert Bellenden was entirely deceived by the devices of Lilius. He fancied that the sensitive girl was cherishing a hopeless passion which she vainly struggled to hide, and when he compared her ill-concealed agitation of manner with the stern, cold indifference of her sister, he could not but wonder at his own waywardness in thus humbling himself before the contemner, while he turned from the worshiper.

One evening—it was the dusk hour of twilight, and the shadow of the broad and gnarled oaks threw a deeper gloom over the pathway, as Herbert encountered the lady of his love. She was treading with quick step a narrow walk which traversed the lawn, and lost itself in the darkest woodland. A closed bonnet partly hid her features, but the proud curve of those smiling lips, the stately tread of that tall form was not to be mistaken. He little knew what thoughts of coming triumph had lent that haughty look and that proud step to the maiden who now stood beside him. Day after day had he brooded over his preference for the cold beauty, and pondered on the belief that he was the object of her sister's love. Sometimes he was tempted to banish himself from the presence of both—sometimes he was upon the point of devoting himself to the gentle and loving Lilius—yet his vacillating temper led him still to defer the moment of explanation. Now, however, he was nerved by a courage heretofore unknown to him. They were alone—no witnesses but the silent stars could behold his agitation—his voice would reach no ears save hers—and yielding to an impulse which he could neither understand nor control, he poured forth the long repressed tide of deep affection. Silently did the lady listen to the burning words of passion—silently did she suffer him to draw her toward him—silently did she hide her face upon his bosom, as he prayed her to forget rank and fortune, and parental anger, for the strong and abiding love of a husband's heart. Did no misgiving seize him when he found the haughty and frank Rosamond listening calmly to such a proposition? Did he believe that passion had so subdued her proud temper that she would not only wed the untitled younger son, but even degrade herself by a clandestine marriage?

On the night following this unlooked-for interview, a veiled and muffled figure stole silently from a postern gate, which opened upon a by-path through Folkstone park. The clock was striking midnight as the disguised lady approached the trysting-place. Herbert Bellenden was already there—the carriage was in waiting, and, with a silent embrace, the lovers hurried to

enter it. Ere the next day's sun had set, the whole neighborhood knew that Herbert Bellenden had robbed Folkstone of one of its fairest ornaments. The story was widely diffused, but, strange to say, half the world made Rosamond the partner of his flight, while others said that Lilius was the bride. The gossips were only satisfied when Rosamond, looking pale and sorrowful, but still as proud and queenly as ever, was seen accompanying her father in his daily rides. It was strange, passing strange.

Time passed on and wrought his usual changes as he winged his silent way. Five years had elapsed since the eventful night which had thus far decided the fate of the sisters. The old lord of Folkstone was gathered to his fathers—the stately and beautiful Rosamond dwelt alone in the ancient hall, for, excepting her sister, there were none of her near kindred left upon earth. Herbert Bellenden had inherited the title and fortune which had once belonged to his elder brother, who had recently died childless, and the beautiful Lilius, who, to the eyes of the world, had sacrificed ambition to love when she wedded, now reaped her reward in her newly acquired rank and wealth. At the death-bed of their aged father, a reconciliation had taken place between the estranged family. The old man, who could not forgive his daughter's clandestine marriage with a younger son, was induced to bestow his blessing on the richly dowered countess, and Rosamond, whose cold, proud demeanor had now become habitual, did not refuse to accede to the proffered peace. But though there might be peace between them, there could be no affection. Rosamond's heart had received a wound which was yet unhealed, and Lilius was hiding within her bosom a secret which she dreaded lest her very thoughts should reveal. Jealous of every look and word which her husband bestowed upon another, pining for the kindness and affection which Herbert neither would nor could bestow, and continually trembling lest something should occur to break the frail bonds which seemed to hold her husband to her side, she had indeed reaped her reward in utter disappointment and misery.

But her punishment was not yet come. Lilius was preparing for her first winter in London, where she had resolved to appear in all the splendors of her beauty and her fortune, when a fearful accident overthrew all her hopes. While in the act of stepping out of her carriage, the horses took fright, and the fair countess was thrown violently to the ground, while her dress becoming entangled in the steps, she was dragged some distance over the rugged road before assistance could be afforded. She was taken up apparently lifeless, and so frightfully disfigured that she was scarcely to be recognized. Medical skill was immediately procured, but for many hours she

lay between life and death, and it was not until the second day that the doctor pronounced the crisis to be past.

“Every thing depends upon care now,” said the man of wisdom; “the slightest change may prove fatal to her, the most trivial neglect is death.”

Then leaving a draught, to be taken at regular intervals, the doctor sought the repose which, during her most imminent danger, he had denied himself.

That very night, as Rosamond watched beside the bed of her unconscious sister, in the very presence of the helpless sufferer, who knew not of what was passing around her—that very night, from the lips of him whom she still loved better than aught else on earth, did Rosamond listen to a tale which almost maddened her. It was *her* love that Herbert Bellenden had sought—it was *her* hand he had tried to win—it was *her* whom he fancied he was bearing to a clandestine marriage, and not until the hurried and confused ceremony was over—not until the veil was removed from the face of her whom he claimed as his wife, did he learn that Lilius, and not Rosamond, was his companion.

“From that hour, Rosamond,” said he, “I have loathed the very air she breathed, and the very earth she trod. She has been as a serpent in my path, and yet her tears, her agony, her blandishments have won me to treat her sometimes with a tenderness that has seemed almost like love. Yes,” he added, bitterly, “she has been as a serpent in my path, as a deadly adder whose sting I feel in my very heart of hearts; and now she lies like a crushed worm before me—thus to drag out perhaps years of misery—a fearful and humble sight to all—a heavy and wretched burden to my existence.”

What were the feelings of Rosamond when she listened to this strange tale? The flood-gates of passion were thrown down—the barriers of pride and principle gave way, and in that fearful hour the secret of her long hoarded passion was revealed to the weak and vacillating husband of another. From that moment Rosamond never re-entered her sister’s apartment, and never again met Herbert Bellenden save in the presence of others of the household. But it was observed, and mentioned long afterwards, when circumstances awakened fearful suspicions, that the charge of the helpless sufferer now devolved entirely on a superannuated old woman who had long been regarded with an evil eye for her malice and ill-omened power of mischief.

Though crushed nearly out of all semblance to humanity, Lilius seemed to cling to life with wonderful tenacity, and the physician reiterated his

opinion that care alone was necessary to restore her to comparative health.

“She will never walk again, poor thing,” said he, gravely, “and she will scarcely be able to recover the use of her hands; her features, too, must always be terribly distorted, and I doubt whether her eyesight will be fully restored—but no vital function is seriously injured, and she may yet live many years.”

That very night, or rather at dawn of the following day, Lilius was found stark and stiff in death, while the old woman, whose business it was to watch the sufferer, lay in a deep sleep on the floor beside her. The physician seemed thunderstruck when he beheld the lifeless body of her whom he had left but a few hours before in comparative safety, but he could not take it upon himself to assert that some sudden change had not occurred, some rapid and violent attack of disease whose symptoms were unmarked, and the general disorganization of her whole frame. In consequence of her disfigured appearance, her body was not allowed to lie in state, although a pompous funeral graced the obsequies of the once beautiful Countess of Moreland. The Earl wore the semblance of decent sorrow—the lady Rosamond assumed the dusky habiliments of wo—and yet, it was observed, that the old watcher, whose carelessness had in all probability shortened the days of the unhappy countess, was taken into the household, and honored with the confidence of the lady of Folkstone.

Three months had scarcely elapsed, after the frightful events just narrated, when a marriage was solemnized secretly and by torch-light, in the chapel at Folkstone. The bride was the beautiful Rosamond, and her voice rang out through the dark aisles of the lonely church with almost unnatural clearness as she uttered the solemn responses. But the tones of the bridegroom were hollow and low, and his frame quivered with strong emotion, for his weak and timid nature shrunk from the thought of that which he had done, and that which he was now doing. He had yielded to the bolder wickedness of the woman at his side, but he was appalled by the shadows which conscience called up before his bewildered sight. Rosamond was revenged, alike upon the sister who had wronged, and the dastard lover who had wavered when decision would have afforded happiness to both. Lilius was laid in an unhonored grave, Herbert Bellenden was her wedded husband, and the long cherished bitterness of her wayward heart had at last poured out its venom, and was relieved.

Did she not fear the anger of an avenging Providence? Did she not know that retributive justice, sooner or later, must overtake the guilty? She was allowed just time enough to learn that the husband for whom she had

perilled her soul was rendered utterly contemptible by his vacillating character, and his low vices—and then the hour of reckoning came. A child was born to the earldom of Moreland—a son to inherit the name and honors of an ancient race—but a cry of inexpressible horror from all who looked upon him was his only welcome to a world of suffering. The stamp of a mother's evil passions was upon the innocent babe—his marred and crippled limbs, his fearfully distorted face bore the awful semblance of the unhappy dead. It was the face of the buried Lilius.

For twenty years Rosamond was manacled and bound like a wild beast, chained to the walls of her own apartment, an object of terror and pity to all who looked upon her raving madness, or listened to the wild howlings of her insanity. The child, a helpless, crippled idiot, outlived its miserable parents, and by its death in 17—, the line of two of England's noblest families became extinct, while the estates fell to distant collateral heirs.

Such was the real history of those fair children whose pictured semblance had so fascinated my gaze in that lonely chamber—such were the fortunes of those for whom I had fancied a destiny of innocent happiness.

ON THOSE WHO FELL AT THERMOPYLÆ.

ὦ ξεῖν, ἀγγέλλειν Λακεδαιμονίοις ὅτι τῆδε  
κείμεθα τοῖς κείνων ῥήμασι πειθόμενοι.

*Simonides.*

Stranger, returning to our country, tell  
That here, obedient to her laws, we fell.

## THE HEIR OF FLEETWOOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "HENRI QUATRE."

In one of the English southern counties, a long chain of hills abruptly terminates in a bold promontory; the eye of the spectator, gazing from the peak, is delighted with an expanse of richly wooded plains enlivened by lofty turret and broad dome of manorial tenement. On the left hand, buried beneath the dark shade of trees, stands Fleetwood Hall; on the right, at a distance of six or more miles, is seen Millington Grange, both edifices of ancient date, both had sheltered from century to century families of the same names as their respective estates. The grandfather of Philip Fleetwood, of the Hall, married the heiress of Millington. It was covenanted in the marriage settlement that, as by law and tenure the Fleetwood domains would descend to the eldest son, the Grange and its appurtenances should fall to the second on his assumption of the name of Millington. The offspring of this marriage, Edward and James Fleetwood, on their father's death, shared the property; the eldest retaining the Hall, whilst James, with his widowed mother, retired to Millington, her ancestral abode. Edward died prematurely, leaving in possession his son Philip Fleetwood, the present owner; the fate of James was very similar, he left an only child, George Fleetwood Millington, to the care of his aged parent, his wife having died prior. At the period our history commences, there were alive only the two cousins and their grandmother, the venerable heiress of Millington Grange.

Philip Fleetwood, at the age of twenty-five, had reason to regret having been left without parental control. Early, unchecked dissipation induced habits under the influence of which the patrimonial property became loaded with mortgage and debt. Having drained the cup of pleasure, lost all zest for simple amusements, life became wearisome, save under the fascination of dissipated excitement. But pecuniary means often failing, forcing temporary retirement to the solitude of Fleetwood Hall, his mind, originally morose and melancholy though teeming with voluptuous fancies, was the prey of dark thoughts. Darker, blacker became his thoughts when they turned to Millington Grange. His father had often lamented the separation of the two domains—and Philip brooded over the reflection till it grew into a startling, terrific, yet ever-haunting truth, that there was now but one life between himself and possession of both estates.



Young Millington was of the same age as Philip, but their characters were very different. George, since his parents' death, had been educated under the eye of the old lady, who proved a watchful guardian of the heir, an excellent manager of the estate. On leaving college he returned home, showed little disposition to quit the routine of country life for the gay pleasures of London or continental modes of existence, and finally became attached to a young orphan lady of the same county, Alice Temple, a frequent and welcome guest at Millington Grange—very much a favorite of the aged proprietress. The career of George promised to be as smooth and agreeable as that of his cousin, vexatious and destructive. What a strange contrast did the events of a few months present to the former even tenor of their existence!

There had ever been shyness, reserve, secret jealousy in Philip, but when rumor of George's increasing intimacy with Miss Temple became noised abroad there ensued a marked change. The heir of Fleetwood grew a constant visiter at the Grange, made great progress in the good opinion of the old lady, and at length persuaded Mrs. Millington and her grandson that the latter should, ere he married, visit London and Paris, to brush up and adorn rusticated habits amidst the splendor of their courts. In Paris George was shocked at the low haunts into which he was dragged, but suspected nothing beyond an extremely dissipated taste in Philip, for the latter was kind, brotherly, attentive. He remonstrated; Fleetwood declared it the mode, but promised amendment. Ere the unsophisticated cousin could extricate himself from the class of high-born, depraved associates, he became, he scarcely knew how, entangled in a quarrel. The honor of the family, as Philip asserted, was at stake, and he offered to take the quarrel on his own hands—a procedure of course declined by George. The parties met in the environs of Paris, and young Millington, owing to his adversary—a practiced swordsman—slipping on the wet grass, succeeded in wounding and disarming him. It was, as universally said in the circles, a miracle, for the Frenchman handled the foil with the dexterity of a *maître d'armes*. George, disgusted alike with the circumstance and the companions of Philip, was resolute to quit France, so the cousins returned to London—Fleetwood making merit of yielding to his kinsman's wishes. The concession operated greatly in his favor. Millington was pleased in the supposed discovery that the other's love of dissolute associates was not inherent, but sprung from false notions of Parisian society; so in London, as in the former capital, he was again the led pupil of Philip. For a short period all went smoothly, and the time approached at which it had been agreed, ere he left the Grange, that George should return. Philip, as his cousin could not fail remarking, grew

restless and dispirited; the latter attributed it to incipient distemper, and urged their departure from London. Fleetwood, stipulating only for a few more days' sojourn in the metropolis, agreed; and as he proved so complying, George could not readily resist accompanying him in courses, and to places, which partook of the spirit of former license. A report of the duel at Paris had reached the Grange, and the letters both of Mrs. Millington and Miss Temple breathed foreboding and alarm, and urged the traveler homeward. George replied in a tone calculated to soothe their fears, that he had already fixed the day of return; that Philip appeared as contented as himself to forsake the gayety of London; but even should he change his mind, the writer would certainly be home the day appointed. He was anxious to dissipate any injurious impressions engendered by unfavorable rumors of his mode of life in Paris. That such impressions existed, the tenor of the correspondence pretty broadly indicated, and as he felt the mischief had been induced by yielding to his cousin's wishes, not from inclination, he was doubly anxious to regain the good opinion of his aged relative and remove the least cause of regret and sorrow from the heart of Alice Temple. He still loved his cousin, believed the affection was returned, but the conviction gained ground that their habits and sentiments were so thoroughly dissimilar that separation and scant intercourse would be productive, if not of mutual benefit, at least of increased happiness to himself. In proportion as this conviction acquired strength, the society of Philip was rather endured than liked; whether the latter were conscious of the change, George could not determine, but it was attended by one unhappy result—for having fixed the day of departure, and resolved never again to place himself within Philip's noxious circle, he was led by false complacency to yield to solicitations.

On the eve of quitting town, the kinsmen dined together at Fleetwood's lodgings. George, in despite of strict guard—for he was aware of the temptation to which he was exposed—found the wine, of which he partook sparingly, take unaccountable and irresistible effect. He lost self-control, was led about the town from one public resort to another, and in a tavern near the Haymarket, devoted to gaming, exchanged blows—his usual failing when intoxicated, and of which Philip could not possibly be ignorant—with an outcast scion of a noble house. Philip, as George indistinctly remembered, warm in his cousin's cause, by violent conduct carried the quarrel to such lengths that on the morrow, when the sobered parties met, there was no escape from a duel but by concessions—in the fashionable world—deemed dishonorable to both. So that on the very day fixed for return to Millington, the preliminaries of a hostile meeting were arranged.

Young Millington, almost heart-broken, wrote hastily to the Grange excusing his stay in London one more day. Alas! what might not that day produce! Of Philip he began to think far from kindly. That he was himself irritable, prone to quarrel when under the influence of wine—not a rare phenomenon with quiet peaceful men—was known to himself, was equally well known to Philip. Why, therefore, should the latter take such deliberate pains to break through the restraints of caution? Should he not rather, with the becoming zeal of a true friend, have aided his cousin's wise resolves, instead of assailing them under plea of indulgence in a parting tribute to sociality and friendship? Was not Fleetwood's conduct in the tavern improper, irritating and gratuitously vexatious and insulting to the other party? He who had on other occasions shown such self-command, displayed such imperturbable coolness in his own quarrels!

Even should he escape death, how would his character, in future, stand with friends?—be estimated by public opinion in his own county, where by birth and fortune he was eligible to the highest honors? If he turned from these unhappy reflections to tenderer thoughts, what reception should he meet from Alice? if he fell, in what light would she hold his memory? The prospect was, in every way, dismal and forlorn, without ray of hope, without shadow of consolation. He had written home to excuse the delay of one day, but a more painful duty was imperative. The night was far gone ere he could summon courage to address his aged relative—perhaps for the last time. To Alice, indeed, he could not write, so was fain to content his affection by enclosing beneath a superscription a dearly loved gift (her portrait, which he ever wore) and some intended presents from Paris. These he commended to the care of Mrs. Millington, adding to the trust a plain, unvarnished tale of proceedings since leaving home. In stamping his thoughts with language, he was both grieved and surprised to discover how much, perforce, he was obliged to implicate his cousin. Soften words how he may, he could not render a true account, without convicting himself of weakness, without imputing to Mr. Fleetwood negligence and wantonness, not the less culpable because inexplicable. The packet, when complete, he gave in charge to his valet, Frederick, with directions to proceed with it to the Grange on the morrow, should he fail returning home that afternoon from a pleasure jaunt with Mr. Fleetwood. More effectually to lull the man's suspicions (if he entertained any) of the motive of the early drive, he despatched him soon after day-break on an idle errand, that he might be out of the way, when Philip arrived, of witnessing the preparation for the duel.

He had barely time to complete a hasty toilet, when seven o'clock brought Philip Fleetwood in a hired chaise. As George's *friend* on the

occasion, and as his near blood-relative, Philip asked if he had no commands, no letters, no souvenirs to entrust to his care.

“You are the child of good fortune, George, and I am convinced you will come out of this bout scathless; still, it is well to be prepared.”

Millington replied, that as his estates were entailed on Philip, should he die without issue, the few bequests in his own power had been willed ere leaving the Grange. He certainly had spent a portion of the night in writing, but his despatches were already entrusted, with proper directions, to the care of his valet. The countenance of Philip fell.

“You mistrust me, George,” said Fleetwood; “I feel an awful responsibility in leading you through this unpleasant business—do not needlessly embitter my situation—remember, should you not survive, and I be gifted with life long as a patriarch’s, I shall ever feel your unkind distrust, more even than your loss.”

Tears stood in the eyes of the speaker, and he threw himself into a chair, burying his face in his hands.

Young Millington was deeply moved; he had, perhaps, judged Philip too harshly, and regretted the haste in which he had confided the packet to Frederick. He flew to his cousin, assured him he indulged in unfounded suspicions, and with an insincerity foreign to his character—willing to spare Philip’s feelings—he hinted that he had avoided imposing any task on his cousin which might lead to unpleasant interviews at the Grange.

“You are right, George,” exclaimed Philip, grasping his hand, “it would be laid at my door—and I am afraid that is now your feeling.”

Millington affected hilarity he did not feel, in endeavoring to restore the well-dissembled grief of Fleetwood, rallying him on weakness, scarcely excusable in a principal, much less a second in a hostile meeting. Philip soon regained composure under the assumed cheerfulness of George, and they descended to the chaise, wherein sat very patiently Mr. Bolton, Fleetwood’s surgeon, summoned for the occasion, and together drove to Wimbledon, stopping on the way to enjoy the benefit of Philip’s gastronomic prescription of a good breakfast—it being with him a favorite theory, that the stomach is the seat of valor, and he had remarked that George’s hand shook a little. Driving rapidly exhilarates the spirits, society and companionship banishes fear, enhances courage—and good cheer, as Philip said, makes a stout heart. It was no wonder, therefore, that George arrived on the ground without trace of the deep misery which besieged him

through the night. The nascent change of feeling toward Philip, however, was gradually dissipated by his behavior during the drive. There was, in truth, a real heartlessness in his deportment, varnished over with a show of deep concern, which on ordinary occasions would have imposed on his cousin; but now the perceptive faculties of the latter were rendered intensely acute by the awful ordeal to which he was summoned.

They were last on the ground. The other party, consisting of principal, second, and medical attendant, advanced to meet them. The spot chosen was a hollow between two hills. Very few words were spoken, for overtures of reconciliation were useless, or at any rate so deemed by the seconds—and the principals had the usual notions of fashionable honor too much at heart to interfere. It was decided, as the opponent's second was a short, spare man, that Fleetwood, of tall and commanding figure, and more readily distinguishable by the combatants, should give the signal. Philip placed his friend.

“Look well at your man, now,” he whispered, “mark the straight line from his foot to your own—and when I drop the signal, raise the pistol steadily in the direction of the line to a trifle below breast-high—then fire!—and we shall surely dine together at the Thatched-House—but remember, be cool, for he is the best shot in London.”

The other replied not, and Fleetwood retired to his station. The signal was made, but George's pistol was not raised. His antagonist fired—the ball tore through the cravat, and slightly grazed the throat of Millington, who immediately discharged his weapon in the air. The seconds ran to his aid, and on removing the cravat, it was discovered he was uninjured. An earnest conversation ensued respecting another fire; the scope of Fleetwood's remarks and behavior implied that the contest should not cease, although it could not be said that his mere words warranted such assumption.

“I did not fire,” said George, who overheard the dialogue of the seconds, “as I believe, I gave the first offence—I struck the first blow.”

“My good fellow,” exclaimed Philip, rather impatiently, “remember the responsibility is with us—”

“Be that as it may,” cried George's opponent, “after what Mr. Millington has just said, I cannot fire again, though he is quite welcome to a shot at me.”

“Then, I believe, the affair must end here,” said the other second, addressing Fleetwood.

“I suppose it must,” replied Philip. “Indeed,” he added, correcting himself, “after what has passed between our principals, I am glad, very glad, to see a chance of reconciliation.”

Permission thus accorded, mutual regrets, mutual declarations of each other’s honor and gentlemanly feeling were exchanged, and the parties severally retired from the field.

Two hours afterward, Fleetwood was in his dressing-room. In extreme ill-humor he dismissed the valet, completed the arrangements of the toilet himself, and as it wanted a full half hour of the appointment at the Thatched-House (for though it cannot be doubted he expected his cousin would fall by his antagonist’s fire, he had ordered dinner ere starting for Wimbledon) he had leisure to reflect on the morning’s adventure.

“Curse the fool!” he exclaimed, hastily; “he bears a charmed life! The best small-swordsman in France—the cleverest shot in London—he escapes both! But the third attempt—aye! will he escape that?”

Philip shuddered at the baseness of his own thoughts. There was a time when his heart was pure—could he not yet retrace his steps, abandon the foul purpose which haunted him night and day? And what then? was the scowling question prompted by dark passion. Would even unspotted innocence restore the domains of Fleetwood? It was true he was the recognized lord of broad, fertile manors, but the estates loaded with mortgage were like the empty shell which crumbles when one attempts to grasp it. The Millington property, equaling in revenue and extent his own lands, was free from incumbrance. Its severance from Fleetwood had been much lamented by his father—there was now interposed but one life, that of his half-witted cousin, to re-possession; but if George married Alice Temple, then farewell the chance! Let the heir of Fleetwood forever bid farewell to expectation of Millington Grange! Lose what he had toiled, schemed, planned, intrigued for, he would not while hope remained. Afraid even to articulate the dark deed, it died on his lips as he hurriedly paced the room—but he doomed George never more to see Millington!

The cloth was removed, the dessert placed, the wine circulated, brightened by the gay jest of Fleetwood, who one moment rallied his cousin on the future humdrum life at the Grange—Mrs. Alice Millington making tea, and reading Pilgrim’s Progress to the old lady, whilst George solaced himself at chess with the rector;—next moment, ironically lauding the high-souled chivalry of a Millington withholding his fire against a desperate gambler and *roué*, whom it would have been doing a deed of charity to St.

James' and its purlieus to have put out of the way: so passed the convivial hours. But, ever and anon, even midst the flash of mirth, there passed a strange shadow over the brow of Philip. The wine was put down untasted, the hand faltered, and a film overspread his sight; he could scarcely see his unsuspecting kinsman. The heart recoiled at the enormity of the meditated act—the mind shrunk aghast from its own dire conception. In the confusion of his brain, to banish thoughts, he proposed driving to Richmond, to witness the theatrical entertainments recently established in that fashionable village.

“You forget,” replied George, in the utmost surprise, “in another hour the chaise will be here. I have ordered relays, but even if I were obliged to sleep a few hours on the road, I breakfast to-morrow morning at the Grange.”

It was strange, but Philip had forgotten this arrangement; still more strange, as he had schemed to feign illness in order to detain George in town. Millington's remark, respecting present departure, recalled the lost train of thought—lost for awhile, even in the troubled brain whence it had birth—and aware of the necessity of prompt action, he was dismayed at the escape of the fleeting hours.

“You are unwell,” observed his friend, noticing the pale, agitated face; “indeed, I think alarmingly ill—I never saw so sudden a change! You require country air more than myself—these fits and starts I have noted in you the last month. I'll tell you how it is, Philip! You are doomed—nay, do not start, but hear me out—you are doomed to a severe fit of illness, the penalty of past life, and you will recover to live an altered and reformed man.”

Philip smiled, but the smile was ghastly. How fortunately appearances favored his scheme! He replied that he certainly was ill, had struggled as much as possible throughout the day against the enemy, but was now afraid he must succumb; and as he did not think it prudent to return home, would thank George, ere his traveling equipage arrived, to make arrangements for his passing the night at the hotel. This remark had the desired effect. It was sufficing evidence to young Millington, that his cousin was approaching a state of illness in which it would be unkind, unnatural to quit him, till he was at least surrounded with the comforts and appliances essential to an invalid. Philip offered no opposition to the kindly offer of being conveyed to his own lodgings in Millington's chaise; 'twas, he admitted, better for a sick man than the hotel with its strange faces; but he opposed more vehemently his cousin's intention of staying another night in town. But the generous Millington overruled remonstrance, and despatched Frederick with chaise

and luggage to the Grange with a short note (the prior letter and packet was, of course, reclaimed) stating his own delay to arise from Philip's sudden illness, and that the family might certainly expect him ere to-morrow midnight, saving an event they would much deplore—he alluded to the bare chance of Fleetwood's decease. This arrangement squared with Philip's secret wish; it was essential to his plans that Frederick should be separated from his master, though fear of suspicion withheld him from proposing it.

The gray light of dawn peered between the shutters of Fleetwood's apartment. His eyes were closed, but he was awake, listening to a conversation between George and the nurse. Mr. Bolton and the physicians, she remarked, affirmed the disorder arose from mental anxiety—there was no immediate danger—quiet, and absence of exciting topics of discourse would prove the best restoratives. Was he then favored by fortune? Did some busy demon smooth the path to blood? Every thing, as the pretended sleeper observed, worked for him—even dastardly conscience, which paled the cheek, palsied the arm, wrought deceit on the medical attendants whom he had despaired of deceiving.

“He sleeps well!” said Millington, drawing aside the curtains. Whilst the cousin, with upraised taper, surveyed the calm features of the invalid, expressed ardently his satisfaction with the physician's opinion, that the next visit would be final, and the patient might safely be removed for change of air—little thought he what dark thoughts raged beneath that calm, specious mask! His own death encompassing by the busy, restless soul, whose earthly tenement was stretched so tranquilly beneath his eyes!

The warm-hearted kinsman came once more—early in the afternoon—to bid farewell. Contrary to expectation, he found, although the nurse had been dismissed, that his cousin was still in bed. In reply to expressions of surprise, Fleetwood pleaded excessive weakness, which he declared should not prevent his return to the Hall by the next day at latest.

“But how do you travel?” continued the invalid.

“It is now two o'clock,” replied Millington; “Rodney will carry me to the Grange, a bare forty miles, you know, by midnight.”

“Unless you encounter a knight of the road with his pistol and fast-trotting nag,” remarked Philip, pretending to search for some object beneath the pillow, for nerved as he was to fell purpose, the allusion was akin to his own dark thought, and he could not look George in the face; he felt as though his own disturbed eye would beget suspicion.



“Here is my defence,” replied Millington, laughing. He produced a pair of pistols. “If any chance son of Turpin should make the assault, I promise you, I will not fire in the air, as I did yestermorn.”

“And the road—which do you take?” asked Philip, handling the pistols, examining the weapons with the eye of a connoisseur. George, premising that they were loaded, proceeded to explain minutely his intended route. Fleetwood expressed an opinion that the road chosen was certainly the safest, and advised his cousin not to deviate from it—there was too much heath and common-land the other way. Still retaining the pistols in his hand, he affected sudden recollection of something needed, and begged his kinsman would obtain it below, as his valet was from home. Soon as Millington left the room, the patient sprang lightly from bed, flew to the adjoining dressing-room, opened his pistol-case, and with a screw drew the bullets from George’s weapons, leaving in each the charge of powder. The manœuvre was performed so quickly, that when his friend returned, he was lying in bed—the pistols on the coverlet.

“And now, Philip,” said his cousin, after they had exchanged adieus, “promise me one thing—that the day after you arrive at the Hall, you visit the Grange. Bolton and his friend say your disease is mental—I see you change color—but do not be angry—they did not mean your brain was affected, but that something was preying on your mind. You know all my estates are entailed on your posterity, if mine fail, but I have yet some money at your service—whether enough to cure heart-burning, I cannot tell.”

Philip smiled thankfully, though sickened at heart. “I will come, George, soon as you expect me,” he said, and sunk on the pillow, for he wished the conference ended. The kinsmen parted. Soon as the street-door closed, Fleetwood arose, watched his cousin far as the eye could reach, and then flung down the window-blind.

“Now, Philip Fleetwood!” exclaimed he, “now has arrived the hour to know thyself! Why should I fear? A shot, a single shot fired in darkness, and I am lord of Millington Grange, soon as my venerable grandmother follows her beloved. Conscience! foolery! The life of man is so varied, so many demands on his time, his thoughts, his feelings, there is nothing he may not forget midst the bustle of new pursuits. Three years hence, I may doubt even if I did the deed, if I school my mind aright.”

François, his valet, was a ready, supple creature, attached to Fleetwood by parity of tastes and pursuits, high wages, and unlimited license on

occasions when personal attendance was not required. He told this man that he had a long-dated appointment that afternoon at a cottage a few miles from town, which he must keep, or lose the favor of the fair occupant, which he had strove hard to gain. Of two friends aware of the engagement, one a jealous rival of his favor in that quarter, had betted a large sum with the other that Fleetwood, owing to his enfeebled state, would fail in the appointment. Philip, bent on going, and, besides, anxious to serve the friend who had staked the wager in favor of his performing the journey, was determined, more effectually to mortify his rival, and at the same time play with his feelings, as well as his money, to leave the lodging unseen, and return with such secrecy that it should be supposed by the inmates that he had been the whole period in bed. To give an apparently sufficing motive for this proceeding, Philip contrived to tell the story in such a way as to make his servant believe he was to share the wager. François' peculiar smile proved the success of the finesse; he knew his master's impoverished circumstances, and thought the scheme a notable plan to raise the wind; it also fully explained the sudden, and, to the valet, unaccountable illness. Fleetwood watched the countenance of the man, saw his eyes glisten, knew his thoughts, for there is a sort of freemasonry between men long associated. Philip did his character wrong in this particular, for he was incapable of playing the common cheat, though willing to risk body and soul for a high stake.

“Now for your own advantage, François, in this business,” continued Philip; “for I find it safest to bind men to my service by sharing profits. You have long teased me for two months absence, to visit Marseilles, to see your relatives—your father or mother, I suppose, being uppermost in thought, for the girls you courted, and ran away from, must be pretty old by this time. Now, if I regain this chamber, unseen by any save yourself, you shall be on the road to Dover by noon to-morrow—I could never better spare you, for I am going to rusticate.”

Fleetwood had now set the finishing stroke to his foul plot. Should suspicion even light on himself, the whole household would be prepared to swear he had never quitted his sick-chamber; whilst François, too sagacious not to draw prejudicial inferences, would be away in a foreign country, where he could not be questioned, nor indulge unfavorable cogitations—and to make matters sure on this head, it was his intention to join the valet at Marseilles, and detain him, without suspicion, for a much longer period on the continent.

Whilst François went to hire a horse, Philip was not idle. He loaded two pairs of pistols carefully—sketched the route and distances—so that he had no difficulty in calculating each hour’s probable progress—at what spot, and by what hour, he must (having tracked his kinsman, and taken the lead) plant himself, so as effectually to arrest his progress. François returned, stating where a horse would be found suited to the purpose; he then adjusted on his master’s head a wig worn at a late masquerade, and having ascertained that the coast was clear, said he could now safely pass down stairs, cross the yard in the rear, and traverse the mews unknown, in that disguise, by groom or coachman loitering there. The valet saw his master off without meeting eye-witness, and then went below to the offices, to recommend the servants to tread lightly on the stairs, as Mr. Fleetwood enjoyed unexpected sleep.

During the journey, the idea occurred to George, that in the hurry of affairs he had not sufficiently tutored Frederick to hide from the family many matters concerning which he would undoubtedly be catechised, and for which prior arrival would afford opportunity. This thought much chafed and made him extremely ill-humored and out of temper. The vexation was increased by a cur tenaciously following the horse’s heels, snapping and barking till the animal became as irritated as his master. To rid himself of the annoyance, he drew a pistol, shot at the mongrel, missed aim as he supposed, and fired again with like ill effect. Blaming his unsteady hand, yet ashamed of having vented anger on a mean object, he resolved to endure the nuisance, as he could not afford to distress his steed by quick riding with a long march still in prospect. The dog, however, frightened by successive discharges, abandoned the contest, and George continued the journey in quiet. On reflecting that the most dangerous part of the road lay before him, he reloaded his pistols. In passing through a woody track, he was bade stand by a ruffian on foot, who occupied the centre of the road. Surprised at the fellow’s daring, he checked his horse’s speed, and was immediately fired at, the bullet slightly wounding his cheek. The assassin threw aside the discharged weapon, and drew another, but George was too quick, he took aim, snapped the pistol, and the man rolled in the dust. Millington dismounted, with intention of dragging the wounded robber to the side path.

“Are you hurt, George?” cried a faint voice, whose tones so well remembered, caused the traveler to drop his burthen in utter dismay.

“What! Philip Fleetwood?” exclaimed the cousin, aghast.

“The same!” replied the other, speaking with more difficulty. “I have not long to live—but preserve the honor of our family. I was ruined with debt, George, and would have shot you for the sake of broad Millington. But it’s

over—and I am glad you escaped. Convey me to Fleetwood—say, for the honor of our race, you found me thus—that you found me shot by a—”

Philip fainted. In the chaise procured by his kinsman, he revived a little, and desired that a neighboring magistrate might be sent for, to meet him at the Hall. Before this gentleman he made deposition that he had been attacked by a highwayman, and on refusing to deliver his purse, was shot, and lay weltering in the road, till almost ridden over by his cousin. George knew not what part to take; trembling at the audacity of the falsehood at such an awful moment, he was several times on the point of giving way to a keen sense of truth and religious feeling—but the eye of the victim watched his slightest movements intently.

“If you have no love for the honor of our name—think of our poor grandmother!” whispered Philip.

George was struck dumb. After the magistrate retired, with intention of offering a large reward for the apprehension of the murderer, Fleetwood had yet strength to relate to Millington certain particulars relative to the state of affairs in town, particularly respecting the valet, François—to all of which, George mournfully promised attention.

So perished miserably Philip Fleetwood, by the very means adopted to destroy an unsuspecting, amiable kinsman. The bolt of vengeance recoiled on the guilty schemer, and his estates (so far as available) and name became the inheritance of the intended victim. When Philip breathed his last, George, rent with anguish, rode to the Grange; had no peace till he confided the dread secret to the ear of the affectionate Alice (Mrs. Millington was wisely spared the awful narration,) but it was long ere he regained ease of mind, or could divest himself of sense of guilt in being a party to the falsehood uttered by the unrepenting, unhallowed Philip. ’Twas the joint care of himself and Alice Temple (after proper interval a happy bride) to soothe the declining days and decaying spirits of their venerable grandparent, whilst Millington obtained reputation in the path he was best calculated to adorn, that of a hospitable country-gentleman and magistrate.

## LINES TO A LADY.

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

There is a hand whose calm caress  
Returns no throbbing pulse or sign  
When other hands its stillness press—  
But trembles when 'tis placed in thine.

There is a heart that would forego  
The brightest smiles to others known  
If o'er its kindled depths may glow  
The radiant image of thine own.

There is an eye whose timid gaze  
Would that of other eyes resign,  
And turn from all their thousand rays  
To catch one answering glance from thine.

There is a soul whose flowing tide  
Obeys a mystic source of light,  
But swells to no soft orb beside  
If thy sweet planet gilds the night.

## TO A CANARY BIRD:

### WARBLING DURING PRAYER AT A FUNERAL.

Sweet songster! in thy wiry dome suspended,  
Why mock with wanton strains this solemn air?  
While stricken hearts are bowed, and knees are bended  
In fervent prayer!

Gay twittering thing! is there no mournful token  
In such a scene, to check thy carols glad?  
Ah! better were thy thrilling notes unbroken  
In requiem sad!

Hast thou no sorrow for our friend departed,  
Who sleeps beneath that shroud—*the dreamless sleep?*  
No dirge-like cadence for the broken-hearted—  
Around who weep?

Alike to thee is human gloom or glory!  
Still then thy gushing melody prolong,  
Nor let these funeral rites—vain—transitory—  
Check thy blithe song.

Bright-winged warbler! could thy lays awaken  
Joy in the bosom sorrow's load had crushed,  
Then would the wounded heart, of hope forsaken,  
In peace be hushed.

Perhaps e'en now thy liquid tones are lending  
Solace to grief, which *prayers* may not restrain;  
Soothing the soul and with the memory blending  
Some old refrain!

Some old refrain—that unforgotten lingers  
*The faded relic of long buried years—*  
Ere the young spirit, touched by death's cold fingers,  
Was dimmed by tears!

Sing on, sweet bird! ring out thy tuneful measure!

I would not bid thy gentle song to cease;  
And he who heard thy warblings oft with pleasure,  
Now sleeps in peace.

J. T.

# THE MAY FLOWERS.

BY WALTER HAWTHORNE.

Dawns the morning, all around us  
Flowers ope to meet the sun,  
Clouds, in which the night had bound us,  
O'er the hills float one by one;  
And the meadows, green and waving  
With the strong young grasses lie—  
Brooks their sedgy borders laving—  
Like a sea beneath the sky.

From his lofty palace gazing,  
Now the joyous marlin sings,  
And the robin God is praising  
As from tree to tree he springs.  
Oh the valleys and the mountains,  
And the lakes afar that gleam,  
And the brooklets and the fountains  
All with joy and beauty beam.

From her chamber, lone and dreary,  
Like a prisoner from his cell,  
Gentle Julia, pale and weary,  
Wanders forth with Isabel;  
Forth she wanders in the sunshine,  
From her winter-long repose,  
In the May-day's blessed sunshine  
With the lily and the rose.

Slowly walks the gentle maiden,—  
Oh what memories throng her brain,  
As the breezes, perfume laden,  
On her cheek full once again!  
Life is in the breath of flowers,  
Love is in the dallying air,  
They but mind her of the hours  
When another form was there.



Years ago a lover sought her—  
No, a lover ne'er was he,  
Though he vowed a heart he brought her  
Moved with passion like the sea.  
Soulless trifler! never duty  
Guided him in Love's emprise,  
But the sensuous dream of beauty  
Sparkled ever in his eyes.

Truer are the breezes blowing  
Over incense-freighted flowers,  
Truer are the waters flowing  
By the Summer's fairy bowers,  
Truer every wild emotion  
That the drunken spirit feels  
Than the sudden, quick devotion  
Only Beauty's light reveals.

Time brought other scenes before him,  
Other eyes upon him shone,  
Constant Julia, why adore him?  
Joy, that he so soon is flown!  
Vain the words by Friendship spoken,  
Dwells she still o'er Love's sweet lore.  
Nigh the golden bowl is broken,  
She will smile oh never more.

Now around her all is gladness,  
Now around her all is bloom,  
But she walks her way in sadness,  
Though mid flowers, to the tomb.  
Well, that while the May-flowers blossom,  
While their fragrant odors rise,  
She should leave the world's cold bosom  
For her rest beyond the skies.

## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*The Life and Speeches of Henry Clay: Between the Years 1810 and 1842 inclusive: In Two volumes, octavo. New York, James B. Swain, 68 Barclay street.*

*The Speeches of John Caldwell Calhoun. In one volume, octavo. New York, Harper & Brothers.*

The absence of a national literature in this country, consequent on the denial of any legislative recognition or protection of the right of property to foreign authors in their own productions, is universally admitted. Its results are seen in the utter want of all national pride as well as national taste in letters. Our “sovereigns” cherish the delusion that they are cheating the luckless author of Great Britain out of any cis-atlantic recompense for his labors, while in reality they are at the same time cheating themselves out of a literature, and returning, in the whole empire of Thought and Intellect, to a condition of colonial vassalage. The taunting query of the British reviewer, “Who [in England] reads an American book?” may soon be asked with pertinence even here. A much smaller number of works of genius or originality are produced among us now than there were ten years ago. Occasionally a traveler’s journal, or an essay in some department overlooked abroad, obtains here a celebrity, and in some measure rewards the American author; but the whole vast domains of Philosophy, History, Poetry and Romance, he is driven to abandon, or to publish through the medium of the periodicals alone, and to accept such recompense as they can afford.

One of the fatal effects of this national injustice and improvidence is felt in the universal neglect to preserve fittingly the eloquence and statesmanship of the country. The public speeches of a nation’s most eminent legislators are among the most luminous landmarks of its policy, and the most lucid developments of the character and genius of its institutions. As lessons of practical wisdom, the necessity of understanding and observing which is ever recurring, their preservation and general study are objects of the highest national concern. Yet how are they preserved in the United States? How many libraries contain the complete speeches of even a dozen of our statesmen, dead or living? Where are the speeches of Patrick Henry, of William Pinkney, of John Randolph? We hear from our old men, and glean from casual allusions in cotemporaneous history, that these were great

orators, and, in different senses, statesmen; but our assent to the fact is mainly a matter of faith only, for of evidence little is vouchsafed us. Will it not be even worse with the next generation?

We rejoice to have ocular demonstration that an intelligent and ardent friend of Mr. Clay has resolved that his speeches shall not be left to perish in the general wreck; and that an admirer of Mr. Calhoun has likewise determined that the eloquence of that senator shall not be borne on the current of merely ephemeral publication to the ocean of oblivion. The publication of Mr. Clay's speeches, in two large and elegant though cheap volumes, is a contribution to our standard literature which we hail with especial satisfaction. Their intrinsic value, as well as that of Mr. Calhoun's, is enhanced by the fact that most of them are devoted to the discussion and elucidation of topics—such as Tariffs, Public Lands, Internal Improvements, Banks, and Currency—which have all the interest and all the importance now that they ever had, and which promise to be the themes of political controversy through many years to come. He who reads them may be said to anticipate nearly all that will be said on one side of these great questions in the century.

The distinguishing characteristic of Mr. Clay's speeches is an eminent *practicalness*. They are not imaginative, not poetic, nor impassioned. They lack the philosophic generalization of Calhoun, and the solidity, compactness, and inherent force of Webster; Wright is more plausible and ingenious; and Preston is more graceful and fervid. Yet there is an unaffected earnestness of conviction, a profound heartiness of purpose, a frank, thorough ingenuousness, a manly good sense, exhibited in the efforts of the great Kentuckian, which commend them to the understanding and approval of the reader. Although the manner of the orator adds force and significance to the matter, so that his speeches should be heard to be truly estimated, they are found to bear a value in the closet not possessed by the effusions of many orators who have enjoyed eminence in the senate and the forum.

The speeches of Mr. Clay are brought down in the first volume to the period of his retirement from office on the accession of General Jackson to the presidency in 1829, being appropriately closed with his remarks amid a circle of his friends on the occasion of his departure for Kentucky after that event. They are preceded by an original memoir of the orator, filling some two hundred pages, and tracing his career from childhood down to his recent retirement to the quiet shades of Ashland. It is most ably and eloquently written by Mr. Henry J. Raymond, of New York—a young gentlemen who is

destined to win many laurels in the higher walks of literature. We copy the concluding paragraphs, exhibiting its style, without however endorsing all the author's opinions.

We have thus recorded the prominent public services of HENRY CLAY, with an historical sketch of his country, just sufficient to render them intelligible. His personal biography has been left untouched: but it will readily be seen that those noble qualities of mind and heart which have made so glorious his public life, must have invested his domestic relations with the highest charms. He bears about him that surest mark of greatness, the power of being "great in little things;" of lending to the most common incidents of life a dignity which stumps them with the heroism of his personal character. In public life, he is the greatest statesman of his age. His eloquence, with which the nation is most familiar, is in fact one of the slightest elements of his fame: in a deeper source than this, resistless as it is, must be sought the secret of that power which has rested the nation upon his arm, and interwoven his principles with the very framework of her policy. All the impulses of his heart—the instincts of his nature—are those of a statesman. No crisis, however sudden or fearful, surprises or disarms him. In the most perilous emergencies, when upon the counsel or decision of an hour hangs the fate of his country for years, his lofty mind moves with the same undaunted strength as in the most trivial concerns. In the beautiful words of Wordsworth, we may describe him as one,

"Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,  
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,  
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;  
But who, if called upon to face  
Some awful moment, in which Heaven has joined  
Great issues, good or bad, for human kind,  
Is happy as a lover—is attired  
With sudden brightness like a man inspired;  
And through the heat of conflict keeps the law  
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw."

In all his public life Mr. Clay has evinced a firm reliance upon great and enduring principles; and in this, perhaps, may be found one chief secret of his power and foresight. A fundamental truth is always stronger than any man; and by building faith and firm

reliance upon it the man shall receive a portion of its strength, and see, through the mists of the hour, the future to which it leads. The confidence of Mr. Clay in the leading political principles which have formed the rule of all his long public life, has sprung from a firm faith in their permanent truth, and not from that blind devotion to a rule, merely because it is abstract, which belongs, sometimes, to men who have something of greatness in them, but who lack the essential wisdom to profit by experience. Though firm in maintaining the rights of each portion of the State, he never allows a passionate and blind defence of them to plunge the whole into disaster and ruin. He feels that the principles on which our government is based, have a high worth—not only of themselves, but for the sake of the superstructure of happiness and glory we have erected upon them; and the safety of this he is not willing to peril in their fruitless defence. He has none of the zeal of that ignorant worshiper who dug beneath the ruins of the Ephesian temple for the fuel on which it rested, to feed the flame upon its altars. Though he has ever proved himself a zealous defender of the rights of man, in all countries and conditions, he never seeks the destruction of established order, regardless of the happiness of those most nearly concerned; nor even in the assertion of Right would he deem it well to trample, with ruthless violence, upon all the institutions which might stand in his way, and rush headlong to the end, like the cannon ball.

“Shattering that it *may* reach, and shattering what it reaches.”

His democratic principles, therefore, ardent and spontaneous as they are, are tempered by a deep reverence for the permanent reason of the State, and a profound regard for the well-being of his fellows. All his aspirations are to build up, not to tear down—to create, not to destroy. All the safeguards, then, which the sound wisdom of the people, triumphing and establishing a law over that of transient impulse, has thrown about individual rights, he reverences, and, so long as they seem to be needed, seeks to preserve. Like Schiller’s Wallenstein, while he knows that the flight of destruction is straight and swift, he feels that,

——“the road the human being travels.  
That on which *Blessing* comes and goes, both follow  
The river’s course, the valley’s playful windings,  
Curves round the cornfield and the hill of vines,  
Honoring the holy bounds of property.”<sup>[1]</sup>

Mr. Clay has always been the proud champion of that political party which maintains the true purpose of civil government to be, not merely the prevention of Wrong, but the establishment of Right—not merely to define and punish offences, but to confer blessings and secure the highest good to those who live beneath its benignant sway. His public life has been consecrated to the development of this great principle; and if his efforts seem not yet to have been attended with full success, they have been oftentimes of saving service to the country; and the eye of Hope sees in them the germ of a power which shall yet work itself free from all crushing calamity, and accomplish the great end for which it was first put forth. He is one of those great men whose influence, even when unseen and despised, is potent and controlling. The spirit of his life has wrought even more than his active efforts; and, far more than any other statesman among us, he has thus given strength to those principles of public policy which alone conduct nations to the height of prosperity. The value of his public services can only be worthily set forth when candor shall have made a faithful record of his life and his acts: and just in proportion as that record is incomplete, will this great friend of mankind be defrauded of honor. It were rash and unwise to ask that his own age should rightly esteem and fully reward them. But, as in the old religion the lightning made sacred the object upon which it fell, so even now does Death hallow the victim whom he strikes. Future generations will not lose sight of his worth: those words of wisdom which, uttered by his living voice, fall too unheeded upon our hearts, shall come from his tomb with power as from a holy place: for “such is the power of dispensing blessings, which Providence has attached to the truly great and good, that they cannot even die without advantage to their fellow creatures; for death consecrates their example; and the wisdom, which might have been slighted at the council-table, becomes oracular from the shrine.”

The second volume contains the speeches of Mr. Clay from the beginning of President Jackson's administration to his own final retirement from the Senate in 1842, with his speech to his political friends, on reaching Kentucky, in that year.

We intended to speak more particularly of some of the great speeches of Mr. Calhoun—who, entering the national legislature at nearly the same time with Mr. Clay, finally, like his rival, retired from the senate during the late Congress—but our limits forbid. We can only express our regret that the collection is not more perfect, and that the style of their publication is so inferior to that in which the speeches of Mr. Clay are presented. During one of the last sittings of the recent Congress a proposition was submitted by Messrs. Gales & Seaton, of Washington, for publishing the Debates in the Senate and House of Representatives since the formation of the Constitution. It was rejected, but we hope it will be renewed and the importance of the undertaking properly explained, in which case we cannot doubt that the desired provision on the part of the government will be promptly made.

*Missionary Labors and Scenes in Southern Africa: By Robert Moffat, Twenty-Three Years an Agent of the London Missionary Society on that Continent. One volume duodecimo. New York, Robert Carter.*

The heroism of the nineteenth century as much surpasses that of the so-called "days of chivalry," as our iron steeds, with their long lines of palace-like carriages, excel the donkeys and caritelles slowly moving from one hostel to another in the days of the Eleventh Louis. The Christian missionary, in icy Labrador, among the islands of the southern seas, or on the borders of the African deserts, is thus far removed above the knights errant of three hundred years ago. Let the doubter read the lives of Schwartz, Martyn, Gutzlaff, the "Martyr of Erromanga," and other true heroes of the last and present century; or the remarkable adventures now before us, surpassing any thing with which we are acquainted in romantic fiction.

Robert Moffat at a very early age devoted himself to the missionary service, and by the London Society was sent to Africa. John Campbell, of Kingsland, in his account of the South African Missions, states that "to master their languages he wandered the deserts with the savage tribes, sharing their perils and privations, and outdoing Paul in accommodating himself to all men to serve some, as Paul never became a savage in lot, to save savages. Many might indeed thus 'stoop to conquer,' but few could

retain both their philosophy and their piety in such society.” The principal scene of his labors was the territory of the *Bechuanas*, but he wandered over nearly all the southern portions of the continent, everywhere enduring such privations and encountering such perils as are unknown in any other country, and in all displaying the most varied intellectual and physical qualities and resources. After passing several years in the interior, he visited Cape Town, to meet a lady to whom he had been engaged in England, was married, and has since resided with his family in “the land of his adoption and of his affections.” In 1840 he returned to Great Britain, to publish the account of his extraordinary and successful labors, and he is now once more at the mission station planted by himself at the source of the Kuruman.

Mr. Moffat’s work opens with a brief account of the various missions among the South Africans before the commencement of his own labors. This is interesting, but much less so than the details of his personal experience. Our limits will not permit us to recount the plans he adopted for the propagation of religion and civilization among the tribes he visited, nor the achievements which show so conclusively the feasibility of “bringing into the good fold the most barbarous communities.” He appears to be in all respects admirably fitted for his office, adding to piety and an enthusiastic devotion to the cause in which he is engaged, a “knowledge of carpentry, printing, agriculture, the sextant, and map-making,” skill in horsemanship and the chase, and such other qualities as most warmly commend the missionary to a savage and nomade people. The work will be dear to the philanthropic Christian for the hopes it awakens of the conversion of the most benighted race in all the world; and to the general reader it will be little less attractive on account of the curious information it presents in regard to the character, manners and condition of a portion of the human family hitherto described but by superficial travelers, whose opportunities of becoming acquainted with them were comparatively slight and unsatisfactory; and its copious additions to our knowledge of natural history and geography. Some of Mr. Moffat’s adventures with lions and other animals surpass any thing of the kind we have read. One night, while traveling with a party of natives, he left their tents to watch for game by a fountain at which he knew wild cattle were likely to resort. After describing his place of concealment, he proceeds—

It was half moonlight, and rather cold, though the days were warm. We remained for a couple of hours, waiting with great anxiety for something to appear. We at length heard a loud lapping at the water, under the dark shadowy bank, within twenty yards of



us. "What is that?" I asked Bogachu. "Ririmala," (be silent,) he said: "there are lions, they will hear us." A hint was more than enough; and thankful were we, that, when they had drunk, they did not come over the smooth grassy surface in our direction. Our next visitors were two buffaloes, one immensely large. My wagon-driver. Mosi, who also had a gun, seeing them coming directly toward us, begged me to fire. I refused, having more dread of a wounded buffalo than of almost any other animal. He fired; and though the animal was severely wounded, he stood like a statue with his companion, within a hundred yards of us, for more than an hour, waiting to see us move, in order to attack us. We lay in an awkward position for that time, scarcely daring to whisper; and when he at last retired we were so stiff with cold, that flight would have been impossible had an attack been made. We then moved about till our blood began to circulate. Our next visitors were two giraffes; one of these we wounded. A troop of quaggas next came; but the successful instinct of the principal stallion, in surveying the precincts of the water, galloping round in all directions to catch any strange scent, and returning to the troop with a whistling noise, to announce danger, set them off at full speed. The next was a huge rhinoceros, which, receiving a mortal wound, departed. Hearing the approach of more lions, we judged it best to leave; and after a lonely walk of four miles through bushes, hyenas and jackals, we reached the village, when I felt thankful, resolving never to hunt by night at a water-pool, till I could find nothing to eat elsewhere. Next day the rhinoceros and buffalo were found, which afforded a plentiful supply.

In another place, describing the manners of this king of beasts, he relates the following circumstances.

Passing along a vale, we came to a spot where the lion appeared to have been exercising himself in the way of leaping. As the natives are very expert in tracing the manœuvres of animals by their foot-marks, it was soon discovered that a large lion had crept toward a short black stump, very like the human form; when within about a dozen yards, it bounded on its supposed prey, when, to his mortification, he fell a foot or two short of it. According to the testimony of a native who had been watching his motions, and who joined us soon after, the lion lay for some time steadfastly eyeing its supposed meal. It then arose, smelt the

object, and returned to the spot from which he commenced his first leap, and leaped four several times, till at last he placed his paw on the imagined prize. On another occasion, when Africaner and an attendant were passing near the end of a hill, from which jutted out a smooth rock of ten or twelve feet high, he observed a number of zebras pressing round it, obliged to keep the path, beyond which it was precipitous. A lion was seen creeping up toward the path, to intercept the large stallion, which is always in the rear to defend or warn the troop. The lion missed his mark, and while the zebra rushed round the point, the lion knew well if he could mount the rock at one leap, the next would be on the zebra's back, it being obliged to turn toward the hill. He fell short, with only his head over the stone, looking at the galloping zebra switching his tail in the air. He then tried a second and a third leap, till he succeeded. In the mean time two more lions came up, and seemed to talk and roar away about something, while the old lion led them round the rock, and round it again; then he made another grand leap, to show them what he and they must do next time. Africaner added, with the most perfect gravity, "They evidently talked to each other, but though loud enough, I could not understand a word they said, and, fearing lest we should be the next objects of their skill, we crept away and left them in council."

We might fill many pages with passages of a similar and not less interesting character, but must be content with commending the book to the attention of our readers, as, in our opinion, the most instructive and entertaining yet published in relation to Africa and the Africans. We hope the bold missionary will live to give the world another volume, detailing even more successful labors than those chronicled in that which we have now perused with so much satisfaction.

*Travels in the Great Western Prairies, the Anahuac and Rocky Mountains, and the Oregon Territory: By Thomas J. Farnham. New York, Greeley & M'Elrath: Philadelphia, Burgess & Zeiber.*

Such is the title of a new and interesting volume of travels and observations in our great Western Territory, by one well fitted to enjoy and to portray the wild scenes and perilous encounters which await the hardy adventurer into that rugged and savage wilderness. Mr. Farnham, with a small yet afterward diminished band, left the western border of Missouri, in May, 1839; struck off across the Santa Fé trail to the Arkansas; followed up

that river to the gorges of the Rocky Mountains; then traveled northward across the southern fork of the Platte; down that and up the northern to its source; then across to the head waters of the Sheetskadee or Grand River, the southern branch of the Colorado of the West; down that to Brown's Hole, or Fort David Crockett, the first white settlement west of the Rocky Mountains, situated on an oasis of verdure amid a thousand miles square of rocky sterility and utter barrenness; thence up Green River, the northern fork of the Colorado, and over the dividing ridge to the Saptin or Lewis, the northern branch of the Colorado, and down to Fort Hall, the first white settlement in Oregon; thence down by the Walla-walla, and other Fur Trading and Missionary stations to the Columbia, and so to the ocean, stopping for observations at the posts, at the dulies or rocky rapids of rivers; visiting the Methodist missions and the Anglo-American settlements on the Willamette; the Fort, or chief British station at Vancouver; and returning home by way of the Sandwich Islands, California and Mexico.

To his own frank and intelligent observations on Oregon, Mr. Farnham has appended the recent report of Lieutenant Wilkes on that country, as commander of the Exploring Expedition, which is very clear and methodical in its exhibition of the resources, capabilities, advantages, and prospects of Oregon, and adds much to the value of the work. Mr. Farnham is a lively and vigorous writer; he penetrated to Oregon by a route hardly traveled before him by white men, and explored a thousand miles of our territory which had not previously been described. His journal blends the charm of romance with the worth of a true narrative. It is published in a large and close octavo of 112 pages—equal to 400 of the ordinary duodecimo size—in the manner of the cheap publications of the time.

*Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics: Comprehending the Natural History, Preparation, Properties, Composition, Effects, and Uses of Medicines: By Jonathan Pereira, M.D. F.R.S. Assistant Physician to the London Hospital, etc. With Numerous Illustrations. From the Second London Edition. Enlarged and Improved with Notes and Additions, by Joseph Carson, M.D., Professor of Materia Medica and Pharmacy in the Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, etc.*

*A System of Practical Surgery, by Professor William Ferguson, of King's College, London, illustrated with 250 Illustrations, executed by Gilbert, from Designs by Bagg, with Notes and*

*Additions by George W. Norris, M.D., one of the Surgeons to the Pennsylvania Hospital, in one volume, octavo.*

We know too little of medicine and surgery to attempt a review of these important works. Dr. Pereira is one of the most eminent physicians of the time, and his *Elements of Materia Medica and Therapeutics* have attracted the favorable attention of the profession in Europe and in this country. His object has been to supply the student with a class book on *Materia Medica*, containing a faithful outline of this department of medicine, a concise account of the most important modern discoveries in natural history, chemistry, physiology, and therapeutics, in so far as they pertain to pharmacology, and to treat the subjects in the order of their natural historical relations. The work has been much improved by the American editor, who has introduced the nomenclature of the last impression of the United States Pharmacopœia, given succinct histories of the most important indigenous medicines of the country, etc. The London *Chemist* speaks of it as a “work unequalled by any on the subject in our language.”

Professor Ferguson’s *System of Surgery* has not been produced to compete with any already before the profession; the arrangement, the manner in which the subjects have been treated, and the illustrations, are all different from any of the kind hitherto published. It is not intended to be placed in comparison with the elementary systems of Cooper, Burns, Liston, Symes, Lizars, and the epitome by Druitt. It may with more propriety be likened to the *Operative Surgery* of Sir C. Bell, and that of Mr. Ayerill, both excellent in their day, or the more modern production of Mr. Hargrave, and the *Practical Surgery* of Mr. Liston.

Both these works are printed in the most excellent manner. The wood engravings by Gilbert in Ferguson’s *Surgery* are equal to any thing of the kind we have ever seen.

*A History of the Great Reformation of the Sixteenth Century, in Germany, Switzerland, etc.: By J. H. Merle D’Aubigné, President of the Theological School at Geneva. One volume octavo, pp. 426. Philadelphia, James M. Campbell.*

This is doubtless the most popular historical work published in our time. It is destined to supersede all the other histories of that wonderful revolution in human affairs which was commenced three centuries ago by the monk of Wittemberg. It is eminently dramatic in its style, like most of the modern French histories. The author judiciously selects and skillfully arranges his

facts, and presents them to the reader's mind with the vividness of a panorama. Luther, Melancthon, Zuuigle, and his other heroes, live, speak and act before us.

Doctor Merle D'Aubigné is President of the first Protestant school in Europe. He lives among the scenes of the important controversies of which he is the historian. The first volume of his great work on the Reformation appeared in 1836. Two others have followed at intervals. They were translated into most of the modern languages as soon as published. Three English versions have been made, of one of which two stereotype editions have been printed in this country—that of Mr. Carter, of New York, in three volumes, and the one before us, of Mr. Campbell, in one large octavo. This translation, though somewhat less elegant than Mr. Scott's, issued at Glasgow, is equal to either of the others in spirit and fidelity. The third volume of the original, embraced in these editions, brings down the continental history to 1526. The fourth volume, which will treat of the Reformation in England, will probably appear early in the following year, and the fifth and sixth, to which the work will extend, probably will not be ready before 1860.

*Illustrated Edition of the Book of Common Prayer, and Administration of the Sacraments, according to the use of the Protestant Episcopal Church. Edited by Rev. J. M. Wainwright, D.D. New York, H. W. Hewett. Philadelphia, W. H. Graham, 98 Chesnut Street.*

In conformity with the canon, Dr. Wainright is appointed to revise and compare this edition of the Common Prayer with the standards; and his supervision over the whole will secure the adoption of proper emblems, vignettes, and other ornaments. Mainly copied from the English Illustrated Common Prayer, which embraces designs from the pencils of Flaxnum, Raffaele, Westall, and other eminent painters, this American edition will be enriched by the introduction of original designs, by J. G. Chapman, of New York. Wherever American scenery, etc. can be introduced it will be. Imagine the Falls of Niagara as an illustration of "Let the floods clap their hands;"—think for a moment of the capacity of the New World to furnish vignettes to accompany the sublime poetry of the sweet singer of Israel. Upon these riches of nature we trust Mr. Chapman will draw liberally; and, knowing him for a man of taste, we believe him sufficiently awake to these advantages to make use of them.

Art (says a writer with whom we agree) has been so often suborned into the service of vice, and of things which, if not positively vicious, are of questionable tendency, that we hail this publication with the most lively pleasure. It will supplant, we know, many worthless but elegant publications, by giving those of refined taste an opportunity to vindicate their admiration for the beautiful, by purchasing this excellent and elegant volume, in place of others less meritorious, even regarded merely with the artist's views; and as the Vaudois missionaries, disguised as pedlers, introduced the gospel where they found admission as venders of rare and beautiful fabrics, so will this beautiful edition of the Book of Common Prayer attract the willing attention of many persons who might otherwise seldom open a book of a devotional character.

*Lectures to Youth: Being a Series of Discourses Delivered at Albany, New York: By S. R. Smith. Philadelphia, Thomas, Cowperthwait, & Co.*

This volume contains nine discourses on the formation of character, associations, amusements, and such other subjects as are discussed in a hundred similar works published within the last few years. The author, we believe, is a universalist clergyman. He writes at times with considerable force and eloquence, but we perceive in his lectures nothing very striking or original. The great truth, so rarely acknowledged or understood, that "virtue alone is happiness below," is, however, clearly presented and the book, if read, can hardly fail of being useful.

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[1] Coleridge's Translation.

## 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.

A Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience.

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. XXII No. 5 May 1843* edited by George Rex Graham]