THE

LADIES' COMPANION.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE,

EMBRACING

EVERY DEPARTMENT OF LITERATURE.

EMBELLISHED WITH

ORIGINAL ENGRAVINGS, AND MUSIC

ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO-FORTE, GUITAR, &c

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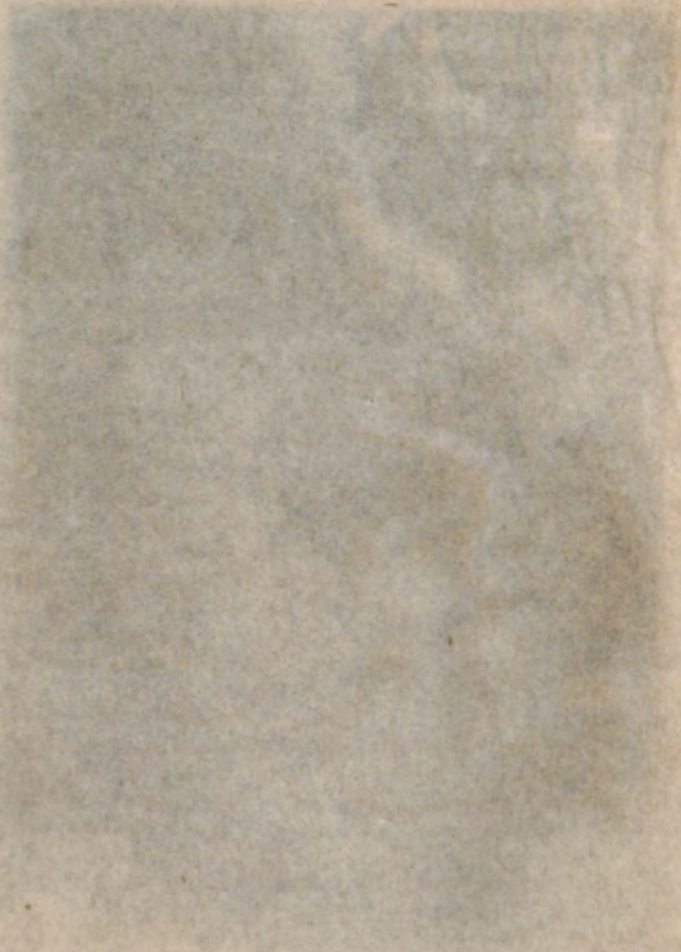

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, MAY, 1838.

Original.

ATTACK OF THE BOA-CONSTICTOR.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

A CLOUD of gorgeous light flushed over the sky, spread upward and abroad, and, for a moment, the rich colors of an Eastern sunrise pictured themselves upon the horizon like an arch of fretted gold and powdered gems, broken and irregular—now standing out in abutments of fiery light or sinking back to the depths of the sky in caves of crimson, purple and pale violet, then flinging up turrets of amber and soft rose color to the zenith and at last melting away in a sea of sheet gold, as the sun rose from behind the green trees of Hindostan. It was the hour of worship; the dawn had scarcely broken over the Ganges when the snowy temples and picturesque mosques which stood bedded in the foliage, and crowned the rocks which shot over the stream with their drapery of creeping vines, were flung open. From every casement and fairy lattice were lavished forth showers of lotus blossoms, with glossy green leaves and buds full of odor, the Brahmins tribute to the holy waters, till the river, from shore to shore, seemed bursting into blossom beneath the warm sunshine. While the crested waves were trooping forward like crowds of bright winged spirits sporting and rejoicing together among the blossoms thus lavished upon them, a budgero, or state barge, followed by a train of baggage-boats, shot out from the shadow of a grove of banian trees, and with its silken penants streaming to the morning air made its way up the stream.

It was a princely sight—that long, slender boat—as it flashed out into the broad sunshine—its gilded prow curving gracefully up from the water in the form of a peacock with burnished wings, jewelled crest and neck of scaly gold—the sides swelling gently out at the bows and sloping away to the stern, till they met in two gilded horns of exquisite workmanship, the smaller ends twisted together and forming the extreme point of the boat. The rose colored mouths curved gently outward, from which a horde of fruit, colored and carved to a perfect semblance of nature, seemed bursting away over the foaming waters as she cut her path graceful through them, leaving a long wreath of foam, curling and flashing in her track. In the broadest part of the deck stood a small pavilion, its dome paved with mother of pearl and studded with precious stones; its pillars of fluted ivory half hidden by a rich drapery of orange and azure silk, fringed and festooned to the fretwork of the dome, with ropes of heavy silk, twisted and tassalled with silver.

Within the pavilion, on a carpet glowing with the rich dies of Persia, half sat, half reclined, an elderly native, robed in all the splendor of an oriental prince, with his eyes half closed and apparently dropping into a quiet slumber. The mouth piece of his hooka lay idly between his thin lips, its jewelled lengths glittered against his silken vest and then burst away, coil after coil, like a serpent writhing in a bed of flowers, till it ended in a bowl of burning opal stone, from which a wreath of perfumed smoke stole languidly upward and floated among the azure drapery like clouds moving in the depths of a summer sky. Directly opposite, on a pile of orange colored cushions, lay a female, young and beautiful as a houri. Her robe of India muslin, starred and spotted with gold, was open in front, betraying a neck of perfect beauty and but half concealing the graceful outline of her person; her bright hair was banded back from her forehead with a string of orient pearls, and fell over the silken cushions in a multitude of long black braids, so long as almost to reach her feet while she retained her reclining position. She had the full large eye of her fiery clime, long cut and full of brightness, but shaded with heavy, silken lashes, which lent them a languishing and almost sleepy softness. A smile was continually melting over her full, red lips, and the whole expression of her face was one of mingled softness and energy. Behind her cushions stood a youth of slender, active form, with a high, finely moulded forhead, and eyes kindling with the fire of a proud but restrained spirit. Yet, though his port was almost regal and his bearing princely, he was in the humble costume of a Hindoo slave. The hand which should have been familiar with the sabre hilt, was occupied in waving a fan of gorgeous feathers above the reclining princess. Occasionally, when the fair girl would close her eyes as if lulled to sleep by the musical dipping of the oars, he would fix those expressive eyes upon her, as the devotee dwells upon the form of his idol. The bold menial had dared to look upon the loveliest maiden and the loftiest princess in all Hindostan, with eyes of love. And she, the brightest star of her father's court, the affianced bride of a prince, as proud and as wealthy as her own haughty sire,—had she forgotten her lofty caste to lavish her regard on the person of a slave? Those who had looked upon the expression of those soft eyes, unclosing beneath his passionate gaze, as the starry blossoms open to the sunbeams, might have read an answer which spoke much for the warm-hearted woman, but little for the dignity of regal birth.

The old Rajah, as he reclined, apparently half asleep, marked the mingled glances of the youthful pair, and a wicked, crafty expression stole over his face; a light gleamed out from his half opened eyes, which told how dark and subtle were his secret thoughts,—he lay like a serpent nursing its venom for a sudden spring.

The day was becoming sultry, and the train of boats made its way slowly up the shadowy side of the stream. The oarsmen bent wearily over their oars, for the atmosphere, which slumbered about them, had become oppres-

sive, with the perfume which rose in clouds from the oleander thickets, and the thousand budding vines that flung their garlands over the water, and chained the tree-top into one sea of blossoming vegitation. A short distance up, the high bank curved inward, and a little cove lay glittering in the sunlight, hedged in by a sloping hill which was covered with rich herbage and crowned by a thick grove, heavy with ripe bananas and other Eastern fruits. On the lower swell of the bank, two lofty palm trees, shot up into the air, branching out at the top, in a cloud of thick green foliage, impervious almost, to the hot sunshine, which fell broadly on that side of the river.

The old Rajah fixed his eyes on the stately palms, as the boat gradually neared them; while he gazed, the glittering branches which had hitherto remained motionless began to tremble and wave to and fro. The leaves shivered; a low rustling sound was heard, as if a current of wind had suddenly burst over them; and then the head and half the body of a huge serpent shot up from the mass of leaves, swayed itself back and forth in the sunshine for a moment, and then darted back with the same rustling sound into his huge nest of leaves. The old Rajah's eyes kindled with a subtle fire; and he commanded his attendants to enter a baggage boat and proceed to the banana grove for a supply of fresh fruit. "Moor the boat in the inlet beneath the two palms, and let Jaje remain with her," he commanded, pointing to the handsome slave who stood behind his daughter. The slave made his salam, and was about to step into the boat, when the princess called to him: "Thou shalt not remain idle," she said with a smile, "let thy task be to gather some of those lilies which spring up from that bed of white sand, just within the cove, and scatter them over my cushions should I be asleep when the boat returns, their perfume will bring me pleasant dreams."

The slave bent his turbaned head and sprang into the boat. The princess half rose from her cushions and watched the party as they drew towards the shore. The slave, Taje moored the boat and brought an armful of the beautiful white lilies she had desired, and laid them carefully in the prow, where he seated himself to wait for his companions. Her eyes were fixed with a kind of dreamy abstractedness on the cove, when she saw the tops of the palm trees in commotion; the heavy leaves began to shiver again and the slender branches crashed, as with the force of a hurricane. As she looked, that huge serpent began to coil itself like the stem of a great vine, downward, around the palm; his neck glistening, his head thurst out a little from the trunk and his hungry eyes fixed on the slave who had dropped asleep in the boat. The princess sprung to her feet with a cry of horror, and then stood motionless, and white as death; her fingers locked and her pale lips moving, but speechless. She was striving to cry out, but her voice was choaked in her throat. She saw the monster thurst his head far out from the trunk of the palm, and then the horrid glitter of his back as he unfolded coil after coil, and flung half his length into the boat, gleamed before her distented eyes. With a cry, that rung over waters like the shriek of a maniac, she fell upon the deck, and with her face buried in her hands lay quivering in every limb like a dying creature.

"Peace!" thundered the old Rajah, lifting her form from the deck and flinging it on the cushions, "Peace ingrate! What is the dog of a slave to thee? Look up and witness his just punishment!" as if nothing could appease his thirst for vengeance, he tore the hands from the shuddering creature's face, and again half lifting her from the pile of cushions forced her to look upon the appalling scene. The serpent had coiled itself around its victim, while yet one part of its huge length was twisted about the palms. She gazed with a dizzy brain on the mottled folds as they writhed glistening and swelling eagerly around, their struggling victim. She saw the glossy neck, flung upward with a curve that brought the head with its fierce gloating eyes, and its forked tongue quivering like a fiery arrow from the open jaws, over the crouching slave. A low smothered cry of mortal agony arose from the boat,—then a shout and a rush of men from the grove. She saw the gleam of their hatchets and pikes as they fell upon the monster. She saw the horrid folds that begirt her lover relax, and then with a faint gasp she fell back in her father's arms sick and entirely senseless. "Dog!" cried the fierce old man, seizing the rescued slave as he ascended the side of the barge pale and haggard as a corpse, yet bearing the lilies which his mistress had ordered in his arms—"Dog! crocadile!! Thou hast escaped the serpent, but who shall save thee from the vengeance of a disgraced father!" The old man's cimeter flashed upward as he spoke. The slave drew his fine form proudly to its height and fixed his stern, calm eyes full on the old Rajah's, "Rash old man" he said, "what would you of me? true I have won the love of your daughter, but if you seek vengeance for the wrong, claim it not of Taje, the slave, but of the prince Aiungzebe, her affianced husband, for, by the holy stream which hears us, I am that man!"

The Rajah's eye quailed beneath that stern glance and the cimeter fell to the deck with a ringing sound. The youth calmly put away the hand which the fierce old man had fixed on his arm, and taking a sealed parchment from the folds of his turban gave it to him. The Rajah took it with a shaking hand—glanced at the signature and then opened his arms to receive his son in-law. The youth leaned for a moment on his bosom and then they went into the pavilion together. When the princess awoke from her swoon, her father was sitting on his carpet smoking his hooka, as quietly as if nothing had happened. The scent of freshly gathered lilies hung about her cushions, and her rescued lover was bending over her. "Oh I have had a terrible dream" she said passing her slender hand over her eyes, "a—but you are very pale, was it real?" She started up and looked toward the cove. The two palm trees stood towering in the sunshine, the bark here and there torn from their trunks, and the thick branches broken and dangling in the air, like rent banners streaming over a battle field, the heavy grass was trampled and soiled with blood, and a huge boa-constrictor lay stretched upon the white sand mutilated and dead.

Original.

THE POISONED JELLY;

OR, THE COURT LADY'S REVENGE.

Translated from the Spanish.

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CHAPTER I.

After a battle between the Spanish and English, which terminated in the capture of the city of Cadiz by the latter, a great quantity of booty was carried off by the victors to their ships. Among other things, Clotaldo, the captain of an English ship, took with him to London a pretty girl of about seven years old. This was against the will and knowledge of their commander, the Earl of Essex, before whom the parents of the lost child appeared, and besought him to command her restoration, saying their wealth they had resigned willingly, for even in poverty they could be happy if not deprived of the light of their eyes—the prettiest creature in all Cadiz.

The Earl sent a proclamation through the squadron, commanding the child to be restored under pain of death to the offender. Clotaldo, however, was not to be moved by either threats or rewards, for he had taken a fancy to the girl; he therefore kept her concealed until his arrival in England. The unhappy parents were obliged to remain without their child, who had been given to Clotaldo's wife, to be reared as her daughter.

Clotaldo possessed but one child, Ricaredo, who, with his parents were Catholics in secret; but in public attended the worship of their Protestant queen. Catalina, the wife of Clotaldo, loved the young captive as if she were her own child. She caused her to be taught all useful and ornamental branches, and in fact educated her as if she were the daughter of noble parents, hoping thus to make her contented with them. Isabella, however, (for this was her name) often sighed for her former home, and expressed a determination never to forget her native language. To please her, Clotaldo often brought Spaniards secretly to his house that they might converse with her in her own tongue. Isabella grew up beautiful and accomplished, and possessed one of the most enchanting voices in the country. All these graces combined with her loveliness and sweet temper, so wore upon Ricaredo, that he became deeply attached to her. At first he looked upon her as a sister, and gazed into her beauteous face and watched her strengthening virtues; but as she grew up, his passion increased, and at last he determined to possess himself of so charming a creature. Many times he determined to impart his wish to marry Isabella to his parents, but feared their disapprobation, as he was betrothed to a noble Scotch lady, also a Catholic, and he could scarcely hope to be permitted to break with her to marry a slave, as Isabella was in fact. Pensive and perplexed Ricaredo passed his days, and in anxiety to render his life happy, almost lost it. He roused himself at length from his despondency, thinking it but a coward's part to suffer and die in secret, without making any effort to ameliorate his fate—he resolved to open his heart to Isabella. Anxiety of mind brought on a fit of sickness, which afflicted all the house, as they were much attached to Ricaredo, particularly his parents, for he was their only son, and noted for virtue, valor and intelligence. The physicians who were assembled around Ricaredo could not discover the nature of his ailment, and instead of benefiting, they rendered him much worse.

At length, being one day alone with Isabella, he resolved to declare his love. "Beautiful Isabella!" he said; "thy virtue, thy grace and loveliness, have been the cause of this disorder which is reducing me to the grave. If thou would'st save my life, consent to be mine. I dare not ask thee of my parents, fearing their displeasure; but if thou wilt pledge thy faith to me, I will give thee mine. Although this must be in secret, it will bring healing and calm to my sorrowing heart.—Hope will give me strength to wait in patience until that happy day when the holy church—with my parents' leave—will make thee wholly mine."

While Ricaredo spoke, Isabella listened with downcast eyes. Her modesty and dignity equalled her beauty, and after he had ceased she replied: "Since the rigor or clemency of Heaven—I cannot determine which—has deprived me of my parents, and delivered me to the care of yours, Señor Ricaredo—grateful for the many benefits and kindnesses they have showered upon me, I have determined never to oppose my will to theirs. However pleased I might be at the honor you intend me, I could not by word or look do aught against their knowledge. Should you be so fortunate as to obtain your parents consent, then, Señor, my faith should be yours—pure and unswerving."

The lovely and discreet Isabella now ceased, and her words so charmed Ricaredo that he revived from that moment. His parents were rejoiced at his rapid recovery, which to them appeared miraculous, until he confided to his mother the cause of his illness. After a long explanation of his feelings and views, he ended by saying, to deny him Isabella was to sentence him to death. He so set forth the virtues and goodness of Isabella, that he at last brought his mother to think it would be much to his advantage to obtain this peerless creature, and even if any one married beneath their desert it would be the Spanish maiden. She gave her son hopes of gaining over his father and induce him to consent to his wishes. So well did the Lady Catalina fulfil her promise that she never ceased entreating her husband until at last he agreed to send excuses to the Scotch girl, to whom his son was affianced, and permit him to wed the lovely captive. At that time Isabella was fourteen, and Ricaredo twenty, and, although in the green and flowery years of youth, they possessed the prudence and discretion of age.

CHAPTER II.

Time flew on, and now only four days were to be passed ere the parents of Ricaredo were to present him with a bride, who, poor and a captive as she was, they gladly preferred to the Scotch maiden, with all her boundless wealth. The relations and guests were all invited, the wedding feast was prepared and nothing remained but the Queen's consent to the marriage—without which no one of noble blood were permitted to

wed; but secure of her ready acquiescence, Clotaldo had neglected until now to ask it.

He had arranged to go on the following day, when that evening their happy family circle was agitated by the arrival of a messenger from the Queen, who brought the Queen's command that Cataldo should the next morning bring before her majesty the Spanish girl whom he had captured at Cadiz. Striving to appear calm, Clotaldo replied, "He would willingly comply with the Queen's request;" and the messenger departed, leaving their bosoms filled with alarm and surprise.

"Ah me," said the Lady Catalina; "if the Queen should discover I had brought up Isabella a Catholic, she would then suspect we were all of that persuasion, and we should be ruined! If the Queen question you regarding the manner in which you have been educated during the eight years you have been with us, be careful, child, not to say any thing which might condemn us."

"Give yourself no uneasiness, my lady," said Isabella. "I rely on heaven, and believe, through Divine mercy, words will there be given me which will bring you no harm, but rather redound to your honor."

Ricaredo trembled, as if he already foresaw the evils which would ensue. His father endeavored to relieve his fears, and bade him rely upon the prudence and discretion of Isabella, whom he knew would come back soon to them safe from harm. Again he implored Isabella to conceal from the Queen their religion. "For," he added—"if the spirit is willing to suffer martyrdom, to the flesh it would be bitter."

Isabella renewed her protestation of prudence, for, although she know not what questions would be asked her, she trusted in help from on high. The night passed in these discourses, and hope and fear alternately prevailed. At length Clotaldo consoled them with the hope that the Queen merely wished to see one who had been so much lauded for beauty. He trusted to excuse himself for not bringing her to court before, by saying, he wished to educate her as the wife of his son, Ricaredo.

It was agreed by all, Isabella should not appear in the humble garb of a prisoner, but as the bride of a nobleman, and a Spanish lady; accordingly a rich Spanish dress was soon arranged, in which Isabella was attired. She wore a *Saya*, or trained gown of green satin, slashed and bordered with cloth of gold. The skirt of the dress was richly embroidered with pearls, while chains of the same encircled each slash. A costly collar of diamonds lay upon her white neck, and a cinture of the same bound her delicate waist; while her luxuriant hair was twisted and secured with diamonds. In this splendid dress, and glowing with youth and loveliness, Isabella passed through the streets of London, seated beside Ricaredo and his parents, in a handsome carriage. All eyes were riveted upon this beauteous vision as she passed, drawing the gazer's soul to follow her. Behind them rode a gallant train of relations and friends; Clotaldo desiring them to show her this honor that the Queen and all the court might see she was considered as the bride of his son, and be thus intimidated from offering her any harm.

Arrived at the palace, they were ushered into the grand saloon, where the Queen sat surrounded by her court. A rare and noble picture would that scene have made. When Clotaldo and his train of gay cavaliers had advanced a few paces in that spacious and gorgeous apartment, they remained motionless, while Isabella moved alone towards the Queen. So dazzling was her beauty, and so brilliant her attire, that she seemed like eve's early star which sails alone through the summer sky—or midnight exhalation floating in the peaceful night—or the sun's first ray bursting through some crevice on the mountain's top, and falling in one bright streak upon the plain below. As a fiery comet prognosticates a drowning or burning world, so did the appearance of this miraculous beauty foretell the conflagration of many a soul around. With easy dignity and graceful humility, Isabella approached the Queen, and, kneeling before her, addressed her in the English tongue.

"Will your majesty permit your humble slave to kiss your royal hand?" she said. "No longer lowly slave, but lady proud, since the high honor has been mine to view your greatness."

The Queen gazed in silence upon the kneeling girl, unable to speak, so much was she struck by the bright vision before her. "She seemed to be gazing upon a starry sky," she said to her Camarera, or lady of the bed-chamber; the pearls and diamonds which covered Isabella flashing like stars, her lovely face and eyes the sun and moon, while the whole was a marvel of brilliancy and beauty. The ladies who surrounded the Queen were loud in her praise; some lauding her lustrous eyes, others her fine skin, or perfect form, or sweet voice, while those who sought through envy to find some fault, could only say,—"The Spanish girl is pretty enough, but I do not admire her dress."

The Queen raised Isabella, saying—"Speak to me in Spanish, damsel, for I understand that language, and love it well." Then calling Clotaldo, she said, "You have done me a wrong, Clotaldo, in keeping this treasure so many years from me; but in truth there is enough here to move any one's avarice. You must give her up to me as she is mine by right."

"Your majesty speaks truth," replied Clotaldo. "My fault has been great, if it is one, to have kept this jewel that I might polish it to its utmost perfection, ere I presented it before your majesty. To-day I should have come to ask your royal license to wed her to my son, Ricaredo; and in giving them both to you, I should have laid at your gracious feet my most costly gifts."

"'Tis well," said the Queen; "but I desire no other name for her than Isabella, the Spanish girl. Clotaldo, how comes it you promised her to your son without my permission?"

"I was to blame, my royal mistress, but I hoped the services myself and ancestors have rendened to this kingdom, might obtain for me a greater boon than license to marry my son. My son is not wedded yet, lady."

"Nor shall be!" said the Queen, "until he merits her. Not for the services of his father nor forefathers,

shall he gain this costly treasure—by his own valor shall he look to obtain from me this lovely girl, whom from this moment I shall consider as my own daughter."

Hearing these words, Isabella knelt to thank the Queen, saying in Spanish—"If all troubles should such discount have, *Serenisima Señora*, I know not how to call them troubles: your majesty has given me the name of daughter—under that title what sorrows may I not have to fear, and what favors hope?"

Isabella spoke with so much grace and sweetness, that the Queen felt quite attached to her, and turning to her principal lady of the bed-chamber, bade her take her under her charge that she might be taught all the forms of the court. Ricaredo, who felt in losing Isabella he was losing life, threw himself before the Queen in distraction.

"I need no other inducement to serve your majesty," he said, "than that which excited my ancestors' breasts when serving their kings. But if your majesty judge it fitting to place another reward before me to urge me on, show me by what mode—what difficult undertaking, I can gain your royal favor, and I fly to execute it!"

"There are two barks about to sail upon a cruise," said the Queen, "in which go the Baron de Lausac and his warriors—of one I make you captain, knowing the gallant blood from which you sprang, will remedy the defect in your years. Go, then, Ricaredo! I give you means to serve your Queen; to confer new honor upon your noble race; to show your own valor, and to merit the rare treasure which is in reserve for you. I will watch over Isabella, and shall find the task a light one, for her pure and lofty soul is sufficient guard. You are a lover," continued the Queen, "which is pledge you will return crowned with noble deeds. I remember me of a king who went to battle once with an army of ten thousand warriors, *all lovers;* the price of victory was possession of their lady-loves—they conquered. Go in God's name! Say farewell to Isabella, for you depart to-morrow."

Thanking her for her goodness, Ricaredo kissed the Queen's hand and turned towards Isabella. In vain he essayed to speak to her—his grief was too powerful for words, and he stood in silence, while the tears flowed in showers from his eyes. Ashamed of his emotion, he endeavored to check his tears, which the Queen perceiving, said—"Nay, Ricaredo, stay not your tears. Do not deem us so cold of heart that we should less esteem you for this tenderness. Well do we know the courage that would lead a warrior to the cannon's mouth would desert him when saying farewell to his loved-one. Isabella embrace Ricaredo and give him your benediction, for he well merits your kindness."

The scene which had just passed had already overwhelmed Isabella with affliction, but when she beheld the silent despair of Ricaredo, whom she loved as her husband, her emotion took from her all consciousness of what was said to her; large tears rolled down her cheeks, and she stood so still, so motionless, that she appeared a marble statue of grief. The silent distress of these deeply attached lovers, touched the hearts of all in the saloon. Without uttering a word to Isabella, Ricaredo turned away; and Clotaldo with his train of cavaliers, having made their obeisance to the Queen, all departed, filled with compassion and rage. Isabella, the hapless bride, remained as some lonely orphan who sees the funeral train of her parents depart from the door.

CHAPTER III.

Soon after the departure of Ricaredo from his betrothed, he set sail to join the expedition against Spain and Portugal. The bosom of Ricaredo was agitated by two contending emotions. It behoved him to perform some great exploit to merit Isabella, and yet, he could not as a consistent Catholic, fight against those of his own religion. Should an occasion offer, he must refuse to fight, and be called a coward, or attack those of his own church. The contest between love and religion terminated in favor of the former, and he trusted, by the mercy of God, to find an opportunity of signalizing himself, to the satisfaction of the Queen, without acting against his conscience. After six days of fair wind the two barks found themselves off the Island of Teciera, where they were sure of meeting Portuguese ships going or returning from India. On the sixth day, however, a violent wind sprung up from the coast (called in the Mediteranean, the *Mediodia* wind) which lasted so long and became so vehement, that they were obliged to run for Spain. Near the coast, off Gibraltar, they espied three vessels, one very large and the others small. Ricaredo gave orders for his ship to approach that of the General, to know if it was his pleasure to attack the vessels. When near the General's bark they were surprised to see a black flag flying from the mast, while the mournful sounds of clarions and trumpets, gave notice some distinguished person was dead. They were hailed, Ricaredo was requested to come on board the Capitana, as the General died the last night of an apoplexy. All were overcome with grief, except Ricaredo, who, sorry as he was for the General, rejoiced at his good luck, for now, by the Queen's command, he succeeded as General of the two ships.

With a light heart, Ricaredo stepped on board the Capitana, where he found some grieving over the dead General, and others approaching to congratulate the living. Brief were the ceremonies which installed him in his office, for the three foreign vessels were now near them. The two smaller vessels were discovered, by the half-moon's upon their flags, to be Turkish corsairs, which gave Ricaredo much pleasure, for he might now hope to distinguish himself and not war with Catholics. Ricaredo's vessels carried the Spanish flag to deceive their enemies, which completely imposed upon the Turks, who took them for Spanish Galléons returning richly laden from India

Rapidly they approached, and when near enough Ricaredo bade his men to fire, which they did so rapidly that after a short canonade, the galley reeled and appeared about to sink. The other corsair seeing the situation of the galley, threw it a rope and towed it around behind the larger ship. But Ricaredo, whose men managed his vessel finely, soon followed, and pour-

ed upon them a shower of balls. The crew of the sinking galley abandoned their vessel and ascended the side of the large ship, assisted by the other bark, which Ricaredo seeing, he plied his balls into them so hotly that the crew of the other galley also began to take refuge in the ship. While passing up the sides they presented fit marks for the artillery-men, who fired at them as at targets, and pitched them off one by one. The ship had been captured by the Turks, and was filled with Spanish and Portuguese prisoners, who burst their chains, and seizing arms attacked the Turks and quickly finished all who escaped the English. As soon as Ricaredo perceived the Christians he bade the firing cease, when the prisoners, who believed them Spaniards, called to them to come on board and take command of the ship. Ricaredo demanded, in Spanish, the name of the bark. They replied it was a Portuguese ship arriving from India, with a costly cargo of spices and more than a million in gold. During a violent tempest they were so disabled as to be an easy prey to the Turks, who were headed by the celebrated corsair, Armante Mami. Then two small galleys would not hold all their rich cargo, so they were towing the ship into the river Larache, which was not far off. Ricaredo replied, he supposed they were taken for Spanish vessels, but they were English cruisers fighting for their queen and country. The poor prisoners' hearts sank with disappointment, for now they feared they had escaped one snare only to fall into another as bad.

"You have nothing to fear," said Ricaredo; "provided you make no defence I promise you liberty."

"We can make no defence," they replied, "as in the storm we threw all our artillery overboard. We throw ourselves upon the generosity of your general, and hope he will add to the benefit he has already rendered us, that of liberty to return to our homes. Should he agree to this, the fame of his goodness will reach wherever the news of this memorable victory will be carried."

Ricaredo was inclined to set the prisoners free, but thought it proper to call a council of his officers on the occasion. There were some of opinion, the prisoners should be brought one by one on board their ship, and there killed as they entered, by which means they might carry the great ship to London without more trouble and time.

Ricaredo was horror-struck by this proposal. "Since God has been so merciful as to send this great prize in our hands, we should imitate his mercy and commit no cruelty. 'Tis my opinion then, these Christians should not die. I speak not for love of the Spaniards, but for love of *myself*. I would not this victory of to-day should be sullied by a breath of reproach cast upon myself, nor on you my companions in war. Valor and cruelty should never go together. Let us then place all the arms and artillery of one of our vessels in the great ship, leaving the deserted bark to the prisoners, while we return with the ship to London and they depart for Portugal."

No one disputed Ricaredo—some lauding him as wise and magnanimous, while others in their hearts suspected his kindness for these Catholics sprang from love of their religion. Ricaredo passed into the large ship with fifty arquebusiers alert, their pieces primed for instant use. On board were nearly three hundred persons. These were soon placed in their smallest vessel, from which all arms had previously been taken. They were each given four gold escudos, and the vessel provided with a month's provisions, which they might want ere they landed, as the mountains of Abila and Calpe could just be discerned in the distance.

The grateful captives were loud in their thanks for the clemency of their conquerer, while the last one, who had been the spokesman, said, "I would be far more happy, valiant Cavalier, would you take me to England than to Spain, for although it is my native country, I have met there so much of sorrow that I care not if I never see it again."

Ricaredo wished to be acquainted with his cause of grief, to which request he answered.

"It is now fifteen years since, at the fall of Cadiz, I lost my only child, the comfort of my old age, the light of my eyes, for since they have not her to look upon I care not to gaze on any thing. I lost also all my wealth, which was great, for I was a distinguished merchant. If I had saved my daughter I should have not cared for my riches, but she was carried by the English to England, and I never saw her more. Restless and unhappy, my wife and I determined to go to India, the refuge for the poor and afflicted. We were six days out when taken by the corsairs and placed in this vessel."

Ricaredo demanded the name of his daughter.

"Isabella," he replied, and thus confirmed the suspicions of Ricaredo, that he saw before him the father of his betrothed. Wishing to surprise him, he did not betray his knowledge of Isabella, but gave him permission to sail with him to England, where he would give him every assistance in the search of his lost child. Ricaredo returned to the Capitana carrying the Spaniard with him, and leaving sailors and officers behind to guard the prize. The Spaniards departed, taking with them many Turkish prisoners whom they were to free as soon as landed, which was done by Ricaredo to free himself from the suspicion of being a Catholic.

The wind, which had been fair, now fell, which alarmed Ricaredo's soldiers, who feared the Spaniards, when landed, might give the alarm, and send armed vessels in pursuit of them. Ricaredo was now much blamed for his generosity, but he soon infused courage into their hearts, also revived by a strong favorable wind, which in nine days brought them safe to London.

Ricaredo did not wish to show signs of joy in his vessel, since the general had died when away, so that he mixed with them signals of mourning, joyous clarionets, alternated with mournful trumpets. Now gay voices were heard singing merry songs to the sound of clashing arms, and then solemn dirges and pensive requiems were borne upon the wind;—from one end of the Capitana floated banners bearing the Turkish crescent; while from the other a long black flag swept down until it nearly touched the water. These contrary signals of mourning and of joy perplexed the multitude of people who were assembled by the river's side. They recognised

the bark of General Lausac, but could not make out how its consort had been changed for so large a ship which followed the Capitana.

Their doubts were all solved when they saw the valiant Ricaredo spring on shore, clothed in rich armor, resplendent with gold and jewels and nodding plumes. Followed by a great multitude of citizens, the joyous and eager Ricaredo took his way to the palace. E. R. S.

To be continued.

Original.

A PIRATICAL SKETCH.

In the month of June, 1837, I embarked on board of the ship *Star*, bound for the West Indies. There were a large number of cabin-passengers on board, and we had the promise of a pleasant and agreeable voyage. The captain was a fine, open-souled gentleman, who paid every care and attention to the comfort of the passengers, and had, for many years, been conspicuous in his official capacity. I had also under my protection my niece, the only daughter of a deceased brother, and as lovely and sweet a girl as ever blessed a parent. She was one of those bright, ethereal creatures whose very thoughts and feelings are beautiful, and one who looked upon all creation with a golden vision, that colored all objects around her with its own rich and heavenly hues. We had also in our little company an invalid, a young gentleman with whom my niece was about to be united, and who was proceeding South in search of a more gentle climate that might contribute to relief in a pulmonary complaint.

Nothing could exceed the attachment which she manifested for her betrothed, and the devotedness with which she attended upon him, was truly touching. She never, for a moment, supposed he could be taken from her—in fact, I question whether she had any proper idea of death at all. How encouragingly she spoke of him to me day by day. "The climate of the South *must* restore him," she said, and then she exclaimed in all the warmth of her manner—"he will be mine indeed."

I often endeavored to moderate her extravagant hope, and discipline her feelings in such a manner, that she might be better enabled to withstand with fortitude the shock which we all thought must eventually ensue. One mellow evening, as we stood leaning upon the taffrail, with a flood of moonlight streaming down upon us, I reminded her of the desperate disease under which her lover labored; and, taking her calmly by the hand—"Mary," said I, "your hope for him is too great—you love him, it is true—we all love him; by his many virtues he has won the affections of friends and strangers; but then he is not immortal—we are often called upon to lose those most dear—death is our great enemy—and what I fear, is, that your affection may at last prove your own distruction—you *adore* him, and if death takes him from us, I fear that you may too soon follow after him."

She started like one from a dream, for throughout my conversation, her eyes were fixed upon the moonlit sea. "Did you say die? Henry die?" she inquired with a vacant stare. "Do we not proceed thither for his life? *He will not die?*" And thus it was. No argument of mine was sufficient to impress upon her mind the considerations which every one but herself was so fully aware of.

During our voyage thus far, the weather had been beautiful. The mighty deep had just been sufficiently agitated by the wind to be pleasant, and the white crested waves rolled and tumbled with life and joy. The nights were clear and blue—a heaven crowded with stars—a full moon pouring down a flood of light—and our vessel with her bellying sails shooting through the waters with the velocity of an arrow. Many of the evenings were passed by me on the vessel's deck, listening to those "*Yarns*" which the sons of Neptune are so famous for spinning. I will, for a moment, digress from my subject to relate one, which to me was most thrilling.

An old tar, who had for many years ploughed the deep, said he recollected a circumstance, while on a voyage from Liverpool to Quebec, which he never could bear to think of with any degree of composure. "We were loaded chiefly with emigrants," said he, "among them a great number of women and children. The weather had been fair, and for many days we never found it necessary to take in a sheet. All seemed filled with hope and good spirits, looking forward to a better land than the one they had left. I remember the night well," said Jack, "and every one who was saved from the poor *Santa Martha*, remembers it, I warrant you, to this day. It was a clear, still evening, the moon shining down as round and bright as it does at this moment, when every man, woman and child thought themselves in the most perfect security, that the vessel struck one of those sunken rocks which infest the waters. It immediately sprang a leak, but we were all careful to keep the knowledge of the extent of the damage from the passengers. The carpenter was called, but long before he reached the spot, the vessel was quarter filled. Nothing could be done but to save our lives. And what do you think we done? What *could* we do?" he repeated, turning his weather-beaten countenance upon us—"What could we do? The boats were scarce sufficient to save the crew—and the rush for life, in case our deplorable situation had been divulged, would have sunk them all, and thus completed our total destruction. 'I'll tell you what,' said our captain, 'our hatches must be barred down, the entrance to the companion-way closed, every door fastened, and *we* must save ourselves in the boats.' It was done as he ordered; and we had scarcely left the good ship, when she gradually began to go down, and we heard the smothered screams of the drowning—the splash, and gurgling, and spouting of water—the shrill voice of the women, and still, small voice of the infant! Heavens, I never shall forget it! All this time the ship was fast disappearing, and the voices growing weaker and weaker, until settling at last to the bulwarks, she gave a plunge forward and aft, and sinking down, drew her colors after her with the velocity of lightning, forming a thousand little whirlpools that

wheeled madly around above her. Thus went the poor *Santa Martha*," said Jack, wiping an honest tear from his eye, "as good a ship as ever sat upon the waters. I loved her with all my heart. Why, Lord, sir, I was mate of that ship five years," he continued, brightening up; "but so she went at last."

This was one among many incidents related, and at that time they were peculiarly calculated to make a deep impression upon us. I knew there were many piratical vessels cruising in the West India waters, and must confess I did not feel myself in perfect security; now especially were my fears excited for my niece and her feeble lover, both of whom I loved most dearly. As for the latter, I feared he must leave us soon at any rate, yet I could not harbor the idea that any thing should occur to distress him in his last moments.

Morning and evening passed, and still our course was onward; scarcely a cloud during the voyage thus far, had spotted the blue face of the heavens. We were hailed each morning with the unobscured sun, rushing up from the level ocean in one sudden blaze, and at night dropping away again, throwing an almost twilight over the waters. Our patient had made a slight improvement since his embarkation, and many had a hope that his case would yet be conquered. Mary had no doubt of it. But she, as I before stated, never doubted from the first, that he was to be yet restored to her in full health and vigor; and now, when a change was visible to all, how much more so to her; her young and enthusiastic imagination dwelt upon him already in the full flush of health and life.

On the tenth day out, the brisk breeze that had wafted us so merrily along, suddenly died away, and sunk to a dead calm. Above, the sky, with a brassy and burning aspect, looked down upon us, and the blazing sun poured its scorching heat like molten fire. The seams of the vessel's deck ran liquid tar and pitch, and the shrouds moistened were they hung. There we lay, heaving to and fro in the trough of the ocean, watching the long, smooth and lazy swells that rose and sunk in their indolence. Every one was literally burning to death, and praying for a gale to hasten them on.

About this time we observed a neighbor to windward, who wore a most ominous appearance. She was a Baltimore clipper, and painted as black as night. A black flag hung from her mizen, curling lazily around the rigging, and altogether she was a pretty little craft. The captain was called, who appeared on deck with his glass, and took a more elabarate observation. He reported her strongly manned, carrying ten guns. In fact, she was a piratical craft. She had every appearance of a rapid sailer—her light, trim, taper masts—her long slender hull—her sharp bow—her ease and grace upon the water—all were light, fleet and beautiful—they were not to be mistaken, nor their object to be misunderstood. Her men were scattered around in a listless manner, while the weapons that were bound around them, flashed with the intense rays of the sun. They were undoubtedly lying in wait for a wind, when we should have the pleasure of their company. The captain observed them very closely, and at last, lowering his glass very abruptly, turned to the mate, saying—"We must try a run for it, and if that fails, trust to our arms. No quarters there," he added, passing down the companion-way.

During the day our vessel lay tumbling about the sea. Our invalid, also, was seriously affected by the heat, and declared existence to be insupportable. About sunset, I was leaning against the taffrail in deep meditation, when I was suddenly aroused by a tap on the shoulder from the captain. "We shall not lay long in this devilish calm," he said, pointing to a certain flaw of wind curling the waters; "wind enough by night-fall—'twill blow the hair from your head, sir—enough to rend the canvass from forty ships—there, don't you see?" he continued, raising his arm, and pointing westward, "a little gathering there, a closing up of the vapor and small clouds—its coming, sir—its coming;" and away he darted, summoning all hands, who made instant preparations to meet the approaching gale.

And not us alone. The captain of the black clipper had already caught the omen in the heavens. His crew were hurrying to and fro, as we saw by the flashing and glancing of their arms. Some were darting up the shrouds—others tightening the braces—and all were intent upon the rising gale.

Turning away, I passed down the companion-way to the cabin, where I found the captain preparing not only for the tempest, but a less welcome foe. "Let every piece be carefully examined," said he to the mate, in an imperative tone; "let each be prepared with a musket and cutlass—the black rascals will give us the chase soon, but they must *fight* for it, too. Ah, Mr. ——," he continued, turning to me; "so you see we are not exactly unprepared," glancing down to a pile of arms which lay before him. "And I may give you an invitation to boat-shooting—not the *dullest* amusement by any means. This is not the first time these gentlemen have met me in these waters," he continued, holding up his left-hand, bereft of one of the fingers.

In the meantime the wind was freshening up. The mists and vapor had now become a heavy black cloud, around the edges of which the silent lightning was shooting most fearfully, accompanied by dull bursts of thunder, that died away with a smothered echo. The old deep moved, and rousing itself from its lethargy, lashed up its foaming waves. All sail was immediately taken in, and it was evident we must "scud under bare poles" during the continuance of the storm.

The wind was west, blowing strongly from shore; and, what was unfortunate, the gale would drive us farther out at sea. Our enemy, who lay between us and land, must approach us by drifting, as it would be instant destruction to carry the least sail. But we must abide the result.

The captain stood most by the gang-way with one hand upon his hat swearing most bitterly at what he thought the tardy execution of his orders, and the sailors echoed them round to one another in great profusion—the vessel itself reeled and plunged—the tempest screaming through the rigging, and the keel and timbers cracking at every leap. The mountain waves rose, as

it were, midway in the heavens, and thundering down upon our decks, burst in torrents over us. A twilight had come down upon the great sea, caused by the density and blackness of the tempest. The thunder and lightning were truly awful—every flash split as it were the very heavens asunder. What fear, and quakings, and groanings there were among our passengers, I will not attempt to describe. The female portion were wrought to an agony of concern. Yet I must confess that Mary was more resigned than I could have expected—her fear was chiefly for her lover, which rendered her in a measure unconscious of her own danger. Such is woman.

My attention was upon our enemy. She danced upon the face of the great deep like a feather—thunder aloft in the lurid sky, and the next in the great abyss. Yet I perceived that she made a rapid gain upon us. I was just turning to the captain to assure him of the fact, when I was startled by the rattling of shot through the topmast rigging, and the falling of splinters around me from one of the spars.

"Curse them," muttered the captain, "the bloodthirsty wretches would even fight in such a gale as this. It will take many of their wind and water shots to bring us down, I imagine."

While he stood gazing upon them, another broadside greeted us, with about the same effect, yet sufficient to exhibit their desperate character. The captain also informed me he knew the vessel well, whose commander never gave quarters; and he told me he had understood that their flag was inscribed with the old saying, "*Dead men tell no tales.*"

Still they continued their firing, and as they approached us their shots began to have more effect. One ball passed through the bulwarks, throwing the splinters in every direction. As for us, our only alternative was their boarding us—small arms being our only weapons. And then there was Mary, fragile and delicate. Heavens! I could not think of this with any thing like composure. What was to become of her? But as yet she did not know the full extent of our danger.

I looked again, and what was my astonishment to find that our foes had hoisted their jib even in such a tempest. A few moments would bring them down upon us, and the contest must be soon decided. Like an arrow the clipper darted towards us, and dashing down, she rolled against us with a tremendous power, shaking every timber in our vessel. At this moment another broadside was opened upon us, cutting up our rigging in every quarter, and carrying away the arm of the second mate. He staggered upon the taffrail, and finally fell upon the deck by the bulwarks, the blood spouting from the mutilated arm-stump high in air. All the male passengers capable of bearing arms, stood upon the deck ready to meet the encounter, some, it may be, with trembling. The clipper lay knocking and drifting against us—one moment separated by a wave—then thrown back upon us with greater fury. The tempest was at its height—the sea and the skies were black—the heavens throughout flamed up in one continued sheet of fire—and during this terrible moment, our foes were firing upon us at each opportunity. Their sole object now was to throw their grappling irons favorably, linking the two vessels together, when every hope of escape must vanish. They found that their guns had but little effect, owing to the agitation of the waters. And alas! they succeeded. A brawny, stalwart pirate, with giant might sent the irons over, and they caught. The captain of the clipper instantly gave the order to board, leading the way. He had no sooner stepped his foot upon our gangway, than the boatswain shot him with a pistol, and he fell wounded upon our decks. At this moment, the first mate stepped cautiously up and cut the grappling-cable that bound us. Away shot the clipper again, mounting a wave, and never again to return—for instantly the whole heavens flamed up—a long line of fire ran down from the clouds to her mast, cracking it like steel, and reaching the magazine, she blew up with a tremendous explosion, throwing arms and legs, and tattered garments, and guns, and spars, and sails, midway in the black sky, the hull disappearing like a bubble, without a splinter or vestige remaining to mark her destruction.

In four days after this we lay safely moored in the port of Havana. The wounded pirate who fell upon our decks, was yet alive.

Original.

STANZAS.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

I.

Not always is the Summer fair,
For clouds and storm-gusts dim its light—
And Winter's snows at times must bear
A stain upon their purest white;
So Joy must sometimes feel a blight
Across its fairest moments thrown,
And Pleasure's cold but dazzling veil
Aside by Sorrow's tempests blown
Reveals a visage stern and pale.

II.

The fairest land the sunlight cheers
Not always in that sunlight sleeps,
For half the time with dewy tears
The frowning eye of Darkness weeps
While o'er the land stern watch it keeps;
So Gladness cannot reign alone,
But yields to Woe divided,
Each for a season wants the throne
And sways the sceptre of an hour.

III.

The winds not always on the main
Fold up their wings in slumber mild,
But wake and fill the watery plain
With foamy billows white and wild
Like Alpine glaciers rudely piled;
So calm Content and healthy Ease
Must sometimes from their seat depart,
And Sickness, Pain and Death must seize
At times, with tempest force, the heart.

Original.

THE LAST SACRIFICE.

A TALE OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

Of the revolutionary days of our country there are many incidents of absorbing interest; many scenes of affliction and distress; many acts of cruelty and of blood—that have been, and perhaps always will be left unrecorded by historian, chronologist, or novelist. The details of that period of unexampled suffering amongst a large and virtuous people striving for their rights, have been but lightly sketched, and but few pens employed in describing their transcendent labors, whose influence is, or shall be felt, wherever man exists upon this earth and the name of liberty is loved. Many of the perils and distresses of those times, unhappily exist now only in tradition, the actors themselves having gone for ever from the scenes of which they formed a part—but Freedom, the work of their hands, whose torch was lighted by a spark from heaven, still exists, and the beautiful structure shall stand for ages yet to come, shedding a cherishing smile on all who dare to trample upon tyranny and resist oppression. To America the world shall look and see the flame of liberty burning brighter and still brighter, and its influence more and more extended, until men are no longer slaves to ignorance and despotism: without thee, O Goddess! what is man, families, government, nations?

Our story is of this period—the revolution of the colonies of Great Britain, now the United States of America, and of which it was said in the first Continental Congress—"We have counted the cost of this contest, and are with one mind resolved to die freemen rather than to live slaves"—a sentiment that will truly emulate in patriotic heroism the resolves of ancient Greece or Rome, by whomsoever spoken.

Those acquainted with the localities of the Island of which the large and populous city of New-York now forms the Southern extremity, well know the ridge of hills extending from river to river about six miles north of it. This ridge of hills called Harlem Heights, at the time of which we are speaking, was occupied by the British after the retreat of the American army northward. The hand of industry had not, as at the present day, levelled many of its protuberances and filled many of its ravines; neither had the axe felled the greater portion of the trees which skirted its summits—but, wild, solitary and neglected, it stood, until hostile bands roamed through our land, seeking and destroying, made it a bulwark of defence and safety.

This line of hills on the east side began near the river opposite Hell Gate, a place which in former times excited almost supernatural fears in the breast of the navigator, and is still looked upon as a location of considerable danger to small vessels at certain times of tide. From this spot they gradually rise in height, sloping off on the Southern aspect, whilst the north side for the most part are steep and precipitous and interspersed with deep gullies. Within a quarter of a mile of the Hudson they gradually taper off to the border of the river, where there is a perpendicular descent of some forty or fifty feet, with broken fragments of rocks lying in the water, having been washed from their beds by the dashing of the waves in stormy weather. From many parts, where it is not obstructed by trees, the hills afford an extensive view of surrounding country, which is not less beautiful than diversified. At their foot their is a winding creek, extending about one third across the island, which at this part is some two miles wide, gradually becoming broader and deeper, until it empties itself into the East river. A sandy plain with gentle risings extends from this creek over an intervening space of some miles in every direction, joining Harlem river on the east, whilst to the north it meets the high hills in the neighborhood of Manhattanville and King's-bridge: the first a small and quiet village, situated in a deep valley, and the latter celebrated as the place of the advanced guard of the British army, forming the southern extremity of the Neutral Ground.

This ridge with its rugged, precipitous side, it will will be perceived at once, was well fitted to afford with but a small force, a place of almost impregnable strength against any considerable army that might attack it from the north. And so important did the British deem its possession, that during the whole war, or from early in 1776 until peace was declared in 1783, a period of upwards of seven years, they held its occupation with no inconsiderable portion of their army. About midway and again near the end and towards the Hudson river, were two roads giving ingress and egress to and from the city; with this exception, the whole was wild and solitary, until military works and fortifications were erected, first by the Americans and afterwards by the British, the remains of which are still to be seen.

At that season of the year when the scorching rays of the sun are fast mellowing into the softer beams of autumn, about two hours before sunset the exquisite outline of a female figure might have been seen stepping with agility from rock to rock and slowly ascending through a narrow gorge between two high peaks of the hilly ridge. Saying nothing of the time and place, there was something uncommon in the appearance of the young female, who, as she approached a sweet-briar standing in her path, would pluck a flower, and, inhaling its fragrance for an instant, place it in her hair, which hung luxuriantly down upon her neck and shoulders in flowing tresses. A simple band of white ribbon surrounded her head. The dress she wore was of entire black, and her bonnet, which was also black, she held in her hand by its strings. Though her countenance was pale and blanched her features were models of feminine beauty. There was a cast of care upon her face, but her dark eyes shone through the long black eye-lashes, with a lustre almost unearthly. She appeared in no haste to gain the end of her journey. Occasionally, as the breeze freshened, the flowers which stuck in her hair were blown away, when she would fly after them with an exclamation of playfulness and pleasure. Having regained them she would replace them upon her head, and then pursue her way, singing in a melodious tone of voice a couplet of a song, and gathering the wild-flowers as she went along.

Anon she approached a stream of water, which came in a meandering course down the hill, rippling among pebbles and fragments of rocks. She seated herself beside it. From a little basin filled with the water of crystal purity she lifted the refreshing beverage with the palm of her hand to her parched lips. After assuaging her thirst, she bent her head over the stream, and with her hands bathed her throbbing temples and forehead with the cooling liquid; she then raised herself from her seat and proceeded on her way, keeping along the stream, its side affording a smoother pathway, and being less obstructed with briars and underwood than was to be found elsewhere.

When she had nearly gained the top of the heights, a confused murmur met her ears, intermingled occasionally with the music of a drum. She stopped and listened, endeavoring to convince herself of the direction from whence the noise proceeded. Having apparently satisfied herself, her countenance suddenly lost its sad expression and lighted with joy as she exclaimed:

"He is there! my Frank is there! I now shall see him! Oh! yes, yes—I shall see him!" and she laughed aloud. Then continued the utterance of her thoughts in the same tone of feeling. "My Frank! *mine*—but what shall I say to him? Oh! never mind, it matters not—he will be rejoiced to see his own dear Editha—I know he will!"

The last words were scarcely spoken when her attention was attracted to a rustling noise in the bushes near her, which as it approached her still nearer, cracked and snapped from the pressure of footsteps. She turned her face towards the place from whence the noise came and her eyes lighted upon the form of a man dressed in the garb of a soldier, who had been attracted to the spot by the hilarious sound of her laugh. On espying the soldier she shrank timidly away and strove to hide herself behind a rock at some distance from him. The soldier observing her efforts to rid herself of his presence, addressed her from where he stood, not approaching her vicinity, that he might not further increase her fears.

"Fear not me, young lady," said he in a soothing tone of voice; "I would not injure the like of you—your laugh brought me hither. I am a sentinel and on duty, or I should not now intrude myself before you." After pausing a few moments and not receiving any answer, continued: "Where art going, lady? This place, and unprotected, could not, without some object of importance, have enticed thee to its solitudes."

Upon hearing his voice, she endeavored instinctively to crouch closer to the rock for concealment, which seeing, the soldier repeated his efforts to re-assure and calm her apprehensions.

"My dear young lady, dissipate these useless fears. Though an old, rough and weather-beaten soldier—I would not harm thee, dear Miss—not I! Come away from amongst those briars, they will tear thy delicate flesh—come away, and be assured thou hast but to command, if I can assist thee in thy wishes."

Whilst the old man was still speaking to the timid girl, she suddenly gave a wild, shrill shriek, which echoed and reverberated through the woods and over hill and dale in a fearful manner, and fled from the rock against which she had been leaning with the velocity of an arrow. In an instant she was in the arms of the soldier, clinging for protection in a wholly senseless condition. The soldier, finding she had fainted, gently placed her upon the green turf, and then advanced to the rock from whence she had fled, to penetrate the cause of her sudden alarm. There, but a few feet from where the poor girl had stood, lay coiled a large rattle-snake, prepared to spring upon her, and whose deadly blow she had escaped by leaving its vicinity so precipitately. He then with his bayonet quickly tranfixed the poisonous reptile, and lifting a stone of considerable size from the ground, threw it with great force and crushed the serpent's head to atoms. Having done this, he returned to the still senseless girl who was gasping with returning life. The fresh renovating breeze playing upon her beautiful countenance, in a short time caused the mechanism of existence to renew its accustomed work.

Her companion, whose nerves, perhaps, had never been so much moved even when engaged in the strife of battle, as now in seeing this delicate creature before him in a state of utter helplessness, and however unsoldierlike it may appear, tears might be seen coursing themselves down the veteran's face. Sitting on the grass as her senses partially returned she placed her hands upon her temples, seemingly striving to recover her recollection, and then smoothed her hair backwards from off her brows. She now turned her eyes upon the soldier who was standing immediately before her, and interrogated him in scarcely audible accents:

"Where am I? What place is this?" and turning her head as she spoke the last agonized heavings and writhings of the dying reptile met her sight; "ah! that horrid snake! take it away! it will get me yet—see, it comes—it coils itself—it springs—away! away!"

Fear again conquered that frail tenement. The blood again rushed back upon the overcharged heart, and unconsciousness again ensued. Not having recovered sufficiently to comprehend the true state of the reptile, from its movements she imagined it was coming upon her, and unhappy consequences as we have seen followed. The kind assiduities of her companion, however, soon brought her back to life, and whose explanations finally effected the composure of her excited imagination. This done, he assisted her from the ground and questioned her as to the direction which she was going, promising to protect her on the way as far as his duty would permit. She informed him that she was going to the camp on the heights. On learning this, he assisted her in ascending the remainder of the acclivity with great gentleness, and brought her by the nearest direction to the quarters of the commander of the station.

After having arrived at the place and seated his charge in the apartment of Colonel Haviland, he left her alone whilst he went in quest of that officer. He met Colonel Haviland at the door just returning from an excursion, and informed him that a lady was waiting in the house to see him, and likewise told him of all the circumstances from his first meeting her. When the

sentinel had finished his recital, the Colonel hastened to the presence of his visitor with his curiosity in no little degree excited.

For some time after entering the room he could not convince himself that his senses did not deceive him—he started, but recovering himself and approaching his fair guest, exclaimed:

"Is it indeed the fair Editha Meredith, the flower of Westchester—or am I deceived?" He took her by the hand and raising it, impressed it with a kiss. "Thou art too palpable," he continued, smiling; "but with less proof than this, I should believe most assuredly thou wert her phantom!"

Now, lest our dear reader should imagine that Colonel Haviland and Editha Meredith were devoted lovers we must hasten to undeceive them. That is to say, not lovers in the acceptation that term is generally understood. Colonel Haviland, besides, was not such a person, as you perhaps have pictured to yourself. To put you right on this point, we must inform you, who peradventure may be interested in the fortunes of our heroine, that he was, in the first place, a representative of years sufficient in number to be the parent of that young lady. In the second place, he was a married man; and in the last place, he was the father of a family of three children. After knowing this, it will be confessed that Colonel Haviland was not a proper lover for the beautiful Editha. But after all this he *did* love her—as a parent loves his own offspring, and Editha Meredith loved him as an amiable child loves her own dear indulgent father.

Colonel Haviland was a British officer. He was born and lived in the city of New-York, and was one of those who, in that perilous time, sided from mistaken, though conscientious motives, with their country's enemies and oppressors. He exercised the command of that portion of the army which were stationed upon Harlem heights. At the mansion of Colonel Haviland, before the outbreak which sundered the ties of brother, kindred and friend, Edith Meredith had often been received, and would remain for months together, domicilated and treated with the like tender consideration with his own children. Thus we perceive they were not strangers to each other. Until now they had not met for a long time, during which interval many stirring circumstances had convulsed the country, which promised a hindrance to an interview for a much longer period, had not chance unexpectedly made the young lady a guest of Colonel Haviland.

The attention of Colonel Haviland was drawn to a closer scrutiny of his visitor on observing the fantastic manner she was attired, which had escaped him on his first meeting her, and the expression of surprise and joy faithfully depicted on his benevolent countenance, now gave place to distrust and apprehension. Her dress of the deepest mourning, covering a figure of the most perfect though delicate formation; her hair dishevelled and wild roses capriciously disposed in it; that face of exquisite beauty, expressing hilarity rather than composed pleasure; the lustre reflected from those dark eyes, as some metal of the highest polish—so different from her appearance heretofore—the full certainty of the truth flashed upon him. The conviction of the beautiful and delicate being before him being the victim of insanity, rushed to his heart, leaving a load of profound sorrow and distress.

Perhaps, thought he, she has been the victim of deception and misfortune—but, no! no profligate wretch would dare to taint so fair a shrine with loathsomeness. The suspicion as soon as conceived was rejected. Pity for the unfortunate creature was the predominant feeling of his mind, and how to return her in safety to her friends was the immediate object of his solicitude.

The Colonel with a quick pace thoughtfully strode across the apartment devising the best mode of returning the fugitive to her friends, the camp being both an improper and impossible place for her to remain any time, as preparations were then rapidly making for an important sallie against the Americans.

He had several times paced the length of the room when his attention was summoned to poor Editha, who came running towards him, and accosting him in a mixed tone of voice, half of jest and half serious.

"A pretty traipse I've had in seeking him! He shall answer for the trouble he has given me—shall he not, Colonel? But trouble is nothing in seeking Frank, had I not seen that horrid, horrid snake! Oh—oh!" A shudder shook her frame like one chilled with an ague, as she thought of that hated object, and but for the support of Colonel Haviland she must have fell to the floor.

So overcome was he in contemplating this wreck of one whom he had known as all that was amiable and lovely, that he could not speak. She continued, after recovering from her imaginary terrors, smiling as she spoke.

"But I shall now see him—won't I, dear Colonel Haviland?" She then grasped his hands and imploringly asked: "You will let me see my dear Frank Graves—I know you will! You never denied me aught; say I shall see him—do, do speak!"

Francis Graves, the lover of Editha Meredith, whom she was seeking in the British encampment, mistaking it in her infirmity for the American, in which army he was an esteemed officer, was not unknown to Colonel Haviland. But a short time previous, a smart action had been fought in which both officers had borne no inconsiderable part, and indeed, formerly their respective families had lived on terms of friendship.

Considering it impossible, owing to the unsettled state of the country, to escort his unfortunate charge to her home with safety, he left her for a few moments, to give directions for a proper guard to conduct her to his own house in the city. The preparations were soon completed, and her kind protector assisted her to mount one of his gentlest steeds, and turning to the old soldier who brought her to the camp, charged him to be cautious of his precious trust and place her in safety in his house—and then giving him a note to be delivered to Mrs. Haviland, ordered him to proceed.

Our travellers, after a two hours ride along that delightful road, which occasionally in its course skirts the picturesque Hudson, and which is still admired for its

beautiful scenery by the thousands who daily traverse it for health and pleasure, arrived safely at the mansion of Colonel Haviland, where we shall leave her in comparative security, and pass to some circumstances, which had preceded her adventure.

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After the reduction of Fort Washington by the British, their line of posts extended on the north as high as King's-bridge, and taking a southeasterly direction followed the course of the Harlem river, until it joins the east river. The space between this line and White Plains, where the American head quarters was established, a range of country about twenty miles in extent and reaching from the Sound to the Hudson river, was called the Neutral ground, and which has been rendered classic by the elegant pen of our countryman, the author of the Spy. This track of country in contravention of what its name imports, was any thing but neutral—it was emphatically the theatre of contention, strife and devastation: and this not solely between the chief belligerants, but by a set of marauders called *Cow-boys*, who carried from one extremity to the other distress and desolation in their path. They were the common enemy of all that lived between the lines, and whether Whig or Tory, was to be equally obnoxious to their depredations; nor did feeble age or delicate woman escape their unhallowed persecutions. The British, with their foraging parties would make frequent inroads collecting and carrying away every thing that would answer the purpose of support to man or beast; whilst the Cow-boys, ransacking the country, extorting by threats and violence every thing they could find of any value, and in many instances committing acts of the most startling cruelty. These, with an occasional skirmish between the soldiery, wrought continued excitement in the minds of the quietly disposed inhabitants. Security and happiness had fled far from their humble dwellings, and the very demons of wrath seemed to have been let loose against them.

There lived in the lower portion of this district, until just previous to the time when the seat of active warfare was shifted from New England to its vicinity, in a pleasant though sequestered spot, a happy family, consisting of four individuals—an elderly couple who had numbered about threescore winters, and their two children, a son and a daughter. The son, just entering upon the stage of active life, when early manhood steels the till then dormant energies to exertion, and success seems certain to a sanguine imagination. The girl, a fair and delicate flower, having recently turned her eighteenth birth-day. Their name was Meredith.

William Meredith, the senior and head of this family, was a stern and uncompromising Whig—a steady and firm resister of all innovations which were so continually attempted to be heaped upon her colonies by the mother country. He was not one of the many blustering and noisy demagogues of the day, but acted from principle alone with a sure and unwavering purpose—a worthy coadjutor of the men of those trying times, whose names have become immortal. A descendant of the Pilgrim Fathers of Plymouth, he acted from the love of liberty in both act and conscience; nor was he an unworthy specimen of the children of that heroic band. A man like this, in whatever arena he chooses to exert his influence, cannot be inconsiderable, either for good or for evil—a proposition eminently true in the case of Mr. Meredith. Happily for his country, all his feelings were strongly animated for her welfare, and his opinions were sought for with avidity by many of his contemporaries who were undecided, or unable to form them for themselves in the great cause which then convulsed our country to its very centre. Nor was this influence exerted only among his immediate household and neighbors, for he had been found on several previous occasions of trust and difficulty, serving his country faithfully, and it now looked to him as no unimportant auxiliary in her present difficulties.

But Mr. Meredith was not satisfied with this, in his estimation, passive support, though his years would readily have excused him from more active co-operation, and, when the loud war-blast was first heard in our land, called together those of his neighbors who loved their kindred and their peaceful homes, and with his son at his side, sallied forth armed for the battle and the death. It was at the battle of Long Island, where so many of our countrymen deluged the soil with their blood, that Mr. Meredith and his son both fell, martyrs to the cause they had espoused. As the dying father was breathing his last blessing upon his beloved child and a last adieu to the unprotected at home, his gallant son fell by a mortal shot from the enemy.

The intelligence of this mournful catastrophe reached the family of Mr. Meredith at the time when the royal forces were overspreading their neighborhood, laying waste with fire and sword every thing that owned a rebel master. Nor did the house of the Merediths escape the general devastation; as a partisan of the Colonial cause he had been too active for them to pass it with impunity, and though inhabited by women only, it was not protected from the flames. The mother and daughter escaped in safety and sought an asylum with a relative at some distance, who, favoring the royalist party, were consequently saved from the wrath of fire and sword. Mrs. Meredith, owing to her complicated and heavy misfortunes, acting upon a naturally delicate constitution, was attacked with a nervous fever, from the effects of which she soon sunk, making the third death in a very short period of time in that unfortunate family.

Editha Meredith still lived, the only individual saving it from extinction. But, oh! what a contrast between that being now and she who had been the life, spirit and presiding genius of that happy fire-side a few weeks since! The same body, the same form was there—but the mind, the spiritual part of our nature, where was it? Gone, aye, gone! Editha—the lovely, the beautiful, the gay, the innocent—was now a maniac! Yes! the destroying angel had gone forth, and left marks of his scathing fingers upon the whole of that household. Three of its members had passed from the scene of their troubled labors, and the most fragile, the purest, the best, the one most needing a kind, protecting hand, was shorn of her

richest endowment and left a victim of insanity! Inscrutible are thy ways, oh, Providence, and past finding out!

The engaging fascinations of Editha Meredith were not wholly concentrated upon her own family and connexions. The courageous and accomplished Francis Graves was her devoted admirer and affianced husband. Of the many gallant spirits who fought for their country's liberty, none were more untiring, enthusiastic and brave than him. He had periled fortune, life and sacred honor, in the cause of freedom. He had joined at the first onset of the revolution the rebel army, as it was insolently called, in spite of British sneers, British threats and British pride, and never did he regret his determination.

Owing to the unceasing care and toil consequent upon his duties, young Graves had been unable to see his betrothed wife for a period of several months. Neither had he received any information until very recently of the occurrences which had transpired in her family. Immediately on learning the mournful tidings of the loss of all her natural protectors, he obtained leave of absence and set out to visit her, with the intention of making himself her lawful guardian by leading her to the altar. With this intention he left the camp for her residence, and as may be supposed if delay slackened his progress, he was entirely guiltless of the occurrence.

The second morning, after a long, wearisome travel, he reached the neighborhood of the house of his mistress, to which he had so often travelled in joy and in gladness. As he drew nigh the place it is impossible to describe accurately his feelings, when instead of well known scenes, he found nothing but bear walls and blackened ruins. The house burnt to cinders, fences broken down, that garden with its elegant *parterre* of flowers, and its arbors with their graceful tendrils, trampled upon and destroyed. All was like a dream. He stopped his horse and gazed upon the scene, which was still smouldering in different places. Fearful anxiety mingled with distorted imaginings, as the thought of his beloved, took possession of his soul. Where was she? Is she safe? Has she escaped insult? A thousand bewildering apprehensions flitted across his mind. At last his mind, overwrought from its intense emotion, its uncertainty and suspense of the fate of his Editha, obtained vent in words.

"All is altered—ruin marks their track and happiness flies their footsteps—the wolves of England have done this! Their heart is seared from all nobility of soul, and helpless, innocent women escape not their fury. Oh, God of heaven, wilt thou see the spoiler of our land march through it unscathed and unshorn? No! thou wilt not—the limits of his power is written, and the termination is not far hence! Aye, and if my Editha is in safety, pure and undefiled, I thank thee, Britons, for this deed—it shall nerve my arm to fourfold might against thee!"

Unable to sit upright from his emotions, his body bent and lay motionless upon the beast's neck. After laying in this position for a few moments, he felt a gentle tap upon his shoulder, and rising found a man standing beside him whose face was familiar. The intruder was an old colored servant of the Meredith family.

"Ah! Master Graves—Master Graves!" said Harry Williams, in more correct language than was commonly the case at that time with those of his class, and for which he was principally indebted to his young mistress; "we have had sad doings since you were here last."

"Sad, sad indeed, good Harry! But tell me, where is thy young mistress?"

"Indeed, Master Francis, I don't know."

"Not know, old man! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Yes, I do, Master Francis, I do!" sobbed forth the faithful servant.

"You do, and you don't—why, what mean you? Are you mad?"

"No, I am not mad—give me time, and don't be so impatient, Master Graves, and I will tell you all."

Harry Williams now gave the young man a circumstantial account of all the occurrences in the family as they had transpired, including the sudden flight of his mistress, and how they had searched the country without gaining any tidings of her. The worst fears of the unhappy Graves seemed to be confirmed: and with fretful speed he struck his spurs into his horse, and galloped to the house of Editha's relative, from whence she had disappeared so mysteriously.

Here he gained no information more satisfactory than had been told him by the servant, which was substantially confirmed. They could not imagine whither she had gone, nor what was her fate. From the unsettled state of her mind, which had shown itself some days before her flight, their apprehensions were of the most alarming kind. That she had gone to the city, and was under the protection of Colonel Haviland, was a contingency so highly improbable that they discarded it in a moment. The hint, however, struck the mind of her lover more forcibly than it did her friends, and the more he dwelt upon the suggestion, the more probable it appeared, until finally he felt a conviction of its truth.

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It was night—a night meet for lovers to offer to the adored of their hearts their purest aspirations. The silvery queen of that hour rode the heavens, shedding forth her beams upon the earth, unobstructed and unshorn—she was full and majestic. The gay stars as they peeped from the clear blue expanse, shone like diamonds of the highest polish. The soft whisperings of the breeze, as it wafted the fragrance from many a flower, struck the senses with delight. The whole scene was well adapted to still the excited passions, and produce upon the perturbed and anxious mind feelings of tranquillity. The influence of calm natural scenery upon our intellectual being, in allaying its torrents of intense feeling, is, perhaps, superior to any other agency; nor was its legitmate effects unacknowledged upon the mind of Francis Graves, as he rode silently along the road, over a beautiful country interspersed with hill and valley, and streamlet, towards Fort Washington.

He had travelled some eight or ten miles across

the country without meeting the least molestation. The beauties of the night and scene did not pass his observation altogether unheeded, though they did not receive that degree of admiration which they would ordinarily have solicited, for he was an ardent lover of the unsophisticated scenes of nature. He was upon the verge of a considerable hill thickly studded with trees, leaving the road shaded from the moon's light, when he heard a tumultuous noise. The road now making a sudden turn, he saw before him, about a mile distant, flames of fire ascending and curling high in the heavens. He stopped his horse, who, with ears erect, pranced and snorted loudly—the next moment he dashed with the speed of lightning down the hill, his rider having resolved how to act.

Before gaining the immediate vicinity of the conflagration, he was hailed by a man standing on the skirt of the woods, at a short distance from the road. He turned his horse and went towards him. He found an aged gray-haired man, bound to a tree with ropes, in such a manner as left him incapable of the smallest motion, and in the greatest agony. The man was nearly naked, the shirt, his only covering, was dyed in blood and sticking to his flesh in spots, with clotted gore. As Graves drew nigh, the poor old man whose face was pale with exhaustion, in pitious accent prayed he would unbind him. His visitor dismounted immediately and loosed the victim of cruelty, from his painful position. The limbs of the unfortunate, which from age were barely capable of supporting his frail body, were stiffened and rendered nearly helpless, from the severe castigation he had received from the villains who infested that region of country. After partially recovering, he murmured forth in broken accents his thanks to his deliverer, who had providentially saved his life.

"My dear sir, do not thank me for an act of kindness which would have been performed equally for my horse, if he had stood in need of like assistance. Tell me rather who done this devellish deed, and what led to it. But, in the first place, whose house is that burning?"

"It is mine, young man—but by this time little of it is left—these villains are not satisfied unless they deprive us of all we have—for money they would immolate their nearest blood and kindred."

"But where is your family—are they safe?"

"Yes, thank heaven! they are safe from these marauders, which they would not have been, had they remained at home. They are in the city."

"Tell me, good sir, how it is, that destruction has been poured out upon you—an old man, and doubtless neutral in this bloody struggle?"

"Ah, sir! it is not for partizanship or love of country they care, who can commit a deed like this—no, sir! a baser set of villains exist not, than are these cow-boys—neither age, nor sex, nor the common principles of humanity, save the most innocent from these ruthless spoilers. I went to bed this night and was awoke from my first slumber, by a loud knocking at my door, with a demand to open it. I told them to desist as they could have no business there, and requested them to go away. They succeeded in breaking open the door. I put on my clothes quickly and met them and tried to reason them from their outrage; and to deter, threatened them with punishment. They laughed and scoffed at my menaces; the rushing of a torrent from a mountain steep, could as easily be stayed, as those men bent from their object. They proceeded to search the house. Their object was money—but not finding sufficient to satisfy them, they returned and demanded that I should tell where it was hidden. On my informing them that they had got all that was in my possession, they still insisted that I had hidden it, and was telling them a falsehood. All my protestations to the contrary was like adding fuel to their ungovernable rage. Disappointment in gaining their object drove them into fiendish excitement. I endeavored to escape their fury, by fleeing the house. My object was discovered by one of the gang—I was pursued and quickly overtaken. The fellow hollowed to his associates—they joined us, and dragged me hither, as though I had been a dog. They stripped me of all my clothes except my shirt, and tied me to this tree; and then, with a lash and twigs from yonder sapling, two of the strongest of their number with all their strength, lay on, blow after blow upon my back and shoulders. They continued their hellish work until my flesh was gored and swelled and they themselves were tired; and then left me as you found me, execrating what they called my obstinacy and threatning to burn my house. Their threats they put in execution, and at this moment, house, and stables, and barns are gone—scarce a vestige remains. You have heard my story, sir."

"A dreadful, barbarous story, indeed, sir!"

"It is one, young man, but too common in this region of country, many have reason to curse the horrors of this war. It is not the open enemy alone at this time, from whom misery comes—but the secret, the insidious foe—those without name, without honor, and without a stake to loose in the great contest—those who are cowardly, base and worthless enough to take advantage of age and weakness, and prey upon the helpless and unresisting."

Young Graves assisted the poor old man to the house of one of his neighbors, and then pursued his way towards Fort Washington, where he arrived a little after midnight, and delivered the orders which he bore from head quarters.

This fort, contrary to the better judgment of some of the American officers, on the retreat of the main portion of the army to White Plains, was left in the possession of some three thousand soldiers for its defence. He found the garrison upon the *qui vive*, as a large force was concentrating in its neighborhood for its reduction, commanded by four experienced Generals, and an attack was momentarily expected.

As the fall of this fortress is a matter of history we shall not attempt its description. We would only say, it being partly connected with our narrative, that it was nobly defended, and fell through the discrepency of numbers, many times exceeding those left for its defence. It was a bloody victory to the captors, and many stipendary Hessians found their grave at Fort Washington. After hard fighting, the garrison amounting to

twenty-seven hundred men, finally surrendered by honorable capitulation, prisoners of war. Among the number was Francis Graves, who had distinguished himself in a highly courageous manner during the action.

Our hero, with the other officers, were sent to the city of New York on parole, and were more fortunate in the treatment they received than their gallant comrades. Opportunities were not wanting in striving to gain them from the cause of their country by tempting offers of promotion and recompense; we need not say, however, that they were unsuccessful.

On learning from Colonel Haviland, whom he met in the British camp, that his beloved Editha was at his house in the city, he found it difficult to regret his capture. It seemed to him as a direct interposition of Providence, in bringing them again together. But, alas! he knew not the sore trial which awaited him—a trial, which to surmount successfully, would require all the power of his intellect. The gay pinions of hope still carried him buoyantly forward, and happy anticipations gave a sweetness to his fancy. All this, however, did not make him false to the cause in which he had embarked, and the splendid offers made him to abjure and fight with his enemies, was indignantly scorned. For rather would he have lost his Editha for ever, aye, his life, than to be a recreant to honor and to his country.

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Before a window, fronting on the splendid bay, forming the harbor of New York, in a large mansion of somewhat aristocratic appearance for that day, sat Editha Meredith. A tarrier dog of uncommon beauty lay at her feet, her only companion. He was watching her countenance, intentively marking its most evanescent expression, and when at intervals his mistress deigned to show him the smallest notice, his motions and gestures, developed happiness in the strongest possible manner without the aid of speech itself. Her pale face and sunken eyes, which were directed upon the bay, told the tale of recent illness. A book rested upon her left knee, which was partly open, one of her fingers being placed within it, marking the place where she had been reading, whilst her elbow leant upon the book and the hand supported her head. There was less of that burning lustre in her eyes than when we last saw her; nor was there the same glossiness attached to her hair, which was less abundant than on that occasion. She was still beautiful—not as formerly, the beauty of the fresh opening rose, but rather, the drooping chaste repose of the water lily. There was still the same look of innocence and truth, but it was combined with sadness of demeanor, which at times amounted to positive pain.

Editha Meredith on her arrival at Colonel Haviland's house, was immediately confined to her bed with an alarming sickness, her system being prostrated by the intense fatigue and excitement she had undergone. For some time she was in the utmost danger, her disease having concentrated itself upon her brain. Her ravings were terrible. Many were the long and anxious hours which the good Mrs. Haviland watched the unfortunate girl, who, as she had lost both parents and home, looked upon her as her own child, and without whose kindness and attention the worst consequences must have ensued. There was one beneficial result from her late indisposition, and for which, she could not be too thankful to her Maker—her insanity had disappeared—of all misfortunes, the prostration of intellect is the worst that can befal a human being.

She was now convalescent, and sitting in her apartment, in the momentary expectation of receiving her lover for the first time, after a long and oh! how painful a separation. She had sat in the position we have seen her for a considerable time, looking upon the bright and sunny waters of the bay, and observing the movements of the British vessels as they were passing up and down the Hudson and East rivers, in silence. The time appointed for his visit had elapsed and he came not. She became anxious. She rose from her chair and left the window. The book she held was thrown upon the table. She advanced and opened the door of the room, and after listening a moment, shut it again. She retraced her steps to the window, speaking her thoughts in a sad tone of voice.

"He comes not, he comes not—he has forgotten his poor Editha. Oh! no, no! I will not wrong him thus. He came day by day during my sickness—he would not desert me now."

At that moment a tapping was heard at the door of the apartment—the latch was turned—it opened—Francis Graves entered. The next instant she was locked in the arms of her lover. That meeting, that moment, the long, long embrace—they were fraught with heartfelt, unalloyed, complete happiness. Never were two mortals more blessed than they—not a want, not a regret, was present there, to cast the slightest sadness upon the lovers. She was the first to speak, looking him confidingly in the face.

"But what would you say, Francis, if you knew that Editha Meredith had for a moment doubted your truth?"

"Say, dearest! I would say she deserves punishment, and thus I inflict it upon her." And he saluted her with a kiss.

"If I am to pay the penalty of indiscretion so, I shall beware of incurring it for the future," she answered, and a smile lighted up her countenance more gaily than it had been accustomed for many a long day. He now led her towards the window, and seating himself beside her said,

"You have not yet welcomed me hither, Editha."

"I do it now—welcome, my beloved Francis! And so thou art here at last?"

"Yes, dearest, I have come—and when I go, and heaven grant it may be soon, will take thee with me, if thou art not afraid to trust thyself with a soldier and a prisoner."

"Afraid to trust myself with thee—no, to the ends of the earth would I go with thee! But I am feeble, very feeble—my sufferings have been great since we have seen each other."

"I know it all—nay dry those tears—do not grieve

my Editha. With God's dispensations, we should endeavor to be reconciled."

"I shall do my utmost, Francis; but we cannot help feeling when a catastrophe so dreadful overwhelms us. It seems but as yesterday, when in our country house, all was tranquillity and happiness; father, mother, brother, all were there."

"A dreadful change indeed—but he who promises to temper the wind to the shorn lamb, will out of desolation bring peace; let us trust in him, and in trouble he will not withhold his consolation."

"This treble loss, my Francis, for a poor weak girl to bear, is great. And were it not, that this heart, from earliest infancy, had been nurtured in the principles of our holy religion, I know not, but it had long ere this, been broken with the shock—but God does indeed, temper the wind to the shorn lamb."

"Yes, dear Editha! and though his dealings with us are sometimes severe, they are nevertheless merciful. What may be the termination of our present struggle against our furious, vindictive and powerful foe, we know not: it may be in slavery; it may be in death; it may be by the ignominious halter;—but believing in the everlasting justice of our cause, and in a full reliance upon the Supreme being, who reigns King of Kings, we trust our country shall remain victorious to the last—that this war will end with freedom for ourselves and our children. Should it peradventure be otherwise, my Editha—should it be our lot to fall, and an unhallowed, disgraceful death our portion, we think there is still virtue enough among mankind, to dissipate every opprobrious epithet that may be applied to our memory."

"Do not doubt it, Francis! and for myself if the sacrifice should be needed, I could behold—but not without feeling; I could behold all that I hold most dear, of nearest kindred, aye, and even you yourself, too, fall one by one, in this holy cause of human rights, unregretted, though not unmourned."

"I believe it, Editha, and thou dearest art but one of the thousands of instances throughout our beloved country, of women who hold the same exalted sentiments, and are daily arousing their brothers, sons, and husbands for the fight."

"Yes, Francis Graves!—and were they fitted by nature for the task of war, and the rencounter with men in the battle field, our army would feel no want of soldiers to fill its ranks!"

"Thou sayest well, love! thy sex in thee, have but a fair specimen of its courage and patriotism in the hour of danger. Thy sentiments, dear girl, have determined me to open my views to you earlier than I had intended. It is long since we have met—according to the common computation of time, three months, but to me it has appeared like three times three months—though absent, need I say, your image was ever present to my mind; can Editha say as much?"

"Francis Graves! by day, by night, in the hour of peace or in the day of trouble, in the moment of danger and death—your Editha, still thought upon her betrothed lover and husband."

"Thanks, dearest, thanks! but however flattering to know that in such scenes I was remembered by thee, do not think I could be so selfish, as not to feel acutely for your misfortunes and distress."

Young Graves, holding the hand of his mistress between his own now related to her his plans for escaping from the city, which were matured and ready for execution at any moment. A trusty boatman was engaged to await his coming near the shore immediately in the rear of Trinity church yard, and waft him across to the opposite side of the Hudson. To secure more effectually the success of the plan, they had chosen midnight for the attempt, as at that hour it was supposed the sentry would be less likely to intercept them. The feat was not without danger. It required the utmost caution, in the first place, to pass the sentinels on the shore, and if they should be discovered even after having gained the middle of the river, the vessels laying in the stream might prevent the enterprise. There was a chance, however dangerous, of escaping and he had resolved to make the essay. After having told every thing, the difficulties to be apprehended, and the dangers to be accountered, he said:—

"Are you still, my Editha, are you still determined to trust yourself to my guidance?"

"Trust myself with thee! Yes, now and for ever! with my consent we part not again," answered the heroic and confiding girl with emphasis.

"Then," said her enraptured lover; "then one hour before midnight, meet me at your door. This night we make the attempt, for another day, and I may be in prison. I shall tap at the door thrice, open it, and come with me. Throw a cloak over your shoulders that will protect you from the damp night air. Till then farewell, my dearest Editha—I go to get all in readiness. Put up your prayer to heaven for our success—again farewell!" Having pressed her closer to his heart and imprinted a kiss on her pale forehead, he quickly left the apartment.

Every thing promised success. Some days previous he had surrendered his parole to the officer having command of the prisoners, purposing to take advantage of the first opportunity that fortune might offer of escaping. That officer, either considering him a friend of Colonel Haviland, as he knew him to be intimate in the family, or by some unaccountable negligence, had omitted to imprison him, which gave him time to make such arrangements as promised speedy liberation. Another source of infinite satisfaction, and quite unexpected, was the ready acquiesence of Editha to accompany him, whom it was his intention to wed the moment they should arrive at a place of safety.

The mere fact of being a prisoner, to a generous and ardent mind, burning for distinction, however honorable or light may be its chains, galls and wounds in a manner which is borne with restlessness and discontent, and any plan affording the most distant prospect of freedom is hailed with welcome: to a mind thus constituted, no perils of slight moment will prevent the execution of its designs—they are met with fortitude and generally subdued. In the present case, however, there was other cause for fear beside the danger that might accrue to

his own person—one much dearer to him than life—one from whom he had parted long since in joy, and now just met in the deepest sorrow—a weak, a feeble woman, barely recovered from a bed of pain and danger, was to share the adventure. When his thoughts took cognizance of these things, irresolution for a moment would shroud his soul, almost causing him to forego his purpose and bend to fate. But these waverings and fluctuations of mind were transitory; for, on casting his thoughts upon the lowering condition of his country, and the little probability of escape if the present chance was thrown away, brought back his firmer feelings, and made him resolve to pursue it at all hazards.

Accordingly, at the appointed time, all things being prepared, he called at the house of Colonel Haviland. Editha detained him not a moment. He found her already at the door, and ushered her quickly to the place of embarkation. The boatman was there anxiously awaiting their coming, and speedily placed them in the boat. A short time after the sun had sunk beneath the horizon, the night became dark and tempestuous. The wind was fresh, causing the waves to run roughly. They succeeded in passing the sentinel unobserved, and their little bark was making rapid progress to the opposite shore.

The wind now suddenly increased in turbulence, and occasionally the rolling of distant thunder broke upon the ear. A flash of lightning rent the heavens—another louder crash of thunder followed—a pause ensued, and the next instant rain poured down in torrents. The voyagers were in the utmost danger. At the hinder part of the boat sat the two lovers wrapped in each others arms, whispering comfort to one another. It required all the efforts of the boatman to keep their frail vessel from swamping between the waves. The heavy thunder and sharp lightning which illuminated the waters and the heavens, was most fearful. But little hope remained of escaping the fury of the tempest, and to save them from instant sinking, young Graves was necessiated to leave his charge and apply himself to throwing the water from the boat, as it had increased to such a degree, that she labored like a log upon the water.

By the discharge of the water she gradually lightened, and cut the waves more buoyantly, and the wind driving them directly towards the shore, Hope began to rise again within their breasts. They went gallantly forward, and a few short minutes more would bring them to land. But an enemy more dangerous and vengeful than the tempest was on their track—they had been descried by the lightning's flash from the British vessels. The noise of heaven's artillery was now succeeded by the roar of angry cannon from one of them. A shot had been sped but too fatally—it came onward, onward, bringing death upon its wing. It struck and shattered the boat—a splinter flew and pierced the lovely fugitive. There was a deep groan of agony—an opening of the colorless lips—a faint effort to speak—a tremor, and the pliant form of Editha Meredith was hugged to the heart of her lover—a lifeless corpse:

"Heavens have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the North wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, oh, Death!"

Yes, thou hast all seasons for thine own—the old winter, the ripe autumn, the young summer, the budding spring—all seasons are alike to thee! Thou hast the day, the night, the full sunshine, and erebean darkness. The time is when nature breathes her softest, sweetest zephyrs, and when the rain, the hail, and the storm, uproots the proudest monuments of man—the whole creation is thy place of action, and all seasons are to thee a harvest—aye, verily, at all times thou goest forth,

"Conquering and to conquer."

With frantic energy the young man jumped into the boiling waves, as the boat was sinking, with the dead body of his mistress in his arms. He buffetted and tugged with giant force until finally he gained the shore. Cold, cold was that form as he drew it from the water and lay it upon the grass beneath. Several shot followed that which had proved so fatal, but yielded not the coveted death to him, as if all their rancor had been spent.

It was a long time ere Francis Graves succeeded in subduing the dreadful feelings which that fearful night had originated. The body of his beloved and slaughtered Editha was the next day buried at the foot of the hill, on the margin of the Hudson, near the place where she had received the fatal wound. No stone marks the spot of her burial-place. For many years after, when his country had gained her independence, and to which he had in no little degree assisted, her lover would visit that small grass-covered mound, and in the still hour of midnight, call upon his dear Editha with the passionate invocations of former days. His after history, both interesting and instructive in the highest degree, was far more fortunate than the story of his early life, which shows the extinction or Last Sacrifice of a family, than whom, none were more eminently worthy of a happier end.

A. U.

Original.

SONNET.

PORTRAIT OF A LADY—PAINTED BY D. R. BARKER.*

I HAVE not known thee, lady! yet, I ween,
We are not wholly strangers—Time has laid
Never on thee his wand, beneath which fade
The cheek of Beauty and Life's spring-time green.
I have not met thee in the gaudy maze
Of Fashion's fools and Mammon's eager slaves:
But magic Art, which from Oblivion saves
The good, the true, that light our evil days,
Brings thee in life before me: Radiant curls
Curtain those pearl-like temples; and that brow,
Calmly upturned to heaven; the gem-like glow
Of those soul-speaking eyes—So!—Fancy furls
Her eagle wing—she has come back to thee:
If such the Artist's form, oh, what must Nature's be?

H. G.

* A young and talented artist of this city, whose rooms are in Pearl street.

Original.

THE BACCHANAL.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

Beside a cottage door
Sung Ella at her wheel,
Ruthven rode o'er the moor,
Down at her feet to kneel:
A spotted palfrey gay
Came prancing by his side,
To bear the maid away
As his affianced bride.

A high-born noble he
Of stately halls secure;
A low-born peasant she
Of parentage obscure.
How soft the honied words
He breathes into her ears!
The melody of birds!
The music of the spheres!

With love her bosom swells,
Which she would fain conceal—
Her eyes, like chrystal wells,
Its hidden depths reveal.
While liquid diamonds drip
From feeling's fountain warm,
Flutters her scarlet lip—
A rose-leaf in a storm!

As from an April sky
The rain-clouds flit away,
So, from the maiden's eye,
Vanish'd the falling spray,
Which lingered but awhile
Her dimpled cheek upon,
Then melted in her smile
Like vapour in the sun.

The maid is all his own—
She trusts his plighted word,
And, lightly on the roan,
She springs beside her lord.
She leaves her father's cot,
She turns her from the door—
That green and holy spot
Which she will see no more!

They hied to foreign lands,
That lord and peasant-maid:
The church ne'er bless'd their bands,
And Ella was betrayed!
Then droop'd that lovely flower,
Torn from its parent stem,
Then fled, in evil hour,
The lustre from that gem.

They laid her in the ground,
And Ella was forgot—
Dead was her father found
In his deserted cot.
But Ruthven—what of him?
He ran their story o'er,
And, filling to the brim,
He thought of it no more.

Original.

THE LIFE OF THE LEAF.

BY ROBERT HAMILTON.

I.

Beauty hath left thee—come is decay
To thy fresh green cheek—thou child of day!
Withered and wan is thy lovely form.
Toss'd on the wings of the winter storm,
Leaf of the forest-home—tell me, oh, tell!
How the blight of destruction thy beauty befel?

II.

From the depths of the earth my being I drew,
The sun warm'd my cheek, and the night's balmy dew
Lent its nectarine draughts to cherish my youth,
Till I flourished in beauty, and nature's sweet truth.
From a bud I burst forth to a child of the tree,
And waved in the breeze of bright liberty!

III.

'Neath my shade, hung the bird of the forest all free,
And happily humm'd the sweet honey bee;
O'er the deer of the wild wood, my covert hath hung,
And the hunter beneath me his bugle hath rung,
And the son of the forest—the savage in power!
Hath couch'd his brown form in the noon's fervid hour.

IV.

I was joyous and bright! life thrilled in my core
As I waved my green flag in the thunderburst's roar!
The lightning, his arrows of death sweeping fire,
Passed by me all scathless. The pine burning pyre
Hath round me in fury flash'd up to the sky,
Like the type of destruction in earth's closing eye.

V.

Thus proud in my beauty—I knew not at last
Would come icy winter with death breathing blast.
He came in my pride—I shrunk 'neath his power,
And I dropp'd from the arms of the green leafy bower;
Thus blighted and seared is my once beauteous form,
Now a child of decay on the wings of the storm!

Original.

INTELLECTUAL BEAUTY.

Time dims the lustre of the eye
And pales the rosy cheek;
And furrowed brows, and withered forms,
This mighty power bespeak.

But o'er the mind he hath no sway,
Its beauties never fade;
And they alone, of all we know,
The tyrant's grasp evade.

Original.

CHRISTINE.

THERE is a ruined palace on the left bank of the rapid Mur, about two miles from Gratz, and there, in its once stately saloons, long galleries, and marble halls, I remember to have passed the first years of my life. My apartments led to the gardens, whose luxuriant wildness and untrained beauty, betokened the fertility of the Styrian soil, and the neglect of those who called that fair demesne their own, whether proceeding from careless indifference, or broken fortunes, I am not able now to discover. But it was all loveliness, and sunshine to me; the rich clustering flowers, the thick, heavy, drooping branches of overgrown shrubs, covering the deep green matted grass beneath, with blossoms of all dyes, and most rare odors, offended not the eye of childhood, by the redundance of their growth, or suggested the necessity of giving assistants to the one, gray old man, who labored in this sweet wilderness.

Two or three maids, my nurse, a Carniolian peasant, and my mother, were the only inhabitants of the palace. Sometimes my father visited us, but that was seldom, and never bringing pleasure to me; for those were stormy interviews. Who was most to blame, I know not, but it was natural, that I being the sole companion of my mother, should feel as if she was the injured party, and yet I can now recollect, her temper was violent, but not sullenly reserved, and vindictive like my father's. He never smiled, never even on me,—perhaps I was in some degree the cause of many of their unhappy meetings, as there is a faint shadowing forth in my memory, of his regrets that I was not a boy. When the sound of his horse's hoofs were heard, as he dashed forward to the outer gates, in a still summer's evening, how my poor mother's cheek would crimson, and blanch, alternately, how her heart would throb, as clasping me close to her bosom, bending her head on my neck, her long black hair streaming over her face, and hot tears falling on me, as I clung to her, she would await the entrance of the slight, fierce-eyed, sinewy soldier, who I was taught to call my father! He seldom remained more than a night; and often I have seen him as he departed in the morning, hold up a roll of papers to my mother and shaking them with a smile of mocking bitterness, point in the direction I had been told Vienna lay, as if there he would seek retribution for whatever wrong had been done to him,—and then when he left us, my mother would apparently gain new life; her spirits becoming almost irrepressible, she would dance around the rooms like a child, kissing me violently, and carolling the liveliest airs like a bird, until exhausted by her unwonted gaiety, she would sink in a chair, and then reclining, gaze in dreamy stupor over the green woods that skirted the shelving bank of the swift and joyous river. Thus in my earliest years, my feelings were kept in perpetual excitement; I was continually expecting some startling occurrence, what, I could not definitely express; for though the only variety in the sameness of our lives, were these inauspicious visits of my father, yet my expectations of unusual events did not center in his powerful, but to me, common influence, on our affairs; for when taught to read, I pored over the most visionary German romances, and began to live in a world of unreal forms, and fancies, long before those of happier and more social childhood have thought beyond the present hour.

My brighter days passed;—there was a painful parting with my peasant nurse;—another visit from the master of our destiny—long, fierce upbraidings, and loud wailings;—and threats, and denunciation, and submission. I went to sleep in my beautiful chamber where the roses fell over the windows, casting their purple glow on the snowy draperies within; and silken cushions invited to prolonged slumber, and clear mirrors, and sunny pictures, shone upon the walls; and I awoke at early dawn, wrapped in a furred cloak, pressed in my sobbing mother's arms, as we travelled along a rugged road with poccipines and giant pines on each side; the chill morning wind flapping the leather curtains of a heavy wagon, and the deep, gruff voices of savage bearded men, urging along the slow, gaunt, wearied animals, that dragged the cumbrous vehicle. Why was all this, I knew not, and my memory fails me here:—these are indistinct and feeble remembrances of after scenes;—of mean apartments, and then wide-spread plains;—and plumed soldiers, and chargers, and tents, and banners;—and sordidly covered tables, and coarse scanty food;—and frequent reproaches from my father, and replies, more subdued, more uncomplaining, day by day, from my mother,—and again, the seasons seemed to change; I never had felt it so before;—it was winter, and paler she grew, and yet more sad, and then she died. I sat by a low bed, in a rude bare room, with two or three haggard looking women around. I wept, but not loudly, for they heeded me not;—but at length my father came, and lifting me in his arms, took me away; it was then he first spoke gently to me. From that time he kept me with him, but it was in a camp, and I had much to suffer, many privations to endure; yet not for a great while, for there was a battle:—Oh, the long, deep, solemn roll of cannon, and the wreaking, stifling smoke, and the rush of fighting squadrons, the blaze, the crash, the thunder;—the terrible prancings of thousands of horses, the yells, the shouts, the horrible mingling of voices, in the fierce contest; and the dying groans, low, but many, —many and distinct, like the dismal moanings of a winter wind, heard in the pauses of that raging multitude, booming on my ear, a lone, deserted child, crouching in the speechless agony of terror, in my father's tent, on the verge of the broad and bloody battle field of Leipsic!

On the morning of that day, as my father buckled on his sword, he kissed me, and said, Christine, I have not time to send you away—should Gustave leave you, tell whoever you may see, to take care of you, for the Count Von Gravenstein—he hastened off, and the servant soon followed him. Patiently I listened, and watched and waited through all; terrible faces now and then, looked in at me, but I was partly concealed from them. I repeated over, and over my father's last words,—I never saw him more. When overcome with cold and

hunger, and deafening noises, and dread of unknown evils, I cowered under some cloaks and military trappings, I found heaped together there—I fell asleep but was soon aroused by a rush of men into the tent, who pulling around the clothing discovered me. A Prussian officer snatched me up, and with a pitying look, said, "Here is my prize, poor little creature! I must leave you, my comrades, until I place this forlorn one in safety." He carried me to some women—they were rough and strange, but not unkind; food was given to me, and warmth and shelter, were at least obtained for a little time. I believe my protector sought to find some human being on whom I might have a claim, but without success. My father must have perished in the *mêlée;* and it appeared no one recognised his name. Under this soldier's care, I passed through so many vicissitudes for a few months, that I cannot find any thing positive in my mind of what happened to me, until finally, by some strange chance, he heard of a benevolent English lady in Vienna, who expressed a willingness to take me; to her charity he consigned me, and there at length I found a home.

Lady Nugent was the widow of an Irish nobleman, and mother of one child. This cherished boy she had accompanied several years before to Leyden, as she could not bear separation from him; and after his education had been finished, they lived for some time in the north of Germany, but latterly they had resided at Vienna, where, after my admission to the family they continued for several years. Viscount Nugent was twenty-two, when at the age of seven or eight, I first became his mother's *protegée*. He was exceedingly kind and affectionate in disposition, but suspicious, haughty, and impatient of contradiction, exhibiting frequent proofs of the disadvantage of feminine management over an only child. He was of a cold, fair, stately beauty, very manly in person, though delicate in complexion, with soft large blue eyes, and fair curling hair, often permitted in defiance of fashion, to fall in ringlets on his shoulders like a cavalier of the second Charles.

At his particular desire, I was provided with every description of masters, and urged to perfect myself in accomplishments, which might as his mother intimated, eventually lead to independence. I was emulous to excel; and possessing a fine ear, and buoyant form, made great progress in music and dancing. French and German were equally familiar to me, as my mother always had used either language, indifferently, when talking to me. English, of course, I soon acquired, for Gerald, as I was allowed to call Lord Nugent, never spoke to me but in the favorite accents of his native land. And I became his pupil in a rambling sort, without any system, but still proceeding in the material parts of education, and receiving knowledge from his accurate explanations, and beautiful illustrations, not to be acquired from the dry and heartless lessons of schoolmasters and governesses. It is a pleasant age from eight to fourteen, when passed in affluence; kind words and looks cheering your progress in the paths of learning, and the mind softly expanding beneath the fostering care of genius, with love united. Such to me, was the period passed with lady Nugent in Germany, principally in the Austrian Capital, but frequently varied, by visits to Prague, Weima, Munich, Frankfort, and other cities of equal note, and thus was I imperceptibly acquiring experience and information, not often within the scope of young minds, even in the most distinguished situations.

Her ladyship though affectionate, and naturally benevolent, was fanciful, and not always constant in her attachments; however, the latter quality was preserved in her, by the assiduous vigilance of her son, to whom I became daily and yearly, more interesting. They had communicated with a nephew of my father's relative to me, but Herr Von Gravenstein, denied ever having heard of his uncle's marriage, and asserted that name must have been given through deception, or some mistake of mine, attributed to my parent:—he had no doubt good reason for his declarations, as he was the late Count's heir; and as lady Nugent did not like the trouble, and his lordship had a selfish wish to retain his pet, and pupil, I believe they allowed themselves to be easily satisfied on the subject, and to suspect the reality of my claim, from some discrepancies in my childish statements. It then mattered little to me; I was happy, caressed, living in a palace, with every luxury abounding, and ready menials flattering the slightest wish of one on whom their lord bestowed his favor.

Sometimes the mother and son did not quite coincide in their mode of management; my lady liked to show me off, and while exhibiting my talents, and grace, receive a reflected praise on her own liberality, and the tenderness of her feelings. She had a peculiar fancy to have me look like the Czigani girls of that mysterious people, so widely diffused among the nations of Europe, and some countries of the East. Fortunately for her, my appearance strongly aided her in perfecting the likeness. One morning before a masqued ball she intended to give on the ensuing birth day of her son, while she discussed the business of dressing me, with more than ordinary enthusiasm, Gerald could not forbear listening, though he generally contrived on such occasions, to appear inattentive, as he had to be neutral. Her ladyship was lamenting my being so extremely *petite*—and went on,—

"For I am afraid, child, as you grow older, and your form rounds into womanhood, you will grow broad, and stout, and lose that fragility, buoyancy, which now constitutes the prominent grace of your figure. I wish too, your hair were strait; I must positively have it braided down, and not allow it to curl over your head in those short ringlets:—why you look absolutely wild, Christine, when you shake the hair back from that high forehead of yours:—but your eyes will do very well,—they are really superb; so magnificently black, and brilliant, and with brows so noble arching over them—your mouth is hardly small enough for a Gipsy's, but certainly you laugh like them just now,—yes, exactly, showing so much of your fine teeth, as you ought, for a graceful, mischievous laugh;—nay child, the blood need not rush to your brown cheek, so eloquently, you will do exceedingly, for my Zingara band; but I wonder how it happens, with all the rest of your features, you have

such a short, straight nose, what a pity it was not a little *retroussé*, you would have made so nice a Roxalana!"

"I am sorry, madame, my nose is not as you wish it."

"Sorry!" said his lordship laughing, "you are very amiable, Christine, to be sorry that your face has not a defect to suit my mother."

"Nay, Gerald, that is no defect; Christine's style of beauty would be much more *piquante*, had she *un nes retroussé;* but I can nevertheless make her look like what I want, in the Zingara costume—and then her little feet, and most exquisite little hands, will be so charmingly displayed in the tamborine dance she is pratising."

"Mother," said Gerald, "do you not think it is too soon to introduce Christine to such gaiety as you propose? she ought, of course, still be engaged with her important studies, and this will unsettle and bewilder her, during those years which are now so valuable."

"A little relaxation, Gerald, will only do her good—you are over-teaching, my son—she knows more than I do already;—you need not smile, Christine, I am quite serious; you have excellent opportunities, and I must say, you have improved them; but Gerald, she is almost fifteen."

"No, mother, no,—she is little more than fourteen, according to all that we can ascertain."

"Well, what matter,—when I was fourteen I liked a ball as much as when I was twenty, and I am sure," she said rising and leaving the room, "little Christine will not be sorry to put her dolls to sleep, and see a *bal masqué* for once."

"Christine," said Lord Nugent in a low voice, "come hither."

He was sitting near a window, the curtains partly shaded the light from his face, but I could read his countenance by fainter rays than even those that fell upon us there. I stood beside him.

"Christine, though my mother wishes you to enter into society, you must not forget it is only as a child,—you are too young to be exposed to the gaze and criticisms of fashion,—I have often said so,—and if such observation does not make you uncomfortable, you will lose the sweet bashfulness of girlhood, which is its greatest charm." He paused and seemed confused. "You think yourself handsome, Christine?"

"Not very, my Lord."

"Well, not very,"—he smiled,—"still, that implies you are not insensible to your personal advantages,—with these, you must be very guarded, young as you are, for many will pay you compliments, and say more than they think, Christine."

"Yes, my Lord."

"Nay, Christine, do not be so formal,—am I not your brother Gerald; I will not be *my lorded* in this way."

"But then you are speaking so gravely, I cannot help thinking of you more as my superior, both in years and rank, than usual."

"But do not, Christine. I want to caution you against lending a too ready credence to the butterflies who will surround you; and rather shun very young persons—now, for instance, I think you are too familiar with that rude, forward boy, Count Palfy."

"Ah, but you know, Gerald, as I am very young *too*, his familiarity does not appear so to me—and he is very, very merry;—he wonders how I can stay so much with one so grave as you, but as I told him I owed every thing to you, and——"

"And why do you talk of me? You are seldom so confidential about your affairs, with me, as you lead me to suppose you are with him."

"But then, you know, he is only eighteen, and you are twenty-eigth—now that makes a difference."

"It does indeed, make a very singular difference, Christine, if you can be more at ease with the acquaintance of a few months, than the companion of years."

"Nay, now, Gerald, you are jealous of poor little Palfy, but I do not love him as I do you."

I laid my hand on his cheek as I spoke, and he crimsoned up to the temples, then suddenly throwing his arms around me, he imprinted one long passionate kiss on my lips, the first signet of love those lips had ever received. Stunned and terrified by his vehemence, I shrank from him, when springing up from his chair, he hastened from the apartment. My eyes were opened; I knew that Gerald loved me; *naive* as I seemed, it was seeming, for having no mother to watch over my private hours, when Gerald's guardian eye could not behold me, with the aid of my lady's French waiting maid, and through the medium of French romances, I was no stranger to the symptoms, and effects of that levelling passion whose power is equally singular and despotic, in every age and station.

Lord Nugent was constrained, and painfully reserved when we met in the evening; our relations as master and scholar were ended; we could no longer meet with indifference, though the love was all on his side. My girlish vanity was flattered, but contrary to my assertion, one smile of Ferdinand Palfy was more precious to me than Nugent's anticipated coronet. Still Gerald thought not so; and my lady seeing our lessons abandoned, and not being able to elicit a satisfactory reason, came at once to the right conclusion, and as I supposed, attacked his lordship on the subject. Their explanations must have been disagreeable, for on the morning after a long conversation with his mother, he ordered his horses, and went to Baden forsome days. Her ladyship then gave directions about our preparations for going to Paris; and when he returned, we set off, there never having been any private interviews between us, from the first day of his revealed love.

I was not quite pleased at this, though I did not care greatly about it; but still, with natural curiosity, I wished to hear how a lover talked in reality; but his lordship cautiously avoided being betrayed into an error like the first; and he gradually withdrew from our society when in Paris, except for an hour or two in the evening, when we were always crowded with company.

One morning my lady had left me at home practising some difficult music; and when weary of its intricacies, I began a little wild romance, which in Zingara fashion I used to sing for her ladyship's Vienna circle. It was

a favorite of Palfy, and I felt more sad than I had been for years. I was beginning to learn that one must possess the adventitious distinctions of wealth, and rank, and birth, to gain the fashionable world's judiciously meted notice, and that youth, beauty and talents, were little prized without the former. Leaning my head on the piano, a tear stole down my cheek on the music I had displaced, when a light hand touched my shoulder, I looked up—it was Lord Nugent, who with an expression of deep concern, was leaning over me.

"Christine, what is the matter—has any thing offended you?"

"No, my lord," I replied, hastily attempting to dry my wet cheeks, now glowing with shame.

"Christine, I am afraid the life you are leading here is not suitable for one of your sensitive and easily excited mind—you will be better in England, where we shall soon go. There will not be such dissipation, nor such a succession of amusements, which pall with their unceasing recurrence. In our old shadowy green woods you will be soothed to quiet; and you will learn to love the calm of domestic life, which here, or indeed any where, since you have lived with us, you have never known."

"Oh, where could I have found such a home? My lord, do justice to yourself and my lady; do not think it is any thing unpleasant in my situation which has depressed me at this moment—indeed, no—you are every thing to me. I only grieve because I can never hope to do aught in return for all I have received."

"Say not so, Christine. Your gratitude—your love, is too rich a reward for our few years of pleasant guardianship. Oh, if it could be thus for ever! if there were no claims, no duties, no honor implicated—my life would be but too blest with you thus by my side, for ever smiling—those dark, fond eyes still shining on me, and that cheek, like the young pomegranate flower, telling the emotions of the gifted mind this fairy form enshrines."

At this instant Lady Nugent entered—we were both startled, and my lord soon bade good morning, and left us. She looked very grave and a little austere; but I was accustomed to petty lectures, and listened with a good grace when she began, as she said, to explain her plans for me.

"You must know, Christine, I have been thinking that we have not arranged our affairs in regard to you, precisely as we ought to have done. You will be too young to appear in company, either in London or at Forest Hall; and as Lord Nugent must complete his engagement with the lady to whom he is to be married, (she looked at me searchingly) I presume you have before heard Gerald has been long betrothed to the daughter of an English Earl—therefore, I have determined to send you to a friend of mine, an excellent woman, who keeps a seminary for young ladies in the Shire."

"Oh, madam, will you send me away?" I exclaimed with unfeigned sorrow."

"I must, child, for a year or two, not more. But you will still come to us in the holidays, and you will be very happy, no doubt. Indeed, Gerald and I have long considered it the best and wisest thing we can do for you at present."

She said no more, but left me to my sad meditations. Thus coldly turning me from what seemed as my home, to the kindness or indifference of strangers, at the very season of life when the cup of its young pleasure is most entrancing, and which had been so thoughtlessly presented to my lips, till it had become almost necessary to existence.

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Thus in a few short months I became the inmate of a little precise country boarding-school: in whose small parlors I felt as if even my tiny figure had scarce room to move; in whose narrow bedchambers I was stifled; and with its occupants, having scarce an idea in common. What a change from the lofty circled and pillared palaces of the continent—lined with mirrors, glittering with gilding and every description of ornament—filled with gorgeous furniture, and curtained with silks of the richest dyes; and there too surrounded by elegant women and equally elegant and obsequious men—every want administered to by watchful tenderness, and every wish anticipated by him of whose devotion I never understood the value, until deprived of it for ever. Silent and abstracted would I pace, with my demure companions, at stated hours round a small enclosure—dignified by the name of a park, with a muddy pond in the centre—sadly revolving in my mind the strange romance of my early years, the wild and thrilling scenes through which I had then passed, and lastly the long, sweet days of delicious enjoyment which had glided by in the home of Gerald Nugent.

Whatever might have been Lady Nugent's original intentions respecting me, it seemed that in less than a year she had almost forgotten my existence; no doubt, so unimportant an item would never have been remembered, but for the semi-annual bills of my school-mistress, Mrs. Somers. It is true, Lord Nugent's marriage was duly announced to me, and a handsome present, said to be from the bride, accompanied the letter. I was not so simple, but that I could divine why no invitation to the wedding had been given; and it was well for me I could smile at the delight with which my lady expatiated on the splendor of the nuptials, the beauty of the bride, the devotion of the bridegroom, and the felicity of all.

"Ah!" said I, "happy for you, my lady, little Palfy attracted me more than your noble son, or the coronet you prize so highly might have shone amid the raven curls of your orphan Zingara."

But although I fretted at the obscurity to which they had consigned me, I did not really desire to occupy the place of the new Viscountess. Still, I had misgivings about my future fate; gradually ripening into womanhood, and no prospect either of independence or of leaving a situation, which, though daily less disagreeable, was not to be regarded as a permanent establishment. I ventured to inquire in one of my duty epistles, what her ladyship proposed to do with me hereafter; but to this I received no answer. Possibly, she had never read a line of my well-penned and long studied

letters, which, Mrs. Somers assured me, were models of epistolary excellence. Finding myself left like a wave on the verge of the common of benevolent consideration, I thought best to make myself agreeable to those with whom my spring of life was stealing away; and at the end of six years, I had attained exceeding influence in this little dominion. My accomplishments promoted me to the highest place from the first; they could teach me nothing, except manual operations on canvass, or some such trifle; and I was, in most cases, called upon when any difficulty occurred to interpose with my authority between the ignorance of the pupil and the half knowledge of the teacher. Of course, fewer restrictions were laid on me than on others; and I was often invited to accompany the young sister of Mrs. Somers, on visits to the relations and friends who lived in the neighborhood. One of these families, vastly superior to any other of our acquaintance, resided in the old Manor-House; they were of ancient birth and refined habits; they became extremely interesting to me. From the commencement of my intimacy there, a change came over me—a shadow fell upon my heart, and on my fate.

Yes—all are before me now, like the imagery of a dream! Those pleasant days—that curiously built, antique mansion—those wide branching, thick blossoming trees, that shaded it with their soft dim leafiness; the glossy dark green ivy veiling the broken stone-work of the pointed gables—the smooth shaven lawn—the fair garden with its broad flower-bordered walks and alleys, deep and verdant: and the oak parlor, its massive furniture, shining with the polish of careful housewifery, its carved tall-backed chairs, its beaufet, displaying treasures of delicate china; the narrow-paned windows about which jassamine and moss-roses threw their odorous claspings; and the master of this sweet home, sitting in cushioned state, glancing at the portrait of his younger days with smiling complacency; and his eye gleaming with martial fire as it occasionally rested on the old cavalry cap and feathers, the tassalled sword and scarlet sash, that decorated the brown panelled wall; and the bright, glad, rose-lipped daughter, springing up at a word on her father's errand, or bounding to the window to gaze at bird or butterfly—and the quiet, retiring movements of the son, with his shy upward glance at strangers, the quick blush, the half-concealed smile, and through all the veil of boyish reserve, the truth, the nobleness, the purity, that shone on the broad white brow of Elliot Clare.

Why should I pause over those days of happiness? Why should I linger over the soft dewy dawnings of vivid hopes and tender anticipations, clouded and overcast so soon, so sadly by the untimely darkness of gloom and storm? Let it be imagined my acquaintance with the primitive inhabitants of the Old Grange, ripened into friendship, and that also, on my part, *that* friendship became a warmer sentiment:—it is too long past for me to blush, that I permitted my heart to indulge a love unnoticed and unreturned. Elliot was two or three years younger than I, and scarce ever ventured to speak to me, or treat me with any attention, except what his civility paid to every visitor; but I won him from his reserve, as he had a fair cousin at school, who had been the first cause of our introduction. When she left us to reside at home; her name, her letters, all things relative to her, were the connecting links that twined our little conversations into bonds of mutual interest. I thought Elliot had a strong but disguised regard for me, because after she went away, he ever sought me, and while talking of her in an absent manner, with drooping eyelids, and faintly muttered words, he would look up, bold and bright, if the subject was changed to aught of me, or my concerns; and then, it was my turn to seem *distrait*, grow pale and red alternately, and listen with averted eyes to his cheerful voice, and yield a cold hand to his thrilling pressure.

One day I casually told him, that his cousin had invited me to spend a few weeks with her, and I would gladly do so, had I a proper escort, as she lived fifty or sixty miles distant. Immediately he caught at my intimation, and delighted, as I believed, to escape from the searching eyes around us, to be alone and untrammelled by the tedious ceremony of our elder guardians, he settled, that when I should obtain Mrs. Somer's permission he would be ready to accompany me.

The good lady demurred a little when I told her my intended excursion, but she knew opposition was vain. And on a soft sunny morning in autumn, with a heart wildly joyful, and hardly conscious of touching the earth on which I trod, I bounced into Mr. Clare's old pony-chaise, and seated by Elliot, brilliant with youth and happiness, set off for a neighboring town, where he had engaged places for us in the mail-coach. Never, never, do I remember so sweet a day—never, never, did my heart beat so freely, so gaily; again, it was like a bird escaped from captivity; and my joy burst forth in causeless laughter, and snatches of merry songs, for I could not repress nor restrain the raptuous feeling of being the sole companion of my young ardent boy, who gazed at me with a fondness of expression, my erring fancy imagined love.

For part of the way, there was but one passenger in the coach beside ourselves. She was a pinched-up, prim, inquisitive looking woman, of perhaps five and thirty; of not unpleasing features, but it seemed as they were modelled in duenna sameness; smiles never varied the cold inquiry of her face, nor lighted the measuring scrutiny of her clear gray eyes. She was, however, willing to converse; and Elliot who had much quiet humor, amused himself by misleading her in her conjectures, of who we were, and what might be the object of our journey. She was not at all desirous to conceal the present state of her own affairs, for she gratuitously informed us, that she was going to commence her career as companion to a lady of quality; that she had been selected by the lady's particular friend, that she was to stop at the town of W.—there to proceed to her destination; the seat, she said was called Forest-Hall. "Forest-Hall," I repeated in breathless amazement, but said no more, as I had no wish to let her discover my close acquaintance with her future mistress. We dined at the town where she left us, and as we answered the hasty

summons of the coach, in passing out, I saw a carriage with the Nugent liveries at the inn door, an old steady footman, whom I well remembered, came forward and with wondering gaze, and low obeisance, exclaimed, "Countess Christine, is it possible?"

"I hope you are well, Jones," I replied, while Elliot with looks at the man of equal astonishment, hurried me into the coach, which whirled us off in a moment. For sometime he was silent, but observing, our companions were two business-like men, not thinking of attending to us, he asked what the servant meant by thus addressing me. I explained a little more of the details of my life, previous to our acquaintance, and was pleased to see, as I construed, an increased softness mingled with deference of manner towards me;—but I could not enter very fully into particulars, as I knew incidents of other's lives, were involved in my own, and consequently not proper to be disclosed even to him. But soon the hours flew around, those happy hours—and about eight o'clock we arrived at the town, near which was the residence of my friend.

As it was mild and balmy as summer, and a broad moon rising, Elliot proposed we should set off in humble pedestrian guise, and surprise his cousin; though I told him, she was informed by me, of our intended visit, and would no doubt send some vehicle from the farm for our accommodation, still I was well pleased to walk with him, for at that age, love and moonlight were inseparately connected in my romantic reveries. Orders were given to have our luggage sent to Ivybrook, if any of the servants called to inquire for us; and my arm folded tenderly in Elliot's, we went slowly on our way; sometimes on a by-road, screened by hedges of honeysuckle and hawthorn; then through lanes, shaded by tall over-arching beeches; and grassy fields and coppices, with falling leaves strewing our pleasant path, for the way was familiar as home to him, who had spent many years of his early life with his worthy uncle Gordon.

As we entered the long avenue of trees leading to the house, we saw white dresses gleaming in the moonshine, and heard cheerful voices, now and then breaking into merry laughter. Soon we met sweet Grace Gordon, with two or three young girls, her companions; there were joyful greetings, and warm claspings of me, and kisses even for Elliot, who stood almost motionless, and certainly silent, while his fair cousin welcomed him without any of the tremulous reserve indicative of incipient passion.

But I cannot, if I would, describe our first evening. I cannot with feeble words, recal the looks, and smiles, and mirthful sayings, of youth and innocence which wore away the time till the old carved oak clock chimed midnight's witching hour. Nor how the good mother of Grace, sat in simple but pleased wonderment at my very foreign and peculiar appearance; and the young country girls were not much less bewildered by my manner and language, which still gave evidence that I was speaking the tongue of a strange land; and as my wild laugh, which was singularly distinct from that of the others, pealed out occasionally, the old gentleman would open the door of his bed chamber, which communicated with the low-ceiled, oak pannelled parlor, and with his night-cap pushed away, and lengthened face, would peep forth, to be sure, (as he told me the next morning,) that Elliot had not brought some errant Gipsy woman, to tell fortunes to the girls, and perchance rob the hen-roosts. But this mood is gone, I am sad again:—the story of my life was traced with a heavier pen from the second day of my visit to Ivybrook.

It is said woman quickly discovers when she is beloved—but I think not so; especially if she herself have a partiality for the person so loving; but, indubitally, we can soon distinguish between the friendship, however tender, of one whom we love, and his passion for another, even though undeclared, if that other be in daily association with us. Ah, one must be very stupid, indeed, not to make that discovery but too, *too* soon!—And this I had the misery of seeing fully unfolded, but yet, with the secret satisfaction, that though Grace fancied herself attached to her young cousin, the feeling on her part was no stronger than might be expected from the ties of consanguinity. When my illusory hopes vanished, my spirits became variable; sometimes elated to wildness, again sinking to despondency. Grace thought I was weary of their plain country ways, for there was much less refinement of manner, and intellectual elegance here, than among the Clare's; but I assured her it was now usual for me to feel depressed, as the uncertainty of my future fate weighed heavily upon me. To cheer me, as she said, we had little singing and dancing parties with a few neighbors in the evenings. I amused myself with flirting desperately with the rustic beaux, rather experimentally, trying to awaken the least, the *very least* pang of jealousy in Elliot; but, no—there he sat smiling, and looking at me with comic gravity—seeming to say, "How cruel of you, Christine, to be turning those poor fellows' heads so unmercifully!"

One evening he was unusually quiet, even sad; he spoke little, and from time to time, glanced at Grace with tearful tenderness; and stranger yet, coming to me, for the first time in the two years we had known each other, asked me to sing. There was no piano, no harp, not even the old-fashioned spinnet, but a half-stringed guitar was enough for me; as it is now no vanity for me to say, my voice was rich, powerful and sweet, and had been cultivated with much care and attention. As he sat beside me, he appeared hardly conscious of my presence; he looked toward Grace, and then bending his head, idly, but not "for want of thought," plucked the fringe of my satin scarf, and pulled out the embroidery, as I poured forth my heart in the old ballad, which I preserve, because it was the only one he ever wished me to sing:*

"I wish that I had learned to school
This beating heart of mine,
The lesson that I long to teach—
To bear and not repine;
A low and mournful whispering
Comes thrilling from its core,
I am not loved, I am not loved,
It tells me o'er and o'er.

* This song is set to music in the present number

"My cheek and lip are fading fast,
Mine eyes are sunk and dim,
There is no music in my voice,
No winning tone for him;
And yet, to me, there's many a heart
Has bow'd in courtly hall;
But now, I am not loved by one
I prize beyond them all.

"He little heeds how well a smile
The bitter thought can hide;
He little deems the gay salute
But comes from woman's pride;
With gentle looks, my hand he clasps,
And softly breathes my name,
I am not loved, and coldly turn
In trembling, grief and shame.

"He shall not know the foolish hope
I seek to fling away—
He gazes on a fairer flower,
And never dreads decay;
But change may come, and youth may fail,
The lamp of life be dim;
I am not loved. *I* am not loved—
But *who will care for him?*"

As I finished, I stooped low to hide my burning cheeks, and Elliot also leaning forward, on pretence of lifting the instrument I had laid down, pressed the scarf he had been destroying, to his lips, and raised his eyes to mine with a look of pitying inquiry. It was plain to me he had not comprehended the meaning of my song; but supposed it had reference to some one far away. Why should I then wish to reveal the deep and fervent devotion of my heart to one, either so cold, or so obtuse? But, alas! he was neither; his soul was bound up in that calm fair girl, and he knew not he was pouring out the fountain of his life upon sand.

This was our last evening. The next day we bade farewell with different feelings from those which filled our joyous bosoms when we met; though the change had only touched Elliot and myself. The Gordons, save that we had given them a little trouble, and perhaps a little pleasure, to talk about, were the same frank, hospitable, even-tempered people as before; neither sorrow, nor disappointment, nor envy, nor mortification, had ever blighted the placid faces of the kind friends who crowded around to bid us farewell.

Oh, it was a strange and wayward delight to feel that again I was alone with Elliot Clare! He loved me not—but still, *she* was not there—he might think of *her*, but he must listen, must look at *me*. Nor could it be wrong to try to win a small portion of his precious regard; for she cared not for him—not as I did—despising all the splendor, the magnificence I had once known and which might again be mine—the homage of many a noble admirer, and even the passionate, though fruitless fondness of Gerald Nugent, as mean and valueless, beside the cold, sweet smile of him, who neither sought nor prized my preference.

There was a cloud on his brow and a paleness on his cheek, which I attributed to the late parting. Evidently longing to communicate something to me, he saw, with a gleam of satisfaction, that our fellow-passengers left us at the first town where we changed horses. He attempted to speak several times, and by restless and fretful movements, apparently thought to induce me to commence a conversation; but I was not so disposed, being certain the mystery would be more readily explained, if I seemed indifferent. It is natural to wish that curiosity or interest should be excited in persons whose opinions we respect, if it appear that we are considered as merely common-place in their estimation. Therefore, seeing I preserved unbroken silence, he was forced to begin—

"You are fond of my cousin, Miss Gravenstein?"

"Yes—I always liked her."

"We have been very happy these last few days."

"Very."

"Hem! Did you ever think I cared a great deal for Grace? I mean, that I thought of her more than a cousin;" he colored and paused.

"More than a cousin should?" I inquired.

"No, no—not that. Why should I not think of her? I mean, to speak plainly, did you believe I loved her?"

"I did—I do."

"And she loves me too—you know that, I suppose?" He looked at me, eagerly descrying the confirmation his scarce acknowledged doubts required.

"I suppose she may."

"Well, Miss Gravenstein, you will think me very silly, perhaps—but I respect and admire you more than any one, except Grace; and my heart is aching—I have been hardly used—at least, it seems so to me, and I must explain the whole affair to you. Will you have patience to hear me?"

"Certainly,"—I made a vain attempt at smiling, but it failed sadly.

"Then, Miss Gravenstein, I went to Ivybrook, solely to lay before my uncle the proposition of my father about what he would do for Grace and myself, and to ask his consent to our union, when I shall be of age—that is, in about two years. But my father is not so rich as my uncle Gordon, though you might suppose otherwise; and Grace has had some wealthy suitors: among others, a London tradesman, or something of that kind, who is very rich. My uncle says, she is not fit to be the wife of a country gentleman of small fortune, (so my poor father pleases to style it,) he says, Grace may have her own carriage, if she chooses, and he is determined she shall choose it. He has therefore told me to go to London, accept the offer an old merchant, a relation of ours, made to my father some time ago, and try to win gold in that great mart of nations. Unless I do so, or have some prospect of doing so, there is no permission for me to think of Grace; and she is too mild, too obedient, to oppose her parents in any thing. Miss Gravenstein, had I not enough to make me miserable last night, when told—*five* or *six* years hence I might make a better offer?"

"Five years sound very tedious."

"Ah, Miss Gravenstein, you speak coldly—you do not know how to appreciate the sacrifice I make in exiling myself five years from all that I have cherished since boyhood! You were too young to have left any one you loved when you came to Mrs. Somers; and, of course, you have seen no person who could possibly please you while there; it is wild and foolish, lamenting to you—only those who have felt as I do, can sympathize with me."

I was becoming paler and paler as he proceeded, even so as to attract his notice, he looked keenly at me, and

taking my hand, while my face crimsoned to the forehead, said:

"Pardon me, Miss Gravenstein, if I have touched forbidden ground. I wish not to penetrate the recesses of your heart; I entreat you, forgive me, if I have unintentionally awakened unpleasing or painful recollections."

"You have not, Mr. Clare—you are forgiven—you only misunderstand me." Slowly and faintly the last words fell from my lips, my voice was husky, and my eyes filled with tears; but he saw it not—wrapped in his own grief, the transient interest he had expressed for me, had passed as a shadow, and he thus continued:

"And then, to leave all and bury myself in one of the dark, dull, suffocating dens of London; those dingy counting-houses—those noisome streets and lanes—I, who have so loved the broad heath, and the free air, and the clear sky's blue canopy spreading over me, with the sun, and moon, and the starry host of heaven; to see them but in patches, or to enjoy a wider view on a holiday, among pert apprentices and dapper cits in a suburban garden, or an excursion to Richmond. Oh, happy birds!—happy any creature, however mean, that may enjoy for its short season of life, the instincts of nature, without the fetters of reason! Do not think me extravagant, Miss Gravenstein, the wretchedness I have but heard of, as a strange and scarce believed story, I must learn to bear. They are throwing darkness over our best and brightest days, and the harvest they shall gather may not be of joy. But if gold is to win Grace Gordon, that I must obtain, or die!"

He leaned his head against the back of the coach, and tears burst forth, large and singly, from between his close pressed eyelids. His was the first bitter agony of a young, wilful, untamed spirit: good and evil had yet to strive for mastery over him, and the work was but begun. Selfish as I was, as I am prone to believe is natural to us all, I could not regret the *cause* of his suffering, though compassion for the *effect*, made me weep as if the sorrow had been mine own.

No more confidential conversation passed between us. We arrived at H——; there Elliot found the old chaise awaiting us, and silently and sadly we drove home. As we parted at Mrs. Somers' door, he pressed my hand softly, and said:

"I may not see you, perhaps, once again, as I shall go to London in two or three days—be not forgetful of Emily, when I leave—and sometimes think of me, who will always remember you. God bless you, Miss Gravenstein!"

My heart was bursting—I felt utterly forlorn, and wildly clasping him until he bent towards me, I pressed my lips to his, and then rushed into the opening door. I was shocked at what I had done, but I knew by Elliot's parting look at me, he never dreamed of more in this than sisterly affection.

Not many days after this, I heard that he had gone; gone, without a farewell visit—vainly had I waited, and watched, and hoped for a second parting word; but, no—he never felt for one lone heart, secret and solitary, pining for a last look of those soft, sweet eyes, which rose shining ever before me. How the time would wear away, I could scarcely imagine; there was a blank—a vacuum, in our little circle, perceived by every one, but not as it was felt by me. I sought his sister more frequently, for she talked ever of her brother, and in measured terms reprehended the covetous, or unreasonable desires of her uncle, wishing to place his daughter in a sphere, which Emily was assured would never be her choice, as she was a peculiarly humble and unpretending girl.

But I was soon recalled from this romantic misery by the new turn given to my private affairs. A letter was announced from Lady Nugent, addressed to Mrs. Somers, expressing her determination to resign all charge of me in future. It appeared that *a friend*, (I recognized our scrutinizing companion of the mail-coach) had seen me travelling with a young man, supposed to be, if not my husband, at least in a fair way to become so. As I had given no intimation of my movements to her ladyship, and Mrs. Somers having been equally negligent, she conceived herself exonorated from all further care of me. She had paid my bills up to the vacation, and had placed two hundred pounds at my disposal, with her bankers, Golding & Co., in London; but henceforth, she wished it to be distinctly understood, no application made to her on any subject connected with me would be noticed: thus she left me, as she found me, a homeless, friendless, unprotected orphan.

There was no time for lamentation. I was too high-spirited to let a change be discernable in my general manner; and as my position in Mrs. Somers' domicil soon became known to its curious inmates, glad of any particle of excitement to vary the *ennui* of their existence, I determined to be my own adviser, as I was my own mistress, and set off, as the story-books say, to seek my fortune. Mrs. Somers wished to recommend me to a friend in York as an assistant teacher; but I refused her kindness—I was not to be bound down to school-hours, and to teach stolid dullness, and endure the insolence of half-bred ignorance, and be the victim of the petty squabbles, tricks and conspiracies of that miniature monarchy—a boarding-school. But the poor woman offered me her best; she knew she had indulged me too much, and thought, as her weakness had allowed my headstrong purpose to lead me too far, that she ought to make some reparation, if possible. And yet, at the very bottom of my heart there lay an untold pleasure, in knowing, that henceforward to none was I responsible for my actions—being free to pursue my schemes, I might follow that young Elliot through all his new, and it might be, wayward course, whatever should be the peril of his path. Having arranged all my little business, and bidden farewell to those with whom I had so long been domiciliated, I went to Emily Clare and staid for a day or two before my departure, wandering amid the sunny lawns, and shady groves, and broad meadows of the old Manor. She was additionally grieved at my leaving her, for while together she could talk of her brother; and it seemed as if they were not so entirely separated. And many were her

injunctions that I should immediately inform him of my residence, when I had decided where to live; and she fondly hoped we would both return to spend the summer of the ensuing year with her. Alas! for the hopes of poor, sweet Emily! LESLIE.

To be continued.

Original.

THE LAST GIFT.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

A short time previous to his death, my friend J——, presented me a beautiful, half-blown rose, which he had caused to be watched and nursed for me, requesting me to press and keep it as a remembrance of him.

Yes, friend beloved! I'll gaze on this,
And ever think of thee,
When thou art in those realms of bliss
Where flowers fade not away.

I'll *keep* it as a treasure reft
From Time's all grasping hand—
A link of a lost chain—a gift
From Memory's better land.

I'll *press* it to my heart, to be
Thine own sweet emblem there,
Wasting in silent grief away
Beneath Love's fostering care.

I'll watch the fading of its hues
As I have watched thine own;
And drink the fragrance of its dews,
'Till each sweet breath hath flown.

And every fading tint shall be
A memory to my heart,
To tell of all I've loved in thee—
All but the deathless part.

But, oh! the odorous breath it yields—
'Twill speak of things on high,
Of thee, in ever-blooming fields,
A flower that cannot die.

Original.

HOPE.

When o'er the scene of life
Misfortune casts her pall,
And gloomy thoughts are gath'ring fast,
And joys have vanish'd all:
'Tis then the Star of Hope
A ray of promise brings,
And, through the clouds of deep despair,
The light of Pleasure flings.

When on the bed of death,
By sickness we are laid;
And from our sight the things of Earth
In quick succession fade:
Hope points beyond the grave,
To brighter worlds above;
Where friends shall meet to part no more,
—For ever joined in love.

Original.

PRIDE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Pride, take the hemlock cup. The wily world
Hath dregg'd it for thee, while her smile was bright,
Yea—while her lip with promises was curl'd,
She falsely mingled deadly aconite:
So drink thy hemlock, and with haughty frown,
Walk 'mid thy boasted flowrets faint perfume,
Until thy limbs grow weary. Then lie down
Upon thy couch, and die!

It is thy doom—
And yet complain not. Thou hast had thy will,
The sparkling foam from earth's allurements born
Did'st thou not choose of this to have thy fill?
And did'st thou not the poor in spirit scorn?
Who with meek eye and chasten'd spirit, still,
Kept on the narrow way 'mid rock and thorn
And duly bow'd the knee unto the manger born?

Original.

TO A BRIDE.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

I.

Thou wilt roam no more the bowers,
Where thy cheek in youthful bloom
Shamed the blushing of the flowers;
And thy breath their sweet perfume:
And where Childhood's summer hours,
Hope and Fancy did illume.

II.

For thou hast received the token
Of a love that must not die;
And the holy words hast spoken
Of that sweet and mystic tie:
And thy vow, not to be broken,
Is now registered on high.

III.

We beheld thy bosom heaving
With long-treasured thoughts, and new;
While joy, and tears of grieving
Shone within thine eyes of blue,
For the home that thou wast leaving,
And the friends, long-tried and true.

IV.

May his tenderness who found thee
Pure and gentle as a dove,
And joy's chain that now hath bound thee
With the golden links of love,
Still be thrown for ever round thee,
Till you both are crowned above.

Baltimore, Md.

Original.

OBED ORDWAY.

BY CHARLES GILMAN.

The good old land of wooden nutmegs, and horn gunflints, blue laws, and clock pedlars, never gave birth to a more honest soul, than Obed Ordway. Of a truth, he was one of nature's simplest children. Brought up in a wholesome, comfortable manner, he was taught to make way with as much bread and butter, pumpkin-pies, etcetera, as could be expected of a lad of his age. The intellectual part was not encumbered with a superabundance of ideas, and according to ordinary standards, would have been adjudged *minus* in this respect. Taking into consideration the capacity of his bread-basket, and arriving at the sage conclusion that the stomach was the seat of the soul; Obed would have been rated high in the intellectual scale of beings. I have said he was honest, and it came like the three R's of the pedagogue; "reading, riting, rithmetic," entirely by nature. Obed, performed the duties incumbent upon him, at the rustic abode of his father's, till he arrived at the age of manhood.

Like most young men, on whom parental constraint does not set lightly; Obed had looked forward, with patience to the day of his "freedom." He had painted in glowing colors, without doubt, the happiness and pleasure, that so naturally arises from being, as Sam Slick would say, "President of all he surveys." The long wished-for-day, arrived, and his revered sire, on arising at his accustomed hour, found his hearth-stove cold. It was seldom that he was under the necessity of arousing his son from his slumbers, and on this morning, going to the stairs which led to Obed's domitory, he summoned him in tones, not to be misunderstood, to "come down and make the fire." One may well conceive of his surprise, when Obed vociferated in a corresponding tone, "No, I shan't, dad; I'm my own man, now." This annunciation satisfied the old gentleman, as to the question of right, but a compliance with his command would have, in his estimation, discovered a little more filial respect. But he acquiesced, and suffered his "own man," to enjoy a "little more slumber, a little more folding of the arms to rest," while he proceeded to make the fire.

The "free" disposition manifested on the first morning of his independence increased. Obed could not harbor the idea of being confined all the days of his life to the homestead, and he suddenly determined to change his abode to the city. With this view he packed up his wardrobe, bade adieu to his comfortable fireside, and took up his line of march. He reached the place of his destination in a few days, after his departure from the "land of steady habits." Soon after his arrival, he chanced to fall in the way of our worthy Steward, who was in search of a subject to fill a vacancy in the "kitchen cabinet," of the University. The consequence was, that Obed entered into his employment. The Common's Hall, was to be the principal theatre of his operations, and his *debut*, I shall never forget. It was made at the dinner hour. Those laughter-loving, mischief-making fellows, the college students, had just rushed into the Hall. After the blessing had been invoked by the tutor, Obed attracted their attention. He had never been accustomed to such scenes of confusion as presently arose from the hurried din and clatter of plates, knives and forks, and calls from every quarter for this, that and the other thing. There he stood, "steadfast and immoveable," *auris erectis*, and his eyes—one would have supposed they would start from their spheres. When Obed did start, it was like the careering of a wild colt, with no reasonable expectation of stopping this side of the globe. He was well nigh crazed, being called hither, and thither as he was, to supply the absorbent powers of the hungry youth, to whom he ministered.

This rusticity did not pass unnoticed, and some plan, was, of course, to be devised for a frolic at his expense. Tom Pringle, Bill Putnam, and their copartners in fun, and frolic, having put their wits together, came to the conclusion to impress on him the idea, that before he could regularly perform the duties of a waiter, he must be *inaugurated*. Being very susceptible of impressions of this nature, it did not require a great force of argument to persuade him that this was the customary course of things. Had he possessed the sagacity of Hudibras' valorous Ralpho, he would have exclaimed with him. "I smell a rat." But Obed's intellectual olfactories were not thus affected, and he agreed, without objection, to be in readiness at a stated time, to attend to his inauguration in the chapel, which agreement was scrupulously adhered to.

The time arrived, and Tom Pringle appeared in the capacity of Pope, accompanied by ten Cardinals, fantastically dressed. Obed was conducted into their august presence. He was taught in his earlier days, like all other boys, to make his bow on entering school, and on this occasion held in remembrance this custom, and made a "very obsequious," on entering the chapel. With difficulty those present restrained from a burst of laughter, when Obed took his stand before them. He was commanded to kneel, and promptly obeying, Tom and his associates arose. Waving his hand, the speculators also arose. At this stage of the proceeding, Obed trembled like an aspen leaf. Then came forth in solemn tone an unintelligible gibberish from the mouths of the "eleven," and the spectators sent forth a response, almost confounding the *inaugurce*. Tom then laid his hands in solemn manner upon the devoted head of Obed, and thus proceeded. "Impono paws in capito tuo vacuo, et libinunc a dose dabo. You sommelently square allequiance to all these persons here assembled, and everlasting secrecy with regard to such knowledge of their devoted service to their master, the 'ancient Henry,' often by profane mouths, termed the '*old Harry*,' as many fortuitously and accidentuously become known unto you. You will admit by day or night, whenever thereunto required by us, to the 'kitchen cabinet' of natural and eatable curiosities, that we there eat chock full. Should we feel in want of a little poultry, find it for us with due secresy, and be ignorant of the place where you found the same. You will then transfer it to

Bill Putnam, our most illustrious chief cook and bottle-washer, and 'there await further orders.' Finally, my good fellow, your supreme devotion to all our wishes is to be your rule of action, paramount, as they may be, to all the rules and regulations of this University. Nunc socii, impone tuos paws in capite, Obed." No sooner said, than twenty additional paws fell upon his devoted head, and he came nigh being crushed beneath their accumulated weight. They were then withdrawn, and Pringle commanded him, to arise and depart in peace.

The whole scene,—and it is "an ower true tale,"—was, as Zaccheus would say, next to his, "the most sublime, lofty and *imposiag*, that the luminaries of human intelligence ever beheld." When Obed had retired, huzzas, loud and long, issued from the chapel, and nothing save sudden departure, kept us from the clutches of an ever vigilant Faculty. What was most strange, Obed never "smelt the rat," during his natural life; that's a fact.

Bangor, Me. 1838.

Original.

THE YOUNG MAGICIAN.

Behold a lofty chamber, dusk, and lone,
Whose cold grey walls have caught a crimson tinge
From the last glances of the lingering sun,
Through the high lattice stealing mid the leaves,
And veiling gracefulness of summer flowers;
Before a broad black mirror in the midst,
An antique tripod bears a golden vase,
Filled with rare perfumes, breathing fragrant clouds
In palpable odours, as the stifled flame
Is fed from time to time by incense rich,
Flung from the lavish hand of *him* who stands
Within th' extreme verge of that magic circle.—
Around those firm limbs, in massive folds,
Sweeps a dark robe, and in that upraised hand,
Those very movements daring—light is poised
An Ebon wand,—back from the fair neck falls
The sable collar,—bright the shining curls
Wave o'er the terrible brow,—aye, terrible,
For there, on that young forehead, solemn things,
Dreams of the past, and shadows yet to come,
A story of strange fortunes, fierce, and wild,
Evil, and good, soft hope, and stern despair,
And over these, the master, *a proud will*
To work its purpose,—all are written there.—
What seek the eager glancings of those eyes,
Fearful their dazzling brilliance, searching far
For misty glimpses of the spirit world?—
And wherefore doth the sudden smile now gleam
O'er those red lips, that parting, thus display
The silver whiteness of the glittering pearl?
Why with the dauntless, and triumphing look,
And outstretched arm, of him, the Pythian archer,
Stands this fair boy, alone, and desolate,
Calling up visions of his happier days,
And revelling in the fantasy of dreams?—
List then the longings of a loving heart,
Far separate from those with whom his life
Was wrapt in bonds rent by a wayward fate.—

INCANTATION.

Come to me, come, it is our own sweet hour,
The sun's fast ray is fading from the west,
The wandering bee is cradled in its flower,
The bird with folded wing has sought its nest,
Come to me, gentle ones, it is our time of rest!

Come from the wilderness, the mountain cave,
Come from the forest river's winding shore,
Come, where your own calm bowers still greenly wave,
Where bud, and blossom, court ye as of yore,
I call ye, gentle ones,—oh, come, once more, once more.

Come hither, come,—I see the snowy veil,
That shades thy bending head, oh, lady mine!
Thy solitary star is rising pale,
And now, I meet those fond sad eyes of thine,
Come to thy child's lone heart—oh, come, sweet mother mine.

Come thou, with clustering ringlets, softly glide,
Dim through the twilight shade,—oh, sister hear!
Come thou, young Eve, with smiles of mocking pride,
Even though *thy loved one* whispers low, and near,
Come from his side to me,—I call ye both,—appear!

And come, oh, thither come, ye fair and bright,
Like sunbeams through a day of storm and gloom,
Come with your radiant tresses, eyes of light,
And cheeks of fresh Aurora's earliest bloom,
Come, with your silver voices, come and soothe my spirit's doom!

Oh, come as ye were wont—here with my wand,
I point to thee for regions where ye dwell,—
Thus with the fragrant wealth of India's land,
I light the mystic blaze—by words, and spell,
And by these burning tears, I call ye, to my call!—

Oh, come, the night is waning—why in vain,
Haste, I my fond enchantments?—well ye know,
Life's last warm drops, this ready hand would drain
To bring ye hither—thus,—and thus,—I throw,
Your trained braids on the flame—they come!—they come! and lo—

They pass me, as faint shadows on the sky—
They linger not—they answer not—away,
All now is gone!—like angels wandering by—
Thou hast no charm to bid my vision stay
False book!—and powerless wand, I break thee, while I may.

Yes, all are gone! some to the forest shade,
And some to smile where music floats around,
One gathers lilies in the dewy glade,
And *one*, above her brow, the wreath has wound,
And *one*, *one* lost for aye, sleeps in the cold, deep ground!

My eyes are heavy,—and my dream is past,
The light hath vanished, and my hope is flown—
I call ye not, ye gentle ones—and last,
Sweet be thy long rest in that world unknown,
Oh, mother mine, farewell!—once more, once more alone!—

LESLIE.

Original.

THE PRISONER AT THE OLD BAILEY.

BY JOHN NEAL.

Who would be a juryman if it could be helped? Think of being obliged to hear the same thing over and over again from five to forty times! First the opening council:* then all the witnesses, one after another: then the opposite counsel, with all his witnesses—then the summing up of counsel on both sides—and then the charge from the court. Who would be a juryman if he could help it?

Before I had entirely recovered from the perplexity, into which all my notions of penal jurisprudence had been thrown, by my first visit, to a temple of justice, in that great country whose laws were so remarkable for their humanity, and whose men, having authority, were so tender of human life, and so awfully sensible of their accountability, it was my fortune to have another opportunity for correcting the strange misapprehension into which I had fallen, by reading, instead of seeing and hearing and judging, for myself.

A gentleman of the law—and a benevolent gentleman he was too,—did me the favor, to apprise me one morning, that an extraordinary trial would probably come on that very day: that a "convenient seat" could be easily obtained, if I would come early: that I should undoubtedly be much gratified, if I could bring myself to endure the uncomfortable delays and ceremonies, common to the administration of justice, in such cases.

"Pray, sir," said I, "what is the nature of the case?"

"Murder, sir—murder—a man is taken up on suspicion of having murdered another, in a very disagreeable manner."

"How was it?"

"He cut him in two, with a scythe."

"On suspicion, you say. Is the evidence very clear?"

"Perfectly, sir, perfectly—circumstantial and positive."

"Thank you, sir,—I shall make it a point to be there."

"Do—you will be very much pleased, I am sure; and I shall be unspeakably gratified, in contributing to the removal of what—excuse my freedom, sir—I should think were extraordinary misconceptions, and prejudices, against the humanity of our laws, if you were not a foreigner—excuse the liberty, sir."

"Certainly—I thank you for your candor."

I went: and, after waiting about half a day, was fortunate enough to obtain a place for my head, between two or three umbrellas, and a large bonnet dripping with rain; and another for one foot, by placing which, nearly at right angles, with my other leg, I was enabled to resist the pressure behind for some hours, and thereby save the lives of several, who, if it had given away, would have been precipitated over the railing, into the house below. I reckoned myself especially lucky, considering the occasion, and the size of the gallery, which would not accommodate above half a hundred so pleasantly as it did me. I was able, moreover, in the course of the day,—another circumstance for which I feel particularly thankful, to hear a considerable part of what was going forward; although I could not see the faces of the jury, of the bar, of the witnesses, or of the court, except by occasional glimpses. The prisoner I *could* see; and owing to a very humane contrivance, a mirror hung in front of him—I sometimes caught the reflection of his face. It was frightful.

There was not much noise in the court; yet some how or other, I found the man upon trial, and a witness under examination, before I had heard the jury sworn, the indictment read, or the oath administered. The barristers were taking snuff, with unspeakable solemnity; but, for relief, and at intervals, nodding, shaking hands, drawing caricatures, or scrawling, with a very significant expression, sundry little things upon bits of paper, which went the rounds of the court, bar, bench, and jury, in the course of the trial, and always, with a very agreeable effect, I observed, upon the countenance of the reader.

At last, the examination of a witness began.

"I say—a—a—you've been sworn, hey?" said a barrister."

"Sworn, is he, hey?" said a judge.

"Yes, me lord."

"Very well."

"Hold up your head," continued the barrister; "you're for the crown, are you?"

"No, sir!—I'm for the king: God bless his majesty."

A general whisper and laugh followed, which soon died away, under the rebuke of the officers, who broke out, all together, from every part of the house, with sh!—sh!—sh!—whist!—sh!—sh!—sh!—as people quiet children, when they are refractory.

"Oh, for the king, are you? Very proper distinction—dare say tho', he'd care more for a crown."

Another laugh.

"You seem to know the witness, brother W.? speak louder if you please: what are you saying to him?"

"No, no, not at all. Never saw 'im afore: don't know 'is name." Here witness opened his eyes in a sort of perplexity, that seemed to amuse the whole bar. "Never clapped highs on 'im afore—say he is from the West Hinges."

"Nor I," said brother C.—"I say, Jenkins, what's your name?" Another laugh.

"Bobby Jenkins—that's my name, sir. Lord, sir, you know me; and all the folks up there, and—"

"Mr. Jenkins!—witness!—Turn your face, that way: address the persons you see in the box."

"And do me the favor, Mr. Jenkins, to relate to the gentlemen, in the box, all that you know about the murder of Simeon Galt, Esquire." Prisoner turns pale, and clings to the iron railing; and tries to turn away his eyes from the glass before him. He could not abide the look of the eyes he saw there. No man that saw his emotion, paleness, and anxiety, would have doubted his guilt.

"Brother A.—I am astonished—"

"Brother B.—so am I."

*In England, counsel are not allowed to *argue to the jury* in criminal cases.

"I appeal to their lordships."

"So do I."

"Gentlemen! Gentlemen!"

"Brother A.—let the witness tell his own story, in his own way, if you please."

"Brother B.—me luds, the learned gentleman—in short, I must not be interrupted. What, sir!—what, me luds! (taking snuff with great vehemence, and snapping his pocket-handkerchief, like a horsewhip,) what, my lud, in a case of this nature, involving considerable of the, of the—takes another pinch, and gives another flourish—of the—as I have already observed—"

"Brother B.—allow me. The learned gentleman entirely misunderstands the question. I was merely about to observe, that Sir Matthew Hale, than whom, (rising his voice) no greater, sir—no greater man, me lud—ahem!—as your lordship is perfectly aware—ahem!"

"Brother A." said a judge, interrupting in his turn; "the point in issue, if I understand any thing of criminal law—"

"True, true, me lud—your ludship is perfectly right. I was about to say precisely the same thing, and—and—"

Here a long discussion followed, relative to the doctrine of cross-examination; examination on a *voir dire;* examination in chief; leading questions; the character of Lord Coke, Lord Bacon; Shakspeare; and the "glorious Revolution;" throughout the whole of which, I observed that each party contradicted every thing the other said, whether it related to the subject or not; and whether it was, or was not a concession.

The court, now consisting of three, listened with great decorum. One of the bench read a newspaper through and through, advertisements and all—another sat back in his chair, with his head on one side—while a third appeared amusing him, with some pleasant story; for his ludship smiled more than once, while I was looking at him.

At last they decided: 1st, that it is highly improper to prompt *your own* witness; 2ndly, that it is not altogether "the thing" to put leading questions to your own witness, before he has opened his mouth; 3rdly, that no "such thing" had been done or attempted on that occasion; 4thly, that the discussion was premature—and altogether uncalled for, but very ingenious, learned and satisfactory.

"Witness, proceed," said the lord chief justice.

"An' so, sir, you know, my lud, as I was a comin' along by the road, there I saw the scythe, you know, layin' there; covered all over with blood, you know—"

"Whose blood?"

"Squire Galt's blood."

"How do you know 'twas his blood?"

"How do I know 'twas his blood! Why, don't every body know 'twas his blood?"

"But how do you know the blood of Mr. Galt, from that of any other man?—that of his ludship for example."

"Why, as for that matter, you know, it 's hard tellin', without I could see some o' both, in the same way, you know—(bowing respectfully.) You see I've knowed old Mr. Galt ever since he wasn't no higher than a six-penny-worth o' ha'pence."

"And so, you infer, that the blood upon the scythe, was the blood of Mr. Galt, because you have 'knowed old Mr. Galt—his very words, my lud—ever since he wasn't no higher than a six-penny-worth o' ha'pence?' (a laugh.) Pray, sir, (very smartly adjusting his wig with one hand, putting out one arm toward the witness, and appealing to the court at the same time;) pray, sir, have you, or have you not, in the course of your life—gentlemen of the jury, I beg your attention to this point—ever known any other old man, 'ever since he wasn't no higher than a six-penny-worth o' ha'pence?"

"I don't know exactly, you know, what ye'd have."

"You don't know exactly, you know—Gentlemen, I beg you to observe that—He doesn't know exactly, you know—whether he has, or has not known, any other person, 'ever since he wasn't no higher than a six-penny-worth o' ha'pence.'"

"I didn't say that—"

"You didn't! Gentlemen—you see how he contradicts himself."

"Brother B.—you mistake," said a judge, with a subdued smile. "The witness did not say that he had never known any other *person;* but that he had never known any other *old man.*"

Here was a pleasant intimation from that quarter, to which the accused is to look for counsel—the bench. The witness availed himself of it immediately.

"Beg your pardon, me lud," said the counsel, "I do not trust to recollection. Here are his very words—I will read them, your ludship."

"No necessity for that, brother B. Better put the question again."

"The witness swears, me lud, that he does not know exactly—you know—"

"True—but where are the words of your question?"

"To be sure, witness, ahem—I shall put the question to you once more; and I beg you'll please to understand it. You said, just now, so and so," repeating all that had passed.

"I did not."

"Now, sir, I ask you, upon your oath—did you not say so and so," repeating the question. Witness replied as before, with a long explanation.

"Go on with your story, sir. Do you know any thing about the cause of Mr. Galt's death? Was the body on the ground by the scythe? Was he dead? or was he not? I ask you upon your oath, when did this occur?"

"Yes, sir—no, sir,"—witness looks bothered.

"Yes, sir; no, sir! You hear him, gentlemen! You see him, gentlemen! Yes, sir; no sir!—a pretty fellow, to be sure."

Court.—"Witness, explain yourself."

"I meant as I didn't know whether Squire Galt was gone dead."

"You didn't ask him, perhaps."

"No, sir—(another laugh)—but I meant *yes*—if you wanted to know who killed him."

Court.—"Very well. That's coming to the point. Who did kill him?"

"That are white-faced feller, in that are box." Prisoner shudders all over, and lifts up his eyes in despair.

"But how do you know that? Was he there when you saw the body?"

"No—not as I know on."

"Did you *see* him kill Mr. Galt?"

"No—d'ye think I'd stand by, and see 'im murder an old man?"

"Did Mr. Galt charge him, or any body with his death? (a barrister whispered across the table here—no, brother, no!) It is not a dangerous question. The man was dead at the time; and to the jury I have witnesses to prove that he never *suspected* the prisoner at the bar."

Court.—"Indeed!" (another laugh.)

"Not as you know on," brother B.

"Look ye, witness, if you did't see the affair, how do you happen to know who killed him?"

No answer.

"I ask you again, sir, how do you happen to know who killed Mr. Galt, or how he was killed?"

"Why, don't every body know who killed him? All the people in our quarter, and you too, Mr. Lawyer, you know it as well as I do—ax him, yourself. He won't deny it—I say, you mister!" Court interfered.

"My luds! common reputation, I take it, is not sufficient, in a case of this kind, where—(He was interrupted by his adversary.) Common reputation, says my Lord Coke, who distinguishes between the different kinds of probability, in the following words:" (Begins to look over a large volume, full of white references—and leaves turned down.)

"But where the body is not found, says my Lord Hale, whose merciful disposition—I am sure—your ludships will be proud of imitating."

"But the body *is* found in this case, brother B."

"True, my luds; but suppose the body was not found—and suppose the—"

Prisoner interrupts the procedure in a faint voice, by inquiring if *he* may put a question to the witness.

Chief Justice.—"By all means—certainly. But—(shaking his head, and looking as if he had better not; a motion and a look immediately repeated by the whole bar and jury)—you will take your own course."

"I have no doubt, your ludship—no doubt, in the world, that my good neighbor there believes me guilty of the murder; but, we have not been on good terms for many years, in consequence of a foolish dispute, when we were both young. But, nevertheless, if your ludships will permit me—"

"Where are your witnesses?"

"I have none. I could have none. I am a poor man. I was taken out of my bed, at night, hurried before a magistrate, and charged with having committed murder upon a man whom I had never seen but once—and with whom I happened to have a quarrel, years before his death. I am innocent. That is all I have to say—I am innocent, your ludships. I cannot *prove* my innocence."

"Have you no witnesses?"

"No, my lud."

"None to your character?"

"No, my lud. There are some people, to be sure, who know me. But what can they prove? They do not know that I was at home when the murder—if Mr. Galt ever was murdered—took place. I thought, may it please your ludship, that, by the law of the land, every man is held to be innocent, until he is proved to be guilty. But here it would seem, that I am considered as a guilty man; for you call upon me to prove my innocence. I came here with no sort of apprehension for the consequences; for I had read Blackstone, and, knowing myself to be innocent of this man's blood, I came here, expecting the prosecutor would be obliged to prove my *guilt*. Knowing that to be impossible, I felt no concern, I took no advice. I now find I was mistaken. Nothing can save me. That is a settled thing. I blame nobody—I submit. Still, however, there is one question which I should like to ask; not because it can be of any consequence in your estimation, but that I may show the extreme simplicity of my honest neighbor. All that he has declared, he believes. I have no doubt of his regard for truth. But he knows nothing of the matter himself. It is all hearsay, and general report. The people would not not take away my life wrongfully; they believe what they say; and therefore it is that they appear against me, fully persuaded that I am the murderer; because, if I am not, they know not who is, nor whom to suspect. For myself, I cannot help thinking, that poor Mr. Galt came to his death by accident; but your ludships, I perceive, think otherwise. My question is this: Mr. Jenkins, how old are you?"

"Forty-three, the twenty-third of last Febwary."

"And how old was Mr. Galt, at the time of his death?"

"Don't know rightly; somewhere between fifty and sixty, I'm a thinkin'."

"How, then, could you have known him, 'ever since he was no higher than a six-penny-worth o' ha'pence?'"

The man was puzzled. The court and bar thunderstruck.

"Me luds!" continued the prisoner, "I have done. I have not another word to say. My object is accomplished. I do not wish to injure the witness. I know him to be an honest man. I have no doubt he believes me to be the murderer. But still, would have all who hear me observe the effect of prejudice. I see by the paper that has just been handed to me, that I was mistaken in the *day* of the murder—and that I can prove, what is here called an '*alibi*.' And I shall attempt it, desperate as it is. This poor man, I have no doubt, if he were asked the question, would swear positively, in so many words, that he knows me to be the murderer!"

"To be sure I would." Prisoner looks very cheerful.

"Yes, I thought so. And why? Observe what he says. By knowledge he means belief—belief from report; and if you search him, you will find it so."

"Why! Why, because you know—why didn't I see

the field, an' the blood, an' the dead man, an' the scythe; an' didn't I see you, when they took you?"

"Undoubtedly. And because you saw all this, you and the others united in expressing your conviction, before the coroners and the magistrate, that I was the murderer."

A bustle took place in the court; and a personage of high rank appeared, who, being duly sworn, proved beyond all question, that the prisoner was with him for several hours, at the time of the murder, at a distance of nearly twenty miles from the place. And, after a little conversation, it appeared that he had never consulted with any counsel, under a notion that his guilt must be positively proved; and the murder to have been perpetrated on the fourteenth, when he was at home, nearly all the day, in a solitary hut, instead of the fifteenth, when it appeared he was with Lord S——, nearly the whole day.

The prisoner was discharged. And I waited no longer than to hear another witness, repeat over and over again, a long, circumstantial story about some quarrel, that had taken place, between two persons, one of whom had stabbed the other. He had been talking about half an hour, in a kind of recitative, as if he had it all by heart.

"Pray," said the court, "when was this?"

"About ten or a dozen years ago."

"And who were these persons?"

The question was well timed; for it turned out that the witness was telling a story about two very different people; that he knew neither the prisoner nor the sufferer; nor any thing of the circumstances, except what he had heard, like the first witness, whose testimony I have given, at second hand.

Alas! thought I. Where are we to look for perfection; if, in a country like this, human life, and human liberty are tampered with so irreverently?

Original.

HORÆ CRITICÆ.

NUMBER I.

THE HISTORICAL CHARACTERS OF SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE never studied Homer, but was as deeply read as the Grecian bard in the page of nature. In the familiar and confidential conversation occasionally held by his characters, we catch their minds, as if by surprise, in an undress; we detect their peculiar habits and feel, like confidants in an intrigue, a satisfaction in having those peculiar traits communicated to us.

Who, for instance, can doubt that the "proud northern lord, Clifford of Cumberland," exercised his baronial privilege of swearing, uncontrolled, to an eminent degree, when we read the scoffing addresses to him as he lay expiring on the field of battle?

Warwick. They mock thee, *Clifford*, swear as thou wert wont.
Richard. What not an oath! Nay, then the world goes hard.
When *Clifford* cannot spare his friends an oath—
I know by that he 's dead. [*Henry* VI., *Part* 3, *Act* 2.

If we suppose such representations are merely drawn from images, formed in the poet's creative mind, still they live to us; and, through his happy mode of introduction, we become as well acquainted with them as with our own contemporaries. I am, however, inclined to suspect, that Shakspeare where he does not follow the beaten path of history, drew his characters and incidents from traditionary stories and family anecdotes; sometimes probably from preceding dramas in which they were preserved, and other short-lived productions that have long since perished in the tide of time.

The reflection thrown out by *Surrey* to *Cardinal Wolsey* from its being so circumstantial in point of time and description of person, appears to have been founded upon some well known story in Shakspeare's time:

Surry. I'll startle you
Worse than the sacring bell, when the brown wench
Lay kissing in your arms, *Lord Cardinal.*

Mr. Walpole has ingeniously observed, that "*Leontes* and *Hermione*," in the Winter's Tale, were "the typical representatives of Henry VIII. and Anne Bullen," and the character of *Paulina* seems to be that of the old lady placed in a more conspicuous and more favorable point of view. The same officious zeal to serve her mistress, and the same kind of garrulous intrepidity towards an irascible monarch, is apparent in both characters. "The child," says *Paulina*, "is yours—

And might we lay th' old proverb to your charge,
So like you 'tis the worse. Behold, my lords,
Although the print be little, the whole matter
And copy of the father: eye, nose, lips,
And tricks of his frown—*Act* 2. *Scene* 3.

The conjecture that I am again going to hazard may appear, like this, too fanciful. That Shakspeare, however, often covertly alluded to different persons and transactions in the days of *Queen Elizabeth* and of her father, has been clearly shown by his commentators in various instances; but the following passage in "*All's Well that ends Well*," has eluded their observation or imposed on mine. The king says, that he had presented a ring to *Helena*,

And bade her, if her fortune ever stood
Necessitated to help, that by this token
I would relieve her.—*Act* 3. *Scene* 4.

It appears to me that the romantic story of Queen Elizabeth's having delivered a ring to Essex, with a promise to assist him in any distress on his producing it, gave birth to this incident. Its reality has been questioned and ridiculed by Voltaire, but it has been supported with ability and success by Walpole.

I mentioned that several characters and incidents are alluded to in our poet's comedies. Some have been pointed out, but, doubtless, in respect to the greater part, no clue remains to guide our steps, and direct us to the original. I am fully convinced, that *Master Slender* sat for his picture to this unrivalled portrait-painter, as well as his cousin *Shallow*. "His little wee face,"—"his little yellow cain-colored beard," his having fought with a warrener, been intoxicated and robbed by his knavish companions, and other exploits, equally memorable, seem to mark a real character, and to record real facts: circumstances probably that excited no little mirth at the time of representation. Indeed, the greater part of the first scene in "*The Merry Wives of Windsor*,"

may have been copied from the life, and have passed in Sir Thomas Lucy's judicial hall. Even the breaking open the lodge and kissing the keeper's daughter, which *Falstaff*, (a character, it is said, partly drawn for an inhabitant of Stratford,) humorously disavows, may have been charges there seriously urged against Shakspeare and his merry associates.

As the first dramatist is universally allowed to be a copyist of nature, it induces us to place an almost unlimited confidence in him. We cannot but suppose in his historic dramas, even where we are unable to trace him, that he dwells on real, not imaginary transactions; and has preserved many genuine anecdotes, not of weight sufficient to have gained admittance into the page of history, or taken from authors, whose writings scarcely survived their own existence.

The following remarkable incident, attending *Cardinal Beaufort's* death, is so forcibly characteristic, that we cannot easily suspect it to be an invention, though no history mentions the circumstance:

> *Lord Cardinal*, if thou think'st on hearing bliss,
> Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope—
> He dies, and makes no sign! [*Henry* VI. *Part* 3. *Act* 3.

The description of his anguish and despair occurs in Hall's Chronicle, but the additional circumstances thrown in by Shakspeare wonderfully increase the horror of the scene. The address to the Cardinal may be illustrated by the following meditation, to be found in a little devotional book, entitled "*The Key of Paradise:*"

"*Imagine thyself lying in thy death bed, with an hallowed candle in thy hand, a crucifix on thy breast, and thy ghastly father calling on thee, that if thou can'st not speak, yet at least to hold up thy hand in token of thy hope, and affiance in the mercies of Christ.*"

The death of *Gloster*, in the same drama, though, according to history, its manner was uncertain, is marked with so many minute and appropriate circumstances that Shakspeare most probably heard it thus minutely described, or took his description from actual observation, or a similar event.

The interview between *Henry* V. and *Williams*, the soldier, (Henry V. act 4. scene 4.) the night preceding the battle of Agincourt, with their interchange of gloves, and the trick, in consequence, played upon *Fluellen*, appears to have been founded on some traditionary story. Our hearts, at least, will not allow it to be fiction, but rather delight at such an unexpected, though by no means unnatural, romance of *Hal's* original humor.

There are many other little incidents, like the foregoing, which we ought not to consider as invention, because we cannot trace them to their source. Had the story of *Simpcox*, of St. Albans, and the combat between the armorer and the apprentice, *Peter*, (Henry VI. Part 2.) been no where recorded but in Shakspeare, they would probably have been considered as merely ludicrous fictions, intended to put the upper gallery in good humor. Each of these incidents, however, are noticed in different chronicles of the times. The numerous circumstances relative to the death of *Lord Hastings*, form a kind of episode in the tragedy of Richard III., and they are adapted from history; so also is the compliment which he pays the *Bishop of Ely's* strawberries, and the unimportant errand on which he sends the courtly prelate. *Catesby* observes, "the king is angry, see, he gnaws his lip;" and *Margaret*, in her imprecations upon him, exclaims:

> No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
> Unless it be while some tormenting dream
> Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.
> *Richard* III. *Act* 3. *scene* 3.

We are not to consider either of these expressions as casual, but strictly appropriate and historically true. Different authors relate, that "his sleep was (generally) filled with perturbations," and particularly on the night previous to the engagement in which he perished.

When *Falstaff* ridicules the slender form of *Prince Henry*, and says he would give a thousand pounds to be able to run as fast, etc., we must not suppose that these words are thrown out accidentally. Historians agree in describing him as tall, thin and active. Like *Achilles*, he was no less conspicuous for swiftness than for personal courage. We see at once, then, the propriety of *Hotspur's* styling him "the nimble, mad-cap *Prince of Wales;*" and the peculiar justness of the following comparison, drawn by *Vernon*, a friend of *Hotspur's:*

> I saw young Harry with his beaver on,
> His cuises on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
> Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury;
> And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
> As if an angel dropt down from the clouds
> To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus,
> And witch the world with noble horsemanship.—
> *Henry* IV. *Part* 1. *scene* 1.

A variety of beautiful and happy allusions occur likewise in the former part of the same speech. An attention to such *minutiæ*, though not historically true, must have a wonderful effect in realizing the *dramatis personæ*. Even in respect to animals, as well as men, Shakspeare will not deal in generals. The tragedy-hero of a modern dramatist would call for "his barbed steed," or "his fiery courser;" but *Richard* orders his groom to

> "Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow."

And historians say, that when he entered the town of Leicester "he was mounted on a great white courser." May we not reasonably suppose, that this was the identical Surrey? The gallant Earl, whose name he bore, was warmly attached to *Richard*, and had probably, as a proof of his regard, bestowed on him this acceptable present.

The impetuous *Hotspur* impatiently inquires after his "crop-ear Roan," and exclaims "that Roan shall be my throne." His fondness for his horse (of which he appears to be no less fond than *Diomede*, a congenial character, was of the steeds of Troas,) is one of his marking features, and humorously ridiculed by his rival in fame, *Prince Henry*. (Henry 4. p. 1. act 2. scene 8.) When *Vernon*, therefore, expatiates, with more candor than discretion, in praise of his "noble horsemanship," it peculiarly irritates the mind of *Hotspur*. His reply, particularly the conclusion, is truly characteristic.

> ——Come, let me take my horse,
> Who is to bear me, like a thunderbolt,
> Against the bosom of the *Prince of Wales*,
> Harry to Harry shall, and horse to horse,
> Meet, and not part till one drop down a corse!—
> *Henry* IV. *Part* 1. *Act* 4. *scene* 2.

Hotspur feels himself touched in a tender point. His rival is celebrated for a qualification in which he thought himself pre-eminent; and his mind reverts with vexation to an idea so unpleasing. The beauty of this natural sally of passion escaped the earlier editors of Shakspeare; and it has been printed "*not* horse to horse," in every edition but the first, when Sir Thomas Hamer restored the original reading. Such a little trait distinguishes a master's hand more than pages of labored declamation.

The natural antipathy between *Hotspur* and "the sword and buckler *Prince of Wales*," is finely conceived and admirably executed. They are planets in fiery opposition. We cannot find a speech but what seems to be dictated by nature itself. Their bitter ebullitions of passion, their mutual jealousy, which one strives to conceal by treating his rival with ridicule, and the other by holding him in affected contempt, familiarize them to us. We see, we know them, are privy to the dissipated relaxations of the one, and the turbulent thoughts that agitate the mind of the other. This observation may be extended to almost every leading character: we contemplate men like ourselves, endued with the same propensities as those that actuate them in real life, and are consequently interested in their fortunes. But our feelings are not excited by the pompous characters in declamatory tragedy: they are beings of another species, and we have nothing in common with them.

If the wonder-working pen of Shakspeare induces us to pay more credit to his representation of histrionic characters, than historical severity may sometimes allow, it is a delusion too pleasing to be lightly resigned. We see, or seem to see, realities; and the causes, which I have just explained, operate also in his fictitious dramas. Though he cannot there build on real facts, yet appropriate and strong-marked descriptions of persons and places, familiar conversation and characteristic anecdotes, commonly give an appearance of truth and consistency to the most wild and extravagant dictions.

A. A. L.

Original.

SONG.

Oh! these are not my own hills,
  Fair though their verdure be,
Distant are my own hills,
  That look'd so kind on me.
These may have their rock and cairn—
Their blooming heath and waving fern,
But still they stand so strange and stern,
  And never look like friends to me.

"Where, prythee, are thine own hills?
  In the clime of Italy?
How are clothed thy own hills,
  That are so fair to see?
Grows, in Summer's endless shine,
The orange there, or purpling vine,
Does myrtle with the rose entwine—
  On mountains so beloved by thee?"

All bleak along my own hills,
  The heather waves, and bracken free;
The fruit upon my own hills
  Is scarlet hip, or blaeberry:
And yet I would not those exchange
'Mid gay Italian scenes to range—
No! vine-clad hills would look as strange,
  As stern and lone as these to me.

"Since bleak and cold, thy own hills
  But wave with fern or heather free;
What charm is in thine own hills,
  To bind thy heart so tenderly?"
'Tis memory hath thrown a spell
So fair along each hill and dell,
That on the musing eye they swell
  And sink—like fairy scenery.

In boyhood on my own hills
  I pluck'd the flower and chas'd the bee;
In youth upon my own hills
  I wooed my love by rock and tree;
'Tis hence my love—to tears—they claim,
And—let who will the feeling blame—
Yet, when in sleep I dream of them,
  I would not wake aught else to see! L.

Original.

FATE'S KALEIDOSCOPE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

One day as old Destiny wheel'd his flight,
  On misty wing, in hand with Time,
In his speed he o'ertook a form of light,
  That straight commenc'd its airy chime.

"Stay—stoop your swift pinion—let Time pass on,
  His sands are not splendid now;
His eye is dull—and his smile is gone—
  And weariness hangs on his cheerless brow!"

The dim spirit paus'd in its quick career,
  And sunk its wing to hear her song—
O'er this daughter of Sight he drop'd a tear
  To think how quick she would weep him—gone!

Then Hope came forward with her glorious eye,
  To peer thro' the wondrous glass—
She saw all her visions like gold go by,
  And smil'd as she saw them pass.

"Oh! Life had been cold, had I never known
  Such rainbow scenes would greet me here!"—
The glass mov'd on—and the dream had flown—
  Hope turn'd away to hide her tear!

"Stay! once, again!"—but the dim spirit rose,
  And laughing wing'd his flight away—
And cried as he flew—"Time only knows
  How dull may sink Hope's fairest day!"

Then she call'd on Time for his joys again—
  But, ah! how swift that Time had flown!
On the far dusky sky his form was seen,
  And Hope was left to weep alone!

$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

The following story was written at a time when the author had formed a resolution never again to connect her name with a prize article, nor indeed with any species of Magazine literature; consequently the highest prize offered by the publisher of the Ladies' Companion, during the last season, was adjudged to her, under a fictitious signature, that of Mrs. Catharine Rogers. It will be remembered, that at the time the committee decided on the premium articles, the author was in no way connected with this magazine, and was, consequently a proper candidate for the prize of two hundred dollars.

—

Original.

MARY DERWENT.

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER I.

"To set on rocks, to muse on flood and fell,
To slowly trace the forest's shady scene,
Where things that own not man's dominions dwell,
And mortal foot has ne'er or rarely been;
To climb the trackless mountain all unseen
With the wild flock that never needs a fold;
Above air deep and foaming falls to lean;
This is not solitude; 'tis but to hold
Converse with nature's charms, and view her storms unroled."
CHILDE HAROLD.

Monockonok Island lies in the stream of the Susquehannah; its trees cast their shadow with a dreamy beauty over the waters, as they sweep onward toward their outlet, and its green slopes, broken into little hillocks and enamelled with wild flowers, lie sleeping in the sunlight like a vast pile of emeralds drifted up from the bed of the river, and heaped like a miniature paradise upon its bosom. On either side are hills, burthened with rocks and abundance of foliage, sometimes crowding to the very brink of the river, in ragged cliffs, and then falling back with a majestic sweep, and sloping down to the waters in a broad meadow, or a breezy grove. Down a few miles from the island, nestled in between a bold curve of the river and a picturesque mountain, lies the little town of Wilkesbarre, a gem of a village set in a haven of loveliness. But the valley of Wyoming is classical ground; our pen glides timidly over its beauties, conscious that a mightier has gone before. More than half a century ago, a few log cabins stood on the site of the beautiful village. A clearing, now and then, with its humble dwelling was scattered along the brink of the stream; and one log hut, sheltered by a huge sugar maple, with a grass plot sloping to the water in front, and a garden made cheerful by a few hollyhocks and marigolds behind, stood like a mammoth bird's nest, on Monockonok Island. Its resident was an aged and infirm woman, who had moved into the valley among its first settlers, with an only son and his two motherless daughters. While the son was yet laboring to clear the fifty-acre-lot, which he had purchased with the intention of forming a home for his aged parent and his orphan girls, death called him suddenly from his labors, and old mother Derwent, was thrown on the world, burthened with two helpless children. But the sympathies of our nature take deeper root and flourish more kindly among the hardy settlers of our forests, than in our crowded and fashionable cities. A tenant was soon found to work the cleared land, "on shares," and the neighbors collected together, and erected a dwelling of two rooms on the little island, which the old lady selected for her residence. Mrs. Derwent had chosen this location, for other reasons than its surpassing loveliness. Yet, with a natural taste for the sublime, and beautiful, there brought into close neighborhood, she exerted all her ingenuity in ornamenting her little house. The native fruit trees, which grew in abundance among the wild rocks, and on the brink of the river, were transplanted to her domain; the brush-wood and stinted trees were cleared away; a few sugar maples, and one magnificent oak, flung their shadows over the stream; and in the autumn, when the trees were burthened with fruit, when the crab-apples hung in crimson clusters on the boughs, when the luxurious peach, the purple grape, and the wild plum, blushed together, and ripened in the same sun-shine, the little island might have been mistaken for a floating garden, of the East, lost among the stupendous mountain-scenery of our colder climate.

Mother Derwent was happy in her new dwelling. She had contrived to purchase implements for spinning and weaving the coarse cloth, which constituted the principal clothing of the settlers. The inhabitants gave her plenty of work, and the share of produce from her farm supplied her little household with grain and vegetables. Even the two little girls, who under many circumstances would have been a burthen, were in reality an assistance to her. Jane, the eldest, was a bright and beautiful child, with dark silky hair, pleasant eyes, and lips like the damp petals of a red rose. She was withal, a tidy, active little maiden, and, as mother Derwent was wont to say, "saved grandma a great many steps," by running to the spring for water, winding *quills*, and doing what Miss Sedgwick calls the odds and ends of housework. Jane led a pleasant life on the island. She was a creature of frolic and mirthfulness, and it suited her joyous nature to paddle her canoe on the bosom of the broad river, or even to urge it down the current, when "grandma" wanted a piece of cloth carried to the village, or was anxious to procure from thence, tea and other little delicacies for her household. When mother Derwent's quill-box was full, and "the work all done up," Jane might be found clambering among the wild rocks, which frowned along the shore, looking over the face of some bold precipice, at her image reflected in the stream below; or, perchance, perched in the foliage of a grape-vine, with her rosy face peering out from the leaves, and her laugh ringing merrily from cliff to cliff, while her little hands showered down the purple clusters, to her sister below. Such was Jane Derwent, at the age of fourteen; but different, far different, was her younger sister, Mary. Poor little Mary Derwent! as she was called in the neighborhood. While her sister was endowed with rare beauty and unclouded cheerfulness, she, poor delicate thing—shrunk instinctively from the eyes of her fellow creatures, and sought companionship, only, with the inanimate things of nature; she could not bear that strange eyes should gaze on her deformity.

From her birth, the little girl had presented a strange mixture of the hideous and the beautiful. Her oval face, with its marvellous symmetry of feature, might have been the original from which Dubufe, drew the chaste and heavenly features of Eve, in his glorious picture of "The Temptation." The same sweetness and purity was there, but the expression—that was chastened and melancholy. Her soft blue eyes were always sad, and almost always moist; their heavy lashes drooped over them, with an expression of languid misery. A smile never brightened her delicate mouth—the same chastened expression of hopelessness, sat for ever on that calm, white forehead; the faint color would often die away from her cheek, but it seldom deepened there, and her tresses, bright as a sunbeam and silky as thistle-down, seemed too free and sunny to shadow that joyless face, or to perform the office of concealment, when they fell in shining radiance over the unseemly hump, and the distorted limbs, which rendered her unseemingly person almost hideous to look upon. Nature, as if to inflict the greatest injury with the most cruel consciousness of it, had imbued her spirit with that subtle fire, which men call genius, but which mingles with the delicate nature of woman, like the holy flame which lighted the altars of the ancients, consuming the heart it prays upon, with a rapidity proportioned to its brightness.

It is almost startling to learn the strength of feeling, and the hoard of bitter thoughts, which are sometimes exposed lurking in the bosom of a child. Mary was ten years of age before any person supposed her conscious of her horrible malformation, or was aware of the deep sensitiveness of her nature. The event which brought both to life, occurred a few months before the death of her father. It was on the clearing, before the little log school-house of the village. Mary was chosen into the centre of the merry ring, by Edward Clark, a bright-eyed handsome boy, with a gay open countenance, and with manners bold and frank almost to carelessness.

The kind-hearted boy, drew her gently into the ring, pressed his lips to her innocent forehead, and joined the circle, without the laugh and joyous bound which usually accompanied his movements. There was an instinctive feeling of delicacy and tenderness toward the little girl, which forbade all boisterous merriment when she was his partner. The feelings which were to form the misery of the woman breathed in the bosom of the child even at this early age; a slight tremor stirred her heart, and when those frank lips were raised from her forehead, a flush more rosy than the light pressure could have warranted remained upon its surface. It was her turn to select a partner; she extended her hand timidly toward the cousin of Edward Clark, a boy of his own age, he drew back with an insulting laugh, and refused to stand up with the *hunch-back*. Instantly the ring was broken up. Edward Clark leaped forward, with the bound of a panther, and with a blow, rendered powerful by his honest indignation, smote the insulter to the ground. For one moment Mary looked around bewildered, as if she did not comprehend the nature of the taunt; then the blood rushed up to her face, her soft blue eyes blazed as with a flash of hidden fire, the little hand was clenched, and her unseemly trunk dilated with passion a moment, then the blood flowed back upon her heart, her white lips closed over the clenched teeth, and she fell forward with her face upon the ground, as one stricken by unseen lightning. The group gathered around her, awe-stricken and afraid. They could not comprehend this fearful burst of passion in a creature, habitually gentle and sweet-tempered to a fault.

Her brave defender knelt and raised her head to his bosom, while tears of generous indignation still lingered on his burning cheek, and his form shook with scarcely abated excitement. Unmindful of the threats, and hostile gestures of his cousin, he fanned the pale face, which lay so like marble upon his bosom, rubbed the cold hands, and exerted all his little skill to re-animate her. Jane stood by, wringing her hands and moaning like a demented thing, for, poor child, she was ignorant of the strength of human passions, and thought that nothing but death could take a form so appalling. At length Mary Derwent arose with the calmness of a hushed earthquake upon her face, and bent her way to her father's house. She was henceforth a changed being. One great shock had thrust her forward as it were to a maturity of suffering; her smile became mournful and sad in its expression, as if the poor creature had become weary of life and of all living things; she never again joined in the childish sports of her companions. When their shouts of merriment rang loudest on the green, she was alone among the wild, high rocks, or away by the river's brink, gazing upon the perpetual flow of its waters, and musing, hour after hour, upon the beautiful fancies, which at that period dawned upon her intellect, as if to compensate for the evils that had been heaped upon her person. In the solitude of nature, alone, could she escape the terrible consciousness of her deformity; a consciousness so suddenly and cruelly brought home to her delicate spirit. The flowers had no eyes to mock at her unshapely form, as it bent over them; the moss received her weary frame, as lovingly as if limbs of the most perfect symmetry pressed its green bosom. There was no hollow mockery in the gurgle of the rivulet, as it leaped like a shower of liquid light from its basin in the wild rocks—no disgust in the heavy greenness of the trees, or the fluttering birds that congregated, with their bright plumage and sweet voices, among the leaves. She held communion with nature, till her spirit became imbued with its poetry, as the young grass receives its color from the light in which it exists. Her heart became gentle and delicate as a flower, yet in the unfathomed depths thereof, lay strength and passion, and fervency of feeling; with the vivid imagination which lavishes a portion of its own brightness on all earthly things. To the few beings who had been the cherishers of her helpless state, her heart twined with a double intensity, from the repulse she had met with elsewhere. She clung to the love of her grandmother with the trusting fondness of a sickly infant. To her sister Jane, she was at once a dependant, from physical weakness, and a monitress in intellect. Though exceedingly sweet and affectionate in her nature, she retained an influence over the headstrong will and more common place

propensities of her beautiful and healthy sister, which the lofty and strong mind always possesses over those of a more earthly mould. Her spirit mingled with the coarser and more buoyant mind of her sister, as the sweet song which rises and swells from the heart of a nightingale, while she sits panting with the love of her own music among the thick branches, may charm the notes of a louder and stronger bird, hushing him to silence by the sweetness of a richer and more thrilling melody. With her father, there was more of equality and companionship. Her helplessness had rendered her a thing of almost holy attachment to him, and with her quick feelings and almost inuitive perception of his own, she had won for herself a portion of confidence and respect, which gave to the tie between them, a dignity almost proportioned to its immeasurable tenderness.

Mr. Derwent was an educated man, and one of strong natural understanding; yet he was not fully capable of appreciating the strange combination of weakness and strength—the spiritual and the passionate, which formed the character of his child. At times, his strong spirit would become absolutely subdued by the depth and fervency of her's. He was occasionally startled almost out of his protecting love by the vivid flashes of intellect which broke upon him from the frail child, whom he had cherished the more dearly for her very helplessness and supposed inferiority. When the poetry, which was its essence, would break up from her heart, like fire from a kindling altar, he would take her to his arms almost in fear, as one who has fostered some feeble object, believing it a creature of weaker powers and kindred sympathies, but who suddenly finds that an angel—a spirit of a far off and beautiful world, higher and brighter than he can comprehend, has been nestled lovingly in his bosom, the object of its kindly feelings and the creature of its fostering love.

While this feeling of mingled tenderness and veneration was springing up in the bosom of the father, he died, and she was left without companionship and without preceptor, with the elements of good and evil slumbering in her heart, like a mine of rough gems bedded in earth, and but partially laid open to the sunshine.

From the time of her father's death, the love of solitude became a passion with the deformed girl. Exempted, by the tenderness of her grandmother, from the labors of the household, she spent her time in summer constantly among the hills. She could manage a canoe, and was familiar with every grassy hollow and flowery nook for miles up the river. She had but two books—the Bible and an old volume of Milton; one of these was her constant companion. With a refinement of taste inherent in her nature, she selected such portions of Holy Writ as contain, perhaps, the highest and holiest poetry out of heaven, and over them she pondered with a thirst for the beautiful and an intense longing for something higher and more lofty than she had yet known, till her heart drooped with a sense of its own feebleness. The genius within was struggling for utterance. She knew nothing of poetry as a science—nay, was almost ignorant that the thoughts, which sometimes filled her heart with the sweetness of "unwritten music," were not natural to all. She only wondered that she had never heard them spoken of. Then, remembering the sensitive feeling, which caused her own heart to conceal its bright hoard of ideas, she supposed others to be actuated by the same shrinking impulse, and went on, dreaming and filling the paradise of her mind with images and aspirations of more than earthly beauty and intensity. Her thoughts turned continually on themes too spiritual and visionary for mere humanity; yet, with which the few earthly objects, which were left to her love, were interwoven, till her attachments were refined and concentrated to a degree of affection almost painful to its possessor. The objects of her earthly love became the idols of the ideal world pictured in the depths of her mind. One being had so entwined himself with her every thought—had been to her heart so like a kindred harmony—that she loved him with an impulse as natural and as innocent, as that which turns the sunflower to the west when the day closes. That being was Edward Clark—he who had avenged her insulted feelings so bravely. I have said that she loved him—and it was with a passion deep and holy as an angel's prayer—yet passionate, sincere, and self-devoting, "as woman's love." All these elements of misery had ripened in her heart while she was a mere child, and the current of her young existence flowed on, colored and mellowed by them, as waters receive a tint from the minerals over which they flow.

Mary never dreamed of the nature of the unquiet guest she had taken to her bosom. Edward Clark was the only being, of the other sex, with whom she had associated since the death of her father. If a tremor, like a soft breeze rippling the surface of a bright lake, stole through her heart, at the sound of his footsteps—if every heart-string vibrated, as with a thrill of music, when he read to her, in his deep, rich voice, the passages she loved most in Milton—could she, a child, full of strange impulses, be supposed to understand the mysterious throbbings of that mysterious creation—the heart? She only knew that a sensation, tremulous, blissful and very strange—a commingling of all the sweet and sensitive feelings she had ever known before—had broken up from the depths of her heart. It might be poetry—it might be prayer—but it could *not* be love! Had she supposed it possible, she would have sunk to the earth shuddering with self-disgust, as one who had committed a deadly sin against nature. For what had she, a creature flung out from the rest of her kindred—branded, and set apart, with a fearful mark upon her—to do with the feelings which link human beings together?

> "It is a fearful trust, the trust of love.
> In fear, not hope, should woman's heart receive
> A guest so terrible. Ah! never more
> Will thy young spirit know its joyous hours
> Of quiet hopes and innocent delights:
> Its childhood is departed."

Poor Mary Derwent! better had she wandered away a harmless life, among the high rocks and the lovely wild-flowers which made her home a sheltered paradise, dreaming of the future, and of that Heaven which is the only quiet hereafter to a spirit like hers, than to have cast her all of hope on a being changeable and

wayward as man. For what man ever returned, or rewarded, the devotion of a heart like that? Love is a dangerous and a fearful trust even to the quiet and the beautiful. And what had she to hope for, with her lofty mind and hideous person? A return of love! There are men who can appreciate intellect and goodness even in a form like hers! A broken or a hardened heart? Why should we question? Her destiny was before her.

CHAPTER II.

"Where is the heart that has not bowed
A slave, eternal love, to thee!
Look on the cold, the gay, the proud,
And is there one among them free?

"And what must love be in the heart,
All passion's fiery depths revealing,
Which has in its minutest part,
More than another's whole of feeling?"

"And so you *will* go, Mary, dear—though this is my birth-day? I have a great mind to cut the canoe loose and set it adrift."

"And then how will your company get to the island?" said Mary Derwent, raising her eyes to the blooming face of her sister, while a quiet smile stole into their blue depths.

"I don't care for company! I don't care for any thing—you are so contrary—so hateful. You *never* stay at home when the young folks are coming—it's too bad!" And Jane flung herself on the grass which surrounded a little cove where a bark canoe lay rocking in the water, and indulged her petulence by tearing up a bed of strawberry-vines which her sister had planted there.

"Don't spoil my strawberry bed," said Mary, bending over the wayward girl and kissing her forehead. "Come, do be good-natured and let me go, I will bring you some honeysuckle-apples, and a whole canoe full of wood-lilies. Come, I can't bear to see you discontented to-day!"

"I would not care about it so much—though it is hard that you will never go to frolics, nor enjoy yourself like other folks—but Edward Clark made me promise to keep you at home to-day."

A color like the delicate tinting of a shell, stole into Mary's cheek, as it lay caressingly against the rich damask of her sister's. "If no one but Edward were coming, I should be glad to stay," she replied, in a soft, sweet voice; "but you have invited a great many, havn't you? Who will be here from the village?"

Jane began to enumerate the young men who had been invited to her birth-day party: they held precedence in her heart, and consequently in her speech; for, to own the truth, Jane Derwent was a perfect specimen of the rustic coquette; a beauty, and a spoiled one; but a warm-hearted, kind girl notwithstanding. "There are the Ward boys, and John Smith, and Walter Butler to—" Jane stopped, for she felt a shiver run over the form around which her arms were flung, as she pronounced the last name, and she saw that the cheek of her sister was blanched to the whiteness of snow. "I had forgotten," she said, timidly, after a moment; "I am sorry I asked him. You are not angry, with me, Mary, are you?"

"Angry, no! I never am angry with you, Jane. I don't want to refuse you any thing on your birth-day—but I cannot meet these people. You cannot guess—you can have no idea of my sufferings when any one looks upon me except those I love very, very dearly."

"That is just what they say," replied Jane, while a flush of generous feeling spread over her forehead.

"What, who says?" inquired Mary, for her heart trembled with a dread that some allusion was to be made to her person, and she felt as if the sister whom she loved so dearly, would be shut out from her heart for ever, were she to repeat the unfeeling remarks which she suspected to have been made on her deformity, by those who had been the playmates of her childhood. After her question, there was a moment's silence. They had both arisen, and the deformed girl stood before her sister with a tremulous lip and a wavering, anxious eye. The expression of her face was like that of a troubled angel. Yet with the jealous restlessness of spirit, which in some, never tastes one drop of a bitter cup without draining it to the dregs, as if enamored with self-torture, she could not help putting her question again, somewhat impatiently. "Why will you not tell me what they say?"

Jane was quick witted, and with many faults; very kind of heart. When she saw the distress, visible in her unfortunate sister's face, she formed her reply with more of tact and kind feeling, than of strict regard to truth. "Why it is nothing," she said, "the girls always loved you, and petted you so much, when we were little children in school together, that they don't like it when you go away without seeing them. They think that you are grown proud since you have taken to reading and talking fine language. You don't have to work like the rest of us, and they feel slighted and think you put on airs."

Oh, it is happiness to feel that we are still cared for and sought after by those whom we have supposed estranged from us; and the highly gifted—those whom we might suppose the most independent from their mental resources, are perhaps the most susceptible to kindly feelings in others; the most unwilling to break any of those sacred ties which keep the heart young. Tears stole into the eyes of the deformed girl, and a sudden light, the sunshine of an affectionate heart, broke over her face, as she said,—

"It is not that, my sister—I have loved them very much, all these years that I have not seen them, but since that day —— sister, you are very good, and oh, how beautiful; but you cannot dream of the feelings of a poor creature like myself. Without sympathy, without companions, hunch-backed and crooked. Tell me, Jane, am I not hideous to look upon?"

This was the first time in her life that Mary had permitted a consciousness of her malformation to escape her in words. The last question was put in a voice of mingled agony and bitterness, wrung from the very depths of her heart. She fell upon the grass, as she spoke, and with her face to the ground, lay grovelling at her sister's feet, like some wounded animal; for now

that the loveliness of her face was concealed, her form seemed scarcely human.

All that was generous in the nature of Jane Derwent, swelled in her heart, as she bent over her sister. She wept like an infant, and with broken words and half stifled sobs, strove to raise her from the ground.

"Hideous! oh, Mary, how can you talk so?" she said, kneeling down and raising the head of the unfortunate tenderly to her bosom: "Don't shake and tremble in this manner. You are not frightful nor homely; only think how beautiful your hair is. Edward Clark says he never saw any thing so bright and silky as your curls; he said so, indeed he did, Mary, and the other day, when he was reading about Eve in the little book you love so well, he told grandmother, that he fancied Eve must have had a face just like yours."

"Did Edward say this," murmured the poor deformed, as Jane half lifted, half persuaded her from the ground, and with her arms flung over her neck, was pressing the face she had been praising to her heaving bosom. For Mary, though naturally tall, was so distorted, that when she stood upright, her head scarcely reached a level with the graceful bust of her sister.

"Did he say it, Mary." "Yes, he certainly did, and so do I say it. Look here." And eagerly gathering the folds of a large shawl over the shoulders of the deformed, she gently drew her to the brink of the basin, where the canoe still lay moored. "Look there," she exclaimed, as they bent together over the edge of the green-sward, "can you wish for any thing handsomer than that face?"

The two young girls did indeed, form a beautiful picture as they stood, with their arms interlaced, bending over the tranquil waters. Never had that smooth surface mirrored two faces more strikingly lovely, yet more unlike in their beauty. Unconsciously they had taken the attitude a painter would have chosen. The head and half the form of the elder, from the finely rounded shoulders down to the graceful outline of the waist, was flung back with the exactness of life. Her eighteenth birth-day had brought its richest bloom to her cheek, and recent excitement had lent a brilliancy to her eyes, and an intellectual beauty to the forehead, which was scarcely natural to them. Her head was partly bent, and a profusion of rich curls fell over her graceful neck. A few white blossoms had been twined among them in honor of her party, and thus she was mirrored, half concealing the form of her sister, whose face, in all its pale spiritual loveliness, beamed out from the protection of her arm. It was like the head of a cherub, sheltered and cherished by a form of earthly beauty. A green tree waved its branches over them, and the sunshine came shimmering through the leaves with a wavy light. The waters were tranquil as the arch of a summer sky, and the sisters were still gazing on the lovely faces, speaking to theirs from their clear depths, when a canoe swept suddenly round the grassy promontory, which formed one side of the cove. With a dash of the oar, it shot, like an arrow, into the basin, and its occupant, a young man of perhaps two-and-twenty, leaped upon the green sward. The sisters started from their embrace. Both blushed, and a glad smile dimpled the round cheek of the elder, as she stepped forward to greet the new comer. But Mary drew her shawl more closely over her person and shrunk timidly back; but with a quickened pulse and a soft welcome beaming from her eyes.

"I have just come in time to keep you at home, for once," said the youth, approaching the timid girl, after having gaily shaken hands with her sister. "I am sure we shall persuade you ——" He was interrupted by a call from Jane, who had run off to the other side of the cove; probably, with the hopes of being speedily followed by her visitor.

"Come here, Edward, do, and break me some of this sweet-briar; it scratches my fingers so." Clark dropped Mary's hand, and went to obey this capricious summons.

"Don't try to persuade Mary to stay," said Jane, as she took a quantity of the sweet-briar from the hands of her companion. "She is as restless when we have company as the mocking-bird you gave us; besides," she added, with a little hesitation, "Walter Butler, will be here and she don't like him."

"It were strange if she did," replied the youth; and a frown passed over his fine forehead; "but tell me, Jane, how it happened that you invited him, when you know that I dislike him almost as much as she does."

Jane looked confused, and like most people, when they intend to persist in a wrong, began to get into a passion.

"I am sure I thought I had the right, to ask any one I pleased," she said, petulently.

"Yes, but one might expect, that it would scarcely please you, to encourage a man, who has so shamefully insulted your sister. My blood boils when I think of the wretch! Poor Mary, I had hoped to have seen her enjoy herself to-day; but now she must wander off alone as usual. I have a great mind to go with her." And turning swiftly away from the angry beauty, he went to Mary, spoke a few words, and they stepped into his canoe together. But, he had scarcely pushed it from the shore when, Jane ran forward and leaped in after them. "If *you* go, so will *I!*" she said, angrily seating herself in the bottom of the canoe. Mary was amazed and perplexed. She looked into the stern, displeased face of the young man, and then at the sullen brow of her sister. "What does this mean?" she inquired, gently, "what is the matter, Jane?" Jane began to sob, but gave no answer, and they rowed across the river in silence. They landed at the foot of the broken precipice, that hung over the river like a ruined battlement. Clark assisted Mary to the shore, and and was about to accompany her up the foot-path, which wound over the precipice, but Jane, who had angrily refused his help to leave the boat, began to fear that she had carried her anger too far, and timidly called him back to her. There were a few angry words from the young man—expostulation and tears from the maiden, all of which, a bend in the path prevented Mary observing; and then, Clark went up the hill—told the solitary girl not to wander far—to be careful and not sit on the

damp ground—and that he would come for her by sun down; the young folks would have left the island by that time, he said. They were all going down to Wilkesbarre, to have a dance, in the old school-house. He and Jane, were going, but they would wait and take her home first. Edward was almost out of breath, as he said all this, and he appeared anxious to go back to the canoe. But Mary, had not expected him to join her lonely wanderings, and his solicitude about her safety, was so considerate and kind. It went to her heart like a breath of summer air. She turned up the mountain path, lonely and companionless; but very happy. Her eyes were full of pleasant tears, and her heart was like a flower unfolding to the sunshine. There is a pleasure in complying with the slightest request, from those we love; and Mary, confined her ramble to the precipice and the shore, merely because, Edward Clark, had asked her not to wander far. She saw him land on the island with her sister, while half sitting, half reclining on a cragg of the broken rock, at whose foot she had landed. Then, she saw the boat sent again, and again, to the opposite shore, returning each time, laden with her former companions. By degrees she became very sad. She felt the melancholy, and loneliness of her position; she would have given worlds, had she possessed them, to have mingled in equality with the gay beings, flitting through the trees, and wandering over the green sward of her Island home. The ringing laugh, and the music of cheerful words, came swelling on the wind, to her isolated seat. Happiness and sunshine were all around her; budding moss, bird songs and flowers; but her heart was weighed down with a sense of its utter loneliness. Then she would think of Edward Clark, and of his late kind words, and wonder why they had ceased to make her happy. In dwelling on them, she became quiet and contented, and dropped asleep under the shadow of a drooping birch, which grew in a cleft in the rock on which she lay. Her sleep was very sweet, and refreshing. A mocking-bird had perched himself in the tree, above her, and his melody floated in her dreams. They were of a far off world; Edward Clark was there, and it was her home; but her form was changed and she had become beautiful—beautiful as her sister Jane. She was aroused by the rustling of branches over head; there was a bounding step, as of a deer in flight, and then a young girl sprang out upon a point of rock which shot over the platform on which she lay, and bending over the edge, gazed eagerly down upon the river. Mary held her breath, and remained motionless, for her poetical fancy was aroused by the singular beauty, and picturesque attitude of the figure. There was a wildness and a grace in it, which she had never witnessed before. At the first glance, she supposed the stranger to be a wandering Indian girl, belonging to some of the tribes that roamed the neighboring forests. But her complexion, though darker than the darkest brunette of our own race, was still too light, for any of the savage nations, yet seen in the wilderness. It was of a clear, rich brown, and the blood glowed through the round cheeks like the blush of a ripe peach. Her hair was long, profusely braided, and of a deep black; not the dull lustreless color, common to the Indians; but with a bloom upon it like that shed by the sunlight on the wing of a flying raven. She appeared to be neither Indian, nor white, but of a mixed race. The spirited and wild grace of the savage, was blended with a delicacy of feature, and nameless elegance, more peculiar to the whites. In her dress, also, might be traced the same union of barbarism and refinement—a string of bright scarlet berries, defining the edge of her clear forehead, and interwoven with the long braids of her hair, now and then glanced in the sunlight, as she moved her head, like a chain of burning rubies and polished garnet stones. A robe of gorgeous chintz, where crimson and deep brown were the predominating colors, was confined at the waist, by a narrow belt of wampum, and terminated a little below the knee, in a double row of heavy fringe, leaving the firm slender ankles free and uncovered. Her robe fell open at the shoulders; but the swelling outline of the neck, thus exposed, was unbroken, except by a necklace of cherry-colored cornelian, from which a small heart of the same blood-red stone, fell to her bosom. The round and tapering beauty of her arms was fully revealed and unencumbered, by a single ornament. Her mocasins were of dressed dearskin, fringed and wrought with tiny beads; but interwoven, was a vine of silken buds, and leaves done in such needlework, as was in those days, only taught to the most refined and highly educated class of whites. Mary had never seen any thing so exquisitely beautiful in its workmanship, as that embroidery, or so picturesque and poetical as the whole appearance of the stranger.

For more than a minute the wild girl retained the position, which her last bounding step had left her in. There was something statue-like in the tension of those rounded and slender limbs, as she stood on the shelf of rock, bending eagerly over the edge, with her weight thrown on one foot and the other strained back, as if preparing for a spring. There was the grace but not the chilliness of marble, for they were full of warm healthy life. There was spirit and fire in their very repose, as after an eager glance up and down the river, she settled back, and with her arms folded, remained for a moment in an attitude of dejection and disappointment. A merry laugh, which came ringing over the waters, from the direction of the Island, drew her attention to the group of revelers, glancing in and out of the shrubbery which surrounded mother Derwent's dwelling. Flinging back her hair with a gesture of fiery impatience, she sprang upward, and dragged down the branch of a young tree, to which she grasped for support, while throwing herself still more boldly over the very edge of the cliff. Mary almost screamed with affright. But there was something grand in the daring of the girl, which aroused her admiration, even more than her fear. She knew that the breaking of that slender branch, would precipitate her down a sheer descent of more than one hundred feet. But she felt as if the very sound of her voice would startle her into eternity.

Motionless with dread, she fixed her eyes, like a fascinated bird, on the strange being thus hovering over

death, so fearlessly, and so beautiful. All at once, those bright, dark eyes kindled, one arm was flung eagerly outward—her red lips parted, and a gush of music, like the song of a mocking-bird, but clearer and richer, burst from them.

Mary started forward in amazement. She could not convince herself that it was not the notes of a real bird. She turned her head and peered among the leaves of the birch, where the songster, which lulled her to sleep, had nestled itself; but it had flown on the approach of the stranger. Before she could lift her eyes to the cliff again, a low, shrill whistle came sharply up from the direction of the Island. She caught one glance of the kindling cheeks, and flashing eyes, of the strange girl, as she leaped back from the cliff—a flash of sun light on her long hair, as see darted into a thicket of wild cherry-trees—and then there was no sign of her remaining, save the rustling of the young tree as the bent limb swayed back to its fellows. Again the notes, as of a wild, eager bird, arose from a hollow bark, on the side of the mountain; and after a moment, that shrill whistle was repeated from the water, and Mary distinctly heard the dipping of an oar. She crept to the edge of the rock, which had formed her concealment, and looked down upon the river. A canoe, rowed by a single oarsman, was making its way, swiftly, from the Island. She could not distinguish the face of the occupant; but there was a band of red paint around the edge of the canoe, and she remembered that Edward Clark's, alone, was so ornamented. It was the same that had brought her from the Island. Did the signal come from him—from Edward Clark? What had he in common with the wild, strange girl, who had broken upon her solitude? A thrill of pain, such as she had never dreamed of before, shot through her heart, as she asked these questions; she would have marked the landing of the canoe; but her strength had suddenly left her, and she sunk back to a fragment of stone, almost powerless, and in extreme suffering. In a little more than an hour, she saw the same solitary rower crossing the river, but with more deliberate motion. She watched him while he moored the canoe in the little cove, and then she caught another glimpse of him as he turned a corner of her dwelling, and mingled with the group of young persons who were drinking tea on the green sward in front.

It was a weary hour to the deformed girl, before the party broke up, and were transported to the opposite shore; where farm wagons stood ready to convey them to Wilkesbarre. The sun was almost down, and the Island quiet again, when she saw two persons, a male and a female, coming from the house to the cove. She arose and folding her shawl about her, prepared to descend to the river. The ledge, on which she had spent the afternoon, towered back from the precipice in a mass of broken rocks, crowned by a thick growth of stunted pines and hemlocks. The side along which the footpath wound, fell with an abrupt descent, to a deep ravine which opened to the river—covered with loose soil, interspersed with fragments of rocks, and cut up into hollows, where the mountain stream had washed away the soil. The whole was covered with a luxuriant undergrowth, and a few large, white pines had anchored themselves in the hollows. Mary had walked half way down the ledge, when she stopped abruptly in the path; for sitting on the moss beneath one of these pines was the strange girl, who had so excited her wonder. Mary's slow step had not disturbed her, and unconscious of a witness, she was unbraiding the string of berries from her hair and supplying their place with a rope of twisted coral. The strings of scarlet riband with which she knotted it on her temple, were bright, and had evidently never been tied before. Mary's heart beat quickly, and she hurried forward as if some wild animal had sprung up in her path. She felt an uncontrolable repulsion to that wild and beautiful girl, which she neither understood nor tried to account for. When she reached the shore, the canoe, with Edward Clark, and her sister seated in it, was making leasurely towards the mouth of the ravine, and she sat down on the shadowy side of the oak to await their coming. Their approach was so motionless, that she did not know that they had reached the shore till the voice of Edward Clark apprised her of it. He was speaking earnestly to her sister, and there was agitation and deep tenderness in his voice—a breaking forth of the heart's best feelings, which she had never witnessed in him before.

"No Jane," he said, in a resolute but slightly tremulous voice, "you must now choose between that man and me; there can be nothing of rivalry between us; I do heartily despise him! I am not jealous—I could not be of a creature so unworthy; but it grieves me to feel that you can place him for a moment on a level with yourself. If you persist in this degrading coquetry, you are unworthy of the pure and faithful love which I have given you—forgive me, Jane, if I speak harshly—don't cry, it grieves me to wound your feelings but—" he was interrupted by a sound as of some one falling heavily to the ground. He leaped from the canoe, and there by the trunk of an oak, lay Mary Derwent helpless and insensible.

"She has wandered too far, and exhausted herself," said the agitated young man, as he bore her to the canoe. "Sit down, Jane, and take her head in your lap—your grandmother will know what to do for her."

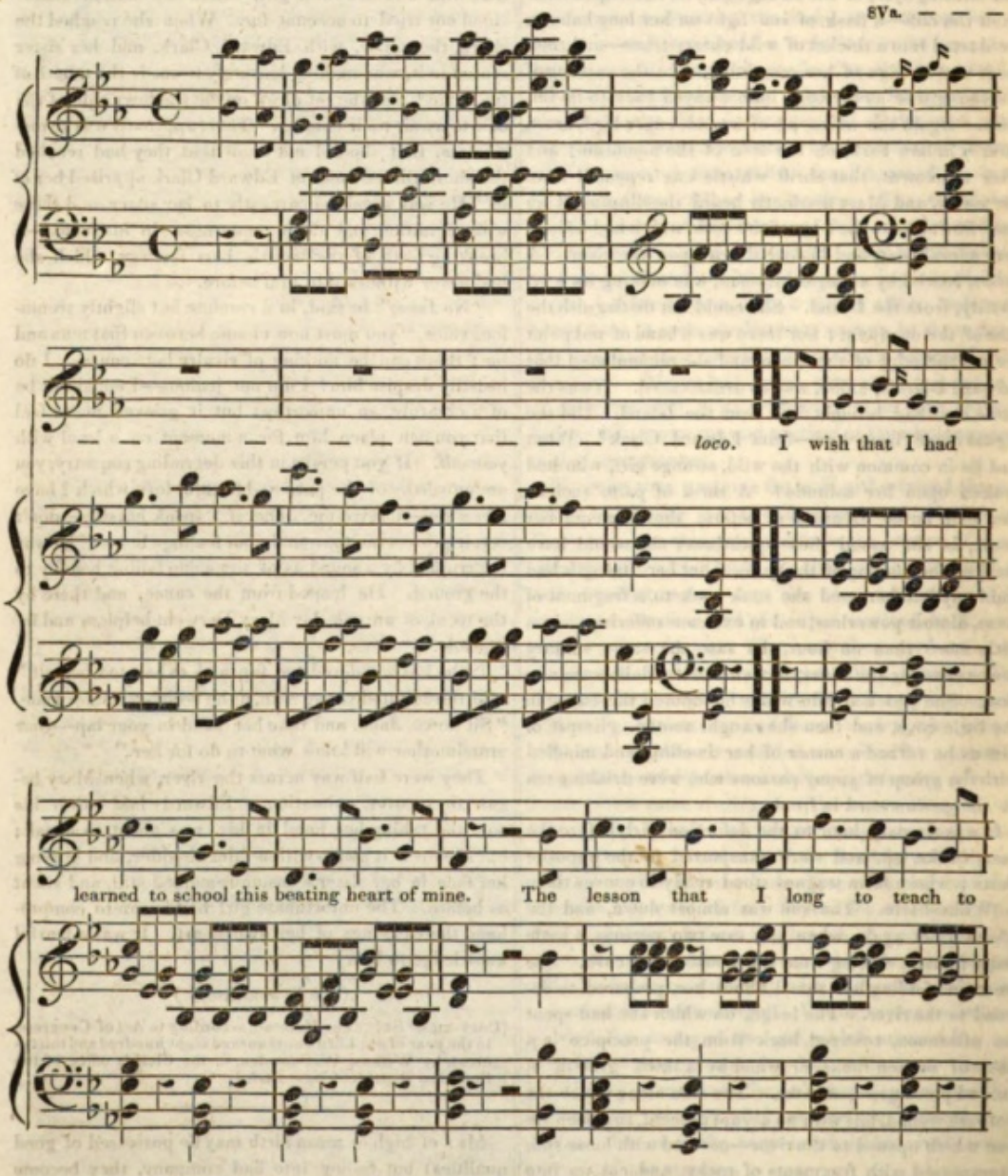
They were half way across the river, when Mary began to recover animation. Edward laid down his oar, and taking her hand in his, was about to speak; but she drew it away with a faint shudder, and burying her face in her sister's bosom remained still, and silent as before. The unfortunate girl had began to comprehend the workings of her own heart. It was a fearful knowledge to her.

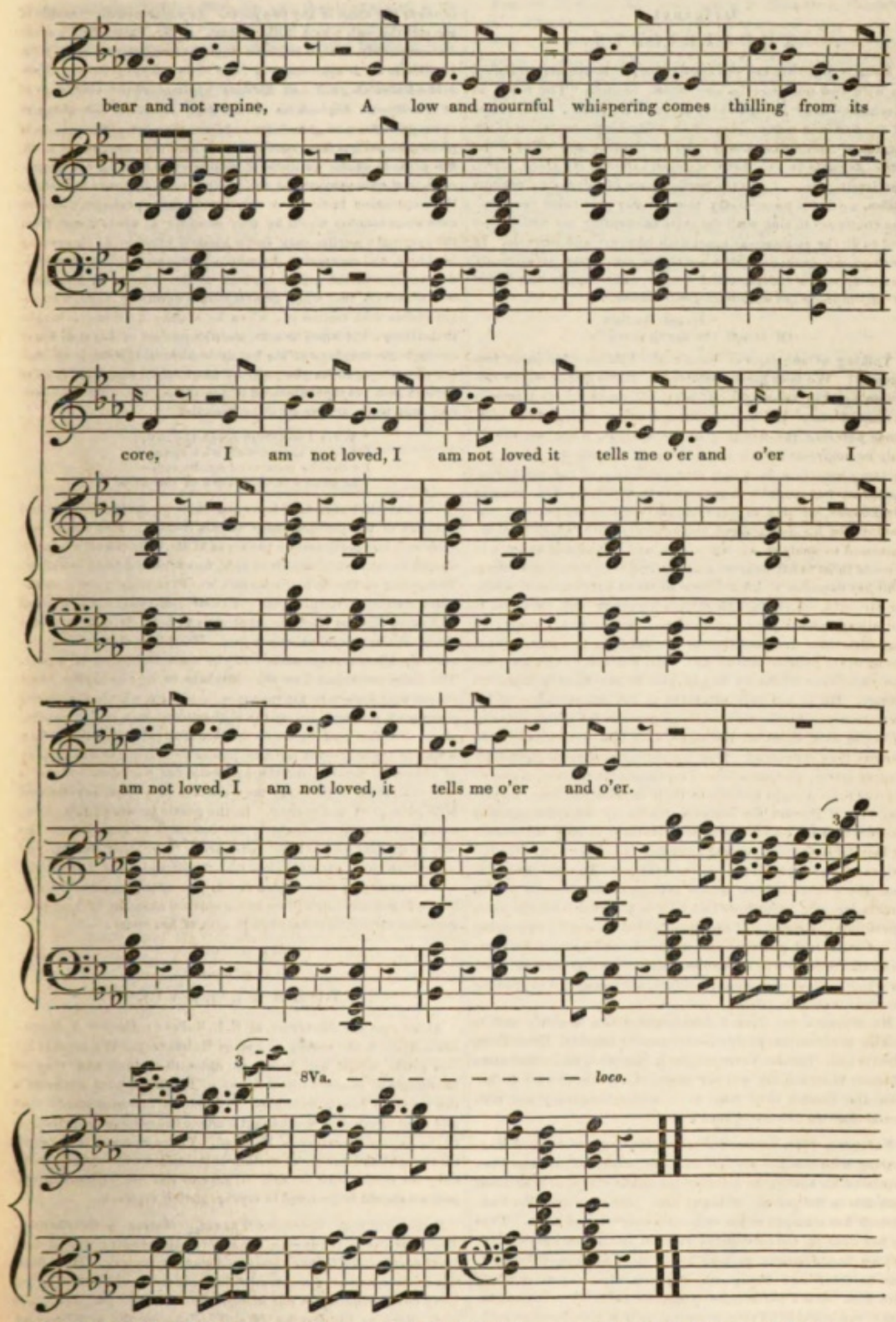
(To be continued.)

Men of high or mean birth may be possessed of good qualities: but falling into bad company, they become vicious. Rivers flow with sweet waters; but having joined the ocean, they become undrinkable.

ORIGINAL.

I AM NOT LOVED! I AM NOT LOVED!





"My cheek and lip are fading fast,
Mine eyes are sunk and dim,
There is no music in my voice,
No winning tone for him;
And yet, to me, there's many a heart
Has bow'd in courtly hall;
But now, I am not loved by one
I prize beyond them all.

"He little heeds how well a smile
The bitter thought can hide;
He little deems the gay salute
But comes from woman's pride;
With gentle looks, my hand he clasps,
And softly breathes my name,
I am not loved, and coldly turn
In trembling, grief and shame.

"He shall not know the foolish hope
I seek to fling away—
He gazes on a fairer flower,
And never dreads decay;
But change may come, and youth may fail,
The lamp of life be dim;
I am not loved, *I* am not loved—
But *who will care for him?*"

Original.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—Since our last the manager of this house has presented us with two novelties—a new opera, entitled "The Siege of Rochelle," and "La Sylphide; or, the Dew Drow." The music of the first is in many instances an unblushing adaptation of the strains of another composer; and the dancing and acting of the *little Augusta* in the last was remarkable for its grace, spirit, and intelligence. Upon the performance of *Madame Caradori Allan*, we feel it unnecessary to make any particular remarks: she continues to sing with the same enchanting air and tone—and to fill the audience as usual with pleasure and surprise. In our opinion, each delighted spectator must have occasionally gazed upon this accomplished woman, expecting, in the words of the impassioned author of *Lalla Rookh*,

"To see the face
Of *Israfil*, the angel, there."

Talking of angels, why doesn't Mr. Placide play more frequently? We miss him exceedingly. In his line he has probably no equal in the world. If his performances have a fault, it is want of ease. His conceptions are always just; but we sometimes perceive the working of the springs, when we should only be impressed with the felicity of the effect. There are certain characters in which this exhibition of the machinery does well; but it ought, in general, to be avoided. This error in Mr. Placide, we hold to have had its origin in the peculiar distinctness of his perceptions, the accuracy with which he is accustomed to analyze his characters, and a laudable anxiety to present them to his hearers with unerring clearness and effect. This has imparted to his delivery an air of precision and oracular strength, which though always vigorous and effective, is not always pleasing or appropriate. Yet he never rants; he may sometimes give needless or hurtful force to a just feeling, but he never exhibits a false one. Mr. Placide, by the way, has one excellence which we would like to see other performers imitate. He is not only attentive to the maintenance of his own character, but he aids, as far as possible the scenic illusion, by acting as if those on the stage with him were actually the persons they represent. This is a point too often neglected by leading actors, who conscious of real merit themselves, conceive it gives them a right to despise their inferior brethren, forgetting that if Hamlet, for instance, marks by his contemptuous conduct that his bosom confidante, Horatio, is only Mr. ——, he inevitably forces upon the audience the conviction, that the Prince of Denmark himself is but a shadow. To receive as genuine the "shin-plasters" which managers occasionally put in circulation, may sometimes be a trial of patience; but the more a performer of merit aids the theatrical delusion, by appearing to act with real persons, and under the influence of real motives, the more he will frame the audience to that state of mind on which higher, and solitary efforts, are calculated to produce the most favorable effect.

Mr. Simpson has done a fair business this season; and is making preparations to do a better one the ensuing. Ellen Tree, Mrs. Wood, Madame Vestris, Power, Mathews, and other stars of lesser radiance are already engaged, and those who do not visit the theatre then must have more democracy and self-denial than we can lay claim to.

NATIONAL.—Mr. Vandenhoff leaves for England early in May, bearing with him the respect and kind wishes of all who have witnessed his admirable delineations on the stage, or associated with him in the private walks of life. One character Mr. Vandenhoff has stamped as his own—the character of *Cato*. That he has done so, the unanimous voice of the public has evinced, and we firmly believe that he has so identified himself with it, that no actor now living can in the smallest degree compete with him. It is a performance complete in itself—so complete, that it can scarcely be termed acting, or if it must be so termed, acting can no further go; and we are unacquainted with any other specimen of his powers, that can give us a better idea of his extensive application, and his ardent genius.

One striking peculiarity in this gentleman's acting is, that he is never the same in any two parts. As water usually "tastes of the soil through which it has passed," so Mr. Vandenhoff's manner commonly takes a tincture from the character he is playing. In *Othello* he is dignified—in *Iago* he is a hypocrite—in *Macbeth* he mimics guilt— in *Richard* he displays the sternness of of cruelty—in *Shylock* its inveteracy. He takes his ideas of these passions and principles not from the abstract inquiries of philosophers, but from conceptions which are common to us all. He gives to us the outlines of characters which all can appreciate, and consequently in his portraits the likeness is strong, the impression lasting. A connoiseur may, perhaps, discover numerous touches which he may consider as aberrations from the original: a critic may fancy himself capable of improving his ideas, and correcting the whole performance, but these trifles are lost in the grand contour of the whole. It has been well observed, that when he first enters upon the stage, a stranger smiles with contempt; when he speaks a stranger laughs in derision; but when he *acts*, and the powers of his soul burst through the bondage of his bodily weakness, the smile of contempt is changed for the gaze of admiration, and the laugh of derison into the rapt attention of the silent soul. Mr. Vandenhoff may well exclaim with the Psalmist,

"Were I so tall to reach the sky,
Or grasp the ocean with a span,
I would be measured by the *soul*—
The *mind's* the *standard* of the *man*."

We have left ourselves less room than we could have desired to speak of the performances at this theatre. The house has been well attended, and on the night of Mr. Vandenhoff's benefit, as well as on that of Mr. Browne's, was crowded to an overflow. The acting on the former occasion was extremely good; on the latter "nothing to speak of." *Ernest Maltravers*, dramatized by Louisa Medina Hamblin, continues to hold its own with the aid of Wallack's inimitable acting. Hamblin's character is devoid of sufficient stage material to be made any thing of a part. The "new candidate," as she continues to be called, for some reason best known to the manager, has talent which, if *properly* cultivated, will lead her to the highest eminence in her profession. Her face and figure do not seem adapted for the loftier walks of tragedy—yet she has power sufficient for the display of vehement passion, and the expression of her countenance is well calculated to pourtray the workings of a mind surcharged with pain, grief and sorrow. In the gentle scenes of life, however, there can be no doubt of her complete success—there she will be natural, elegant and inartificial. Her chief defect, and one which she must struggle with "might and main" to remedy, is a solemnity of tone, which she is fast acquiring, and which, if she is not careful, will be as serious an obstacle in her professional career, as it has been in that of her sister.

Original.

LITERARY REVIEW.

ALICE; *or, the Mysteries*, by E. L. Bulwer: *Harper & Brothers.*—Alice is the sequel to Ernest Maltravers. We cannot let this work, which will break in upon thousands and tens of thousands of readers like a burst of sunshine, pass without a few words of hearty welcome. It is one of the most unaffected and most interesting works that modern times have contributed to the lighter literature of England. There is much of beautiful thought and beautiful writing in it—and we should scarcely envy the reader who is able to pass to the end without deep, and we should be justified in saying, lasting emotion.

RETROSPECT OF WESTERN TRAVEL: *Harper & Brothers.*—Miss Martineau, it appears, has favored the reading world with another specimen of her views on American society. Miss Martineau, as a writer of no mean calibre, is too well known to require commendation at our hands. She is not as prejudiced, in most cases, as the famous *Mrs. Trollope*, or the nondescript, *Hamilton*, but still she mixes the *sour* with the *sweet*, at times, rather too profusely, and not at all where it is deserved. To say that we are, as a nation, free from censure, would be ridiculous. When we individually admit into our domestic circles

strangers from a foreign clime, the least that is expected in return is *gratitude*—which has ever been considered the strongest barrier, even by the most barbarous, against assault or treachery.

CROMWELL: *Harper & Brothers.*—This is an historical novel, from the pen of *H. W. Herbert*, the author of "The Brothers." Cromwell is most interesting and instructive—the language glowing and fervent—the incidents remarkably picturesque and sublime. The trial of King Charles is pourtrayed with great skill; and the portraiture of his intriguing successor, Cromwell, is admirably drawn.

> "Yet is the tale *true*, though it be, as strange,
> As full, methinks, of wild and wondrous change,
> As any that the wandering tribes require,
> Stretch'd in the desert round their evening fire;
> As any sung of old in hall or bower
> To minstrel-harps at midnight's witching hour."

If *American readers* and *American publishers* would only turn their attention a little more to the encouragement of *genius*, such as that which dictated the above work, we should not be compelled to depend upon *foreign writers* so much as we have of late for novels and romances. It is true, *Mr. Herbert* is an Englishman, but he has resided in America for years, and has become as it were, deeply imbued with our national feeling and institutions.

NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE of European polite literature—edited by *Lucian J. Bisbee.*—This is a new monthly magazine lately commenced in this city, with a fair prospect of success, we are inclined to think. It will be composed of *selections* from the entire European press, and is therefore a far preferable work to any of the *reprints*. In consequence of its being made up entirely of selections from foreign magazines, it will interfere materially with many of our weekly papers, especially those cheap ones, which are filled with dry and trashy verbiage, compiled from the researches of really talented men, by overrated, self-conceited jackalls. *Competition* is the great characteristic of the age in which we live, and each accession to the list of competitors should be hailed with delight by the reading community.

MEMOIRS OF GRIMALDI: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—These volumes are exceedingly amusing, and are every way worthy of the transcendent pen from which they emanate, that of the famous "*Boz.*" We have read them through with much attention, and have pondered long over the rich anecdotes with which the work is interspersed.—*The Carvills, Broadway.*

KATE LESLIE: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.*—The plot of this work is fruitful—the characters possessing interest of a thrilling nature—although that of the actress we should pronounce most improbable. *T. Haynes Bayley*, is the author, and well has he discharged the task imposed upon himself. Kate Leslie is an interesting work, and should be read by every one partial to light literature.—*Wiley & Putnam, Broadway.*

SKETCHES OF PARIS: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.*—Is one of the most piquant and amusing books of sketches we have ever had the pleasure of looking over. It is composed of a series of familiar letters, written by an American gentleman to his friends, while in France. These letters enter fully into the intrigues, and scenes which daily occur in the Parisian metropolis—and they are, too, described with a graphic pen.—*Wiley & Putnam, Broadway.*

DAVID DUMPS: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.*—Reader, if you are very low spirited and completely under the control of a fit of the blues, sit down and read David Dumps. It will be a fine moral lesson to you, worth half-a-dozen sermons on the benefits of cheerfulness, or a whole library of sentiment and philosophy. But if you are habitually happy and contented, lend it to some nervous low spirited friend. It were a sin to throw it away upon you, when it may be driving away a cloud of melancholy and cheering the heart which has nothing to do but to weave a web of sorrows to entangle itself in.—*Wiley & Putnam, Broadway.*

THE STATE PRISONER: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—This book, although it bears rather a *confining* name, is however, possessed of much interest. It is a tale of the French regency, written by Mary Louisa Boyle. The genuine history of Dumont, the state prisoner, his appearance, manners, character and his confinement at Bordeaux, are all derived from information which fell casually in the author's way, but was subsequently confirmed by authority that left no doubt of its accuracy. The date of this extraordinary man's captivity, has been changed, however, to suit the purposes of the writer; but as his ultimate fate was involved in mystery, as well as every circumstance preceding and following a particular epoch in his life, the author has not ventured to supply from imagination, the deficiency of some parts of the history, which is, in itself, possessed of sufficient interest.—*The Carvills, Broadway.*

OLIVER TWIST, *Part* I: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—Here is another production from the ever-welcome pen of "*Boz.*" It is illustrated with twelve comical engravings, from designs by *Cruikshanks*. The work is elegantly printed, and reflects the highest credit on the publishers. As this is the first of a series of papers under this title, we would advise every one to procure an early copy.—*The Carvills, Broadway.*

ETIQUETTE FOR LADIES: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—The ladies should comb the wool of the author of this book for his presumption in attempting to teach them *etiquette*. And what is worse than all, the writer has appended some hints on the preservation, improvement and display of *female beauty* in general.—*The Carvills, Broadway.*

BURTON; *or, the Sieges*, by *Professor Ingraham*, is, we are happy to announce, rapidly going through the press of the *Harpers'*, and will be given to the public in June.

EDITORS' TABLE.

MR. D. R. BARKER, *the artist.*—Every person of a refined taste must take a delight in the contemplation of an accomplished artist's studio, with its furniture of portraits, miniatures, landscapes and all the graceful inventions of genius and taste. This gratification cannot be indulged more satisfactorily than in the studio of *D. R. Barker*, 243 *Broadway*, who is one of our most successful American portrait-painters, both in talent and popularity; and on whose walls may always be seen correct, highly finished and spirited likenesses. It is seldom that our own countrymen have penetration enough to discover merit—and in most instances where they do so, sufficient liberality to reward it. Such is not, however, the case in regard to Mr. Barker—his reputation has spread with unprecedented velocity, and in proof, we would mention that he has completed during the last year a very large number of portraits of both sexes. Mr. Barker is one of our most promising young artists and his efforts are calculated to make the academicians look to their laurels; he does not ask *two hundred dollars* for a half-size portrait, but the productions of his pencil only require him to appraise them at that rate to make them equal to any in the city. To the ladies, we would particularly commend Mr. Barker; his skill in transferring their faces to canvass is astonishing; he is, moreover, courteous and gentlemanly in his manners—and all who take the trouble to visit his rooms will be richly repaid.

HOGG'S BOTANICAL GARDENS, *Broadway.*—If there is one passion more innocent than another in the human heart, it is a love of flowers. Of all the gentle children of the soil, from the first delicate blossom of April to the queenly rose of midsummer, there is not a solitary blossom which may not waken some pleasant association or gentle thought in the mind. There is something so delightful in the cultivation of plants, so much of poetry and tranquil feeling aroused in the budding and putting forth of a blossom we have fostered. Something so melancholy, and yet so sweet, in the fragrant decay and fall of the overripe petals, that it is difficult to believe any human heart entirely senseless to an enjoyment so tranquil. A love of flowers seems so natural to woman—so necessarily a portion of her nature, that we should feel as if a most lovely attribute of the

heart were wanting in one who did not possess it. There must be a deficiency of taste and intellect in the woman who cannot make flowers a pleasant resource, and even a theme for deep and holy thought. How dreary would this earth be without "its gentle race of flowers;" how difficult it would be to imagine a heaven without such flowers as make even our world heavenly.

We were led to these thoughts by a delightful ramble through Mr. Hogg's Botanical Gardens in the upper part of Broadway, and if any of our fair readers have a morning to spare, they will do well to take a drive to this delightful establishment. In a few days the garden shrubbery will be putting forth its leaves, and even now the numerous hot-houses are in their glory. All of them are crowded with rare, healthy plants, budding and radiant with spring-blossoms—let our readers wander through the beds of Geraniums, covered as they now are with flowers of every hue and variety, from the deep, rich scarlet to a pure white, with a soft velvety red breaking up from the heart of the flower—let them stand in a forest of superb Japonicas—some of a snowy white, some variegated, and others of deep red, all unfolding to life among the glossy green leaves. Let them pay a visit to the orangery with its wealth of golden fruit; with the urbane and gentlemanly proprietor for an escort to point out the merits of pet plants; and then if any one of them can leave the garden without bringing away a carriage load of the beautiful things they have seen, they can withstand temptation much beyond our powers of resistance. Our greatest wish, at this moment, is, that poetry might be made a current circulating medium—if it were, we would purchase half Mr. Hogg's stock for our own especial gratification—leaving the rest, gentle reader, subject to your order. But alas! poetry is not money, if it were, what a treasure the communication box of the Ladies' Companion would be! S. A. S.

Preservation of the Teeth.—There is no portion of the human frame that requires more attention than the teeth; and we are confident they are the most neglected by the great mass of individuals composing both sexes. For this apparent inattention to the health of the whole system, no excuse can be formed. To those who are afflicted we would recommend as an operator *Dr. A. G. Bigelow*, a gentleman of great skill in the profession, and one, too, who performs the most difficult operations without the least pain or inconvenience.

The memoir of *Miss Emma Wheatley* is unavoidably deferred. It will appear in the June number.

Articles from the prolific pens of *Mrs. E. C. Embury, Miss Beasley, Miss Woodbridge, S. R. Becket, Henry F. Harrington*, and *James Brooks*, have been unavoidably delayed until the June number, when, in addition to the writers already mentioned, articles by *Mrs. Louisa Medina Hamblin, Miss Anna J. Reid* and *Professor Henry W. Longfellow*, will appear.

Original.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

FEMALE CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS ABOUT THE HUDSON."

NUMBER III.

"Woman, dear woman, still the same,
While lips are balm and looks are flame,
While man possesses heart or eyes,
Woman's bright empire never dies!"—MOORE.

The Begging Nun.—Mrs. General Lascells, when more celebrated as Miss Catley, the singer, was once entreated to contribute to the relief of a widow, whose husband had left her in a very distressed situation. She gave her a guinea, but desired to know the poor woman's address; and in three days called upon her with near fifty pounds, which she had in the interim collected at a masquerade in the character of a begging nun.

Fortunate Foundling.—Mrs. Achmet, the actress, was found at night when an infant, enclosed in a basket in one of the streets of Dublin. A gentleman hearing the child's cries, humanely took it home, and resolved to rear it up as his own offspring. He spared no expense in giving his protégé an accomplished education; and at a suitable period conferred upon her at the altar his own name of Achmet.

Child's Prayer.—A little girl, of five years of age, was equally fond of her mother and grandmother. On the birth-day of the latter, her mother said to her, "My dear, you must pray to God to bless your grandmamma, that she may live to be very old." The child looked with some surprise at her mother, who perceiving it, said, "Will you not pray to God to bless your grandmamma, and that she may become very old?" "Ah, mamma," said the child, "she is very old already, I will rather pray that she may become young."

Hortensia.—The daughter of Hortensius inherited the eloquence of her father; and when the Roman women were required to render on oath an account of their property, preparatory to a heavy tax, she pleaded the cause of her sex with such force, that the decree was annulled.

The harangue which she delivered on this occasion before the triumviri, Antony Octavius, and Lepidus, was extant in the time of Quintillian, who speaks of it with great applause.

Maternal Intrepidity.—The wife of Mr. Lemuel Alexander, of Smithfield, in Rhode Island, went to the well to draw water, with a young child in her arms.—While in the act, from some cause, the child slipped or sprung from her, and plunged into the well, which was about thirty feet deep. The mother immediately seized the well-pole, with which she descended a part of the distance, and then jumped down to the relief of her child, which was raised from the water and held in that position, until the cries of Mrs. A. brought Mr. Joshua Arnold to her relief. Both the mother and child were taken from the well without having received material injury.

Mary Leapor.—Mary Leapor, who has left two volumes of poems, although she died at the early age of twenty four, was the daughter of a gardener to Judge Blencore. Her education was suitable to the poverty of her origin; she was merely taught to read and write. At first her parents encouraged her propensity to poetry; but afterwards, fearful that it might be prejudicial to her well doing in the world, they endeavored by every means to prevent her indulging it in future. Her perseverance triumphed, and she was the author of some beautiful poems.

MONTMORENCY WATERFALL & CONE, NEAR QUEBEC.

For the Ladies' Companion.

Spread broadly upward through the dusky leaves,
'Till the dark forest reddened with the glare.
In double ranks, circling that glowing tree,

Leaps madly on in the misty spray—
It rocks on the verge—away, away!
There is nothing left but the solemn swell
Of the waters sounding a funeral knell.

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JUNE, 1838.

Original.

THE MONTMORENCY FALLS.

BY MRS. ANN. S. STEPHENS.

THERE is a legend of these waterfalls,
Which haunts my fancy like a formless dream,
Whispered unto my heart in other years.
Where, or how, the story found a form
I cannot well remember me—but still,
It flings a vague and gloomy shadowing
Upon the pictured treasures of the mind,
And takes a form as if of waking truth.
'Twas of the time when the red warrior chose
His camping-ground among those frowning rocks,
And laid him down for stern, unbroken sleep,
Within the booming thunders of the Fall.
His council fires gleamed redly on the hills,
And shot their arrowy light along the ledge
Which girds the waters to their downward leap.
The sea of waving foliage, dense and green,
Spread from the margin of the misty East,
To the rich crimson of the setting sun—
The gloomy precipice—the tangled dell,
The sounding cataract and purple hills—
Where the fierce wolf prowled freely for his prey—
Where crafty panthers slumbered on the boughs,
And the huge buffalo a track had worn
Along the margin of the rushing stream:
These were the red man's glorious heritage!

It was the prime of summer; mossy glades
Were flush with blossoms, and the ripe, warm sun
Floated among them, like a smile from heaven.
The trees were burthened with rich leafiness,
And from that wild and verdant solitude
The anthem of that waterfall went up
With a most solemn melody. The sky
Brooded above the earth with bending love.
The sunshine smiled upon the leaping waves;
And all things whispered of a Maker's power.

But human life, and woe, and deadly hate,
Had found a home in that deep solitude;
For there, beneath the green and leafy gloom
Of the hush'd wilderness, a circling flame
Crept upward round the huge and knotted trunk
Of an old forest oak. The splintered pine
Blazed o'er the tangled roots—flashed bright and high,
And then with red, warm tongues devouring leaped
To the hoar moss that bearded every bough—
Spread broadly upward through the dusky leaves,
'Till the dark forest reddened with the glare.
In double ranks, circling that glowing tree,
Sat fierce brow'd warriors, like a ring of fiends,
Sent out to hold their orgies upon earth.
The winds swept through the hot and burning boughs,
And scintillating sparks—a fiery rain—
Showered o'er the stirless forms; while upward sprung
The quiv'ring flames upon the smoky air.
The shafted arrow and the sinewy bow—
The tomahawk and club and keen-edged knife—
Flashed to the light, and there all hotly gleamed
In the tall grass: and that, curled crisply back,
Shrivelled, grew dim and died, on the scorched earth.
It was a savage and a fearful scene—
Yet was it dashed with light; for through the trees
Were seen, imperfectly, the glow of flowers,
And sunny banks, and glancing bright between,
Leaped the swift rapids, laughing in the sun.
A small canoe swung dancing to the swell,
As if it felt the music of the Fall.

There stood the victims!
The one a girl, so gently fair,
She seemed a spirit of upper air,
Lured by the sound of the water's swell
To the haunt of demons, dark and fell:
But, oh! the keen despair,
Breaking from out that large dark eye,
Bent with such chill intensity,
On the wild pageant there!
Those livid lips grew cold and white;
And her brow was knit, in the dusky light,
Beneath her long black hair.

Bound by many a twisted thong,
In manly courage stern and strong,
Stood one whose eye ne'er dim'd its fire,
Though firmly bent on his funeral pyre.
Yet his bosom heaved—his heart beat quick;
His labored breath came fast and thick;
His cheek grew pale, and drops of pain
Sprang to his brow, like beaded rain,
As he felt the clasp of his pallid bride,
Where she clung, in fear, to his prisoned side.
One fearful start; a wild sharp thrill—
She sinks to his feet all cold and still!
The forest has sent from cave and dell,
The echoing sound of a horrid yell;
The wood is alive on either hand
With the rushing feet of that savage band!
The youth has rent his bonds apart!
His bride is clasped to his leaping heart!
Like a stag he bounds the forest through;
Down, down the rapids that light canoe
Leaps madly on in the misty spray—
It rocks on the verge—away, away!
There is nothing left but the solemn swell
Of the waters sounding a funeral knell.

Original.

A TALE OF THE IRISH REBELLION.

In the wildest part of the coast of Wicklow, there stands, or at least, there stood, towards the close of the year 17—, a neatly thatched cottage; remarkable not only on account of its romantic situation, but also for a superior air of comfort which it bore in comparison with that most miserable of all dwelling-places, an Irish peasant's cabin. Would that it were possible to describe the beauties of that forest spot! When nature formed it she must have been in a fantastic mood indeed; for it was wild as the poet's dream, when at the height of his frenzy. To the North, stretched out the famous Dublin Bay, or as it is called in the native language—"The black lake of the sea;" Eastward, naught could be seen but the broad and treacherous Irish Channel; and on all other sides it was completely shut in by the "Sugar-loaf" mountains.

It was night when our story begins. The cold eastwardly winds sent the clouds scudding athwart the heavens at a fearful rate; and as now and then the moon shining fitfully through, reflected her beams on the white washed walls of the cottage, a superstitious beholder would have thought it was some troubled ghost stalking in its shroud through the scenes of its former crimes and woe.

In one corner of the principal room in the house, sat a female rocking herself to and fro and singing to a child she held in her arms, that low and monotonous sing-song with which Irish women are wont to lull their babes to sleep. Tears were chasing each other slowly down her cheeks, and as ever and anon, some seemingly unutterable thought darted through her brain, she seemed the very image of desperate grief. Alas! she had terrible cause for her sorrow. That very morning her husband had been found guilty of joining the secret society of "United Irishmen," and had been executed as a rebel. But she was not the only one left to mourn his untimely and disgraceful death. There was another inmate of that chamber, whose grief, though less loud, was as sincere, and who to the last day of her life bewailed her unhappy father's fate; for she was the rebel's only daughter. Cathleen O'Neale, for such was her name, sat with her arms crossed over a small table, on which she leant her throbbing forehead; and as her hair, usually confined within due bounds, was now loose and tangled, it nearly hid her whole person. Had Ovid seen her as she sat perfectly motionless, he would have been inspired to write an ode on some beautiful Hebe turned to stone: indeed, the only sign she showed was a long and bitter sob which escaped as if it would break her heart. As a gust of wind swept by the house, she started, (for those were times when a less circumstance would send a chill to the heart of young and old throughout Ireland) and throwing back her hair, displayed a countenance of surpassing loveliness. One glance would have told you she was of the posterity of Milesius, for she had the dark eye and rich complexion which his descendents to this day have preserved as the mark of their Spanish origin. Though coarsely dressed, and at present bowed down by grief, there was that in her appearance which said she might "have sung a song of better days," before her father was ruined and crushed to the earth, through hatred of his religion and liberal opinions, by the oppressors of his country. I said she started, as she did, three distinct raps were heard on the window-shutter. She fell on her knees, and marking the Shileth of her faith, the sign of the Cross, on her bosom, she murmured the words, "May the souls of the departed rest in peace!" and then rose to open the door to the person that knocked.

"Ah, dearest Dermot! thank God that you are safe!"

"Cathleen, my own darling sister, how have you lived through this long dreadful day?"

"Oh, it has been terrible; but, Dermot, our poor mother—"

"Great God! yes, we should not think of ourselves while she remains to be consoled and comforted."

He entered and sat down.

"Well, my poor boy," said his mother; "you saw *him* take his last look of this dreary world: I hope in God, he did not linger long—did not suffer much?"

"No, mother, no—he died, brave as a lion to the last. I followed with the crowd through the streets of Dublin to the green; and there he wished to say a few words to the people; but his voice was drowned by the beating of the drums of those hell-hounds—the red-coats. When he found his efforts to speak useless, he grew paler for a second, his lip quivered slightly, and the next minute he was with his God! Stop, mother, cease weeping and listen to me, I have something yet to tell you. As the sheriff was descending from the platform, a paper was thrown towards him from the midst of the crowd, which astonished him so much that he read it aloud, before he hardly understood its meaning. It was to warn him, that before a fortnight had elapsed a victim would be required in revenge for the death of my father. It was signed by that terrible name, which made the boldest soldier grow pale when he heard it—Gerald O'Bryan, the Outlaw."

"Ah!" cried the mother, jumping up and shaking her arm wildly, "may heaven pour its choicest blessings on his head during all eternity! the noble-hearted youth!"

"Amen! amen!" was all that Cathleen replied to her mother's invocation, and then hid her face which was covered with deep blushes, in her hands.

"But," continued Dermot, "the officer immediately perceiving the error he had committed in giving publicity to such a daring defiance, offered, within hearing of almost all the assembled multitude, the immense reward of three thousand guineas for the Outlaw's head."

"Good God!" groaned Cathleen, who had now grown white as alabaster, "he is lost!"

"Never!" cried her brother, "as long as he has the protection of God and every true friend of his country, the man will be safe; ay, in the very palace of the Lord Lieutenant himself! As a proof of what I say—the sheriff had scarcely ceased speaking when I heard a hoarse bitter laugh behind me, and on turning round beheld the flash of that eye that can never be forgotten—Gerald himself stood beside me!"

'Ha! ha!' he again laughed. 'Dermot, did you ever imagine that your friend's head would have brought such a weight of gold?'

'Hush, for God's sake!' said I, 'if they recognize you, your fate is sealed. But how came you here? It was a desperate undertaking!'

'I came not,' said he, 'to whet my rage against the enemies of my country by the sight of another murder, for it is already at its height; but I came to see what effect that piece of paper would have, Dermot, on your father's executioners, and I have seen enough: my head is set against so much yellow dross! But you speak of my fate being sealed, were I recognized; one wave of my arm, and one shout of 'The Gerald for ever!' and not a soldier here would ever again return to his barracks to boast over the share he had had in the degradation of Ireland. 'Tis well that they know me not! But enough of this. When do you return to the cottage?'

'To-night,' I replied.

'Ah, so soon. Would to God I could accompany you! But give this token to your sister Cathleen—on seeing it she will understand its meaning. Farewell, Dermot, the Gerald will avenge your wrongs!' and he was gone. Here, Cathleen, is the token he spoke of;" and Dermot took a ribbon from around his neck, to which was attached a small finely wrought golden crucifix, and gave it to his sister.

With trembling hands she seized and pressed it to her lips. A common observer would have seen nothing more than an act of devotion, in kissing the image of her Redeemer, but a nicer scrutinizer of the heart would have remarked that she caught it too eagerly for mere devotion, indeed, a caviller at her religion would have called it rank idolatry; but the truth is, she was thinking of nothing more or less, at the time, than the donor of the token, outlaw and outcast as he was. She then touched a spring in the top of the cross, and the back flying open revealed a small piece of paper. She drew it out, and read the words:

"The Judge who condemns Murdock O'Neale to death, for striving to regain his country's liberty, *dies* within a fortnight after, by my hand, so help me God.

GERALD O'BRYAN.

"Mother, he will redeem his pledge—the Judge is doomed!"

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Four nights afterwards a man was seen cautiously descending the hill which leads to the little town of Wicklow. As he crept noiselessly along the principal street, he appeared to be much agitated by fear or some other cause, for at every stir within the houses he would stop and crouch to the earth, and then his breath came thick and his heart beat violently; at last he reached a house, which seemed larger and better built than most of its neighbors. Crawling over the fence of a garden attached to it, he knocked lightly at a back door; which was not opened until he had thrice repeated the summons. As he knocked the last time he saw a dark object run quickly past him, and as he started at its sudden appearance, the door opened, and he was asked by a ruffianly looking man, dressed in a half military style, with a foraging cap on his head, and a soldier's stiff leather stock round his throat—

"What the devil he wanted at that late hour of the night?"

He replied, "he wanted to see the magistrate."

"Ha! I suppose your fingers are itching to grasp some more blood-money! But come in, man or devil which ever you are. I see you are a novice in your trade or you would not shake so, because I called the reward for delivering one of your countrymen up to the gallows by its true name—blood-money;" and here he eyed the stranger with a malignant grin; for even the soldiers in Ireland, fiends as they were in those days, despised "the Informer."

He showed the countryman (who might have been about five-and-twenty years old, though he seemed a great deal more, as he was pale as death, and his eyes were deep sunk in his head,) into a room so full of tobacco smoke that with difficulty he perceived three men sitting at the upper end, and who were the cause of the density of the atmosphere. As he approached, two of them took their pipes from their mouths and laughed heartily at what the third was telling them. They then passed an immense measure from one to the other, which was filled with strong porter, and, by way of rendering it more palatable to their seasoned throats, had about half a pint of whiskey mixed with it. When each had drank about as much as would have dosed a horse, the two resumed their pipes, the third his story; never taking the least notice of the intruder. The man thinking they had not seen him, attempted to speak, but was told to be silent by the soldier who had introduced him. The narrator, who was a corporal in a Welsh regiment, continued to tell the result of an experiment he had made that morning of the latest method which had been invented for giving human beings a foretaste of the tortures of the damned. He mentioned he had overtaken a countryman on the highway, and, before the man was aware of his intention, had thrown him down and secured him with a cord he always carried about for such purposes. He then began to cut his ears off after the most approved fashion. When he had arrived at this most interesting stage of his proceedings, he was fortunately joined by one of his comrades, who hinted what a capital opportunity to try the effects of the latest inventions; and they proceeded accordingly to moisten a quantity of gunpowder and rub it in the shape of a cross into the wretch's head; when the skin had imbibed a sufficient quantity and his hair was full of it, they loosened his legs, and having set fire to the power, (a fact) they gave him a push and let him run; and away the miserable man went howling with agony, his head one mass of gore, and still blazing, to throw himself into a pool of water that was close by; but before reaching it he fell, and there he lay on his back, writhing in torture and roaring to them like a maniac to shoot him. When they had laughed at his contortions till they could hardly stand, the corporal very reluctantly sent a ball through his head; but he could not afford time to wait any longer.

Chuckling over the picture the corporal drew of the

"Croppy's sufferings, they regaled themselves with another draft of porter.

The head man of the trio was a regular specimen of the Irish magistrate during the Rebellion; about one of whom, Byron, that true friend of the oppressed, has written so eloquently.

"Without one single ray of her genius, without
The fancy, the manhood, the fire of her race;
The miscreant who well might plunge Erin in doubt
If she ever gave birth to a being so base—

"If she did—let her long boasted proverb be hushed,
Which proclaims that from Erin no reptile can spring;
See the cold-blooded serpent with venom full flushed
Still warming its folds in the breast of a king."

This wretch turned round and demanded the countryman's business. He replied, he came to give information, by which it was likely that O'Bryan, the Outlaw, might be seized. The magistrate's countenance immediately turned of a bluish white, through deadly fear—(for it was he who had sentenced O'Neale,) but then the thought of three thousand guineas flashed across his dastard soul, and he recovered himself. Seizing a bible, he flung it across the table, and the man having taken the usual oath, deposed—that on the occasion of O'Neale's execution he had perceived his son, Dermot, in conversation with a man, whom he afterwards found out to be O'Bryan, and consequently Dermot, having favored the Outlaw's escape, was guilty of treason. A shout of joy from the infernal crew made the room ring again. They had watched many a day to effect the young man's ruin, and now he was in their power. And what crime had he committed to warrant their deadly hatred? Had he ever done them harm? No. But his sister was beautiful! And were he once destroyed, (the father was already got rid of,) she would be an unprotected quarry for their hawk-like vengeance to pounce upon. The man had said enough to gain his recompense, they threw him three guineas and he departed.

"Oh! for a tongue to curse the slave
Whose treason like a deadly blight
Comes o'er the councils of the brave
And blasts them in their hour of might."

He departed, but never more to look upon the blessed sun. He was found dead next day, half way between Wicklow and Dublin. A paper lying near him, with "The Informer's doom," marked upon it. The dark object he had seen run past him as he knocked at the magistrate's door, was a man who had watched him, and afterwards became his destroyer. But the money he had received was not touched, though the man who shot him was literally starving at the time—

"He seize that money! Seize Satanai!"

It was the price of blood, and its touch would have been pollution!

—

The moon had set, and the night was dark as Erebus. Twenty men crept down the mountain at the back of O'Neale's dwelling. Led like the bandog by the scent of blood, their course was straight; deviating neither to the right or left. Neither immense rocks nor the beds of the hill torrents, which dashed from one projection to another, turned them aside until they had reached their goal; when they surrounded the "O'Neale's cottage," as it was called through the country. But, one man, as they approached the house, remained behind—he was Dermot's evil genius, his father's judge. To all his other vices and infernal qualities, this man added that of cowardice. He feared O'Neale as he would the tiger at bay. He well knew, that man, when fighting, through ambition or interest, for his own or his country's glory, or for whatever cause, is but mere child's play compared to him who fights to defend a mother's or a sister's honor. As he stopt, he whispered the leader of the band (who was the Welsh corporal) to remember not to fire the cottage, but to shoot down all the inmates except Cathleen. At a signal given, they simultaneously raised a horrible yell, that fiendish shout, which, throughout Ireland, was invariably the precursor of worse cruelties than ever Pizarro or Cortes inflicted upon the Indians.

Poor Cathleen! Where was she all this time? She had fallen asleep about an hour before, with O'Bryan's gift clasped tightly to her bosom, imagining, poor creature, that it was a charm against all evil; and, God! what must have been her horror when she was startled from a dream by the yells of twenty fiends howling for her destruction; but a single door interved between her and them!

Dermot, on hearing them, leaped from his bed, shouting, "the Sasanachs were upon them;" he darted to his mother's room, which was at the top of the house, and searching among the thatch, pulled from its hiding-place a loaded musket and cutlass, being determined to sell his life most dearly. Unfortunately, it being so difficult to procure ammunition, he had but one charge of powder in the house. But God had destined that one to take the life of as black a villain as ever breathed; at its discharge the corporal fell, mortally wounded, and died almost in as great agony as any of his victims had ever done. But the flash of the gun had revealed Dermot's position, and he was at once brought to the ground, being severely wounded by three or four balls—his last thought, as he fell insensible, was of his wretched sister. The soldiers, in a short while, not finding their shots returned, thought they had killed O'Neale, and, rushing to the door, they soon made a passage through. But the first man was laid dead on the threshold. Cathleen, in her despair, had seized a knife and stood by the door to guard the entrance; but, as she struck the first blow, (the first time she had ever harmed a living thing,) the shock she felt, when she found the weapon sink to the hilt in the man's breast, deprived her of all sense, and she fell in a dead faint by the door. The remainder of the men rushed in to plunder the house. Up-stairs they found Dermot weltering in his blood, and his mother sitting with her back against the wall, almost in the same position as that in which we have first seen her. But her song was hushed! Her child was striving to draw its usual nourishment from her bosom, but in vain; the fountain of life was frozen up within her for ever, for the woman was dead! The grief and horror she had experienced during the

last few days had strained too roughly the cords of her heart, for she had felt both as a wife and mother.

The magistrate hearing the soldiers break into the house, imagined the danger must be over, and descending from his place of concealment, he entered the cottage. The first object he perceived was Cathleen, lying insensible on the floor, still in her night clothes, and he uttered a yell of rage, thinking she had been killed in the scuffle. He stooped, and immediately perceiving her heart beat slightly, his shout was changed to one of triumph. Seizing her in his arms, he began to climb the mountains in order to get beyond the reach of his comrades. For the first few yards, the lovely girl remained inanimate, but the night air soon revived her. At last, becoming perfectly conscious of her desperate situation, with one bound she darted from him. In her weak state the effort was too much, and again she fell. The relentless villain darted upon her, like the hyena upon its prey. But the measure of his iniquities was full. With agonizing cry, he sprung at least three feet in the air, and then rolled over the fainting girl a lifeless corpse. *Gerald O'Bryan's* pledge was redeemed; he had sent a ball through the dastard's brain!

—

The sun shone bright and warmly. The day was one of the blooming handmaidens of the young spring. The soothing effects of the balmy air would have softened the heart of a misanthrope. A gentle breeze swept across the tranquil waters of the beautiful bay of New York. Not a sound could be heard but the hoarse rattle of a ship's cable. She had just come to. As the anchor was let go and she swung to her moorings, three hearty cheers were sent forth by her crew. Immediately up went the "stars and stripes" to her mizen peak—she was under the protection of America. Her sails were no sooner furled than a light boat was lowered from her stern. A female, next, was hoisted, in an arm-chair, from the deck nearly to the yard arm, and then let down easily into her. Two young men followed, and they were pulled towards the shore by four stout seamen. One of the men stood up in the stern and encouraged the sailors to their task. He was tall and well made, and of a dark and melancholy countenance. But now his cheek was flushed, and his eye glistened. The land of promise was gained! The bow touched the sand, and with one bound he was on the shore! Who can imagine the feelings, the proud exulting throb of the noble heart, and the fever that raged in the veins of Gerald O'Bryan, as he shouted the wild words, "*I am free!*"

Gentle reader, his companions were Dermot O'Neale and his lovely sister Cathleen. She had long in secret nourished the thought of one day becoming the bride of O'Bryan, and now she was his betrothed. And what were Gerald's feelings? He considered himself repaid a thousand fold, by the gift of her for all the dangers he had incurred for her and hers. Dermot imagined himself the most blest of men in having such a brother; and had it not been for the sad circumstances of their past life, they would all have been most happy.

F. P. M.

Original.

THE SONG OF THE SILENT LAND.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SALIS.

BY PROFESSOR HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

—

INTO the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh, thither,
Into the Silent Land?

Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visons
Of beauteous souls! Eternity's own land!
Who in Life's battle firm doth stand
Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

Oh! Land! Oh! Land!
For all the broken-hearted
The wildest herald by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
To the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

Cambridge, Mass.

Original.

RAMBLES IN THE WEST.

FROM HAROLD HERBERT TO HIS FRIEND.

Detroit, Michigan, May, 1838.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

In my last epistle, dated at Chicago, I promised to write to you when I should have reached this place, and as I am at present comfortably ensconced in an easy chair before a blazing fire, I hasten to comply with my engagement. You will pardon me for not giving you a description of my tour through Michigan, as Miss Martineau has already rendered it familiar, and as the journey consists in a continued ride by stage-coach over a road, a part of which in certain seasons of the year, is, to say the least of it, the worst I ever met with—the mud often being several feet deep. It is quite a common occurrence for the driver and passengers to alight, walk several miles, each carrying a rail on his shoulder, for the purpose of assisting the horses in their laborious attempts to move the stage. From Ysilanti, a young and promising town, about thirty miles from Detroit, the entire road is made of logs, extending to each side of the road, forming what is termed a *corduroy*; a ride over which in summer, particularly after a rain storm, can only be appreciated by those who have had the fortune or rather *mis*-fortune to travel it. Within a few weeks, however, this difficulty has been obviated, the great central rail-road which is to extend from Detroit to Lake Michigan, having been completed as far as Ypsi-

lanti. By the way—you will recollect how much was said by our legislature relative to the *cost* of the Erie canal, when our state, in comparison with this, was wealthy and flourishing in the plentitude of its magnificent resources. *Appropos* of this: the state of Michigan with an impoverished treasury, and with no prospect of a reimbursement, except from a *loan* which is contemplated, (it producing nothing as yet for exportation) has already made arrangements for the construction of three rail-roads! The motto of the renowned Crockett—"Go a-head!" is universally adopted here. The cars on the central route thus far are larger than I have seen elsewhere, although in the Southern states, I believe they are universally used in preference to smaller ones. Seventy-five persons can be comfortably seated with sufficient room for a stove, and a *bar* at one end of the car. This latter arrangement, I should suppose, however, belongs exclusively to Michigan, as I cannot believe that the refined and polite Southerner would be guilty of making a *grog-shop* of their cars, for the benefit of drunkards to the discomforture of the ladies who may happen to be travelling, or to those of either sex, who prefer rational comfort to the obscene and ill-timed remarks of those, who would not otherwise be under the influence of liquor. The thirty miles is generally accomplished in an hour and a half, which renders the tour from Chicago to Detroit shorter by two days, and the expense of travelling considerably less. But I promised to say nothing of my journey. Detroit, you will recollect, is situated on the Detroit river, about twenty miles above its mouth, and although founded in the same year with Philadelphia, contains but about ten thousand inhabitants. The houses are principally built of wood; but I should be doing injustice to the place were I not to mention that it has many splendid edifices which give beauty to its appearance. Like most Western cities, it has wonderfully improved during the last two or three years. Several new hotels have been erected, which will vie in splendor and accommodations with our eastern establishments. The Capitol is a commodious, though not beautiful building.

The legislature has been in session during my sojourn here, and, as you will suppose, I, of course, attended their deliberations for the purpose of obtaining a specimen of Western eloquence. As elsewhere, the members consider it their prerogative to *lie*, rather than sit in their chairs, their feet reclining on their tables, and to give their attention to public newspapers, their private correspondents, or some other local affair, rather than to the speaker who is addressing them for their benefit, or, I should perhaps say, for his *own*, as more speeches are made to obtain celebrity in the public prints, than for the good of the people or the enlightenment of the house. To say that there is no talent among the "picked and chosen" of the state, would not be true; but I may say with perfect propriety, that the majority of the members have a perfect contempt for the "King's English," an utter want of education, or good breeding, and an entire ignorance of parliamentary usages. By the way, I recollect the conclusion of a speech made by one of the members, which will serve to show you some of the *weighty arguments* and *sterling eloquence* of the house. The "honorable gentleman" had been contending for a considerable length of time for the location of a building, for the greater security of the public documents. "*Another powerful reason*," said the orator, "*why this building should be located at Ann Arbor is, that it is not half so muddy there as it is at Detroit, nor a quarter, no, nor a sixteenth!*" Here he came down with a violence which rendered the chair beneath him rather insecure, and his own position, to say the least of it, rather equivocal.

Much might be said touching the bye-words and quotations that are used, but as "in a flock there are always *some* shabby sheep," I drop the subject with the hope that in time such abominations will be unknown.

The city at this time is filled with strangers; collectors from the east, senators, lobby-members of the legislature, lawyers, post-masters, patriots, etc. I candidly believe that three-quarters of the male inhabitants of Michigan are office-holders, the consequence of which is, that there are more "*little great men*" here than in any other state in the union. The present Governor held the office which he now occupies ere he had reached maturity, but considerable has been said relative to his qualifications for the situation—but this I know nothing about. I will say one thing respecting him, however, that he renders himself agreeable at his private *soirees*, where all the *distingué* of the state congregate. *Appropos* of the parties in Detroit. They present a formidable array of female beauty. Speaking of ladies, as Ollapod says, reminds me of their mode of riding. A box-cart, similar to those used with us for the conveyance of dirt usurps the place of a carriage. You will readily suppose that I was surprised to witness one of these carts containing three elegantly dressed ladies, whose beauty immediately commanded one's admiration and respect, backed against the side-walk and the board removed for them to escape. They were young and beautiful, which would have rendered it particularly romantic to a poet.

> "Forms for the heart to love and cherish ever—
> The visiting angels of our twilight dreams."

It would have have been a fine subject for one of Halleck's playful lyrics.

There is a theatre here, but it is absolutely beneath notice. I should write to you more fully, but the porter is waiting to convey my baggage to the stage-office.—

Adieu. Thine HAROLD HERBERT.

A NICE POINT OF LAW.

BLACKSTONE, speaking of the right of a wife to a dower, asserts that if "land abide in the husband for a single moment, the wife shall be endowed thereof;" and he adds, that "this doctrine was extended very far by a jury in Wales, where the father and son were both hanged in one cart, but the son was supposed to have survived the father, by appearing to struggle the longest, whereby he became seized of an estate by survivorship, in consequence of which his widow obtained a verdict for her dower."

Original.

SKETCHES AND ANECDOTES

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

FEMALE CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LETTERS ABOUT THE HUDSON."

NUMBER IV.

"Woman, dear woman! in whose name,
Wife, sister, mother meet;
Thine is the heart by earliest claim
And thine its latest heat!
In thee, the angel virtues shine;
An angel form to thee is given;
Then be an angel's office thine,
And lead the soul to heaven!"—ANON.

MRS. FRY.—About twenty years ago, Mrs. Fry was induced to visit Newgate, by the representations of its state made by some persons of the Society of Friends. She found the female side in a situation which no language can describe. Nearly three hundred women, sent there for every gradation of crime, some untried, and some under sentence of death, were crowded together in the two wards and two cells which are now appropriated to the untried alone, and are found quite inadequate to contain even the diminished number. Every one, even the governor, was reluctant to go amongst them. He persuaded Mrs. Fry to leave her watch in the office, telling her that even his presence would not prevent its being torn from her. She saw enough to convince her that every thing bad was going on. "In short," said she to her friend, Mr. Buxton, in giving him this account, "all I tell thee is a faint picture of the reality; the filth, the closeness of the rooms, the ferocious manners and expressions of the women towards each other, and the abandoned wickedness which every thing bespoke, are quite indescribable." One act of which, Mr. Buxton was informed from another quarter, marks the degree of wretchedness to which they were reduced. Two women were seen in the act of stripping a dead child, for the purpose of clothing a living one.

Circumstances rendered any effort on the part of Mrs. Fry to reform this den of iniquity impossible at this time; but about Christmas, 1819, she resumed her visits, and succeeded in forming a Ladies' Committee, consisting of the wife of a clergyman, and eleven members of the Society of Friends; to whom the sheriffs and governor delegated every necessary authority for carrying into effect the benevolent plan which they had conceived, of restoring the degraded portion of their sex confined within the walls of Newgate, to the paths of knowledge and virtue.

After a year of unceasing labor on the part of Mrs. Fry, and the other members of the committee, they had the noble satisfaction of exhibiting one of the most amazing transformations, which was perhaps ever effected in the condition of a number of human beings. "Riot licentiousness, and filth," says Mr. Buxton, "were exchanged for order, sobriety and comparative neatness, in the chamber, the apparel, and the persons of the prisoners. There was no more to be seen an assemblage of abandoned creatures, half-naked and half-drunk, rather demanding than requesting charity. The prison no longer resounded with obscenity, and imprecations, and licentious songs. To use the strong but just expression of one who knew this prison well, 'This hell upon earth,' exhibited the appearance of an industrious manufactory, or a well regulated family.

"It will naturally be asked," says Mr. Buxton, "how and by what vital principles was the reformation at Newgate accomplished? How were a few ladies of no extraordinary influences, unknown even by name to the magistrates of the metropolis, enabled with so much facility to guide those who had baffled all authority, and defied all law—how was it that they

'Wielded at will this fierce democracy?'

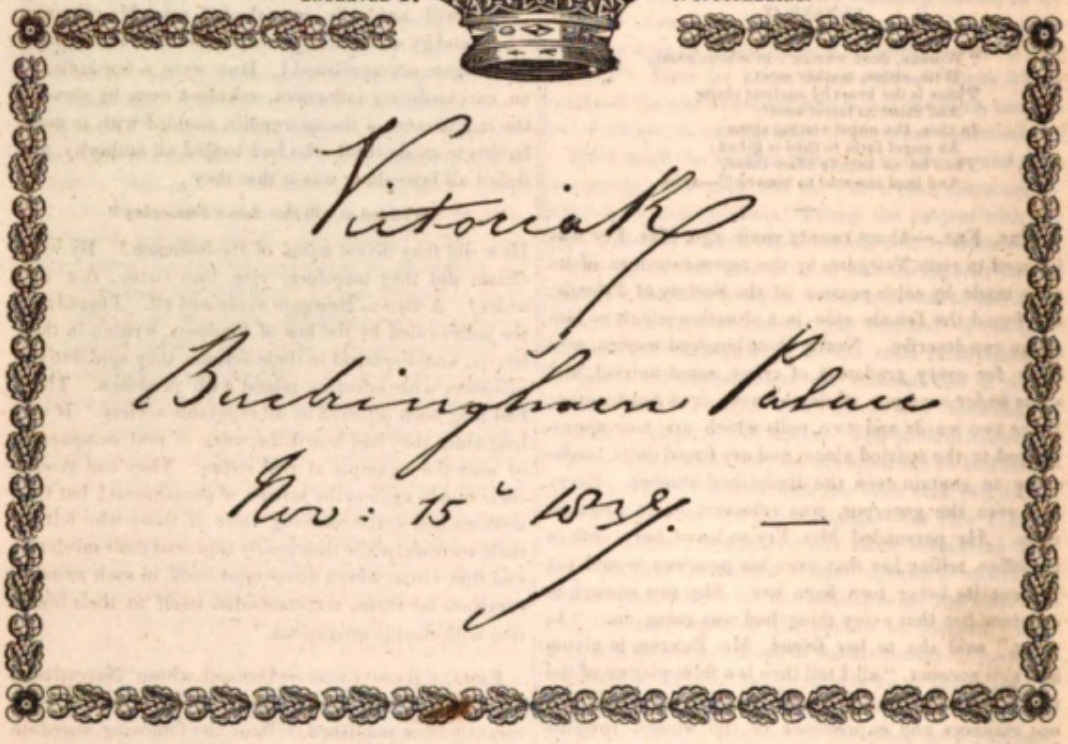
How did they divest habit of its influence? By what charm did they transform vice into virtue, riot into order? A visit to Newgate explained all. I found that the ladies ruled by the law of kindness, written in their hearts, and displayed in their actions, they spoke to the prisoners with affection mixed with prudence. These had long been rejected by all reputable society. It was long since they had heard the voice of real compassion or seen the example of real virtue. They had steeled their minds against the terrors of punishment; but they were melted at the warning voice of those who felt for their sorrows, while they gently reproved their misdeed; and that virtue which discovered itself in such amiable exertions for them, recommended itself to their imitation with double attractions."

FEMALE RESOLUTION.—Dumont, whose "Narrative of a thirty-four years Slavery and Travels in Africa," has recently been published, relates the following anecdote of a female during the siege of Gibraltar, in 1782:—"The Count d'Artois came to St. Roach, to visit the place and the works. I well remember that his highness, while inspecting the lines in company with the Duke de Crillon, both of them with their suit alighted, and all lay flat on the ground, to shun the effects of a bomb that fell near a part of the barracks where a French woman had a canteen. This woman, with two children on her arm, rushes forth, sits with the utmost sang froid on the bomb shell, puts out the match, and thus extricates from danger all that were around her. Numbers were witnesses of this incident; and his highness granted her a pension of three francs a day, and promised to promote her husband after the siege. The Duke de Crillon imitated the prince's generosity, and insured to her likewise a payment of five francs a day.

MRS. JACOB MOTTE.—When compelled by painful duty, Lieutenant Colonel Lee informed Mrs. Motte, "that in order to accomplish the immediate surrender of the British garrison occupying her elegant mansion, its destruction was indispensable," she instantly replied —"the sacrifice of my property is nothing, and I shall view its destruction with delight, if it shall in any degree contribute to the good of my country." In proof of her sincerity she immediately presented the arrows by which combustible matter was to be conveyed to the building.

AUTOGRAPH OF THE QUEEN VICTORIA.

ENGRAVED BY J. T. PICKERING.



Original.

INDIAN CHAUNT.

There is a tall wooded cliff on Rock river, upon which, many years ago, an Indian hunter and his wife erected their simple habitation. During her husband's absence, the woman had entertained one of a hostile tribe, who in return for her hospitality, cruelly murdered her: the husband tracked the wretch to his camp, and subtilely following him, at length consummated his revenge. But it being conjectured by some of the woman's tribe, that she had perhaps been equally guilty and imprudent, it is even now usual, when a Pottowotamie passes the scene of crime and punishment, to strew *kinikinick* on the smooth surface of the Rock river, trusting it may be accepted by the Great Spirit as a propitiation for the sin of their erring ancestress, and hoping it may be gathered by him, *to be smoked in peace* with the Manito.

—

Sweep on, sweep on,
O'er the clear river's smooth and shining wave,
That we may pass, ere day's red light be gone,
Beside *her* grave:
Soft summer rain,
Through which the golden sun with gentler ray
Looks on *her* silent rock—*that* life's dark stain,
Wash thou away!
Green shaded shore,
Breathe out sweet murmurs from thy flowery grass,
Like whispers of the spirit, we deplore,
Here, as we pass.
Rock, wood and stream,
Amid your ancient depths, *her* memory keep,
Of whose lone fate, we know but as a dream
Of midnight sleep.
Whate'er, whate'er
Was thy last struggle, and thy dying groan,
Th' avenger struck the *war wolf* in his lair,
If blood atone.
But if there came
A shadow o'er thy loving eyes, and thou
Did'st crush the honor of thy father's name,
We wail thee now:
And thus, and here,
These sacred leaves, upon th' unsullied breast
Of this pure tide, we strew, in trust, not fear,
For thy long rest:
We ask that *He*,
Our Great and mighty Spirit, *now* will deign
The fragrance of these leaves to breathe with *thee*
In peace again.
No more, no more
Shall Indian maiden's sweet voice murmur near
In joy or sorrow, by this painted shore,
The stranger's here.
Bear on, bear on
My low canoe, where far my loved ones dwell—
Rock, forest, stream, the day's last light is gone,
Farewell, farewell! LESLIE.

Original.

THE BURIAL BY FIRE.

BY LOUISA MEDINA HAMBLIN.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction and to rot—
'Tis too horrible!
* * * *
Alas! Poor Yorick! He hath borne me on his back a
Thousand times, and now how abhorred to my imagination
It is! my gorge rises at it. Now get you to my lady's chamber
And tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favor
She must come at last.—SHAKSPEARE.

"WILL you not walk this glorious evening? Come, the air is as soft as balm, and the sunset on the sea will be beautiful. The afternoon worship is over, and all the villagers are out in their Sunday clothes adoring their creator in his works. Come, my own Mary, and enjoy the beauty of the evening."

It was on a summer's Sabbath, in the beautiful neighborhood of Hastings, that William Lindsay spoke thus to Mary Stuart, a fair young girl who was his promised wife, when success in his toilsome profession might give a sanction to their union. He was an artist of much talent but little celebrity, and she was the orphan child of a British officer. Her mother and herself lived in quiet contentment on the small pension allowed to the widow of a Captain of Infantry. Their ways were simple—their wants few—from their little they had still a little to spare to such as needed, and they felt themselves

"Passing rich on forty pounds a year."

If the want of wealth ever caused a sigh in the gentle bosom of Mary, it was when she beheld her William debarred from the foreign treasures of art which he panted to behold, or when she heard her prudent mother prophecy a long lapse of years ere they might venture to unite their earthly fate together. Mary had received a tolerable education, and her mind was naturally poetic, her thoughts were fraught with natural beauty and often untutored language would flow in rich and melodious eloquence; she was never of a buoyant temper: a placid calmness, a softened serenity which was not sadness, was her usual mood, and the very style of her features harmonized with this shadowed feeling. Her cheek was very fair, but when a chance excitement called the eloquent blood into it, the color was rather the flush of hectic than the crimson of health; her hair was a paly brown but perfectly straight, and without any of those sunlight hues which sometimes wander through chestnut tresses—in a word, Mary was more a lovely twilight than a brilliant day. Captain Stuart had died of decline, not as they fondly believed a constitutional malady, but brought on by over exertion and exposure; still, when William would notice the translucent fairness of his Mary's cheek, and mark the languid softness of her eye, a terrible fear would come across his heart, to be as instantly banished by the certainty of her perfect health.

She arose in answer to his invitation to walk, and, with a gentle smile, passed her arm through his and strolled up the hill which bounded their dwelling. William had truly said that the evening was beautiful—not a breath of air was stirring, but the atmosphere was soft and redolent of perfume. The rays of the declining sun, slanting from the West, tesselated the heavens with chequers of gold and lengthened the shadows upon the earth—not a ripple stirred the mighty ocean, the vast expanse of blue water lying unruffled as a lake, without a sound save when the receding tide carried with it the pebbles from the beach with a lulled and dreamy sound. The lowing of the cattle in the distant pastures and the chirping of the nimble grasshoppers joined to an occasional twittering from the inhabitants of the trees, all contributed to produce that feeling of repose which the coming of night always induces. Almost insensibly, the lovers turned away from the groups of merry villagers, and directed their course to the village churchyard. Of all spots on earth, that containing the "short and simple annals of the poor," is to a reflective mind most interesting, and that of Hastings is peculiarly so. From its mild and sheltered situation, its advantages of country joined to those of sea bathing, Hastings is recommended by the faculty to consumptive patients, and many a marble slab in the churchyard records the early exit of creatures in the spring and matin of their days, who have sought for health and found a grave. On one which bore this simple inscription,

"EMILY MARKHAM—AGED NINETEEN,"

Mary sat down, and pulling a few wild flowers, strewed them reverentially on the grave.

"William," at last she said, "burial is a frightful thing."

"Death is, do you mean, my Mary?" answered he; "for after death, on this earth feeling is no more."

"Are you assured of that?" asked Mary, solemnly: "Does that conviction bear an *if?* Oh, God! to be shut down, away from light and warmth, to be straightened here, rigid, immoveable and stiff—to rot by scarce perceptible degrees, to have the flesh which in life we guard so carefully, mangled and gnawed by crawling vermin—nay, in our very selves to engender the foul life of corruption! It is too horrible!"

"Dearest Mary, this is a morbid feeling and a false fear. Our Creator made man in mercy, and could it be possible that the dead suffered by burial, it would long have been made manifest to the living. Now, for my part, this scene is one to me of rest and comfort—in this sacred spot the dead slumber in peace, awaiting their Maker's summons to arise. All is green and beautiful—subdued, indeed, but far from sad—the flowers grow here as sweet, and those graceful willows bend down their branches as if appointed by the Spirit of Holiness to guard the dead. And see—the evening star looks out upon this tranquil spot like a good angel calmly keeping

'Watch o'er them till their souls should waken.'"

Mary shuddered and shook her head. Alarmed to see her so depressed, William fondly urged her to return home.

"William, dear William, I am well—fear nothing

for me, but oh! my beloved, my heart quails at the thought of burial. I do not fear to die—thanks be to heaven I have no terror of death; but the grave—the grave to me is overpoweringly horrible. Oh, dear William! would that we lived in ancient Rome, where the mortal remains were consigned to the funeral pyre! Surely we have decreased in civilization to relinquish the burial by fire for the interment under ground. Fire is a glorious element, free, mighty and immaterial as the soul! Fire is a purifier, and separates the grosser clay from its immortal spirit—fire even ascends to heaven—it is a type and emblem of the human soul, it is tangible to the senses only while it has earthly food, when the poor material is consumed, the invisible and unknown spirit passes away from human sight or knowledge, and returns to Him the master of the elements! Would that my burial might be of fire!"

"Your thoughts and wishes are strange, dear Mary; the survivor's heart would be more wrung to see the loved remains consumed by fire. When buried, they retain at least a knowledge that it is there, they can visit the spot and in memory recall its inhabitant."

"Aye, William—*but as what?*" she asked, with a strange look of excessive horror: "as what? A livid and loathsome mass of rottenness! A decaying, revolting, putrifying corruption, from which every sense recoils in loathing! Let the fondest love pursue in fancy the buried dead—the lips they kissed are foul with decay—the breath that used to part them is changed to the stench of rottenness—the fair bosom on which lay the loving head is alive indeed, for the long, slimy grave worms are feeding on it—the eyes, oh, God! dare imagination picture that eye once beaming with the soul of love, now glowing with the unnatural fire of lurid putrefaction!"

"No more, no more, dear Mary!" exclaimed William, alarmed at the excitement of her fancy on such a theme: "your mother will be waiting for us."

"Yet hear me out, dearest; and oh, William, promise—promise me, that if God takes me from you, you will never lay me in the damp, cold ground to rot!—Think, oh, think how pure, how beautiful is the idea of resolving back each portion of our humanity into its native element! And then, how delightedly may fond affection weep over the consecrated ashes! The pure, unoffensive remains of all that was loved and lovely—while fancy dwells with rapture on the bright thought that the undying soul, the immortal mind has mounted to its FIRST ESSENCE on wings of etherial flame! Come, let us go home. I shudder to tread this rank, rich soil, instinct with human corruption."

From this time it appeared that the health of Mary Stuart suffered under some secret excitement; at times, indeed, her cheerfulness would return, and the awful phantom that haunted her be put to flight by the voice of love; but too soon again the gloom returned over her soul, and by slow but sure degrees undermined her health and life. No words can picture the grief which wrung the honest heart of her lover, argument and caresses he tried in vain, and at last, believing that the coil lay in her body not her mind, he applied in despair to a friendly physician of eminence who resided in the neighborhood. Happy it is for science when such a man as Doctor John Burton is its professor; learned without pedantry; humane without ostentation; firm without brutality, he joined the skill of the best physician to the feelings of the kindest of men; he saw Mary Stuart and at once pronounced her case to be *monomania*—that sort of "perilous stuff which weighs upon the heart," and for which drugs have no healing and medical science no cure.

"You must take her from here," he said gently but firmly to her mother. "She is of a morbid temperament, and the close retirement of her life together with the vicinity of the churchyard has aided a predisposition to nervous excitement. She must have change of scene."

"Alas, sir!" replied the mother, in tears, "I have not the power, my means are scanty—this little cottage is allowed us rent free by the landlord, who was a dear friend of my husband—a single journey and month's residence in a strange city would consume all we have to live on for a year."

Doctor Burton was not one of those Sir Oracles who content themselves by saying, "this must be done," without endeavoring to point out the way how; he smiled benevolently and took the widow's hand—

"Mrs. Stuart, I venture to predict a certain cure, if you will follow a pleasant and easy prescription, for your daughter: you must marry her at once to William Lindsay. Nothing so sure to chase ideas of death as the blushes of a bride."

"Oh! Doctor! they are poor enough now—if they marry and have a family, the expenses of children—"

"Will be better to bear than losing the only one you have!" interrupted the Doctor, gravely; "my dear, madam, Mr. Lindsay is very clever in his profession—he has industry and good will to work; but as long as your daughter's illness distracts his mind, he can never be himself. He has friends, and the young couple will do well, I doubt not; but of this be sure," he continued with solemn decision, as she was about to speak—"of this be sure—on my reputation as a physician, I affirm, that if Miss Stuart continues in this situation much longer, her reason or her life will pay the penalty."

And without allowing the querulous old lady time to answer, he left her to ponder on his words. Great was the joy of Lindsay at this advice, and as the wise physician had truly prophecied, the startling proposal of immediate marriage, produced a reaction in the mind of Mary and very soon evinced its beneficial effects. Resolved not to do things by halves, the excellent Doctor employed Lindsay professionally in copying specimens of morbid anatomy, and invited Mary to pass a few weeks with his wife and daughters and consult them concerning her future arrangements. Oh! how much happiness can be conferred by a few kind words and actions of those whose fortune or skill raises them above their ordinary fellow-creatures! How little studious of their own enjoyment are such as never buy the dear delight of giving pleasure! What epicurean delight—what fashionable luxury—what expensive purchase ever

conferred the soul-felt rapture bestowed by the grateful heart's blessing? What gem of price ever shone with a lustre equal to the tear of rapture called forth by unhoped-for benefaction? What public fame or loud-mouthed huzzas—what sugared praise or subtle flattery ever gave the heart that self-content derived from beholding the bliss itself has created? The truth of this too little considered fact was essentially proved by the pleased Doctor Burton and his amiable wife, as they watched the mantling blush which came ever and anon like a bright bird of passage over Mary's faded features, as they saw the honest tear of gratitude glisten on William's manly cheek, or heard the murmured blessing from the relieved mother who felt that her widowed age would not now be robbed of its only comfort.

Cheerily passes the time when the heart is at ease. The few weeks previous to the wedding day of Mary glided by as if the footfall of June fell only upon flowers. Each of the Miss Burtons presented the expected bride with a bridal dress, and if their graceful simplicity could not add to her beauty, they certainly contributed to her honest pride and pleasure. The cake was made, the love knots twisted, the ring was bought and two days only intervened between the happy day, when one evening as the family of Doctor Burton were sitting cheerfully conversing, the sound of carriage-wheels stopped at the door, and a heavy lumbering noise sounded in the hall.

"Oh, my father is arrived from London!" exclaimed Ellen Burton, rising rapidly.

"What sort of luggage are they bringing in, in the name of wonder?" said her sister.

"Let us go and see," said Ellen.

Mary stopped her; and, with a cheek as white as chalk, said, tremulously, "They tread like men who bear a heavy burden; they whisper, too, beneath their voices;—there is a strong scent of camphire spreading through the house. *It is a corpse they are bringing in!*"

"You dream, dear Mary;—come, let us go and meet this dreaded luggage; my life upon it, its terror will vanish when encountered."

With gentle but steady grasp she raised the trembling Mary, and would have led her out, but was stayed by the entrance of her father. He looked pale and somewhat excited, and hurriedly evaded their questions. Suddenly he heard a hard, suppressed breathing, and looking round, beheld Mary gazing at him with wild and rigid stare; her blue lips apart, and her clenched hands pressed forcibly upon her breast. All his presence of mind at once returned, and, advancing to her with composure, he said—"What, Miss Stuart, and have my luckless glass vials and electric machinery startled you also? For shame, young ladies, I thought you were all better soldiers!"

"It is William!" hissed poor Mary, never for a moment relaxing her distended gaze; "it is Lindsay's corpse!"

"Mary, my dear child! for God's sake do not thus torture yourself; Lindsay is well; but to see you thus, might well make him otherwise. What! you do not believe me? Then come in yourself, William, and convince this obstinate heretic to happiness.

He went to the door of his private surgery and called out Lindsay, who instantly flew to his beloved girl. The instant Mary beheld him, she uttered a frantic shriek, and fell in his arms, exclaiming, "Not dead! Not yet doomed to the dreadful grave! William—my William!"

A burst of tears relieved her o'ercharged heart, and the benevolent Doctor, smiling on her, said—

"Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip!"

In spite of this relief, the evening passed heavily; there seemed an indescribable something weighing on William's heart. Mary was exhausted from over excitement, and the Doctor appeared to listen uneasily to every sound. Mrs. Burton and the ladies retired early, and Ellen left Mary, as she believed in a sweet and fast sleep. The mystery existing in the surgery was soon explained to William. A certain man had died in one of the London hospitals of a disease which baffled the skill of the physicians. His relations obstinately refused his body for dissection, and with extreme peril and difficulty, a select committee, of which Dr. Burton was the president, had contrived to steal it from the grave. Fearing, however, lest the loss might be discovered and search made, the Doctor had boxed up the body and brought it down to his own private surgery, where, besides having time to examine minutely, he had the advantage of William's skill as a draughtsman to copy any peculiar appearance the system might present. It was the first time Lindsay had ever witnessed the process of dissection; and as the body had been many days in the grave, and was in an advanced state of decomposition, the trial to his nerves and senses was such, that he devoutly hoped it might be the last. He had for some time slept in a small room adjoining the surgery, and now, for the free circulation of air, left the intermediate door open. Towards the dead of the night, his frightful occupation was interrupted by the sound of a footstep. He paused, looked round, called the Doctor by name, and then, seeing nothing, sat once more down to his awful task. All was still as the grave which was thus robbed of its ghastly tenant; when, suddenly, a loud, long scream smote on his ear, more resembling the prolonged yell of a wild Indian, or the frantic howl of a maniac, than any natural cry of terror. He sprung up, and saw standing by him the figure of his Mary,—if, as such, he might recognize the distorted face and writhing form that stood before him, glaring on the blackened corpse.

To his dying day Doctor Burton would never relate without suddering the scene he saw when William's appalling cries brought him to his aid. Erect as if fashioned of stone, with bloodshot eyeballs and livid features, with hair standing out stiffened with horror, and lips drawn up from the set teeth through which the blood was slowly trickling,—there she stood, glaring on the reality of the very phantom which so long had haunted her; and Lindsay, palsied with horror, could only wind his arms around her stiffened figure, and rend the air with cries for help. The moment he entered, Dr. Burton threw a cloak over the corpse, and, as if

with the loss of that object, vanished the unnatural strength with which she had looked on it. Mary fell senseless to the ground. She was bled and carried to bed without giving any token of recollection, and with bitter fears they watched her all night; towards morning she seemed to sleep, and when she awaked it was with no remembrance of the frightful events of the night previous. She would have risen, and seemed astonished to feel herself so weak; but her manner was calm as usual, and she made no allusion at all to the previous day. William and the ladies rejoiced in deep thankfulness for what they considered almost a miracle of deliverance, but Doctor Burton, though he would not dash their joy, feared much for the stability of that reason which the terrible shock had on one subject completely annihilated. Mary however slowly recovered, and about two weeks after the originally appointed day, Lindsay led her proudly from the church, his wife; and the anxious Doctor was perhaps the only one who noticed that, on returning from it through the churchyard, she smiled and muttered to herself, as she looked on the graves, words of which he could only hear these, "*I shall never make one amongst ye!*"

Many months after their marriage passed in tranquillity, and peace seemed once more to have builded her nest in the heart of Mary. Her health, it is true, was delicate; but the frightful monomania which had hitherto poisoned her happiness seemed to slumber, and her benevolent friend and physician *hoped* it was lulled to rest for ever. Blest with the wife he loved, Lindsay gave his time and attention to his profession with a devotion which ensured success; and having removed after his marriage to London, that populous city served not only to increase his employment, but wholly to divert the attention of his wife. And soon to crown his cup of joy, Mary proved likely to be a mother. As this trying time approached, although her frame was weak, her mind was unusually buoyant. No fears appeared to perplex her, and her sole wish was to meet her confinement in the little cottage of her mother at Hastings, which request William granted, rather contrary to the advice of Dr. Burton. Here, constantly attended by the good Doctor and his wife, she met her trial with unflinching fortitude, and endured severe and protracted agonies with the courage of a heroine and the patience of a martyr. After three days of doubt and danger, a child was born to the alarmed husband, and about a week after he and Dr. Burton returned to London, where both were professionally engaged on subjects of pressing emergence. The infant sickened shortly after, not of any violent disease, but wasting daily from some unknown cause, fading so gradually that Mrs. Burton hesitated to recall her husband from his important occupations in the metropolis until it was too late. The little sufferer's cry became weaker and more weak, its tiny limbs more wasted, until, like a lamp that goes out for want of oil, the light of his little life sunk, and his baby breath was yielded in his mother's arms.

A mother's grief for her first-born child who shall describe? Her long burthen and her bitter pain are as nothing when she looks in the infant eyes of her blessing; watching and weariness are unfelt, while hope still shines in her baby's smile; the voice of despair is unheard while its low cry still speaks her a mother; but when this is hushed for ever—when the bright eye and innocent smile are quenched by death—then hopeless and bereaved she sinks at once to the depth of lethargy. If this be so with all of womankind, what additional woe must have fallen to the lot of the hapless Mary? She, to whom death had been a dream of horror, an incubus of fear, was now doomed to witness it first in the person of her precious babe; on its loved limbs to mark the rigid impress—on its miniature features the cold seal of the conqueror; yet, to the wonder of all, her sorrow rather seemed patient and resigned, than noisy or frantic. She resigned her breathless burthen to the arms of her weeping mother, and took from Mrs. Burton a strong opiate; after which, she was unresistingly undressed and put to bed. A messenger had been sent post-haste to London for Lindsay the same hour that his baby expired, and they hoped that if Mary could be kept calm until his arrival, the sight of him would prove her best consolation. While she slept, they shrouded the little pale corpse in muslin and lace, and laying it out on pillows strewed the whole with flowers. It was not until the midday following that the poor mother awaked, and at once asked leave to see her child.

"Do not deny me, dear friend," she said in a low, resigned tone, "I well know that he is dead, that no tears of mine can call back the breath which I felt pass away on my lips; yet let me see the precious one for whom I suffered, I sorrowed so much."

"Wait dear Mary, until William comes; he will be here to-night, and then you shall see the babe."

"To-night!" she repeated thoughtfully; "will Lindsay be here to-night?"

"We hope so, love," said her mother; "in the mean time, for all our sakes, keep tranquil."

"And am I not tranquil, mother?" she asked, raising herself on her arm and looking piteously in her mother's eyes; "have I not lost my own, my prized, my beautiful boy; and do I weep or wail? Ah! tears nor moans awake not the dead; yet I would that I could weep; my brain is hot, but my eyes are dry. Let me once more see my child, the blessed thing which came to reward my pains a thousand fold—once—I shall never ask it again."

She looked so pale and wo-begone that they could no longer refuse her entreaty; and, supported by both, she was led to the chamber of death and looked long on the dead infant. It appeared that some memories of the past troubled her mind, for she muttered, "How beautiful he looks! Can this be death? No livid hues, no loathsome sores revolt the heart! Perhaps he only sleeps, and by and by will waken? You will tell his father when he comes how sweet he sleeps."

She stooped and kissed the cheek, and seemed revolted by its coldness.

"Ah! the ice-bolt has indeed stricken my child! Nothing but death was ever cold as this! He has left his mother's bosom for the grave—*the grave!*"

She said no more, and was passively led back to bed, where the remaining effects of the opiate soon buried her senses again in sleep. Finding her so composed, Mrs. Burton, who had not been home for days, took the opportunity to leave her for a few hours, while her poor mother, who took the post of watcher by her bed, fell from exhaustion into a profound slumber.

It was the dead of night when the poor, old woman was awaked by a stifling smoke, and starting up she dimly perceived by the obscured light, that the bed by which she had slept instead of watched, was empty! Tottering with fear and age, confused and scarce awake, the bewildered woman followed the first instinct of self preservation, and hurried down the stairs and out of the cottage door. Recalled to sense by the free air, she looked up and saw the flames bursting from the casements of the upper rooms. A recollection of her ill-fated daughter then thronged upon her brain, and overpowered her feeble strength. With cries of impotent terror, she tottered a few paces and fell senseless to the earth, just as a post chaise, driving furiously, appeared in sight on the brow of the hill. There it stopped and Lindsay, who probably feared that the sound of carriage wheels might startle his Mary, sprung out to be greeted with—oh, sight of horror! the cottage which contained her, bursting into flames. He rushed madly down the hill, followed scarcely less rapidly by Dr. Burton, and came in front of the blazing building in time to hear a maniac laugh which rung to the silent sky, and to see—merciful God! the form of his wretched wife standing at the casement, holding in one arm the body of her dead infant and with the other wildly brandishing a blazing billet of wood! There she stood one moment, her white night dress already on fire, her beautiful face and flowing hair distinctly visible by the eddying flames, looking like the spirit of fire presiding over her native element. The next instant and the light material of the cottage gave way, and with a single crash, roof, walls, and floors fell in, burying her in the bursting volume of fire, from which the words still seemed to sound,—

"No grave for us, my child! no grave for us!"

The terrible catastrophe was too clearly understood. The madness of the ill-fated Mary on one theme which had only slumbered, was aroused in full force by the sight of death, but with the cunning peculiar to monomania, she had concealed her purpose until she was unwatched, then with her own desperate hand, she had seized a brand from the chimney and like a second Mynha, fired her own funeral pyre. Her first, last, and strongest wish was awfully granted, for her no grave was dug,—no earth closed over her mortal clay,—the woworn spirit passed in madness to its maker and its earthly tenement found a burial by fire!

THERE is nothing in this world so sensitive as affection. It feels its own happiness too much not to tremble for its reality; and strays, ever and anon, from its own delicious consciousness, to ask, "Is it not, indeed, a dream?" A word and a look are enough either to repress or to encourage.

Original.

LINES,

WRITTEN FOR THE COOK BENEFIT, IN BALTIMORE.

—

WHILE nights' dark banner to the breeze unfurled,
Still waved its foldings o'er a pulseless world,
And sleep deep brooding on the eyelids prest
Of weary mortals sunk in balmy rest,
Mocking the solemn grandeur of the night,
The brightning heavens were streaked with sudden light,
That, as the blush of an untimely dawn,
Came with redoubled radiance flashing on,
And startled, as the blazing meteor spread,
Each awe-struck sleeper from his downy bed.

Upon the stillness rose a din; and feet
Of fear-urged crowds were heard from street to street,
Till gathered round, the city's myriads stood
Upon the pave and by the reddening flood,
And saw, without the power to restrain,
Wide-wasting ruin seize Apollo's fane.

And who that gazed and saw the raging fire
Through wreath-like clouds of curling smoke aspire
To wrap in flames the proud and classic dome,
That crowned the summit of the Muses' home,
But inly sighed to see destruction dread
On all sides round its blazing horrors spread,
And view the burning timbers upward driven,
And fiercely crackling in the blasts of heaven,
While glowing embers poured in fiery rain
From lurid clouds and hurtled on the plain:
And mourned to witness desolation whelm
The vanished glories of the Drama's realm,
As sunk her Capitol, a smouldering pile,
Above whose ashes waste and ruin smile.

And shall the muses mourn their prostrate fane
Where polished WIT and TRUTH were wont to reign?
Or like the Phenix shall its columns rise,
In more than pristine beauty to the skies?
Until in burnished play, the sunbeams shine
Upon the dome of a far nobler shrine,
Where HE, the worthy veteran of the stage,
With whitened locks and bended form of age,
Who saw the wealth of years in one fell hour
Dispersed in air by the Destroyer's power,
With grateful heart and just and honest pride
Again shall at the Muses' feast preside,
Assert the Drama's empire o'er the mind,
And prove its power to light and bless mankind.

The classic pile SHALL rise again. The hearts
Of subjects of the mystic Queen of Arts
Are fired with homage; and this brilliant scene
Proves that the Stage shall be where it has been;
And vindicates the city's fame again
For BEAUTEOUS women and for GENEROUS men.

CONGREVE.

Baltimore, Md.

Original.

A LEAF FROM AN UNPUBLISHED BOOK.

BY JAMES BROOKS.

THE inquiry has often been put, why the letters from Europe, by Mr. Brooks, late of the Portland Advertiser, and now of the New York Express, have never been published in the form of a book; and as we have long been aware that he has prepared one volume of a work for publication, without having the leisure or health requisite to complete the other, we have solicited of him one of the letters from his manuscript for publication in our magazine. We are informed that Mr. B. does not intend to publish his letters *from* Europe; but the volume alluded to contains a series of letters *from* America, written at the request of a distinguished statesman of Great Britain, in which there is a comparative estimate of the public men, public measures, and general condition of the people in Europe and America, with sketches of travel in the old world and the new. The friends of Mr. Brooks cannot but regret that the cares of a daily newspaper should so long have delayed the completion of a book, which cannot fail to increase his well-earned reputation. The subject is one peculiarly adapted to his powers of mind, and one which should be redeemed from the superficial handling of female politicians and prejudiced tourists. Our national honor demands that a fair and just comparison should be drawn between this and our fatherland. The British tourists who have volunteered their opinions on this important subject have been incapable of judging both of our political and social condition. No man, thoroughly bred in the school of politics, and at the same time intimately acquainted by intercourse and travel with our domestic habits, has yet attempted to draw a comparison between this country and Europe. And women, though highly gifted, as a Martineau, or clever as her predecessor, Mrs. Trollope, we conceive to be utterly unfitted for the task. No woman, without some sacrifice of the delicacy and true dignity of her sex, can pretend to make politics a study, except as the last link in the great chain of national history. Wherever one has attempted more, she has generally ended by overleaping the pale of gentle attributes which hedge in her own sex, to find herself buffetted and overpowered by the stronger minds she has dared to encounter. From Madam De Stael—whose greatest fault, in our estimation, was that she *could* awe a Bonaparte—down to the female statesmen of our own time, we have never yet known or heard of a lady politician—that is, a teacher and expounder of laws and their relations—whose ambition did not place her in a false position among men, or who could ever quietly resume her forsaken station among women, to be loved and respected by either sex *as a woman*. All this has little to do with the subject of our notice, except as it goes to disclaim that the female tourists, who have written so learnedly on our system of government, have had the power, or granting them that, the opportunity, to judge clearly or reason correctly on a subject which requires the lifetime of a masculine intellect to master; a subject which, in our opinion, appertains exclusively, so far as action and teaching is concerned, to men and men only. We can scarcely expect the great political fabric of a country to be fairly understood and justly represented, but by those who have made such weighty matters the study of a life—who judge by long and actual observation and absolute knowledge. Mr. Brooks we conceive to be fully capable of doing entire justice both to the political and social relations of his own and other countries. Bred in the school of politics, and having spent much of his time at the seat of government, he must be thoroughly acquainted with our institutions and their effects. Before leaving his own land he made himself acquainted with its distant sections, from Maine to Louisiana, and from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, with their various customs and domestic relations. He became familiar with all classes of his fellow-countrymen, and then went to Europe, that he might study that also. The result of his observations have been, in part, laid before the public. No letters have ever been so broadly circulated, or so favorably known, as were his. They came to us full of freshness and vigor, the rough sketches of a travelling artist hastily drawn and often perfectly unstudied—yet for that very reason perhaps the more piquant and interesting. It will be a subject of regret to the author's friends, and, we doubt not, subsequently to himself, should he persist in allowing them to circulate only in their present perishable condition. We hope that he will yet be induced to arrange and publish them in a form more worthy of their merits. Whatever may be the fate of his letters *from Europe*, we do not hesitate to say that the admirers of Mr. Brooks will find much to approve in his *letters from America*, enriched as they are with the gems of his previous correspondence, and written, as we know them to be, in a style as spirited as his opinions are unprejudiced and independent. It is to be hoped that during the ensuing season they may be given to the public.

EDITORS.

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NEW-YORK, 1836.

My Lord: What is there worth seeing in the routes I have proposed, perhaps the traveller will ask. All depends, I answer, upon what manner of a man this traveller is. Not a ruin can be seen, travel where you may, unless it be the ruins where history is merged so deeply in antiquity that no researches can tell what they are. Indian mounds can be seen. Indian relics are numerous. Marks of a once advanced civilization are visible. But the archeologist searches in vain to give them body and soul, and all are so thickly shrouded in mist, that what is seen, is very doubtfully seen, or magnified so as to seem more than it is. No Abbey, no Cathedrals, no Arches like those in the Roman Forum, no stately and lonely Coliseum afford a resting-place for the fowls of the air, or filth of the earth. The land is not of the dead, but of the living—and is alive even—humming with industry, and resounding all over, from every nook and corner, with the axe of the woodsman, or the hammer of the mechanic, for

the solitudes even speak, and the hills have a voice. All is noise, energy, action. Man acts as if he had not an hour to live, and is therefore *acting* with all his soul. Nothing is fixed, formed, or regulated. All is change, amendment, reform. Cities *spring* up—that is the word, without the metaphor—but when thus sprung up, they changed their hues like the camelion, to-morrow. New York is half built over almost every other year. A thing is old there in five years. Antiquity, at the most, is only half a century. The beggar-man of yesterday is the princely merchant to-morrow. Death comes, and with all his fortune, perhaps his children have been so imprudent as to have hardly a place to lay their heads. Society is *working*, to use the broker's phrase. The fermentation is wonderful to behold. Every thing is up-set, and every thing is set up. They walk on the Strand of London like man-engines, to be sure; but in New York, the velocity of men is double. In Wall street it is not safe to make a promenade. The merchant is *inspired*. The banker is in a fever. The omnibus-man is on a satanic whirl. The locomotive bipeds there are absolutely furious. They hurry, and bump, and dodge, and fly, and talk like maniacs in a rage. These are the like of the things the traveller is to see in America. The PRESENT is, as it were, concentrated, and brought to a burning focus. Man's energies are aroused to their almost sensible tension. *The past*—we have no idea of the word. "OUR ANCESTORS"!—you hear no such appeal here, as that, with which Cicero would electrify a Roman Senate, where our ancestors, and the immortal gods, were almost the one and the same idea. A thousand chances to one, if an orator of ours were to appeal to *our* ancestors, that some political whipster did not answer him, "Our schoolboys *now* know more than the Platos of antiquity." It is an undeniable fact, that we do think ourselves the wisest people on the earth, and that we pity the poor stupid blindness of almost all others. There is not a country in the world where there is less reverence for antiquity, or less regard for the principles or precedents. Ever since the pilgrims landed on the rock of Plymouth, we have been laying hold of the pillars of the past, and tumbling them down with a fearful rapidity, at times. Antiquity is an argument *against* a theory. That others think as we do, is often a reason that we should change. Among the mass of the people, there is no regard for rank, and but little for reputation. With them, there is but a very faint conception of the prerogative it has with you. "To be sociable," is to be a gentleman. To answer graciously, opens the heart of every one. There is no standing aloof in society allowed, and no putting on of airs. The plainer a man's manners are, the more friends he will have. One must hazard nothing on one's name, for every thing depends upon the present *self*. And yet education, or an educated man, has privileges, and attentions, which the mass of the people in no other country would allow him. Education is so valued above all other things, that the power it gives a man here, surpasses that which, under like circumstances, it can have with any other people. Of the living, such are the things you will see, and hear.

Apart from the study of a national character so peculiar—*national*, perhaps, is not the word to be used, for there has been such an amalgamation of races to form our widely extended Union, and they have been so influenced by climate, and other circumstances, that there is no really national character, though English customs and English feeling predominate; but apart from the study of what is moving, doing, or talking, there is in the very face of the country, in the scenery, the rivers and the mountains, much to interest an Englishman. The great advantage you have in our country, and the great advantage we have in yours, is, that though we are mutually foreigners to each other, and three thousand miles apart, yet we speak and we have the same language, and the like history. Every joke that is uttered, every play upon words, every little thing even can be thoroughly understood; and nothing can interest an Englishman more than to mark the manner in which the customs of his own land have been changed by a transfer to this. This advantage you will keenly enjoy in the observation of men and manners; but then there is another of which I am going to speak, and that is in the study of our scenery, of the appearance of the surface of our country, and in the remarks that you will make upon the *freshness* of every thing. You dwell amid the time-honored relics of antiquity. You live where you can hear a voice from the Past. An Abbey like that of Melrose, a Cathedral like that of Westminster, is a monument of other times for you, and you wander amid the crumbling arches of the one, and the tombs of the other, with an awe for the past, and a sympathy with it, and a poetical feeling that links you with these glorious remnants of bye-gone days. Monuments they are that your fathers have bequeathed you, and you feel when in them a reverence for their precepts and their principles. Salisbury plain, Byron has said, is but Hounslow Heath, if Stone-henge is taken from it. But Stone-henge left upon it, and there is a genius of the place, as it were, that inspires and awes you. Over your fields, and in your cities, you mark the footsteps of your ancestors. Every mountain has a history, and every moor can tell a tale. Scott has done for his own home, what the mightiest of human events have done for Rome, making its locks, and its highlands, even its cliffs, and its castles, a pilgrimage ground for the world, by exaggerating acts of themselves amounting to nothing into all the witchery of romance, and the grandeur of poetry. To us, then, your land is classical, as Rome or Greece is classical to you. An American feels a fervor in your castles and cathedrals, and ruined abbeys, which I am sure you can never feel, for you were born among them. They were the first objects upon which your eyes fell from your infancy; and thus, like all things that are common, lose their charm. Not so with us, when we come among you. We have no history. We have no antiquity, as I have said. We have nothing of the doubtful and grand, buried deeply and durably in the past, on which our eyes can rest, and our fancies exalt themselves. Hence, I am sure I showed but a feeling common with my countrymen, when, for the first time, with a holy awe almost, I walked under the Gothic

arches of Yorkminster, or clambered up the ruined sides of Fountain's Abbey, or mused in the poet's corner of Westminster, or visited the inner halls of the Tower. Each of these visits was an era in my life. The visions of every year of my existence were illuminated at once. I *saw* what I had fancied, sketched, read of a thousand times, and would have almost died to see. The feeling rapidly passed away, I own, and the interest diminished, but such it was, and ten times more powerful than I can describe. Your country, of itself, apart from its history, also struck me. Your beautiful parks were my amazement. Your highly cultivated fields fulfilled my visions of an Eden. Your beautiful farm-houses, adorned with hedges around them, and flowers creeping up their sides, were jewels in my eyes. If I were called upon to say which were the two happiest days of my life, when I had seen the most, felt the most, and enjoyed the most, I would select the two first days in May, when I landed in England. I was, without exaggeration, drunk with pleasure, and exhausted at last, even to an incapacity to think or move, for every thing was new to me, every thing unlike what I had seen before, every thing so *opposite* to that I had seen in my own country.

Thus much have I said, not for the purpose of explaining my own feelings upon your land, but for the purpose of illustrating what an Englishman must most enjoy in America. The contrast that so much interested me in England, must interest a thinking Englishman when he visits the United States. Your country is *old*, and ours is *new*. You have the vigor of manhood, and often the hoary aspect of age; and we are young, lively, and elastic. You march onward in dignity and grandeur, and we leap forward with the sprightliness and the glee of youth. Your pulse goes regularly, and you can count its beats; but ours is fresh and feverish, and threatens often. As your *servility* displeases us, so our *impudence* displeases you. But these annoyances soon give way to the livelier and nobler feelings inspired by the grandeur of the achievements of the parent and the child. We witness with amazement what a garden you have made of what we should have called an almost uninhabitable country; and you see even with incredulous wonder what a stride we have taken in fifty years. The Thames we hardly call a river—a *stream*, in our western country, would have been its name; and yet on that *brook*, we exclaim, what a world of wealth is freighted! What an *ocean* it is in importance, if but a *streamlet* in fact! So your cataracts amuse us. I laughed heartily to see a bottle, or more, of water dripping down the rocks of Lowdore, the NIAGARA of England, I was told! I loved the pretty banks of Windemere, but I felt no enthusiasm amid the wild rocks of Boroughdale. If Scott had not written, the Highlands would have been only the Highlands, to me. I pitied the men who did business in the little Wye. And all this happened, not, I hope, that I have no eye for nature, but because nature is so much more grand and awful in my own country. The heart that beats quick in the highlands—how much quicker must it beat when under the cliffs of our own Kanawha! The man whose idea of a river is the Thames, what must he think of the Hudson, the first he sees on landing at New York, or of the Father of Waters, the mighty Mississippi of the west! There is no such scenery on earth, I believe, as ours. The Alps, it is true, in glaciers and snows, surpass all the mountains of which we can boast, but it is not height nor snow that makes one feel the grandeur of mountain scenery. Location does it, a contrast, a history even. But the cataract of the Alps, high as they are, must yield the palm to many of ours. There is but one Niagara in the broad circumference of the earth. There is no chain of mountains in Europe that feed such mighty rivers as ours, whether you view the noisy currents of the high northern latitudes, or the calm and beautiful Alabama, or the majestic Mississippi, or the golden waters of Missouri, or the placid and soft Ohio. And there too are lakes, those vast inland seas where fleets can ride—our boundless forests, alive with songsters of almost every note, and every feather, with trees of every cast and hue; and, if seen under the frosts of autumn, beyond the power of pencil to paint, mocking the skill of man, rivalling the rich sunset on the bosom of the western clouds, and making a very paradise of earth! And then too our boundless Prairies, and our Savannahs, and vast Havens on which beat the waves of the ocean with a sullen war, and the still solitudes where man feels as if he were really alone with the Indian, the wild, unapproached, and almost unapproachable Indian, in his savage dignity, painted and decked for war, fiery red, and with his armor on, "snorting for battle," as it were!

The freshness, the novelty, the romance, the adventure, and extent of such a country as ours, will interest you just as your antiquity, the surprising number of your cities, your wealth, and the population that you have concentrated on two islands, interest us. In leaving England to visit us, you shut an old book that you have read through and through, and you open a new one, which might be called "*Romance in Real Life.*" If you go upon the continent, you meet with no such incidents, for, founded as all the institutions are upon the like feudal system, and with analogous governments, there is no such surprising change. The only difference is, that you read the same story in another tongue; you hear the like people speaking another language. But here you read the new book in your own tongue. You mark the surprising oddity of the tales. New topics engross the attention of the multitude. New thoughts usurp their attention, and new conclusions are aimed at. The surprising difference in your eye is, that a people of the same ancestry as you are, with the same words in their mouths that you have, should not act in the same manner, and think of the same things, and live for the same purposes. But though the people have the same words in their mouths, you mark well the different uses to which they are put. The local scenery, I believe it is, that remarkably influences conversation and thought in many parts of the United States. It is natural, for example, to select images from the objects that our eye daily beholds. Thus the man of the west, amid rivers of gigantic extent, accustomed to measure distances by the facility with which he overcomes them, ever ranging as

he is, too, over a country apparently as boundless in extent as it is inexhaustible in fertility; his own governor, too, his own law-maker, the prince of the realms about him, contracts a habit of using words adapted to his station; and, for want of better, he forges images from all the materials before him. As from the ocean and the ship, the sailor collects the words in which to embody his thoughts, so this landsman collects his, from the world before him, and the objects in that world The steamboat, the alligator, the large tree, the wild beast, the tomahawk, the woodman's axe, the huntsman's rifle, are the things with which he is ever embellishing his language. "That fellow is a *wheel-horse* at auction," was the expressive phrase of an Arkansas man once to me, to praise up the talents of a superior *auctioneer*, the vender of goods at public sale. "*I swap tongues*," (and the like,) was his puzzling expression to give me an idea that he was the government interpreter of the Indian languages. Thus originated that phrase of "going the *whole hog*," so current here in our politics, and so rapidly working its way into yours. Hogs ran wild in Kentucky in the early settlement of that State. The woods were full of them. Of gold and silver there were none. Bank bills were not then in vogue as they are now. A circulating medium was wanted, and the hog was pitched upon. The price of a thing demanded, when for sale, was not in dollars nor cents, nor in shillings nor pence, but in a hog, a half of a hog, or a quarter of a hog, as the value of a thing might be. The *whole hog* was a monstrous price, and hence the idea of going great lengths, originated the phrase of "going the whole hog," or the whole *animal*, as *refinement* softens it. "The Lynch Law" phrase, under which a popular assembly try, and hang, if necessary, a culprit, originated in a similar necessity. Upon the borders, before the courts were instituted, some bad subject was often found, who, not amenable to any tribunal, beyond all jurisdiction as he was, conducted only the worse for the freedom allowed him. A man by the name of Lynch acted a conspicuous part in trying and judging, and executing such culprits, in an assembly of his peers; and hence originated the phrase of "the Lynch law," which, during the last summer, was so cruelly put in execution in one of the remote southwestern States for the purpose of stopping the progress of gamblers, and the circulation of negro-incendiary pamphlets. Thousands of curious customs, originating from the peculiarity of a border life, and thousands of phrases springing from such a life, are even now prevalent in all the new States, where the people seem to have an imagination wonderfully fertile in embodying expressions for their wants and feelings. It is the observation of such a people, in such a romantic life, that gives a zest and a charm to all American travelling.

The like impressions of beauty, grandeur, and sublimity, are often created by the observation of things the most dissimilar. Petrarch has justly written, that an elevation of the mind is often felt in the forest, under the ash or the pine, or in the green grass, near the mountains, when neither palaces, nor temples, nor any work of man's hands, can move us. He who has been among the little solitudes of the Alps, or even the Highlands of Scotland, can have some faint idea of an American wilderness, though hardly a nook exists on the Alps, or on the Highlands, that the foot of civilization is not daily vexing. Nowhere can the eye direct itself, and the heart whisper, never civilized man has been here before. Nowhere does there hang over the scene such anxious mystery as in a solitude untrodden by the white man, but when from each bush, or each branch, some grim imp of a savage appears. But it is not this of which I speak; as such scenes must be sought in the farthest and deepest wilderness, for the mighty tide of civilization at this moment beats even at the base of the Rocky mountains. I speak of the beauty that man adds to nature. I speak of the progress of arts in a wilderness, and the link that in the imagination of the traveller there is between the past and present. I speak of the contrast that the mind is ever drawing between what *was*, and *is*, and is *to be*. Imagination is at work, and it acts widely upon the future, peopling it with visions of immeasureless grandeur. As in other countries, the eye runs back on the long history of the past, and magnifies an object, the older it is; so here it stretches into the future, and is bewildered in it, for it knows where to fix its metes and bounds. Imagination, the traveller sees, has been outrun every year by *fact*. Exaggeration, even, has kept but a limping pace with the times. What *was* bombast, lags behind even faithful history now. The knowledge of these things bewilders the foreign traveller in the United States. The destiny of a mighty people is marked out too on the surface of nature. The promise of God is written in all the sublimity of his works. He speaks this promise all along the crags of the Alleghanies. It is uttered in thunder at Niagara. It is heard in the roar of two oceans from the great Pacific to the rocky ramparts of the Bay of Fundy. His finger has inscribed it on the broad expanse of our inland seas, and traced it out by the mighty Father of Waters. The august temple in which we dwell was built for high and holy purposes, and if LIBERTY and CONCORD stand upon its walls, the fame of the Palatine hill will dwindle into insignificance in comparison with the rock of Plymouth, where the English pilgrims landed.

From such reflections as these spring the emotions of grandeur and sublimity even that impress the traveller in many parts of the United States,—such emotions too as are never impressed upon any but the most delicately constructed minds by any of the works of art, or the ruins of Egyptian, Grecian, or Roman grandeur. Not every eye can see the poetry that is in a picture of a Guido, or a Raphael, nor every heart share the anguish of the *marble* of the Laocoon. It needs much reading, and more thought, when one stands on the Rialto of Venice, or the borders of the Place St. Mark, with his eye upon the Adriatic, to share with Byron the pathos and power with which he wrote of that proud Republic of the middle ages. The Coliseum even, that mighty wreck of stone and marble, must be seen by the aggrandizing light of the moon, or—*a candle!* in order to be impressed fully with its magnificence and grandeur. But the beauty, the grandeur, the sublimity, of which I speak,

in our scenery, needs no adventitious aid. The present is majestic enough, even when unencumbered with the Past, and the broad daylight of Truth itself is all that is wanted to inspire the emotion of which Petrarch spoke, so far above that which even the Coliseum of the past, or the St. Peters of the present, can inspire. These thoughts have powerfully affected me, (and so they will even the most unthinking man,) when I have stood upon the thrown-up embankments of the Mississippi that preserve New Orleans from its inundations, and counted the number and tiers of American vessels awaiting freights, —watching there the whirl of the ponderous current, and listening to the loud puff of the high-pressure steamboats that come sweeping in about every hour—it may be from a port two thousand miles off, and in a journey so furiously made, that the ice caught on her prow in the northern latitudes was hardly thawed by the then blazing sun of the south. The view filled me with admiration. From New England as I am, I never dreamed that I lived in such a country. The study of statistics there, in filling up the outlines of my own mind, elevated yet higher my conceptions of the destiny that must await us. I found that the valley of the Mississippi, near the mouth of which I was, contains more than 1,350,000 square miles, or considerably more than two-thirds of the United States, and about one-twenty-eighth part of the whole land surface of the earth. Its outline or boundary exceeds 6,000 miles; and sources of the opposite rivers, east and west, that mingle their waters in this valley are fully 5,000 miles apart. Twelve States, and two organized Territories, which will soon be States, and five Districts are upon it. The number of acres of land there fit for cultivation are estimated to be 640,000,000, and such is the fertility of the soil, much of which indeed is of an alluvial formation, and thus inexhaustible, that it can be thickly populated with human beings who may earn their livelihood with no uncommon industry. Within this boundary, and the territory east of the Rocky mountains, the number of acres of land, surveyed and unsurveyed, of extinguished and unextinguished Indian titles, within the States and Territories and without, amount, according to an estimate made by a chairman of the committee on public lands in the Senate, to 1,090,871,753 acres, and to be worth the immense sum of 1,363,589 69 dollars—750,000,000 acres of which are without the bounds of the States and Territories, and are yet to make new States, and to be admitted into the Union. The revenue from the sales of these lands for the year 1835 was 9,166,590 dollars. In this estimate, nothing is said of Texas; but the man is dead to passing events in America, who does not see that this princely territory will soon be the frontier State of the great Republic. The English blood is there and at work, and the Spanish race is no match for that, either in "the tented" or the furrowed field. But remark that almost all over this mighty empire of the west, nature has done every thing to render it accessible to the enterprise of man. Streams without number afford convenient channels for commerce, but man is rapidly doubling even these facilities by means of railroads and canals. The application of steam power to the navigation of rivers, and to the propulsion of locomotives, has thrown the whole region a century ahead in improvement and civilization. No other country on earth could have been benefitted to an equal extent by this invention. A barge in 1817 could make but one trip a year down and up the Mississippi and Ohio, from Cincinnati or Louisville to New Orleans. Months were spent in warping up the barge, or, to use the western phrase, in "cordelling," and "poling," and "bush-whacking" it against the stream; now drawing it by *cords*, now pushing it with *poles*, and anon pulling it up by the branches of the trees which overhang the water, or *bush-whacking* it, as the western boatman says. The labor was immense. The expense was frightful. But the genius of Fulton, with his engine of steam, changed the whole aspect of things. Pittsburg, though 2,000 miles from New Orleans, was brought, as it were, to its very door. To go *up* the river, was but little more difficult than to go *down*. It is a serious fact, that people on these rivers now go five or six hundred miles on mere visits of pleasure, and think no more of it than you do to go to your estate in the country. A party in St. Louis, Missouri, started from that city in a steamboat for the Falls of St. Anthony, a distance of *only* eight hundred miles, solely for the purpose of celebrating "a Fourth-of-July," our national Holiday. Twenty-four hours will often carry a man between four and five hundred miles down the stream, and one hundred and fifty up. The "*snags*" and the "*sawyers*"—the first, a log firmly fixed in the bottom of the river endways, and pointing down the stream, and hidden from the sight; the second, a log thus fixed also, but with its head above the water, and *sawing*, as it were, with the stream—both once the terror of the Mississippi navigators, have now ceased to terrify, for those that have not been torn up, are now almost as well known as the islands and rocks upon the ocean. "To run against a snag," a favorite phrase in America to convey the idea, as the Englishman would translate it, of "bringing up a man all standing," has thus lost half of its once forcible signification. But steamboats are not the only water-craft to be seen on those magnificent waters. Every thing in the form of wood is floating with human or brute beings. The *Broad Horn*, as the navigator calls an oblong boat, or a creation of wood something like the Rhenish raft, is seen full of men, women and children, and other kind of barking, bleating, and bellowing beings, from the household dog to flocks of sheep, and bullocks for the slaughter, on which some daring farmer on some retired stream has embarked his all, to find a market hundreds and hundreds of miles from home. The barge, the keel-boat, the pirogue, or canoe, gondolier, skiffs, *dug-outs*, and others with odder names, and more whimsical aspects, are seen floating down the stream. When they have reached the end of the voyage, they break them up, and sell the timber of which they may be made, and then, if they go back, they mount the steamboat, and defy the stream. I have seen men of New England birth on these streams peddling little articles from their boats all along a coast of two thousand miles, with their little flag flying to indicate what

they were—men who had started from Pittsburg with an abundance of Yankee notions, and who would undoubtedly end at New Orleans all sold out, the voyage being that on a river of two-thirds the distance across the Atlantic.

Aware of the extent of these rivers, and with these views I once began the ascent of the Mississippi in the latter part of April. The weather was intensely hot, and the lower Mississippi was flourishing in all the pride and health of a tropical summer. We rapidly passed the fine rich looking habitations of the planters on both banks above New Orleans—habitations of all models and all colors, as erected by the taste of a Spaniard, a Frenchman, or a man of Saxon blood—adorning the river and variegating the prospect, sometimes seeming like whole villages; as the neatly painted negro-dwellings clustered around the house of the master, and sometimes like dilapidated towns which negligence has left to ruin. There are chiefly rich sugar plantations on land inexhaustible in fertility, extending into the interior but a short distance, where is almost an interminable swamp, but rich where it is good at all, formed from the deposites of the Mississippi, which, like the Nile, abundantly fertilizes its banks. But there is soon an end to this display of a rich country, and fine habitations. The distance between them is soon increased, and the further you then ascend the poorer they become. At last the embankment ceases, or nearly ceases, and there is seen a swamp with its cypress, spotted only here and there by the hut of a daring wood-cutter, who supplies the steamboats with fuel; or *bluffs* appear, as they are called; hills overhanging the Mississippi, and of all shapes, from the curve to the ragged or rent parallelogram. The forest has almost an unlimited domain, and the echoes it sends off of the puffs of the steamboat, panting, as it were, up the vigorous tide, are the only sounds you hear. A ship is not more alone on the broad expanse of the Atlantic. "A sail" at sea is not descried with more pleasure, than the curling smoke of some descending steamer. Baton Rouge, with its neatly built arsenal, first relieves the eye. Natchez, as you ascend higher up, with its elegantly built houses and handsome streets, well bordered with china trees, is a pearl upon the waters. Then comes Arkansas, on the left bank of the river, with little or nothing for the eye, but forests and cane-breaks so thick as to be almost impervious to light, diversified they may be occasionally by the cabins of the wood-cutters, who are "squatting" (settling without right or title) on the lands of the United States, and selling stolen wood for two dollars and fifty cents per cord (about nine shillings)—disdaining to cultivate the soil, when, by levelling the high trees upon the banks, they could thus easily put money into their pockets. Somewhere in Arkansas, while our steamboat was "wooding," (the boatmen taking in the wood is called *wooding*,) I strayed off a little into the forest, and found near a log-cabin two Indians hideously painted, as in their days of war and glory, now beastly drunk with whiskey, and revelling in all the extravagances of intoxication.

Our voyage from Vicksburg, in the State of Mississippi, where we stopped in the night, to Memphis, in in the State of Tennessee, was uninviting and unvaried but by the passing of the flatboats and the steamboats for New Orleans and Red River; or the occasional soundings which we made in crossing a sand-bar. "A quarter less twain," "no bottom," "mark above water twain," or the like, were the chief sounds that saluted our ears; while forest after forest, with the huts of the wood-cutters, was all we could see on the shores.

Memphis is on a bluff or hill. It is a small neat looking place, with a few brick buildings. We drifted on the current, as our small boat or yawl put off to take in boat stores. Memphis seems to the voyager on the Mississippi, like a refreshing port, when he has once more come in sight of land, after being long upon the waters. We left there at evening. After a copious shower of rain, with the thunder of the south, not of England, for they seem to have a patent thunder there, the bright moon looked forth in its full radiance, and we journeyed up the strongly-opposing current in high spirits and in lively conversation, a large and agreeable party being on board.

It was on Saturday evening that we left New Orleans. The next Saturday morning early, we were near the mouth of the Ohio, in the light silver waters of that river on the right bank of the Mississippi long before we approached its mouth, for as the two streams meet, it is long before they unite, the Ohio keeping its peculiar tinge and the Mississippi its turbid yellow color for ten or twelve miles. We had ascended the strong current of a river in a line as long as that from London to Rome. The climate was different: the season less advanced: the scenery on the banks of the river more undulating, and more varied. On entering the mouth of the beautiful river, "*la belle riviere*" well called by the French when they first discovered it, and now struck with wonder and surprise by its beauty, I felt like the sailor who, on a long voyage, has caught a glimpse of the shore, and yet we were 450 miles from Louisville. The country was, however, becoming more inviting. We were not in the low lands. We were free from mosquitoes, from swamps and morasses; but yet we had indeed a voyage to make, before we reached Pittsburg or Cincinnati—the first city being even then nearly as far distant as St. Petersburgh is from London.

An indefinable sensation of satisfaction, delight and beauty, comes over the traveller as he ascends this river, and notices its graceful curves, and its sloping banks, particularly if with vegetation, and when covered with the blooming ash, the oak, cotton wood, and cypress. There is a calmness, quietude, and unobtrusive, simple grandeur, that lulls the senses into contentment, and draws the eye, and opens the applauding mouth of him who has no soul for nature. The current is calm and unruffled. All is as quiet as when the first adventurous party first sailed from the upper waters on their adventurous voyage—they hardly knew whither. Occasionally the banks are broken by rocks. At times, but seldom, a precipice is to be seen; but, generally speaking, there is a sloping woodland of mighty trees, beautiful but yet awing, alluring but impressive.

I have been upon the Rhine, and marked well the battlements of its ruined castles. I have crept up the snowy sides of the base of Mount Blanc, "that mighty monarch of the mountains." I have stood upon the frozen billows of Chamouni, that stiffened Niagara of tumbling waters. I have clambered over the basaltic pillars of your Fingal's cave. I have seen the cataract of the Rhine, and of Terni even. Niagara is in the land of my birth, and the hills of the Hudson I have sailed along many and many a day. But I can assure you, that nowhere, amid none of these manifestations of nature, gigantic, awful, or beautiful as they may be, have any feeling, or any passion been created, which will bear a resemblance in force to that I felt when I first saw the mingling of the waters of the Mississippi and Ohio. The eyes of all were brightened. Hearts beat with a quicker and quicker pulsation. The grandeur of the spectacle, united with the thought of an extent almost undefined, inspired an emotion bordering upon the sublime. There is none of the voice of rushing waters there. There is no turbulent intermingling of the streams. Silence, severe and awful, sits watching over the spot. Only the birds of the forest vex the woods. There is nothing around that will bear the name of a mountain. Nature is quiet and in slumber as it were. Simplicity, rigid and austere, is the character of the whole scene. But POWER and SPACE seem to be there. The vast Ohio is taken in, and the Mississippi never seems to know it, or to change its waters even, though the Ohio, for a hundred miles above, is as wide as the parent stream, and the great absorbing outlet of seventy-five *American* rivers. Though over a thousand miles from the Gulf of Mexico, yet the traveller sees waters that have come over three thousand miles beyond him, and whose last force is only to be spent in the stream of the great Gulf upon the shores of Britain! The beauty and the sublimity of natural scenery for once seem to be mingled here. The Ohio waters have flown along for twelve hundred miles, with but one single trivial obstruction, at Louisville, in graceful curves, and through lofty banks crowned with trees of beautiful foliage. Its current has been gentle and calm, and its waters of a light silvery hue, when all at once it meets the Mississippi, wild, rough, and turbid; and there, as if in shrinking from such an embrace, it refuses for miles to mingle with its stream. The heart of man can almost feel a sympathy with the horror of the river deity. The charming bride looks like the fabled Antiope when struggling in the arms of Jupiter, changed into a Satyr or a Pan. But the struggle is all in vain. The arm of the father of rivers, if not the father of gods, is embracing her, who in his course has wedded a thousand streams, though none so peerless as this. The Ohio sees her destiny in the arms of him whose head is crowned on the shores of the Oregon, and whose foot stands fixed deep in the sands of the Gulf of Mexico, and yields at last with submission to the whirling and eddying current.

But I must draw to a close this letter, for I have other topics of more utility, if not of more interest, to touch upon. The objects of natural scenery which I have pointed out, are but few in number in comparison with those of which I have said nothing. The breaking of the river Shenandoah through the Blue Ridge at Harper's Ferry, in Virginia, to join the Potomac, is one among the many remarkable natural views of the world. A western Prairie is not without its charm in an European eye. Lake George, in New York, is upon the grand tourist ground of an American, the lake Leman of our side of the water, but unlike that celebrated lake every way except in the tours made to see it. Vermont, I have said before, is our Switzerland, but without the snow-covered Alpine summit. The White *Hills* have among them our highest *mountain*. The valley of the Connecticut is the garden of the United States. Maine abounds in cataracts, and views magnificently wild. Elsewhere I have alluded to other places, all of which, in Europe, would be represented in engravings, to be hung up in every saloon or chamber.

Original.

THE HOMEWARD BOUND.

PROUDLY she rides—her white sails catch the breeze—
Glad hearts, and anxious, speed her on her way,
And eyes are watching her fast lessening sails
As swift she dashes through the silvery spray;
She moves an Ocean Queen o'er the light foam.
May angels watch, and guide her safely home!

The homeward bound—high beats the exulting heart,
As like a sea-bird with light gleaming wings,
Or as a gallant courser on she bounds,
And to the destined goal impatient springs.
The white waves part to her impetuous sway,
And scatter diamond wreaths upon her way.

The homeward bound—the sailor-boy aloft
A bright and golden web of fancy weaves,
Sees o'er the rolling billows his loved cot,
Hears the low rustling of the forest leaves,
The bird's blithe song amid the summer bowers,
And drinks the perfume of his garden flowers.

Sees once again the dear and household band,
A father's smile, a mother's blissful tears;
And in the breeze that wafts him joyful on,
The sweet glad voices of his home he hears.
Again a truant boy o'er wood and lea,
Starts as he hears the wild and rushing sea.

Oh, I have waited for the homeward bound—
Have watched the evening star, the morning beam—
Days slowly passed, and years have waned away,
And hope hath faded like a midnight dream.
I ne'er shall see that one, from the far main,
'Till all the homeward bound shall meet again.

EDITH.

Brooklyn City, April, 1833.

Original.

CHRISTINE.*

An humble, plain-dressed, unattended, unprotected female, I arrived at the inn where the stage-coach stopped, by which I had travelled to London. After a night's rest I applied to a decent looking chambermaid for information as to the best manner to proceed in settling myself in respectable lodgings. She smiled at the ignorance of life which my questions displayed; but compassionating my simplicity, she engaged a hackney coachman of her acquaintance, on whose honesty and civility I might rely, to carry me to two or three different places she recommended. Here was I, the elegant, the accomplished, the highborn, and *once* carefully guarded, Christine, Countess Von Gravenstein, wrapt in a coarse travelling-cloak, seated in a corner of an old half-broken hack, well filled with straw, being dragged from one narrow, mean, dirty street to another, stopping at every tolerable looking dwelling which exhibited "Lodgings to let," on its dusky windows, and at intervals holding familiar colloquies on the subject with my poor driver, who being a native of that country where birth is regarded with deep reverence, and whose acute people quickly discover the truth or falsehood, of pretensions to it. The man treated me as if I had been a Duchess surrounded by troops of menials; but seeing there was little chance of my being suited before night, he thought he might venture an advice, and taking off his broken rimmed hat he began—

"If my lady, bein' as she looks something iv a furrener herself, would have a likin' to lodge with them, I know as dacent a couple as any in Lunnun, in a side street, ma'am, by a square, an' a nate house, he's a dancin'-masther, and ud shoot her intirely."

"Take me there, if you please," I replied; "tired to death, I will be glad to find any place, if the people be but civil."

"Ah, thin, its thim that *is* civil to a dog, savin' yer presence, my lady, and here goes," so giving a lively smack to his jaded horses, we set off at their greatest possible speed, and after nearly an hour's drive, halted before a very small house, in a very narrow street of the West End.

As my good-natured Irish driver had foreseen, I was suited at once. The room (for I could afford to hire but one) was small and poorly furnished, up two pair of stairs, and looking on the walls and roofs of dark clustered houses and close dreary courts, but it was clean, low-priced, and my host and hostess the perfection of French politeness and kindliness. I almost felt as if I had at length a home, when after being assisted to regulate my weekly expenses by Madame Bontonville, engaging the tidy maid to procure every thing necessary for my daily wants, and having put away my luggage as I most conveniently could, I sat down before a small bright fire to think over the strange events of the last few weeks, and meditate on my future intentions.

Through the exertions, and indeed unsolicited kindness of Monsieur Bontonville, several pupils were obtained, to whom I taught music, French and any thing else required. They were not in the very refined walks of life, but it mattered very little to me whether noble or *roturier* paid for the bread I was compelled to earn in a way alike obnoxious to my habits, tastes and temper. At leisure hours, drawing became my favorite employment, and delicate fancy works, by which I hoped ultimately to gain sufficient for my limited necessities. I wrote often to Emily Clare; and often did she express her exceeding surprise that her brother had never yet called on me, although she had repeatedly urged him to do so; but she said he was becoming an indolent correspondent, and after being four months from home seldom wrote ten lines to her once a week. Feeling mortified that he required to be *urged* to visit me, I begged Emily to mention me no more in her letters; and soon our own communications were few and far between, for she told me her time was fully occupied in attending to the declining health of her father, that her own was failing fast, and I could gather from the desponding tone of the last few lines I received, there was a secret sorrow preying on both, which I feared might be attributed to that young and worshipped brother.

For six months I had been in London, when one evening hastening home from giving a lesson to one of my pupils, as I crossed through a retired square, two half-inebriated young men laughing and whispering overtook me, and in passing, rudely pushed me, while one pulling off my bonnet, said—"Let me see your face, little one!" the other started back from the glare of the lamp-light, under which they stood, and exclaimed—

"Miss Gravenstein! Allen, do not be rude—this lady is a friend of my sister."

"Pretty friends your sister must have, if they ramble about in twilight through London, like this one," he rejoined, sneeringly.

"Allen, you shall answer for this. Good evening, sir. I shall, with your permission, Miss Gravenstein, see you safe home."

"Thank you, Mr. Clare," I said, as trembling with fear, surprise and the pleasure of once more seeing him, no matter how or where, I put my arm in his, and we proceeded to my lowly dwelling. We talked of our unexpected meeting; he excused himself for not having discovered me before; we spoke of the town, its amusements, its discomforts, its motly crowds—every thing, but of times past: the Grange, his sister, his father, his cousin, all seemed interdicted; on these he never touched; and when I alluded to them, in any way, he changed to some trivial subject of discourse. This was strange; but, still, it was not difficult to find the key to the ghost-chamber of his wild and guilty heart; for that he had become a foolish, misled fellow-creature, was easily discovered by less acute observation than mine. And yet, wayward as I was, I loved him still, perhaps more, for I know in his dereliction from the precise path of duty, was the certainty he could never become the husband of her he adored, and for whose sake, he had been apparently sacrificed.

* Continued from page 30.

I knew my French hostess would not be so punctilious as an Englishwoman, about my inviting a young gentleman to enter my apartment; and I asked Elliot to follow me to my little chamber. By the light of my small lamp, I could now examine his appearance, and note the striking change a few short months had produced in this poor boy. He was much taller, his form was muscular, and his countenance that of premature manhood. No more blushing, no more shy, stealing glances, no quiet smile of unobtrusive humor lurked about his firm, curled lips. The eyes opened on you, bold and daringly; the brow slightly knit, or suddenly arching contemptuously; the cheek pale and not so full; the hair darker and falling in heavy masses over the beautiful head; and the erect and haughty bearing seemed to set all at defiance who might presume to oppose or contradict his determined spirit: determined not to good, not to purity, not to the safe, but narrow way of a self-denying will—but proud of its disregard of wisdom's precepts, of its dauntless grappling with moral danger, of its superiority in evil, giving a pre-eminence to one so young, and of late, *so* innocent, similar to that of the archangel ruined. He had gained much in ease and elegance of manner; it was hardly to be expected, from his associates, that it could be so; but Elliot was born a gentleman, and had he not been, there was nature's aristocracy about him, which transmuted the common forms of middle life, to the refined gold of polished circles.

He glanced carelessly around my room, and sitting down, said—

"You find me changed, Miss Gravenstein."

"Oh, very, very much you seem not as you used to be. You are a man in appearance and manner." He smiled.

"Yes, youth is gone—gone for ever. I left it in the woods of the old Grange, Miss Gravenstein."

I sighed: he had not hinted about his home before. "Have you not heard of your family lately, Mr. Clare?"

"Yes, I have—they are ailing, dull, fretful. Ah, the country is a sad place to grow old in—don't you think so?"

"No: I would have staid there for ever, could I have chosen for myself."

"No, no, Miss Gravenstein," he said, smiling; "tell me not that fine tale. I have heard all from my sister, and you might have as well remained in the country as not; but there was some little private inducement to come to town, confess—nay, you blush—I am right—and, as a trusty friend, you might tell to me your little mystery; do, I am growing old, and curious, of course."

He looked at me boldly. My cheeks would crimson; but he did not turn away and ask pardon as he used, when it had so happened before. I felt that I must be more cautious, more reserved; he respected me, but he could not love me, and I was determined not to lose his esteem, worthless as he had become.

"We will not discuss the cause of my being in London, if you please, Mr. Clare; but permit me to hope you will sometimes visit me, and we can refresh our old liking or antipathies to persons and places once familiar to us, though far away from the dear home you ought to love so well."

"*Ought*, aye, *ought*—there is a great deal hidden under that, Miss Gravenstein. I see you are not so *naive* as might be supposed; but remember, if we are to meet as friends, no old times and *no advice;* I am sick of advice; I detest it, and whoever gives it—but not you, Miss Gravenstein—you look too amiable, too exquisitely kind, too *spirituelle* to give one *much* good advice."

And laughingly he bowed, and left me astonished and bewildered to find a boy, a simple, unformed country youth, spring into bold, reckless, dissipated manhood—making me blush, and tremble, and shrink from his free gaze with the timidity of an awkward school girl, instead of bearing myself with the composure of a self-supported, self-guided, independent woman.

—

Several months elapsed, and I continued to follow the humble routine of my tedious avocations uninterruptedly; hurrying rapidly, from morning till night, through crowded streets, unnoticed and unregarded, to teach over and over the same weary lessons, for which neither the voice of cheering or grateful approbation, nor the bounteous hand of courteous wealth, rewarded me. During this time, Elliot had favored me with two or three formal visits; and at each meeting I could perceive a deeper gloom on his brow, a more haggard expression of the eye, and an apparent gradual indifference to respectability of appearance.

It was early winter. The sun's slanting rays were vainly endeavoring to pierce the dense obscurity of a London fog that veiled that multitude of busy streets and stately palaces, and homes of happier mediocrity, and dwellings of misery in its misty foldings. I sat at my small window trying to see a speck of blue in the sky, the very little bit of sky I could discern above the roofs and chimnies of the surrounding houses; and thinking, as the last gleam of sunshine faded in the deepening twilight, if perchance a star might be visible to look on my loneliness with its soft, though distant brightness—when I heard a heavy foot on the stairs, and presently, the door flung widely open, entered Elliot Clare, in a disordered garb, his eyes burning as with unearthly fire, his cheek hollow, but marked with the inward fever's scarlet stain—and through his brown, and parched, and open lips, his clenched teeth in ghastly whiteness shining.

Without salutation he flung himself on a chair by the fire, exclaiming—"Well, Miss Gravenstein, you seem not pleased to see me!"

"Mr. Clare, it is strange—this visit—this hour—I know not what to think, nor what to say."

"Well, then, I will tell you without thinking; I will tell you all—all—the *black total.* I will tell you *why* I come to you, to the only one, perhaps, on the wide earth who would at this moment receive me. I know your true heart, your warm feelings; I know, if there be one drop of consolation left in the bitter cup of life, you can administer it; though we have been, and never shall be, more than friends, I have found it wiser trust-

ing to friendship than to love. Oh! madness—hideous madness! but patience, patience—I must tell you—I must be calm—I must wind up my courage to the desperate feat of laying my injuries and my crimes before you."

He pushed the curls from his damp forehead, and lifting a glass of water from the table beside him, swallowed it with convulsive eagerness.

"Ha!—water and I were old friends, but we have become sad strangers in London. Now, see how calm I can be, and listen compassionately, Christine; I abandon all hope, if there be no pity for me in your gentle breast."

Oh, Heaven! what it was to hear such words, at such a time, fall from the sinful, but beloved lips of the unfortunate man, corrupted through the influence of violent passions, unrestrained by the soft and holy ties of the domestic circle, from which he had been so unwisely thrust forth to the allurements of the world and its flowery perdition.

"Mr. Clare, I do not pretend to understand what has thus disturbed you; but if I can alleviate—if I can advise, or assist you, you will find me a true friend, and no very rigid censor."

"I know it, Christine, and let us throw form aside; let us give up that vile remnant of our bondage at least—call me Elliot, let me hear that familiar sound once more—God knows it may not be so long any one will have to say it! But I must go on: why, I came here, you know—it was with a determination to surmount every difficulty, and acquire, as soon as possible, the riches I was sent to seek. Ah, the dreams of youth, what are they? The life I was forced to undertake was totally unsuited to me; I could not bind myself down eternally to that cursed desk and those horrible books. Oh, the rows of figures, the ever-multiplying and senseless cyphers, they are branded on my soul, or burning before my soul night and day—but no matter! The principal was angry; he remonstrated, I replied, saying too much, perhaps, and enough to have me at once cast on my own means. This was unknown at home. I thought I might come out as an author and surprise them by 'the coinage of my brain;' it was tried. I met wild fellows—much wit and well-filled heads and empty pockets; we assimilated well together. I made draft after draft on the poor old father, until *he too* began to remonstrate: I thought that folly in him, for at least I might spend my own fortune, and so I told him. They besought me to return—no—the cup of Circe was at my lips and no one to dash it away. Oh, Christine, *facilis descensus Averni*—but that you cannot know, all pure and excellent as you are! However, from bad to worse, I commenced gambling; I was fortunate, and supplied myself with luxuries for sometime; but still I kept draining the meadows of the old Grange. At last—well, I must come to it—I must say it—Emily wrote that my father was dying; my uncle Gordon had renounced me: and Grace, (do you not smile when you hear me name her so composedly?) that fair Grace, was to marry the rich London tradesman; is it not brave, prithee? A friend of the family has since informed me, to supply my dissipation the little property my father had was sold: *he* is dead—Emily gone to reside at Ivybrook on her relations' bounty; Grace, the happy bride of Mr. Heathcote—and your faithful friend and now devoted servant, a condemned, disgraced, dishonored pauper. Will you give me one hour's shelter after that, Christine? Will you not send me forth to the ruin and opprobrium which awaits me?"

"No, Elliot, no; with all your follies—it may be crimes, (yes, I must admit—crimes,) still, I offer all I can to you; the little I possess is yours; and, if you will but make an effort, you have time enough, with your talents and energies, to retrieve your fortune. Do not turn away so mournfully—throw aside the evil habits which must as yet be burthensome rather than pleasurable to one so good, so innocently brought up, as you were."

"It is no use, no use. She is gone! I have been my own destroyer! I went with my eyes open into the vortex of all misery, more from a disposition to revenge myself on my uncle's obstinacy, and to prove he was wrong in refusing an unsullied heart and modest fortune—than from any positive desire to mingle in the gross amusements, the disgusting pleasures of those with whom I filled my soul. And now, wasted in spirit—broken in constitution, by secret grief and gnawing despair, more than excesses, what remains for me to do, but to lie down in some wretched nook, and with my life atone for its weak and wilful errors."

"Say not so, Elliot, this is not manhood: with youth and an unstained name, you have still a fair field before you. Thank God you have been preserved from worse!"

"What worse, Christine? The law may not be able to condemn me, but do I not know I am a parricide as effectually as if I had committed the deed with these two hands?"

He shivered, and asked for more water; I felt his hand, it was burning, the red spot on either cheek was deepening; and he bent over the fire, while every limb was trembling with the premonitory chill of fever. I saw he was not fit to be turned from our door in such a state, and on such a night too, without a friend or home to receive him. Unable to resist the promptings of my heart, I ran down to Madame Bontonville, beseeching her to let him have a room, and promising to pay what ever expenses might be incurred on his account. She looked concerned, but objected greatly to keeping him on any terms.

"*Il a l'air distingué, c'est vrai, mais il n'a pas l'air respectable.* Ah, my dear, you must be too yong to make such doing wis *un roué comme ça. Mais attendez voila* Monsieur Bontonville—what you say, *mon ami, á cette pauvre petite?* She vish to take her yong Monsieur Clare in keeping—to put him up in one room and pay for him—what you say?"

"Ah, ah! *Je ne dis rien, mais je pense beaucoup. Mademoiselle* it is onwell for you to put moch care on dis yong man; I have see him veri moch, jomping upon de streets wid no nice personnes. Ah, ah—dat is not pretty; better for leave him to go outside de door—he vill do no misshef so—but if—"

"Ah, Monsieur Bontonville, he is sick—perhaps dying; his father is dead—his sister very ill; he has no friend, no relation, but myself, and do not refuse my petition—do not, dear Monsieur and Madame. I will attend him—I will pay for him. Be not afraid, you shall lose nothing by your kindness: believe me, I am actuated solely by compassion and a knowledge of his forlorn condition."

"Ah, ah—*c'est bien vrai*," replied Monsieur Bontonville, with an incredulous smile. And I am moch sorri if dis Monsieur be sick; but how vill you have care for him, and for your pupils *aussi?* Ah, Mademoiselle, you must give one or oder away; but nevare mind tonight—let him stay, Madame Bontonville vill permit, I dare to say, and make you at your mind."

"Yes, yes—he shall have de little closet by your own *chambre*, Mademoiselle."

"Ah, he shall have my own room, if you please, and I will take the other, for I know he cannot be removed from the fire; and thank you, thank you both, for your exceeding goodness—believe me, I can never forget this."

"Ah, well, if he so sick, I vill fetch de doctor. It is veri good for give him de tisan, Mademoiselle. Ah,—yes, veri—Madame Bontonville vill make you comprehend that. Ah, yes."

Grateful and delighted to have this kind couples' consent to save, as I firmly believed, poor Elliot from utter destruction, I returned to him, and found his weakness so much increased, that he was amenable as a child, and willing to do whatever I desired. After some faint opposition, he yielded to my insisting that my room should henceforth be his; and, aided by Madame and the maid, I placed him in the bed, gave him some cooling drink, engaged the maid to sit with him and to call me if necessary during the night, and then retired to my little closet. Fervently I prayed that I might be not only instrumental in preserving his life, but also in renovating his principles and virtues. He was thrown singularly on my charity—what I had long secretly desired was at length arrived; not indeed as I had imagined it would be in my silly day-dreams; but alone and deserted, without aught of kindred near to comfort him, I could now be every thing; his nurse, his companion, his protectress, *his friend*, for in that little word, was comprised all I ever hoped from the gratitude or attachment of Elliot Clare.

And from this time I devoted myself to him. Through long weeks of fever and delirium, through the slow recovery and the certain convalescence, never did my patience waver, or my affection suffer dimunition. To set by his bed, watch the changes in his faded beauty, wet the parched lips, or bathe the burning forehead, or whisper soft, nay, even tender murmurs to his ear, became my daily and nightly duty. I had a steady, experienced woman hired, who relieved me from the common fatigue of attendance; but all those gentle cares, those delicate observances that soothe and solace the couch of pain, belonged to me; and rich was my reward when those beautiful eyes once more recognized me with mild inquiry, and those pale lips again breathed my name in accents of tender gratitude, and that white, transparent hand held mine in its fond, but feeble pressure.

I never let one of his relations learn the illness or situation of Elliot, until he was quite re-established. I wrote to Emily once, saying her brother was not in good health, but I understood he was with persons anxious for his welfare. By communicating the truth, I would perhaps, have had to transfer my new-found treasure—and though I scarce could hope to procure him sustenance a month longer, yet the happiness I tasted in seeing him almost my own, was too exquisite to resign until his own decision rendered it impossible longer to guard him in his loving captivity. For as his strength returned, he, of course, considered himself bound to make exertion; and when he told me he would now enter on life with a strong purpose of securing wealth and reputation, I thanked heaven in my truthful heart, believing through my means, he would go forth, to run unwearied the race of honorable enterprise.

My small sum with Golding & Co. had been greatly lessened by the expenses consequent on his illness. I now placed the remaining part in his hands, grieving that it was so trifling; and when, after much persuasion, he accepted it as a loan, he said, unless he could amply repay all I had done for him, we should never meet again. This was on the evening before he left me; and I entreated him not to say so, but, at least, to let me sometimes see him, and cheer him by my sympathy, and the interest I should feel for his success in whatsoever he might undertake. No—no—he was obstinate; he felt the burthen of being so deeply indebted to one, on whom he had no claim. Truly miserable did I feel, as bidding me farewell, in a tone of melancholy affection, he said—

"If better times await me, we shall meet again, Christine; but it would be neither for your advantage nor mine, to see each other, in our present circumstances."

"Elliot," I inquired, "what do you mean? After being so long together, so long as my brother, what could be injurious to either, in your occasionally coming to tell me of your proceedings?"

"I cannot exactly say what I mean; I hardly know myself. Believe me, all that man can feel of grateful, respectful attachment for woman, I do for you. Heaven, what do I not owe you? Where should I have been, had you abandoned me? Think you, I can ever forget you have been my life of life, in its darkest and dreariest moments? But I will not tire you with repetitions of my thanks; only let me assure you, it is for the best, that we should not meet, even as acquaintances, if I must remain here, and become a dependant on the justice of some mercantile man, who will bestow the pittance which purchases my best energies, grudgingly, as if a beggar's dole. Should I ever attain what I still fondly hope, you shall be the first to hear of me, but not till then."

"But tell me, only tell me, Elliot, what you intend; to what do you look with expectations so sanguine?"

"I must not—I dare not. Wild as you may have deemed me, this would but confirm you in that opinion.

Ah, Christine, if Grace Gordon had been like you, or if I had dared to aspire to your favor, in those many years before the blight fell on my spirit! But shrink not, Christine; do not fear importunity on such a subject. Imagine not, dear one, I would offer you a broken fortune, and a sullied honor. I feel my own unworthiness too deeply; and, more than all, my heart is bound in ice. Fear me not, Christine; I speak to you, as to a sister. With me, the *memory* of love has expired, amid the ruins and the ashes of its desecrated temple."

Faint and weeping, I folded a shawl around my head, and concealed my agitation as best I could—finding, after all the sweet anticipations his first words had awakened, he was, though not indifferent and cold, as formerly, yet distant as ever, from becoming the light and sunshine of my solitary and clouded existence. And thus we parted. And thus, after months of anxiety, privation, and unreal, unsubstantial dreamings of felicity, I turned my thoughts to my own affairs, and found I was indeed a bankrupt, in purse, in heart, and *even in name.*

My good friends, Monsieur and Madame Bontonville, had refrained from alarming me on what might be the consequences of my exclusive devotion to this young man, from their firm belief, that, on his recovery, we should be united in marriage, which would, of course, silence the invidious remarks passed on my conduct by the other lodgers, and the few pupils who had given themselves the trouble to inquire after me. But when my long attendance terminated in a separation so singular, even they began to wonder; and when I applied to Monsieur Bontonville to enable me to find some other pupils, to replace those I had relinquished, he assured me it would be impossible. What was I to do? My drawings and fancy work could be disposed of for little more than the materials cost me; and how was I to discharge some debts I had incurred, and support myself for the future?

"Ah, ah! *c'est vrai,*" said Monsieur, sagaciously nodding his head, and tapping his snuff-box,—"I not know, mademoiselle, how you vil! make live. *Mais comment, ce vilain monsieur ne veut pas vous épouser?* Ah, 'tis veri ill—veri horrible. Oh, it vas not pretty—non—de yong ladees vill not have you for teach—because 'tis say, you know somsing, you make *un liaison. Mais, je n'en crois rien moi.* I learn bettare—also, no matter—never mind,—if vill come de talk, de noise, why it most; but I have veri fine thought—you dance *tres bien,* mademoiselle, n'est-ce pas? You know, sometime I make assistance to the *ballét* of the opera. Ah, veri well—now you comie on; we want often, mani, oh, veri mani figuranti—vous entendez? Eh bien—now you see, I could not make you one great *danseuse* from de forst, but wid *des leçons,* you vill be veri good as *une des corps de ballet,* une *figurante.* Ah, you find that well—ah, ah, veri pretty, *n'est.ce pas?*"

"Oh, it may do—but in that station, so low, so despised, as those figuranti are, how should I ever endure?"

"*Mais comment ma chére mademoiselle*—you ave no caraktere, *à present.* Monsieur Clare, he take him all off; *mais pardonnez—vous avez la jolie tournure, un pied comme la Cendrillon, et beaucoup de grâce*—vit my teach you learn de make of your steps *à plomb, et peut être;* you come to de *grande danse d'ailleurs.* I vill ave great care you shall come on, in dis proffession, if you have veri much wish—"

"*Ah oui, ma chère,*" interrupted Madame; "*voyez.* I too can make *le pas de zephyr—le pas de Vestris—pas de Basque, et voyez une pirouette comme ça!*" And she commenced whirling round her little dumpling figure, while *le mari* clapped his hands in ecstasy, exclaiming—

"*Voyez, mademoiselle*—and I made her myself!—*voyez qu'elle grace, qu'ell legèreté—oh, magnifique! Mais ma chère, pour quoi n'avez vous pas un petit plus—de—pantalon?* Ah, mademoiselle, I vill make you too—I vill teach you one grande sensation—ah, veri pretty!"

When poor Madame was tired with her exhibition, we discussed the matter more composedly; and I gave them some little specimens of my agility, which so enchanted Monsieur, he would scarce lay down his fiddle, or stop from his initiatory lesson, until repeatedly warned by the gaudy time-piece of the lateness of the hour.

In the solitude of my new, indeed, desolate chamber, I ruminated over the changes of my short life; and the chances which had thrown me so utterly forlorn on the rushing tide of an unfriendly world, urged forward by the current of circumstances, yet with no haven in prospect, but the silent, unwept, nameless grave. Why should I spurn at the simple kindness of Monsieur Bontonville? Why should I hold myself above what a mysterious Providence seemed to have made my destiny? Degraded, despised, as the occupation, I had almost chosen, was considered, there was no reason why I should not preserve my integrity, as intact, and pure, as if still guarded in the palaces of my ancestors. True, the difficulty was immeasurably more, but the glory proportionably great, although unknown to any human being, but the secret treasure of my own approving conscience. I had also become regardless of whatever might occur, if the mere necessities of life could be provided without absolute disgrace. And after a time, when I had become accustomed to my business, the stage trickery, the glittering deceptiveness—the flimsy gaudiness of the tinselled beauties along with me—the rush, the haste to be arrayed, and ready at the moment wanted—the cold huddling together, in our common room, as we separated, every minute particular had a novelty for me, which carried away my thoughts from my own sad fate, and left me little time, either to mourn over the past, or anticipate for the future.

And well would it be for those, who speculate on the worthlessness of human nature—who reason over the determined wickedness, which chooses evil, where good is also optional—of the moral blindness, which, hurrying forward to destruction, passes unheeded the barriers of decorum and virtue,—were they to study in the wild, but wondrous school of philosophy, which may be found behind the pasteboard temples, and paper groves, and

all the mockery of paint, gilding, and chaotic confusion of a theatre;—where every temptation to vice abounds, and yet where so many, even there, preserve the charities of our nature as fresh, and glowing, as those in the safe and sheltered seclusion of private life, of which these poor denizens of a little world know, but as the tales of fairy land. How much truth, and benevolence, and simple-mindedness, and christian, *aye christian*, forbearance, are exercised among those very, *very* lowly beings, on whom, in our palmy state of wealth, and honor, we but look, as creatures born, and nurtured, to minister to the thirst for amusement of the pallid, and sated children of prosperity.

But I mean not to write a homily in defence of the theatre, or the ballet; I merely intreat indulgence for the profession, since, for some time, I have to appear as one of its humble votaries.

My earnings were small, but they sufficed to place me above depending on charity. I had not much to do, as my figure was so *petite*, that I was generally placed in a groupe, in some airy posture, with tamborine, or wreath, while the superior deities of the pantomime floated around in their graceful twinings, and with bland smilings, and looks of delusive witchery, called down thunders of applause. Monsieur Bontonville had not influence enough to give me any distinction among the numbers of figuranti; all much prettier, and many more agile, or more graceful, than myself. Still, he consoled me; a time would come, he hoped, when my abilities would be brought forward; and as he found I had a good voice, he recommended my continuing the cultivation of it, as both accomplishments might in some character be united to advantage. He usually accompanied me home, when the ballet was concluded; and, with paternal care, protected me, on all occasions, from the obtrusive rudeness of the young *roués* behind the scenes, who presumed on the mean and contemptible station of the inferior members of the *corps de ballet*.

One evening, some misunderstanding had detained Monsieur Bontonville, and my cheeks hot with paint, my limbs aching with a continuation of overstrained postures, sick of the noise and bustle around me, I set out by myself, as our little dwelling was not far from the opera-house. In going through a gloomy aristocratic square, I had to pass a splendid mansion, from whose windows lights innumerable were gleaming, and before the door lounged groups of saucy menials, and poor gazers at the magnificence within; and rows of coronetted carriages gave evidence of the dignity of the partakers in the gaiety of those festive saloons, from which music and odours came mingled, like breathings of paradise, to the faint, and hungry, and woe-worn passers-by.

As I went forward, hoping to glide through the crowd unnoticed, there was a backward move from the steps, and "the Countess of Archdale's carriage" was called for, by several voices. I had a full view of the elegant woman to whom, as I conjectured, this title belonged. A gentleman, with a slight looking girl on his arm, preceded her; and she, this haughty countess, a tall, large-eyes, superb blonde, scarcely caring to screen with her satin cloak the gorgeous attire which adorned her full form, followed, leaning on the arm of—Gerald Nugent. The contrast—think for a moment of the contrast; she, his wife, (that I learned afterwards,) brilliant as an idol of an Eastern temple, wreath-guarded, and love-tended, leaving one palace of pleasure, to seek new delights, new homage, in another; and I, wrapt in a dingy cloak, my head covered with a slouching bonnet, carrying in gloveless hand the scanty earnings of the week, as a poor posture-girl, shrinking from observation, amid a crowd of servants, on the cold damp pavement, without friend or relative, faint and weary, creeping to my garret-home, and there, without fire to warm me, or food to refresh me, to seek rest in my humble bed, until the dawn required me to renewed exertions in my calling. And I might have been in *her* place—I, by right of birth, if not of fortune, should have sparkled among the gems of youth and beauty, in that very circle from which I was, by untoward destiny, so cruelly exiled. *Ed io anche sono nobile!* But brief and sudden darted these thoughts like lightning through my brain, for a rude push threw me forward, and, slipping, I fell, my head striking the lower step of the pillared entrance. Instantly, angry and kind words were spoken, gentle arms raised me—my old bonnet fell back, and the glare of light was on my face—my eyes were closed, but I knew the touch of Gerald's hand—I felt it was Gerald's breath upon my cheek, and I heard, what none other did, his shuddering whisper, as he closely pressed me, "Heaven and earth—Christine—Christine—my lost one—and *thus*, and *here!*"

Curious servants officiously gathered round, but he ordered them off, as he saw me reviving; and telling his friend (who had, as I said, just preceded him and the countess, and who now came towards him,) to take care of the ladies, and lend him his carriage for an hour,—heedless of the remarks of those near, he lifted me into the chariot, and in a few moments, according to my half-uttered directions, we were whirling to my humble lodging.

It would be impossible to detail the inquiries, the explanations, of our short conversation; the horror, the rage, of Gerald, at this discovery of his mother's desertion of me; she, the unfeeling, false woman, had assured him I was in a safe asylum, and for my sake, as well as his own, she wished the secret of that asylum to be preserved inviolate. And when he would insist on entering my apartment, to see as he said, with his own eyes, the misery to which I had been reduced, his high and tender spirit could no longer control the vehemence of his feelings; he covered his face with his hands, and, throwing himself on the low cushionless settee, every fibre trembled with agony, and drops, not, oh, not disgraceful to his manhood, burst through his closed fingers from his eyes!

"Christine—Christine—favorite and pupil of my youth—idol of my manhood,—was it to such a home as this, they consigned you, when, by falsehood and pretences too base not to be at last discovered, they separated me from you for ever! Why did you not seek me? Why did you not at least write to your friend, your early

guardian, your—oh, not beloved, but still your loving, Gerald!"

"How could I, my lord? I knew you were married. I knew my lady desired there should be no intercourse; and how could I tell if you would have listened to my complaint, or if you would have been willing to excuse the error which occasioned the loss of her ladyship's patronage—I thought of course she had told you every thing."

"She told me nothing, Christine—she knew I would believe nothing against you—you, whom I have loved since first a little helpless child;—you won all hearts by your forlorn and orphan beauty;—you, to be unworthy of my regard! Oh, never, never Christine—only from your own lips could I believe such a treason, and scarce even from them! But we part no more:—bound as I am to one, fair enough, and good enough, for any disengaged heart, I cannot do now, as I ought, when weakly yielding to old family regulations, and the persuasions of my mother, I imagined I could live without you. Oh, Christine, what a life it has been—what a dreary, dull, sunless, airless vacuity, has been this prison life, deprived of you! And I thought to live without you!—and I dreamed there could be happiness where you were not!—and I believed you could not love me, and I left you—my own, my sweet, my cherished one, to such tender mercies as these! Heaven—Heaven—there is judgment for this!"

"My lord, my lord, in mercy have patience!"

"My lord!" he reiterated, pressing my hands between his, and turning his soft large tearful eyes on me, while a smile of inexpressible sweetness was on his lips,—"My lord, to you, Christine!—your brother, my little Christine, your own Gerald, now, and for ever! Say it, say Gerald, dearest, let me hear it again—again—as no lips could ever utter it but yours."

"Then, Gerald, my brother Gerald, hear me. Low and mean as my situation may appear, its misery could be increased; and you, if you have indeed pity for me, must not injure the peace of either your wife or mother, by seeing me on terms of open friendship, and clandestinely I will not receive you. I can take nothing from you; my expenses are trifling, and I can, while I have health, support myself; but, Gerald, hear me patiently—we meet no more;—it would neither be honorable in you, nor wise in me, to renew the intimacy of happier years, when under the guardianship of your mother, and the protection of your home."

"Be silent, Christine! I hear you not—I heed you not. Think you, I have but found my treasure, to cast it away again? You know I will not: womanly and prudent as your counsels are, they will avail nothing with me. Could I leave you in this horrible condition—in this cold and comfortless shelter, hardly excluding the bitter winds and nipping frosts of winter—leave you to struggle with the worthless, and the vile, in your wretched occupation, an humble suppliant for countenance and favor, from the hirelings and slaves of the fantastic, fickle-minded public?—wandering alone thro' streets, as to-night, to be thrust aside by the rude or careless passenger, or to be polluted by the base touch of unmanly insolence? Never—never! Say what you will, I must rescue you, in despite of yourself; and if, after all, no devotion, no humility, can win your love,—at least, wealth and all its appliances must, must belong to the only being I ever worshipped with an unchanged, undying passion."

"Believe it not, Gerald—believe it not—I will not accept of aught from your hands, no, nor your mother's, while I have strength or capacity to gain a morsel of bread. This is not pride, Gerald, but a just sense of what I owe to you, and to my own fair name—perhaps you may say, not so perfect now, being in collision with much that is contemned, much that deserves the discredit attached to it; but still, Gerald, while you live, you shall think me worthy of a better fate; still, from your proud pre-eminence, in no moment of future prudence, shall you have the right to despise me. I claim the place in your regard, as pure and stainless as when first you received me from the storm and contention, the suffering and horrors of the captured city, and the battle-field!"

Fervent were his feelings, and many the loving sophistries he urged to induce me to consent that some even trifling addition might be made to my present slender finances; but I was obdurate, and as decisive in persisting, he could not, consistently with his station in life, and my respectability, appear as my visitor. Here we parted—and I may confess, I could not have so obstinately resisted the proffered liberality of Gerald, had I not dreaded that a shadow of wavering might commit me with *one*, for whose return to me I looked daily and hourly, with a wildly passionate, impatient feeling, strong in proportion to its almost hopelessness.

Nevertheless, in various ways the influence of my early friend operated on my fortunes. To that I attributed the increased attention, and, at length, deference, of Monsieur and Madame Bontonville. The improvement in my hostess' lodgings, extending in particular to my apartments, which, she declared, she could no longer permit me to occupy as they were, and insisting I should have additional ones, as air and room were necessary for the exercise of my professional studies. And having, as she averred, a large sum bequeathed to her, she insisted on furnishing the chambers tastefully and comfortably; saying, as she regarded me almost as her child, she must expend a little of her newly acquired fortune in arrangements for my convenience.

Even to the opera-house, the provident watchfulness of Gerald's attachment penetrated. I was no longer crowded among the other friendless and slighted figuranti. The ballet-master found something peculiarly elegant in my movements and performance. And it happened just then, a sort of mixed German opera and ballet was brought out, and I was required to take a part which was, in truth, exactly suited to me: it was a Zingara maiden, who had some wild carols to sing, and her native dance to perform. In this I was very perfect, and, as every unbiassed judgment must have admitted, I looked the character to admirati-

This operatic ballet was hailed wi
plause. Even with the most favored

vided the palm of public approbation. And vain as I had ever been disposed to feel on the score of personal merit, I had now a fair excuse for so being. Compliments of every description were heaped on me; rich presents, in jewels, and sums of no trifling amount, from undiscovered patrons; letters of a tender, but equivocal nature, from many a noble hand; and from one, too illustrious for his gifts to be refused, I received an exquisitely appointed equipage, well worthy the acceptance of a priestess of Terpsichore.

My salary was now very large; so ample, that I determined to furnish a house, and take my kind friends, the Bontonvilles, as superintendents of my establishment, and protectors of myself. Occasionally I saw Gerald; sometimes behind the scenes, sometimes in the street; and often, lately, paying inexplicable morning visits to Madame. I never remained in her drawing-room a moment when he was there; and, at last, I expressed so decidedly my dislike of this intrusion, that he had to leave off calling on my duenna, as she was jestingly entitled, from her being continually by my side in the intervals of performance.

How deeply, how fondly Gerald regarded me, I was fully conscious. I knew that I was ever present to his thoughts; that his existence seemed as if devoted to but one object; and yet that very excess of love became distasteful: though I had precluded him from all expression of it personally, and only through its powerful influence on my now distinguished position, I was still certain it was unchanged. On one of my benefit nights, around a diamond tiara, which was handed to me by my maid, I found the following verses; whose they were, my heart well understood; and cold as it was to the writer, and still bewildered in its foolish imaginings about *him*, who had so evidently deserted me, sadness for a few minutes overwhelmed me, and I wept bitterly as I perused them:

While others crowd around to gaze,
I humbly stand alone,
Nor dare my drooping eyelids raise
To thee, the worshipped *one*.
With gesture bold, and accent free,
Gay words *they* careless speak;
I shrink, and shudder, when I see
Their breath profane thy cheek.

One calls for music—and thy song
Is poured with ready skill;
I seek, amid th' applauding throng,
To hide my wild heart's thrill;
One leads thee to the circling dance,
Thy fairy hand retains—
The fire of madness lights my glance,
Its lava fills my veins.

Oh, thou shouldst be a hidden gem,
Placed in an idol shrine,
In radiance seen afar, by them
Who deem thou art not mine!
Mine—mine?—and is this hope of youth,
A strange word traced on sand,
Where sudden rolls the wave of truth,
And sweeps it from the strand?

LESLIE.

To be continued.

AFFLICTIONS scour us of our rust. Adversity, like winter weather, is of use to kill those vermin which the summer of prosperity is apt to cherish and nourish.

Original.

VISIT TO A STAR.

'TWAS midnight—and I watched the clear bright moon,
Rise sweetly in her calm unclouded noon,
And all without looked pure as Eden might,
Ere sin was known or misery could blight.
Bright danced the dew on yon sweet sleeping isle,
Like tears of joy that half conceal a smile,
Ere the broad day of bliss with warmer ray,
Chase the half melancholy drops away.
Oh! t'was a scene Apollo well might love,
And as I gazed methought from the still grove,
His heavenly lyre was sounding on mine ear,
Farther the music spread, and soft and clear
Each lengthened note did softly melt away,
Beneath the bright moon's calm and sleeping ray.
Oh, how my soul was borne away intwined
In ev'ry tone that floated on the wind!
My eyes unconscious sought a sweet repose
On the calm lake, when from its waters rose
A form of female loveliness, so bright,
So heav'nly that I knew the sight
Was ne'er before to mortals given. I rose
And would have fled, that I might not expose
To fairy view one who had dared t'intrude
Upon her midnight hours, and rest his rude
Unwelcome gaze on her. But the lov'd sound
Of those sweet notes had ceas'd to breathe around,
And oh, she spoke! The words sunk on mine ear
So thrillingly they linger ever there.
"Mortal," she cried "I oft' have marked the sigh
To wing thy way to yon bright star on high,
And I, a wand'ring spirit of the air,
Have deign'd to hear thy wish and guide thee there."
Around my feet a rolling cloud was spread,
And thro' the midnight air we swiftly fled,
Far, far away where nought but spirits tread.
Oh, with what rapture throbb'd my joyful breast
When first I saw our cloudy chariot rest
O'er the pure surface of an amber lake,
Whose lightest waves sweet music ever wake.
"Look, favor'd mortal," spoke my airy guide,
And stretched her white arm o'er the amber tide,
"See, yonder in her majesty appears
The queen this pigmy bevy loves and fears."
I looked, and on a swan's smooth back was seen
In majesty and grace the fairy queen.
Her pure white robe was of the summer rose,
But one bright amyrillis leaf she chose,
Which a proud royal mantle formed. But oh!
How sweetly had she taught to flow
O'er her fair face a veil the spider wove,
And of its sparkling dew-drops ranged above
A diadem was formed more exquisite
Than all our Eastern gems most pure and bright.
Her maidens round in nature's robes arrayed,
Each various taste and color there displayed,
One with the tulip's motley leaf adorned,
And in the sober green another mourned.
Oh! gaily sailed the little court around,

And joyously their tiny conch shells sound,
While breathe their flutes more delicately still,
Formed of the humming bird's minstrel quill.
Long on this stranger scene entranced I gazed
Until the royal maiden slowly raised
Her beauteous form, and thus the court addressed:
"Oh, brothers! sisters! 'tis the hour of rest.
Long have we sported in the clear noonday;
Now to our radiant homes let's wind our way."
She ceased, and the bright shore was quickly won
With its light burden by each graceful swan,
And ev'ry form was hidden in the cell
Of its own white or gold or rosy shell.
Their day was done, and darkly gathered round
Dull ev'ning's mantle o'er that stranger ground,
When from the silent scene we turn'd away,
And back to earth were wafted on our way.

Original.

ORIGIN OF THE RED-BREAST.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.*

"The fated hour is come—and now
Thy guardian spirit hovers near;
Oh, may he crown thy youthful brow
With honors to thy race so dear!
And prosperous has thy course begun—
Thou, my beloved—my *only* one.

"Now on the fragrant mat recline,
And rest, in fasting purity.
Lo! in thy visions—soft—benign—
Thou shalt that guardian spirit see:
And he shall chase all fear and sadness,
And wake thy soul to strength and gladness."

Thus spake the red-sire, and his child
Bowed to his wish in gentle seeming.
He veils his head with gesture mild,
And patient waits his spirit's dreaming.
Suns rise and set—but no bright morrow
Dawns on the youth who 'dreams' in sorrow.

"Father, in evil hour I wait—
The great Monetto's wrath is gathering!
Ah! let me strive to shun this fate,
Nor tempt the frown my soul that's withering."
"Nay—yet my child in patience bide thee—
And honor, health, and fame betide thee."

Youth's flush and freshness fades—and now,
Slow through each vein the blood is wandering.
Faintness steals o'er the pallid brow;
The sire bends low, in silent pondering.
No stir—no sign of life perceiving,—
Save in that bosoms gentle heaving.

O'er sheety lake, and forest wild,
The tenth bright moon in splendor rose.
"Haste, bring the maize." His famished child
To feed, with joy the parent goes.
Elate with pride, with hope high swelling,
He gains the lone and leafy dwelling.

Hark! whose the voice which murmuring low,
Steals on his ear in tones of sadness?
"'Tis his—my son's." Where flies the glow,
From the high brow—that drives the gladness?
Oh, what is thus his hope o'ershading?
His breast with keenest grief invading?

—The noble forest-youth is there.—
What is it then, thy soul is dreading?—
—O'er his broad chest and shoulders bare,
A rich vermillion tint is spreading!
Soft plumes his graceful form unfolding—
The father stands with woe beholding.

And—"Leave me not, my son!" he cries—
"Nor pierce my heart with this keen anguish!"
Swift from the earth a Red-breast flies,
Whose eyes with grief and pity languish.
And o'er his head while gently soaring,
Soft liquid tones 'gan sweetly pouring.

"Father, lament me not—'twas vain
To strive with fate—the spirit's boding,
Disclosed a future filled with pain—
A heart with anxious cares corroding.
Now happier far, by thee I'll dwell,
And to vain honors bid farewell.

"Thy morn, thy noon, and evening hours,
I'll cheer with ceaseless melody,
And seeking still his peaceful bowers,
The friend of man will ever be.
And in wild forest, mead or grove,
Be the fond harbinger of love."

A. E. L.

* See "Trip to the Pictured Rocks."

Original.

SONNET.

BY THE REV. J. H. CLINCH.

A happy smile upon thy cheek is playing,
Soft as the sunrise on the dewy rose;
O'er all thy lovely face its light it throws,
And thy blue eye its influence betraying,
Gleams mirthfully from out its half-closed lid,
Like violet buds by leafy covering hid,
The searcher's gaze with joyous light repaying;
So that if o'er thy features thou shouldst throw
Such veil as hides the dames of Mexico,
Thine eye alone revealing,—I should know
That thy face beamed with Joy's refulgent smile;
So eloquent of heart-felt mirth, that eye
Would tell the tale thy lip would fain deny,
And speak of gladness unallied to guile.

Dorchester, Mass.

Original.

ESSAY ON AMERICAN LITERATURE.

BY MRS. E. C. EMBURY.

"A country which has no national literature, or a literature too insignificant to force itself abroad, must always be, to its neighbors, at least in every important spiritual respect, an unknown and misestimated country."—EDINBUGH REVIEW.

So much has been written by the ablest pens on both sides of the Atlantic, upon the subject of American Literature, that it seems presumptuous now to attempt its discussion; but the resources of our rapidly growing country, and the station which she holds among the nations of the earth, render it a topic of daily increasing importance to all who make any pretensions to patriotism or literary taste. To form an idea of the science of a nation we must examine its various institutions for the instruction of its youth; to learn a proper estimation of its literature we need only make ourselves acquainted with its periodical press. If we take the most cursory view of the monthly, weekly and daily journals which traverse our country from Georgia to Maine, we cannot fail to be struck with the variety of talent which they exhibit, however we may complain of them for want of independence, party spirit, etc. The fugitive poetry which floats from paper to paper, read, admired and then forgotten, is of a far higher order than that which made the reputation of many a votary of the muses in the days of Queen Anne; while many of the slightly-sketched tales and essays which are thrown into oblivion, after they have afforded a momentary amusement, are worthy of an Addison or a Goldsmith. But the very abundance of talent causes it to be undervalued and we examine the pages of a magazine as we might a cabinet of gems, where the richness of the collection soon makes us too fastidious to pause over any thing of less price than the diamond. The reproaches which have been cast upon America for her total neglect of the elegances of life will never more be heard. The young nation has heretofore labored for the means of existence—industry has brought wealth and she is now able to indulge in luxuries. We have our poets and our painters, our architects and our sculptors, our writers and our readers, and while establishing institutions for the promotion of the fine arts we have but just awakened to the necessity of forming a national literature.

Heretofore there have been two grand obstacles in the way of the establishment of a national literature, viz: the want of literary patronage, which necessarily involves a want of literary industry, and a strange fondness among our writers for foreign rather than American subjects on which to employ their pens. The deficiency of patronage may be more easily explained than remedied. We are essentially an active, industrious, commercial people, and the merchant who sits poring over his ledger, calculating the riches which the four winds of heaven are daily wafting into his coffers—the settler who takes his axe on his shoulder and trudges off into the wilderness with the certainty of there building up his fortune—even the farmer who by hard labor procures a competence for his family and bequeaths them an estate rich in nature's bounties—all look with contempt upon the inactive student. To them his habits seem those of confirmed indolence, for the man who takes up a book to amuse himself during his hour of relaxation from bodily labor can never be made to comprehend the intense and wasting toil of mental exertion. The page which he reads with so little effort, he supposes to have been written quite as easily, and remunerating an author seems to him like bestowing the wages of industry on idleness. He who has courage enough to devote himself to learning, with its usual attendant—poverty, is pitied by his friends and ridiculed by the world as one who has banished himself from the society of his fellows, in pursuit of a vain shadow. He will, in truth, find himself alone: there are few professedly literary men in our country, certainly not enough to form a class with whom he may unite himself. Our professional men make some approach to such a class, but devoted as they are to active employment in their several duties, they have but little time for the pursuit of classic lore or the speculations of abstract truth. All useful labor can demand a high price in American, but we have scarcely yet learned to rank the intellectual above the physical, and years must elapse before our citizens can live as well by the exercise of the brains as by the work of their hands. The roads to wealth are so numerous and so easily trodden, while the path of science is so rugged and unpromising that it is not to be regarded as a matter of surprise if our youth are tempted rather by the glittering prizes which await them at the shrine of Plutus, than by the laurel bough which grows by the temple of Minerva. The influence of wealth they feel at every step of their progress in life; but time may bleach the dark-brown locks and disease furrow the lofty brow before the fadeless laurel wreath can be won and worn. A few gifted spirits may rise superior to the temptations of worldly aggrandizement, and struggle successfully against the tide of popular opinion, but how few are they compared with the multitude who, after a few ineffectual attempts, either sink into oblivion, or cease their efforts, and float onward with the current. We want literary patronage, such as will enable men to live in comfort, if not in affluence, by the exercise of their intellectual as well as their physical powers. We want a spirit of liberality among all classes of men, such as may enable them to regard the author as a no less useful member of society than a member of some every-day profession. Then and not till then can we have a literary class in society—a class willing to admit all who can show themselves qualified, and which demands no other qualifications than the possession of intellectual superiority.

The disposition which too many of our authors has shown to travel abroad in search of subjects for the exercise of their intellect, may be, in some measure, attributed to the want of independence which has heretofore prevailed among our critics. Until very recently a book written by an American was scarcely deemed worthy to come under the scalping-knife of criticism unless it had first attracted the notice of an English re-

viewer, and if written upon an American subject would have inevitably fallen lifeless from the press. Few have been found prepared to brave the unequal conflict with opinion, and many a young writer who might have been a glory to our country has been allowed to sink into oblivion, while our reading public have been insulted by the re-production of myriads of trashy English books, exaggerated in sentiment, bombastic in style and false in delineation. I said few have been found, but America may well be proud of those few. Long before our eyes were opened to see the exhaustless mine of literary wealth which our country held within its bosom, Irving, Paulding, and at a somewhat later period, Cooper, coined some of its fine gold and sent it forth to the world stamped with the impress of genius. The name of Irving will be loved so long as America exists: he has associated himself with our most intimate sympathies —he has discovered the sources of our smiles and tears —we have laughed with him till our "eyes ran o'er with glee," and we have wept with him till our tears fell like rain-drops on his page. How, then, can we think of him as the mere author, the *nominis umbra?* It is Irving, the man, the fellow-citizen, the friend, whom we love even though our eyes may never have rested on his face. And who does not honor Paulding, the keen satirist of foreign fopperies, the true-hearted American author, whose every thought has been devoted to his country? His pen has ever been employed in her service, whether he used its point to sting those who would undermine her strength by luxury, or its feather to paint her exquisite scenery and the workings of human nature in the hearts of her sons. Cooper has done more good abroad than at home. His books were American in scenery and incident, as such they were received with avidity in Europe, and though creatures such as he drew never existed in this or any other quarter of the globe, still they served to keep alive the interest which our literature had now awakened. Many a brilliant name may now be found among our authors who are American in heart as well as by birth. We have a Bryant whose soul is filled with images of beauty, and whose words breathe the sweetness of the "*summer wind.*" His muse was born amid our forest scenery, and though her eye has since delighted to watch "the blue rushing of the arrowy Rhone," yet does she turn with unabated love to her native shores. Halleck, too, has followed no foreign leader in his flights of fancy. His feelings are the impulses of an American heart, and satire leaves us only cause to regret that its local merit cannot be more fully estimated beyond the broad Atlantic.

How it irks the ear of a patriot when the names, however honored, of the gifted in another land are applied to our own writers. Who has not felt indignant at hearing Miss Sedgwick styled the Edgeworth of our country? Whether her hand pourtrays the sweet Hope Leslie, the stately Grace Campbell, the noble Magawasca, or the excellent Aunt Deborah, she is alike feminine, natural and American. Why then should we bestow on her the mantle which has fallen from the shoulders of another? She is no copyist of another's skill; she has now a name for herself—she is one of our national glories—our Sedgwick. Nor would we bestow on Mrs. Sigourney the name borne by one whom we alike lament. I mean Felicia Hemans. Few people are aware of the absurdity they commit when they attempt to class together the poetry of two individuals. Poetry is so closely connected with the feelings and affections that unless we could find two persons who thought, and felt, and acted precisely alike, we could never find them writing similar poetry. We might as well compare the gentle ripple of the lake with the rapid running of the mighty river, as attempt to judge of Mrs. Sigourney and Mrs. Hemans by the same rules of criticism. Besides, we would have our writers known by their own names, and not set ourselves to the task of weaving for them a chaplet of the leaves which have dropped from other's garlands.

Our country, however, is now fully awakened, and our literary aspirants have learned that the true aim of their ambition must be to acquire distinction as national writers. The field which lies before them is an immense one. For the painter of society who seeks to "catch the manners living as they rise," there never could be finer studies than are to be found at home. The eccentric backwoods-man, the haughty Southerner, the quaker-like descendant of William Penn, the acute New-Englander, and the thousand queer phases which character assumes in our Atlantic cities, might furnish a lifetime of employment to a satirist. The student of political economy, and the philosophy of man can have no better opportunity than is afforded by our free institutions and the consequent freedom of opinion which prevails. And for him, who, turning from the study of mankind, devotes himself to the contemplation of the works of God, we could ask no nobler themes than our magnificent country can afford. The towering mountain, the untrodden wilderness, the broad prairie spreading like a sea of verdure, the pathless forest, with its "dim monastic aisles," the expansive lake, the silvery waterfall, the world-astonishing cataract, all are there in matchless beauty, to fill the eye and the imagination. The poet and the novelist need look no farther than his native soil to find subjects by which to immortalize themselves. Let them go abroad for study—let them enlarge their minds by communion with their fellows in every clime—let them ponder over the time-worn institutions of other lands, and gaze upon the crumbling ruins of a by-gone age, but let them then return to pay the debt they owe their native land. Let their hopes of individual fame be interwoven with her glory, than even the laurel would seem to them worthless if it grew on any other soil.

Much is now doing for the cause of literature, but much yet remains to be done. Our young men must be taught that wealth is not the only good. The desolation which is now sweeping over the land, prostrating the golden harvest which men hoped to garner in their barns, and, alas! crushing with it many a noble spirit, may well teach them such a lesson. Our country needs intellectual laborers. Our sons must be educated in such a manner that if suddenly summoned to

serve their country they may be ready. A mere military education was once sufficient for this purpose; but we fight now with other weapons than the sword and musket. The cool head, the collected judgment, the warm patriotism, the unswerving integrity of the statesman are the noblest arms which one can wield for his native land. It is not alone as a poet, a philosopher, or a satirist that a man may acquire distinction; every member that occupies the floor in our houses of Congress is an object of attention both to his fellow-citizens and to the assembled thousands of Europe. The old world is calmly looking on to behold the result of our grand experiment of self-government, and surely it behoves us to make every effort for its success.

"Let me make the *sons* of a nation and I care not who makes its *laws*," said one who had carefully examined the secret springs of human actions. The laws of a country may be the best ever planned, yet public opinion will sometimes rule in spite of them, and is it not then important that public opinion should be properly directed? The same impulses which are wrought upon for purposes of evil by demagogues might be wrought upon for good by better men. The annoying influence of newspapers will afford some criterion by which to judge of the power which a national literature would exercise over a nation so generally educated as our own.

If ever we hope to see the day when truth shall prevail over party spirit, and the people shall in all cases abide by "principles not men," it must be brought about by the general diffusion of knowledge and the establishment of a national, a patriotic literature. But that time can never come unless our authors are enabled to devote themselves to mental rather than manuel labor. Our philosophic students of human nature must not be obliged to steal a few brief moments from an arduous business or a toilsome profession for such pursuits. Our gifted poets must no longer be compelled to turn their eyes from the book of nature while they pore over a dull ledger or waste their fine powers on the columns of a daily paper. The labors of the intellect, pleasant though they be, are sufficiently severe without adding the never-ending tasks of business. The lamp of life while fed only with the student's midnight oil will waste quite soon enough without consuming its pure light over the dull details of a working-day world.

Original.

TO MY YOUNG FRIEND E——,

ON RECEIVING A VASE OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.

—

I THANK thee, dear one, for thy gift,
So beauteous to the eye;
For oft as it may meet the sight,
Thy love I shall descry.

These flowers will long remain unchang'd,
And thus, Affection's ray
For thee within my heart shall shine,
Thro' many a future day. A. D. W.

Original.

THE CHILD'S GRATITUDE.

INSCRIBED TO MISS AGNES E. DAYMON.

—

BY JOHN J. ADAMS.

—

THE following lines, written impromptu, were suggested by a truly affecting scene which is imperfectly described in the poem. The letter alluded to came at a moment of great pecuniary distress, and the tears of joy which its contents called forth awakened apprehensions in the recipient's child, a charming little girl, but three years of age. On being told that the letter brought comfort, and that she should now have plenty of food and clothes, she exclaimed: "What, mother!" and her beautiful blue eyes lighted up with a heavenly expression—"shall I have plenty of victuals and clothes? Oh, mother! shall I thank God?" and immediately throwing herself into an attitude of prayer, her little soul seemed to exhale in childish expressions of gratitude. Tears fell from me such as I never before shed, and all my philosophy vanished. I sighed to be rich.

—

WITH trembling hands the seal was broke,
And, lo! a treasure it disclosed—
The mother's joy no language spoke,
For feeling's fountain then unclosed.

No words her joy could utterance give,
So fast the heart-warm tears did flow;
In comfort she again may live.
But see, that cherub's look of woe.

"Oh, mother, what afflicts you so?
Nay, nay, dear mother, do not cry!"
"My child, for joy my tears do flow,
Come, let me kiss that dew-gem'd eye.

"The treasure which I here do find
Will bring thee food, and raiment warm;
And midst the winter's piercing wind,
The cheering pile our hearth to charm.

"Kiss me, my child—another kiss!
The path of gloom which long I've trod,
By friendship's ray now glows with bliss!"
"Oh, mother! shall I thank my God?"

Then on her knees, that cherub child,
Her little hands did thankful raise:
It seemed as if a seraph smiled,
When broke those simple notes of praise.

Could, grasping Avarice behold
A scene like that I witnessed there
No longer he'd the boon withhold,
But fly to win the cherub's prayer.

Original.

THE "SUCCESSFUL CANDIDATE."

BY CHARLES GILMAN.

Thomas Jefferson Fox was the very personification of fun and frolic. Though some two or three years my senior in age as well as collegiate standing, he did not maintain towards me that *hauteur* and reserve so characteristic of those under-graduates, whose term is about drawing to a close. As we were natives of the same village, "somewhere down east," and had been intimate from our earliest youth, the circumstance, no doubt, had a tendency to do away, as far as we were concerned, those conventional distinctions which exist in all of our Universities. The fact, too, that Jeff, as he was familiarly termed, was endowed with a natural ease and freedom of manner, rendered it difficult for scholastic dignity to sit otherwise than lightly upon him. He maintained a mediocre standing in his class, and, as might be inferred from the intimations already given in relation to his temperament, he was extremely partial to relaxation. This disposition was peculiarly manifest in his unconquerable propensity for innocent amusement—for there was nothing vicious in his character—which was always sought to be indulged whenever the most trivial opportunity offered to gratify it, and I do not hazard my reputation for "truth and *voracity*," as Jacot Bunker was wont to say, when I add that Jeff never seemed at a loss for an opportunity.

In the autumn of 182–, our class received an addition to its number in the person of master William Winkleton Anson, who came fresh from the halls of Harvard, where he had not tarried a sufficient length of time to "gain a settlement," even under the pauper act. How he could have been refused admittance to the lower class of that august institution, was not with us a matter of so much surprise as the fact that he was admitted a Sophomore in ours. But so it was, strange as it may seem. Master William was "born, bred, and *brung* up," as they say on Cape Cod, in the Literary Emporium. This circumstance, as it will be shown, was not the making of him, and, what is worse, never could supply what nature, for good reasons, no doubt, left undone. He had a weak bump on his cranium, though it was something of a "let-up," which subsequent incidents tend strangely to indicate. The fact was, that his self-sufficiency was intolerable. He was a veritable Sir Oracle, who said,

> "When I ope my lips,
> Let no dog bark."

This trait was exemplified strongly in oft-repeated boasts of his wondrous powers of elocution. It was a complete monomania with him. Judging from his actions and manner, one would suppose that he verily believed that Demosthenes, in all his glory, was no more to be compared to him, than a rush-light to the moon. Notwithstanding his high pretensions, he had not wit enough—and this is a natural sequence—to know when others were making sport with him. A more fit subject for our jovial friend could not have been found, and he did not overlook him, when seeking for a bit of sport.

The last expedient of my friend Fox had, but a few weeks prior to the circumstance I am now about to relate, been tried with his usual success, when he happened to advert to my new classmate. "Friend Morton," said he, "that Anson is a rare subject for a joke, and suppose now we have a "wee bit" of amusement for our comfort and relaxation. I know where to take him, and have thought of a plan for a capital frolic." "What is it?" I inquired. "You know," said he, "how he is eternally boasting of his powers of elocution. 'Tis but a day or two since that I heard him say that there was not a chap in the University who could cope with him. Now, as the boy said when he jumped into the mud-puddle, I am not the fellow to take a stump. I'll go to him this 'identical same' day, and inform him that it has long been contemplated by the Seniors to offer a prize for the best specimen of elocution; and that, after mature deliberation, it had been decided that he and I should compete for it:—a silver medal with a *suitable* device." "If I don't make 'suitable arrangements' to have old University Hall resound on the occasion, then, my dear fellow, I'll doff my sirname!" "Good!" said I, slapping him on the shoulder, "go and try him while you are in the mood for it, and let me know the result." "Faith, I will!" and he was off in a tangent.

I should have remarked that Fox, though so strongly predisposed to merriment, ordinarily looked as grave as a country parson, and he was once taken for one of the clergy in a strange place. Nothing could discompose him if he endeavored to maintain his usual rigidity of countenance. No better person, therefore, could have been selected to approach master William without suspicion. I was confident of his success, for I had had too frequent evidence of his attempts to carry his point, to distrust him. After the lapse of an hour, he came into my room again in high glee. "Well, Ned," said he, "I have arranged matters to a charm. The way I stuffed him was not slow. If 'soft sawder' ever had the desired effect, I did not use it to any disadvantage." "Let me know," said I, "how you managed with him." "Certainly, my dear Ned," he replied; "I went to his room, and what should I hear, as luck would have it, but master Bombastes himself declaiming with an alarming violence, and if one could form an opinion from the stamping and 'to-and-froing,' action was not wanting to accompany the words. As soon as I could find an hiatus, I knocked at his door, and in I went, as usual. I addressed him somewhat in this style:

"How are you, to-day, my good friend? I find you indulging in the ruling passion, which must, some day, elevate you to a high rank in our legislative councils." "I know it, I know it, Mr. Fox," he remarked, with great confidence; "and my towering ambition, sir, will not rest satisfied till I attain the loftiest summit of distinction's mount. Take a chair, take a chair, Mr. Fox; I am so exhausted; I declare I am almost entirely out of breath; such an effort I seldom make." I observed to him that he should not waste his energies in private,

but should appear more frequently in public, and complimented his modesty in the highest terms. "Your advice," said he, "is excellent, most excellent; but, my dear sir, when I get into the spirit of a thing, I am irresistibly hurried into a vehemence which a Kean or a Macready well might envy. I am completely enraptured, led away by this most sublime and noble of all the arts." "You are enthusiastic," I continued; "but without a proper share of enthusiasm, how could the orator excel? Your fellow-students are sensible of the stand you take among us, and are desirous of an opportunity of witnessing your powers. It has long been contemplated to have a public declamation, and to offer a splendid silver medal as a prize to be awarded to the best speaker of the two selected. That occasion has been deemed a fit opportunity for an exhibition of your powers; and my class, who will manage the business, have selected me as your opponent. I freely acknowledge my inability to cope with you, and endeavored to be excused, but they said I must serve, and you, therefore, cannot fail to be the successful speaker. The committee of adjudication on our respective merits will be composed of seven of my class-mates, 'free and disinterested,' and their chairman will award the prize. Wednesday afternoon is the time appointed, and the exercises will take place in the chapel. Each is to select his own piece for declamation. Shall I announce to the committee your acceptance of their invitation?" "With the most heart-felt satisfaction, I express my entire willingness to gratify their wishes. I will be prepared at the appointed time and place."

Having fulfilled my pretended mission, I left his room, and when fairly out of his hearing, I burst into a loud laugh at the very idea of the thing. "Now, Ned, keep dark, lest we should be discovered before the plan is matured and carried out. I will see Cox, Joe Butler, Simpson, Barker, Putnam, Hunter, and Cady, let them into the secret, prepare the place of operation in accordance with what has been said to Anson." So my laughter-loving friend went to wait upon the said Cox, Butler, etc. Instead of initiating the reader into the *modus operandi* agreed on by the conclave, they will find it developed as the case proceeds.

Wednesday afternoon, big with the fate of master Anson and the silver medal, soon came. It was a very appropriate time, being a leisure afternoon and not very seldom occupied in some such frolic. The chapel was in the projection of old University Hall, having a stage on the south side in front of the pulpit. It was elevated some four or five feet above the main floor, and covered an area of some twenty feet. In the rear the judges sat, "all in a row," Joe Butler, a corpulent youngster, occupying the centre. Joe could assume a good share of mock dignity when occasion required, and the present one presented strong claims upon the exercise of this faculty. The hall was crowded with under-graduates, and a few "invited guests." Joe arose with great dignity and requested the audience not to manifest any demonstration of feeling, calculated to arrest the progress of the exercises. He then announced that the exercises would commence with a recitation of Collins' celebrated "*Ode on the Passions*," by William Winkleton Anson. Thereupon, said William mounted the rostrum, and, making a very slight inclination of his head, proceeded through the first four lines in a very mild, insinuating strain. But when he came to the fifth line,

"Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,"

our orator began to "put in the *scientifics*." The "exulting" went off like a flash of lightning; the "trembling," as if the shaft had made a "dead shot"; the "raging" brought the thunder along; and the "fainting" came near being fearfully theatrical, which melted one innocent little Freshman into tears. "The Passions," in fine, were completely "used up," "all tattered and torn," and when he reached the last stanza, he struck into a "square trot," immediately after which he went off amid the plaudits of an *astonished* audience. Master William took his seat, casting towards my friend Fox a look which plainly meant, "You can't beat that."

Butler, ere the apparent demonstration of applause had subsided, arose and called upon Fox to come forward. He ascended with a strong, firm step, looking for all the world as if he was charged with something potent, and made a bow so low that those before him could see the dorsal region. To the surprise of all not in the secret, he commenced in a "hop, skip and jump" strain the "*Beggar's Petition*," maintaining his wonted gravity of phiz, and manifesting a very apparent consciousness of "doing the handsome thing." When he spoke of his "trembling limbs," the action was powerful. I know not with what to compare the shaking of his knees. His "tattered clothes," which he grabbed spasmodically, unfortunately for the occasion, happened to be his "best go-to-meetings," in no particular answering the first mentioned description. The "furrow" of the "grief-worn cheek" was invisible to human optics, but when he came to the "flood of tears," he made serious endeavor to suit the action to the word. He did not accomplish the design, though he rubb'd his eyes with the fold of his coat with good intent, and looked quite as ludicrous as John Sefton, when relating to an impatient audience the "unfortunate occurrence" which prevented the appearance of his brother. The effect may be easily imagined. One broad guffaw filled chapel. The remaining stanzas were "executed," literally, and what was evident to all but Anson—intentionally. As Jeff retired, his departure was accompanied by multitudinous groans and hisses, this being a part of the plan of operation, as well as the lavish applause bestowed in the earlier part of the exercises upon his competitor. All this, however, had the desired effect in raising the expectations of the latter, who was all attention to what was being enacted.

"The last sad duty" was left to the judges of the performances in deciding on the respective merits of the competitors. This, however, as they understood the game, was no difficult task. Joe Butler, drawing up in his chair, and gravely turning to his compeers on the right and left, as if in wise consultation, at length arose from his seat and announced to the assembly that they had "unanimously altogether" agreed that the prize

should be awarded of right to William Winkleton Anson. This brought out a response of three cheers, loud and long. The "successful candidate" was desired to come forward and receive the prize. Whereupon, he again ascended, amid continued cheers, the rostrum. The illustrious seven arose and formed a semi-circle around the prize-ee, the assemblage also arising simultaneously. Butler then drew from his coat-pocket, carefully enveloped in soft paper, the medal with a flaming scarlet ribbon appended thereto, an insinuation, by the way, that the recipient might, some day or other, on discovering the joke, by looking in the same glass, discern a *reflection*. Its size, according to recollection, was about that of the bottom of a small Brittania teapot, and of a similar shape, and looked "very like" *block-tin*. On one side were, in large characters, the initials "D. F."; and on the other, whether the words "Reward of merit," or something else, I cannot say; but, as was suggested at the time, the "Reward of *merriment*" would not have been inappropriate. After some brief remarks, "suited to the occasion," Butler placed the ribbon around master Anson's neck, and the medal dangled in front with the aforesaid "D. F." on the exterior. Here the performances were closed, and the assembly was broken up amid an astounding roar, though the roar-ee little imagined his peculiar position.

Whether he ever ascertained the true meaning of the initials, I would not undertake to say. On inquiry of Fox, Anson was told that they represented "*Doctus Fandi*," Anglice, "skilled in speaking." Some person, when mentioning of the matter afterwards, was so uncharitable as to say that in *plain* English they *really* meant something else.

Bangor, Maine.

Original.

VENITE PER ME CARI AMICI.

COME you for me, come you for me,
Dear friends, do you glide over Adria's sea,
The long colonnades, and the marble halls,
Whose silvery shadow on Brenta falls,
Have you left them yet—while the myrtle's flower
Is bathed in the cool gleaming fountain's shower,
Where droop the wreaths of the purple rose,
Where the feathery stem of the white almond blows,
Have you left them, to come to my cold grey cell,
Where so long, and so lonesome, I watched for you well,
Have you left them, to bear me o'er Adria's sea,
Dear friends, my own kind ones, oh, come ye for me?

O come you for me, come you for me,
Birds that are winging so happy and free,
From your nest's where the forest's leaves deepen in gloom,
From the vales, where the young vines have opened their bloom
From the mountains they showed me once, far, far away—
Where springs of pure water leap out into day
On your wings, your soft wings, will you carry me there,
To the flowers, to the waters, to sweet blowing air,
To the bare barren hill, to the lone forest tree,
Birds of the wilderness come ye for me?

Come ye for me, come ye for me,
Sunbeams that crimson on Adria's sea,
Ye have sparkled all day upon palace, and tower,
Ye have stolen in your brightness through garden and bower,
Ye have gleamed on the wave, ye have slept on the shore,
And now are your beautiful wanderings o'er;
For I see on the golden threads of your rays,
Angels of glory, that pass from my gaze,
Oh, leave me not, melt not away in the sea,
Thou last brilliant sunbeam—oh, come *thou* for me!

Come ye for me, come ye for me,
Winds ever joyous, as well ye may be,
As ye sweep on the clouds o'er the broad blue sky,
Or steal through the rich orange buds like a sigh,
Or curl in your own fierce sport, to foam,
The deep sea's bosom where fearless ye roam,
Whirling in strength, on your viewless path,
Coming in tempest, in darkness, and wrath,
Oh, to be with ye, in all your wild glee,
Oh, free, happy winds, are ye coming for me?

Come ye for me, come ye for me,
Stars that are mirrored in Adria's sea,
Ye have glittered, and glowed on me, one by one,
Amid all your fair thousands, oh! why is there none
Will leave for a moment those bowers of light,
And gliding away o'er the blue fields of night,
To brighten these cold sad walls with your eyes,
Where forsaken, forgotten, my crushed spirit lies,
Pouring wild plaints to the false, heartless sea,
Living stars of night, Heaven—oh, come ye for me!

Ye come not, ye come not—these desolate walls
With their dull sullen echoes are mocking my calls;
My friends are all smiling in splendid domes,
Little think they of me in those beautiful homes;
Each bird has passed on to its own gentle nest;
The sunbeam is shrouded afar in the west;
The winds too are sleeping, the stars are so still;
But there's *one* coming for me—I know that *he* will,
So calm, and so cold, without sound, without breath,
And the dark monks all tell me, how fearful is death!
But I care not, far, far over Adria's sea,
He will bear me for ever—oh, come *thou* for me!

LESLIE.

MRS. HEMANS.

——— WE will not say
Farewell to thee; for every unborn age
Shall mix thee with its household charities—
The Sage shall greet thee with his benison,
And woman shrine thee as a vestal flame
In all the temples of her sanctity,
And the young child shall take thee by the hand
And travel with a surer step to Heaven.

$200 PRIZE ARTICLE.

Original.

MARY DERWENT.*

A TALE OF THE EARLY SETTLERS.

BY MRS. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER III.

"It was a lodge of ample size,
But strange of structure and device;
Of such materials as around
The workman's hand had readiest found.
Lopped of their boughs, their hoar trunks bared,
And by the hatchet rudely squared,
To give the walls their destined height,
The sturdy oak and ash unite;
While moss and clay and leaves combined
To fence each crevice from the wind.
The lighter pine trees over head,
Their slender length for rafters spread,
And withered grass and rushes dry,
Supplied a russet canopy."

Tahmeroo, the Indian girl, was still sitting under the pine, as Mary Derwent had left her. While the coral was but half twisted in her hair, she had stopped in her graceful task, and, sinking gently back to the bank of moss which formed her seat, reclined on her elbow, with her long tresses half unbraided, and floating in wavy masses over her person. She was yielding to the repose of a soft and dreamy reverie, new, and very sweet to her wild, young heart, when the sound of voices and the dash of an oar aroused her. She started to her feet and listened. The fire flashed back to those large dark eyes, but late so pleasant and soft in their expression, and a rich crimson rushed to her cheek. The voices ceased for a moment; then were renewed, and the rapid strokes of the paddle became still more audible. Tahmeroo sprang forward and ran up to a point of the hill which commanded a view of the river. The little canoe, with its band of red paint, was making from the shore, and in it was Jane Derwent, with the head of the deformed girl resting in her lap. The back of the oarsman was toward the shore; his head was bent, and the eyes, the beautiful eyes, of Jane Derwent were fixed on him, with an expression which Tahmeroo's heart, new and unlearned as it was, taught her to understand. A sensation of surprise, anger and fear, thrilled through the heart of the young Indian, and then a smile, vivid and bright as a burst of sunshine after a tempest, broke over her face.

The oarsman had turned his head, and his face was revealed. Tahmeroo breathed deeply and turned away. It seemed as if an arrow had been withdrawn from her heart by the sight of that face. She hurried down the hill toward a clump of black alders that overhung the river's brink, and unmoored a light canoe hitherto concealed beneath the dark foliage. Placing herself in the bottom, she give two or three vigorous strokes with the paddle, and shot like a bird up the stream.

As Tahmeroo proceeded up the river, the scenery, till then half pastoral, half sublime, became more savage and gloomy in its aspect. Huge rocks shot up against the sky in picturesque grandeur; the foliage which clothed them grew dusky in the waning light, and fell back to the ravines in dark, heavy shadows. A gloom hung about the towering precipices, and the thick masses of vegetation, like funeral drapery swathing the pillars and wild arches of a monastic ruin. It was the darkness of a gathering tempest. There was something sublime and almost awful in the gradual and silent mustering of the elements. Tahmeroo was of a savage race, and she loved the wild and fierce in nature with the enthusiasm of a daring spirit; but the red blood that kindled her heart to more than feminine courage was mingled with that of a gentle and civilized class. She was but half an Indian—all a woman—and her high spirit cowered beneath the sombre magnificence of the hour and the scene. Though eager to reach her destination, her arm relaxed its vigor, and the little canoe crept timidly up the river, while she looked anxiously about, now on the frowning banks, and then up into the darkened sky. The broken clouds surging up from the west like a troop of frightened birds with their wings in motion, aroused her to fresh exertion. She bent to her task with an energy that sent the perspiration like rain-drops to her forehead. The paddles glanced rapidly in and out of the water, and the canoe sped on and on, with the velocity of a sparrow-hawk in the air. At length it curved round with a bold sweep, and shot into the stupendous gap through which the Lackawanna empties its coal-stained tribute into the bosom of the Susquehanna. It was like the meeting of the sinful and the good in the valley of death—the commingling of those streams in the gathering twilight—the one so dark and turbid, the other so bright and beautiful. Tahmeroo rested for a moment as she entered the rocky jaws of the mountain; and as her frail bark rocked to the current of wind which swept down the gorge, she looked around with a strong feeling of fear. A mountain, cleft in twain to the very foundation, towered on either hand to the sky, bald, bleak and shrubless. Through the rent, down more than a hundred feet from the summit, crept the deep still river stealthily and slow, like a huge dark serpent winding himself around the bulwark of a strong-hold. Not a tuft of grass or blossoming shrub was there to reveal the outline of the murky water from the majestic ramparts through which they glided. All was wild, sterile, and gloomy. As the Indian girl looked upward, the clouds swept back for a moment, and the last rays of sunset fell with a glaring light on the bold summit of the mountain, rendering by contrast the depths of the chasm more dreary in its intense shadow. Tahmeroo had seen the gap often before, but never at that hour, or with that gloomy depth of shadow. With a sensation of awe at her heart, she held her breath and scarcely dared to dip her paddle in the water as she glided through the massive portals which gave them an outlet. But when the gap was cleared, she proceeded up the windings of the Lackawanna with a firmer hand and sterner courage. The threatened storm had seemingly passed over, and a few stars trembled in the depths of the sky, when she moored her canoe in a little inlet, washed up into the mouth of a narrow ravine, which opened on the river's brink.

* Continued from page 45.

Tahmeroo tore away the dry brambles and brushwood which choked up the entrance of the defile, and made her way through a scarcely defined footpath, to the bosom of the hills. A less vigorous form would have fainted beneath the toil of that mountain pass; but the young Indian scarcely thought of fatigue; for the threatened storm had again mustered in the sky, and a dull, moaning sound came up from the depths of the forest like the hollow beat of a far off ocean, while, now and then, the pent-up thunder muttered and rumbled among the black clouds, floating like funeral banners above her. The signs of the storm gathered more densely about the mountains, and the maiden became terrified and bewildered. Though a wild rover of the forest, she had been gently nurtured, and, for the first time in her life, was alone among the hills after nightfall.

There is something terrible in the roar of thunder, even to those who understand the philosophy of the elements. It sounds upon the heart like the blast of a trumpet, awakening it to a sense of its own insignificance, and of the mighty power of a Creator! Few are the nerves that have not trembled, or the hearts that have not quaked, when the artillery of heaven was sounding among the clouds, and the arrows of the sky were shooting earthward, feathered and afire with the principles of destruction. Daring and wicked must that spirit be which refuses to yield its belief to God, when his power is made audible in the voice of the tempest! To the imaginative and superstitious Indian girl, there was a terrific mystery in the hoarse rolling sound, entombed, as it were, in the depths of the sky. It was, in her belief, the dread voice of Jehovah in his wrath—a denunciation fulminated from the portals of Heaven on the guilty and deceitful of earth. Her heart quailed within her, and, as the first loud peal broke upon her ear, she startled back, clasped her hand over her aching eyes, and then sprang onward in the dark path, with the leap of a hunted deer. Now, she was lost in the darkness of a ravine, and then, a flash of lightning revealed her leaping from one cliff to another—clambering up the face of a precipice, or swinging herself over the narrow chasms by the saplings which the fitful flashes revealed to her. At length she stood on a sharp ledge of rocks, panting and in despair; for she had lost the path which led to the Mohawk encampment. After one wild, hopeless look upon the sky, she sunk to the ground, and burying her face in her hands, muttered, in a trembling and husky voice, "Tahmeroo has been bad. She has acted a lie. The Great Spirit is very angry. Why should she strive to shut out his voice? Tahmeroo can die."

While she spoke, there was a hush in the sky, and the sound of many hoarse, guttural voices arose from the foot of the ledge. The terrified Indian lifted her head, and a wild, doubtful joy gleamed over her face as the lightning revealed it, with the damp, unbraided hair floating back from the pallid temples, the lips parted, and the eyes charged with terror, doubt, and eager joy. She listened intently, for a moment, and then sunk cautiously to the ground, as one who fears to break a pleasant delusion, and crept to the edge of the rock. The scene on which she looked down was one of wild and gloomy beauty. A space comprising more than an acre of the richest green-sward, hedged in by a broken circle of irregular rocks and ledges, lay beneath her like an immense basin, scooped in the heart of the mountain, overflowing with verdure and alive with human beings. Though the winds were swaying the mighty forest trees above, as if they had been rushes in its path, the long, thick grass lay motionless in the bottom of the rocky basin, and tufts of wild-roses and wood-honeysuckles bloomed tranquilly in the light of the watch-fires. The broken rocks which surrounded the camping ground were rough and irregular; but it was only here and there that a sharp angle broke through the thick, rich moss which clung around them, or could be seen through the shower of viney foliage falling in massive festoons from the clefts and crevices on every side. A dozen watch-fires flashed up in a semi-circle, flinging a broad light over the whole enclosure, and gleaming redly on the waving vines, the weeping birches, and the budding hemlocks that intermingled along its broken ramparts. A hundred swarthy forms, half naked and hideously painted, were moving about, and others lay crouching in the grass, apparently terrified by the tempest gathering so blackly above them. The untrodden grass and fresh herbage told that this had but recently been made a place of encampment; yet in the enclosure was one lodge, small and but rudely constructed—a sylvan hut which might well answer the description at the head of this chapter. How recently it had been constructed, might be guessed by the green branches yet fresh on the half-hewn logs. A score of savage hands had been at work upon it the whole day, for the Chief of the Mohawks never rested in the open air with the lower members of his tribe, when his haughty wife or his beautiful daughter was of his hunting party.

Tahmeroo had wandered but little from the path which led to the encampment. She had only clambered up to the highest of the chain of rocks which surrounded the enclosure, when she should have made her way around the base to the narrow opening which gave egress to the forest. She arose from the edge of the rock, where she had been lying, more than sixty feet above the encampment, and was about to descend to the path she had missed, when a sound, like the roar and tramp of a great army, came surging up from the forest. The tall trees swayed earthward, flinging their branches and green leaves to the whirlwind as it swept by. Heavy limbs were twisted off, and mighty trunks splintered midway, and mingled the sharp crash of their fall with the hoarse roar of the tempest. The thunder boomed among the rocks, peal after peal, and the quick lightning darted through the heaving trees like fiery serpents wrangling amid the torn foliage. The very mountain seemed to tremble beneath the maiden's feet—she threw herself upon the ledge, and with her face buried in its moss, lay motionless, but quaking at the heart, as the whirlwind rushed over her. A still more fearful burst of the elements struck upon the heights—lifted a stout oak from its deep anchorage, and hurled it to the earth. The splintered trunk fell with a crash, and the topmost

boughs bent down the young saplings with a rushing sweep, and fell, like the wings of a great bird of prey, above the prostrate Indian. She sprang upward, with a wild cry, and seizing the stem of a vine, swung herself madly over the precipice. Fortunately, the descent was rugged, and many a jutting angle afforded a foothold to the daring girl, as she let herself fearlessly down—now clinging among the leaves of the vine—now grasping the sharp point of a rock, and dropping from one cleft to another. Twice did she force herself back, as if she would have sunk into the very rock, and drag the heavy vines over her, when a fresh thunder-burst rolled by, or a flash of lightning blazed among the leaves; but when they had passed, she again swung herself downward, and finally dropped, unharmed, upon the grass, back of her father's lodge. The enclosure was now perfectly dark; for the rain had extinguished the watch-fires and the lightning, but occasionally revealed a group of dark forms cowering together, awed by the violence of the tempest, and rendered courageless by superstitious dread.

A twinkling light broke through the crevices of the lodge; but Tahmeroo lingered in the rain, for now that the fierceness of the storm was over, she began to have a new fear—the dread of her mother's stern presence. Cautiously, and with timid footsteps, she advanced to the entrance and lifted the matting. She breathed freely; for there was no one present save her father, the great chief of the Mohawks. He was sitting on the ground, with his arms folded on his knees, and his swarthy forehead buried in his robe of skins. The heart of the Indian king was sorely troubled, for he knew that the wing of the Great Spirit was unfolded in its wrath above his people. Tahmeroo crept to the extremity of the lodge and sat down in silence upon the ground. She saw that preparations had been made for her comfort. A pile of fresh blackberries and a cake of cornbread lay on a stool near by, and a couch of boughs woven rudely together stood in a corner, heaped with the richest furs and overspread with a covering of martin skins, lined and bordered with fine scarlet cloth. A chain of gorgeous worsted work linked the deep scallups on the border, and heavy tassels fell upon the grass from the four corners. The savage magnificence of that couch was well worthy a daughter of the Mohawk. Another couch, but of less costly furs, and without ornament, stood at the opposite extremity. Tahmeroo gave one timid look toward it, and then bent her head, satisfied that it was untenanted, and that her mother was indeed absent. As if suddenly recollecting herself, she half started from the ground, and disentangled the string of coral from her damp hair. With her eyes fixed apprehensively on the bowed head of the chief, she thrust it under the fur pillows of her couch, and stole back to her former position. She had scarcely seated herself, when the matting was flung back from the entrance of the lodge, and the wife of the Mohawk presented herself in the opening. The light of a heap of pine knots fell on the woman's face as she entered; but it failed to reveal the form of the maiden, where she sat in the shadowy side of the lodge. The chief lifted his head and uttered a few words in the Indian tongue, but received no answer; while his wife gave one quick look around the lodge, and then sallied back, clasped her hands tightly and groaned aloud. Tahmeroo scarcely breathed, for never had she seen her mother so agitated. It was, indeed, a strange sight—those small, finely cut features, usually so stern and cold, working with emotion—the pallid cheek, the high forehead, swollen and knitted at the brows—the trembling mouth—the eyes heavy with anguish. This was a sight which Tahmeroo had never witnessed before. She had seen the dread paleness of anger settle over that face till it became hueless as a corpse. She had seen stern resolve and savage joy gendering in those eyes, like venom in the jaw of a serpent; but never before had she seen regret or anguish stir those beautiful but worn and stony lineaments. There she stood—trembling and disordered; her robe soiled, and heavy with rain; her long hair falling in wet and knotted masses to her waist,—moaning, wringing her hands, and bewailing the absence of her child. And this was the stern, haughty woman—the white Indian Queen—who ruled the tribe of her husband with despotic rigor;—whose revenge was deadly, and whose love was a terror. This was Catharine Montour!

When Tahmeroo heard her name mingled with the lamentations of her mother, she started forward, exclaiming, with tremulous and broken earnestness, "Mother, oh, mother, I am here!"

A burst of gladness broke from the lips of the mother. She caught her daughter to her heart and kissed her wildly again and again. "Thank God, oh, thank my God, I am not quite alone!" she exclaimed; and tears started in the eyes that had not known them for twenty summers. Those words of christian thankfulness—those tears of maternal love,—were strange sounds for the lodge of a savage Chief; but stranger far were they to the lip and eye of that stern, hard woman.

Without a word of question as to her strange absence, Catharine drew her child to the couch, and, seeing the bread and the berries yet untasted, she forced her to eat while she wrung the moisture from her hair and took away the damp robe. She smoothed the pillows of dark fur, and drawing the coverlid of martin skins over the form of her child, sat beside her till she dropped to a gentle slumber. Then she heaped fresh knots on the burning pine, and changed her own saturated raiment. The drowsy Chief threw himself upon the unoccupied heap of furs, and Catharine was left alone with her thoughts. She stole again to the couch of her daughter, and a swarm of good and tender feelings, long unknown to that hard heart, arose at the thoughts of her child's late peril and of her present safety. She did not, as was her wont, force back these gentle feelings to their source, but permitted them to flow over the arid places of her heart, like dews on a bed of withered flowers. Thoughts of home and kindred, and of her innocent childhood, thronged upon her mind. Remembrances that had been locked in the secret cells of her heart for years, now stole forward, with a softening influence, till the present was lost in the past, and she, the Indian's wife, sat in her husband's wigwam, lost in mournful

thoughts of a home among her own people, and of hopes whose uprooting had sent her to the wilderness, seared in heart, and hardened, almost beyond the feelings of her sex and race. Long and sad were the vigils of that stern watcher; yet they had a good influence on her heart. There was tenderness and regret—nay, almost repentance—in her bosom, as she gazed on the soft slumbers of her youthful child—the only being on earth whom she had not ceased to love. More than once she pressed her lips fondly to the forehead of the sleeper, as if to assure herself of her dear presence after the frightful dangers of the storm. She remained till after midnight pondering upon past events, with the clinging tenacity of one who seldom allowed herself to dwell on aught that could soften a shade of her haughty character; and at length she was about to throw herself by the side of her daughter, more from the workings of unquiet thoughts, than from a desire for rest. But the attempt disturbed the slumbering girl. She turned restlessly on her couch and pushed away the covering, as if oppressed by its warmth. Catharine observed that the cheek which lay buried in the dark fur of the pillow was flushed and heated. She attempted to draw the pillow away, when her fingers became entangled in the string of coral concealed beneath it. Had a serpent coiled around her hand, it could not have produced a more startling effect. She shook it off, and drew hastily back, as if something loathsome had clung to her. Then she snatched up the ornament, went to the pile of smouldering embers, stirred them to a flame, and examined it minutely by the light. Her face settled to its habitual expression of iron resolution as she arose from her stooping posture. Her lips were firmly closed, and her forehead became calm and cold, yet there was more of doubt and sorrow than of anger in her forced composure. She returned to the couch and placed herself beside it, with the coral still clenched in her hand. Her face continued passionless, but her eyes grew dim as she gazed on the sleeper: thoughts of her own erring youth lay heavily upon her heart.

Tahmeroo again turned restlessly on her pillow; her flushed cheeks dimpled in a smile, and she murmured softly in her sleep. Catharine laid her hand on the round arm, flung out upon the martin skins, and bent her ear close to the red and smiling lips, thus betraying with their gentle whisperings the thoughts that haunted the bosom of the sleeper. It was a fearful contrast, as the blaze shone on those two faces—the one blooming and beautiful, smiling amid the pleasant dreams of a young heart; the other moulded with a symmetry more rare and intellectual, yet stamped with the iron impress of stern deeds and unrighteous thoughts. The lineaments, rigid and fixed as marble, yet frozen to composure by her own powers of self-command, rather than by the influence of time or of nature.

Again Tahmeroo dreamed aloud. A name was whispered in her soft, broken English, coupled with words of endearment and gentle chiding. The name was spoken imperfectly, and Catharine bent her ear still lower, as if in doubt that she had heard aright. Again that name was pronounced, and now there was no doubt; the enunciation was low, but perfectly distinct. The mother started upright, as if a bullet had passed through her heart; her face was ashy pale, and she looked strangely corpse-like in the dusky light. She snatched a knife from its sheath in her girdle, and bent a fierce glance on the sleeper. A moment the blade quivered above the heart of her only child, and then the wretched woman flung it from her with a gesture of self-abhorrence, and, sinking to the ground, she buried her face in her hands, and after one slight shudder, remained motionless as a statue. It was more than an hour before that stern face was lifted again; shade after shade of deep and harrowing agony had swept over it while buried in the folded arms, and now it was very pale, but with a gentler expression upon it. Traces of anguish and deep commiseration were there as she arose and bent over her daughter. If the beautiful doctrine of good and evil spirits hovering about the heart, each striving for mastery, be true, Catharine Montour's bosom was the seat of a fierce spiritual warfare that night! Now the good, and then the evil predominated, like the shifting light and shadow in an old picture. She laid a hand on the rounded shoulder from which the covering had been flung, passed the other quickly over her eyes, and then awoke the sleeper. "Tahmeroo," she said, but her voice was low and husky, and it died away in her throat.

The maiden started to her elbow, and looked wildly about; then seeing her mother standing over her with the string of red coral in her hand, she sunk back and buried her face in the pillow.

"Tahmeroo, look up!" said the mother in a soft, low voice, from which all traces of emotion had flown. "Has Tahmeroo no dreams which she does not tell her mother? The white man's gift is under her pillow—whence come it?"

A blush spread over the face, neck and bosom of the young girl, and she shrunk from the steady gaze of her mother. She was sensible of no wrong, save that of concealment; yet her confusion was painful almost as a sense of guilt. Catharine had compassion on her embarrassment, and turned away her eyes. "Tahmeroo," she said, in a voice still more gentle and winning, "tell me all—am I not your mother?—do I not love you?"

The young Indian girl rose and looked timidly toward the couch of the Mohawk Chief. "Does my father sleep?" she said; and her eyes again fell beneath the powerful glance which she felt to be fixed upon her.

"Yes, he sleeps; speak in English, and have no fear."

And Catharine went to the heap of blazing pine and flung ashes on it; then returned to her daughter, folded her to her bosom, and for half an hour the low, sweet voice of Tahmeroo alone broke the stillness of the lodge. Scarcely had Catharine interrupted the confession of her child with a word of question. She might have been powerless from emotion, for more than once her breath came quick and gaspingly; and the heavy throbbing of her heart was almost audible at every pause in that broken narrative. Yet her voice was strangely cold and calm when she spoke.

"And you saw him again this day?"

"Yes, mother."

"Did he again tell you to keep these meetings from my knowledge?"

"He said the Great Spirit would visit me with his thunder if I but whispered it to the wind."

"The name, tell me the name once more; but low, I would not hear it aloud. Whisper it in my ear—yet the hiss of a serpent were sweeter," she muttered inly.

Tahmeroo raised her lips to her mother's ear and whispered as she was commanded. She felt a slight shudder creep over the frame against which she leaned, and all was still again.

"You *first* saw this—this man when we were encamped on the banks of the Delaware, three moons since, while I was absent on a mission to Sir William Johnson: did I hear aright in this?" questioned the mother after a few minutes of silence.

"It was there that I first saw him, mother."

"Listen to me, Tahmeroo—were I to command you never again to see this man, could you obey me?"

The young Indian started from her mother's arms, and the fire of her dark eyes flashed even in the half smothered light.

"Never see him? What, tear away the blossoms from my own heart? Obey? No, mother, no. Thrust me from my father's lodge—make me a squaw of burthen, such as the lowest woman of our tribe—give me to the tomahawk, to the hot fire,—but ask me not to rend the life from my own bosom. The white blood which my heart drank from thine must curdle that of the Mohawk, when his child yields or takes love, save at her own free will! No, mother, I could not obey—I would not."

Catharine Montour was struck dumb with astonishment. Was she, the despotic ruler of a fierce war-tribe, to be braved by her own child? The creature she had loved and cherished with an affection so deep and passionate—had *she* turned rebellious to her power? Her haughty spirit aroused itself to furiness, and the gladiator broke from her eyes, as they were bent on the palpitating and half-recumbent form of Tahmeroo. The girl did not shrink from the stern gaze, but met it with a glance of resolute daring. The young eaglet had begun to plume its wing! There was something of wild dignity in her voice and gesture which assorted well with the curbless strength of her mother's spirit. She respected the strong and energetic mind, even when it rebelled against her own power. Though stern and cruel to others, her anger had never seriously, till now, burst on the head of her daughter. The beautiful and wild creature whom she had reared in the depths of the wilderness, had been to her a thing set apart, not for the food quiet of maternal love, but for the idolatry of a seared and erring heart, which turned with affection to nothing on earth or in heaven, save that one pure girl. Her very love was a sin; for it gave to the creature, a worship scoffingly withheld from the Creator.

With untiring application and a degree of patience foreign to her character, she had withdrawn her daughter from the women of her tribe, and lavished on her young mind all that had ever been bright or beautiful in her own. The lore and pure accents of her own native land were made familiar to the lips of the young Indian, and all the accomplishments gathered in the favored youth of the mother, were transferred to the child. Even the beautiful doctrines of christianity, which sometimes stole upon the mother's memory like the whisperings of a holy dream, were instilled in the heart of the daughter; for Catharine had two much poetry and taste minglied with her stern nature, not to admire the beauties of truth, though she sacrilegiously withheld her belief in them.

Catharine Montour loved power, but that which she possessed was not of a kind to satisfy her ambition; for, into this passion had a thousand others merged themselves. She understood the nature of her influence over her husband and his tribe too perfectly to receive pleasure from it. She felt that it was not that of a great mind over its own compeers, but of the intellectual over the animal. It was the power of a resolute mind, crafty and unhesitating in its means, over the ignorance, superstition, and brute strength of a savage and almost barbarous race. She ruled a people with whom she had no sympathy. But the dominion which she held over her daughter's heart was woven with all the gentle and better feelings left to her nature. It was the power of intellect over intellect—of love over a loving heart, and her absolute rule over that one being had been to her a treasured sovereignty, dear alike to her pride and to her affections. It had kept one well-spring almost pure in the depths of a wicked heart.

Catharine Montour had studied the human heart as a familiar book, and she knew that it would be in vain to contend with the aroused spirit, so suddenly burst forth in the strength of its womanhood. She felt that her power over that heart must hereafter be one of love unmixed with fear—an imperfect and a divided power. The heart of the strong woman writhed under the conviction, but she stretched herself on the couch without a word of answer. Her own fiery spirit had sprung to rapid growth in the bosom of her child: passions had shot up, budded and blossomed, in a night time. The stern mother trembled when she thought of the fruit which, in her own bosom, had turned to ashes in the ripening.

When Tahmeroo awoke in the morning, the lodge was empty. Her mother had left the encampment at early dawn.

CHAPTER IV.

"The quality of mercy is not stained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway:
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself."

The history of Wyoming is interwoven with that of a pious and good man, who forsook home, rank and fortune, and who came among the Six Nations, with his life in his hand, learned their habits, shared the hardships of their rude life, and became to them a teacher

and a brother. This man was sitting alone in his log-hut, built on a curving bank of the Susquehanna, between Wilkesbarre and Monockonok Island. He was a man of mild and benign countenance; the pious meditations of a subdued and humble heart diffused their sunshine over a face peculiarly gentle and merciful in its expression. Yet was there a shade of habitual sadness in the eye, a patient sweetness about the lips when he smiled, which told most truly, that years of sorrow and struggle against the ills of life had been at last rewarded by repose—the repose of subdued passions and persevering search after the good and pure. His dress was of the plainest materials, yet its general neatness, and the air of refinement betrayed in every motion, was sufficient to distinguish him, to the most careless observer, as one bred to a situation far different to the character he had chosen. His hair was parted from his forehead after a peculiar fashion, and fell loosely to his shoulders, giving the upper portion of his face an air of meek and almost feminine softness. It had once been of a deep brown, but was now thickly interspersed with silver, and had fallen slightly away from the back part of the head. His whole appearance was that of a man of chastened and benevolent spirit—one to whom a child or a wounded bird would instinctively have crept for protection.

The hut was small and but newly built. A deal box stood in one corner filled with books and rolls of manuscript. Two stools and a rude table, with a few cooking utensils, were the only remaining furniture. The missionary sat by the table with implements for writing before him, but intent on the pages of a worn bible. The morning was yet young, and the fresh air came balmly to his temples as he read. The forest trees, which interwove their branches like an arbor over the hut, were vocal with bird-songs, and the murmur of a mountain cascade came so tly through the unglazed window. The missionary occasionally lifted his head and looked out with a tranquil smile, when a bird came chirruping by the door, or shook the dew from the green boughs waving against the window. Then he would smooth back the pages which the breeze playfully lifted whenever he removed his hand, and again become absorbed in his book. It was a picture of holy and quiet study; but the crackling of branches and the sound of approaching footsteps interrupted its beautiful tranquillity. The silvery flow of the water-fall was broken by the sound; the birds fluttered away from their green nestling places in the leaves, and a half tamed fawn, which had been sleeping in a tuft of brake leaves, started up, gazed a moment on the intruder with his dark, intelligent eyes, and then dashed up the river's bank, as she crossed the threshold of the lowly dwelling. The missionary looked up as the stranger entered, and a feeling of astonishment mingled with the politeness which long habit had made a portion of his nature. He arose, and with a slight inclination of the head, placed the stool, on which he had been sitting, for her accommodation. The intruder bent her head, in acknowledgment of the courtesy, but remained standing. She was a woman of majestic and stately bearing, slight of form, and scarcely above the middle height; her air was courtly and graceful, but dashed with haughtiness almost approaching to arrogance. She had probably numbered forty or forty-five years, and her face, though slightly sun-browned, was still fair, and bore traces of great beauty, spite of the rigid expression about the small mouth and finely cut forehead. There was something in the appearance of the stranger that puzzled the penetration of the missionary; he had spent his life amid the aristocracy of an European court, and had passed from thence to the lowly settlement, and to the still more remote Indian encampment; but the air and dress of the strange woman were not strictly those of any class with which he had as yet become familiar. There was a wildness mingled with the majesty of her presence, and her rich and picturesque attire partook at once of the court and of the wigwam. Her long and yet abundant hair was wreathed in slender braids around her head, and surmounted by a small coronet of gorgeous feathers. A serpent of fine, scaly gold, the neck and back striped and variegated with minute gems, was wreathed about the mass of braids on one side of her head, and formed a knot of slender coils where it clasped the coronet. There was something startlingly like vitality in the writhing folds when the light struck them, and the jewelled head shot out from the feathers and quivered over the pale temple with thrilling effect. There was an asp-like glitter in the sharp, emerald eyes, and the tiny jaw seemed full of subtle venom. It was a magnificent and rare ornament to be found in the solitude of an American forest; yet scarcely less remarkable than the remainder of the strange woman's apparel. A robe of deep crimson cloth, bordered with the blackest lynx fur, was girded at the waist by a cord of twisted silk, and fell back at the shoulders in lappels of rich black velvet. It had loose hanging sleeves, likewise lined with velvet, beneath which, the white and still rounded arm gleamed out in strong contrast. A serpent, similar to the one on her head, but glowing with still more costly jewels, coiled around the graceful swell of her right arm, a little below the elbow, but its brilliancy was concealed by the drapery of the sleeve, except when the arm was in motion. She wore elaborately wrought moccasins, also of crimson cloth, but the embroidery was soiled with dew, and the silken thongs with which they had been laced to the ankle had burst loose in the rough path through which she had evidently travelled.

The missionary stood by the table, while his visitor cast a hasty glance around the apartment, and then turned her eyes keenly on his face.

"I am not mistaken," she said slowly, withdrawing her gaze; "you are the Godly man to whom my people have directed me—the Indian missionary."

The man of God bent his head in reply.

"You should be, and I suppose are, an ordained minister of the established church," she resumed.

"I am a Moravian, madame."

His voice was deep-toned and peculiarly sweet. The woman started as it met her ear; a gleam of unwonted expression shot over her composed features, and she fixed another penetrating glance on the face of

the speaker, as if some long buried recollection had been aroused; then she turned her eyes away, satisfied with the scrutiny, and, drawing a deep breath, spoke again.

"A Moravian! I know nothing of their religion. But it matters not: have you authority to perform marriages after the established law?"

"I have; but my services are seldom required. I mingle but little with the whites of the settlement, and Indians have their peculiar forms, which, to them, are alone binding."

"True," replied the woman, with a slight wave of the hand, "and these forms shall not be wanting; all the bonds of a christian church and savage custom will scarcely yield me security." She spoke as if unconscious of a second presence, and again abruptly addressed the missionary.

"Your services are needed in the Mohawk encampment, a few miles back in the mountains. A guide shall be sent for you at the appointed time. Stay in this place during the next twenty-four hours; within that space you will be summoned."

The missionary, though an humble man, was by no means wanting in the dignity of a christian, and a gentleman; he liked not the arrogant and commanding tone assumed by his singular visitor, and there was a slight degree of reproof in his manner when he answered.

"Lady," he said, "if the welfare of a human being—if the safety of an immortal soul, can be secured by my presence, I will not hesitate to trust myself even among my most bitter enemies, the Mohawks—a people who have, more than once, sought my life; but, for a less important matter, I cannot obey your bidding."

"Rash man! know you whom you are thus braving?" said the woman, fixing her eyes sternly on his face. "If your life is utterly valueless, delay but a moment in following the guide which I shall send, and every pulse in your heart shall have a death of its own to struggle with! Catharine Montour's will has never yet been disputed within twenty miles of the Mohawk's tent without frightful retribution."

The missionary started back with a slight shudder at the mention of that terrible name, but he speedily regained his composure and answered her calmly and with firmness.

"Threats are but powerless with me, lady," he said. "The man who places himself unarmed and defenceless in the midst of a hoard of savages, can scarcely be supposed to act against his conscience from the threat of a woman, however stern may be her heart, and however fearful her power. Tell me the nature of the services which I am required to perform, and then receive my answer."

The haughty woman moved towards the door with a gesture of angry impatience, but returned again, and with more of courtesy in her manner, seated herself on the stool which had been placed for her.

"It is but just," she said, "that you should know the service which you are required to perform. There is in the Mohawk camp a maiden of mixed blood, my child, my only child; from the day that she first opened her eyes to mine in the still and solemn wilderness, with nothing but savage faces around me, with no heart to sympathize with mine in its deep yearning love, that child became to me a part of my own life. For years I had loved nothing; but now the pent-up tenderness of my being gushed forth, and the infant became to me an idol. In the wide dark world I had but one object to love, and for the first time in a weary life affection brought to me happiness. You may be a father, or may have been the husband of a being whom you have worshipped and doted on, who has lain in your bosom year after year, pure and gentle as a spring blossom, and when that being has wound herself around your heartstrings, when she was dearest and loveliest,—she may have been stolen from your bosom, sullied in her innocent thoughts."

"Forbear, in mercy forbear!" said the missionary in a voice of agony.

Catharine looked up and saw that his eyes were full of tears; her own face was fearfully agitated, and she went on with a degree of energy but little in keeping with the pathos of her last, broken speech.

"A white, one of my own race, came to the forest stealthily, like a thief, and with a gift, which he taught her to believe was a bond of marriage among his people, he lured my child from honor and from the heart of her mother. And now I beseech you, for I see that you are kind and feeling, and that I was wrong to command,—come to the camp at twelve to-night, for then and there, shall my child be lawfully wedded."

"I will be there at the hour," replied the missionary, in a voice of deep sympathy. "Heaven forbid that I should refuse to aid in righting the wronged, even at the peril of life."

"My own head shall not be more sacred in the camp of the Mohawks than shall yours," said Catharine with energy.

"I doubt it not; and were it otherwise, I should not shrink from a duty. I owe an atonement for the evil opinion I had of you. A heart which feels dishonor so keenly cannot delight in carnage and blood."

"And do they repeat these things of me?" inquired Catharine, with a painful smile: "they do me deep wrong. Fear me not; I appear before you with clean hands. If the heart is less pure, it has sufficiently avenged itself; if it has wronged others, they are now revenged; for, has not the love of my child gone forth to another? Am I not alone?"

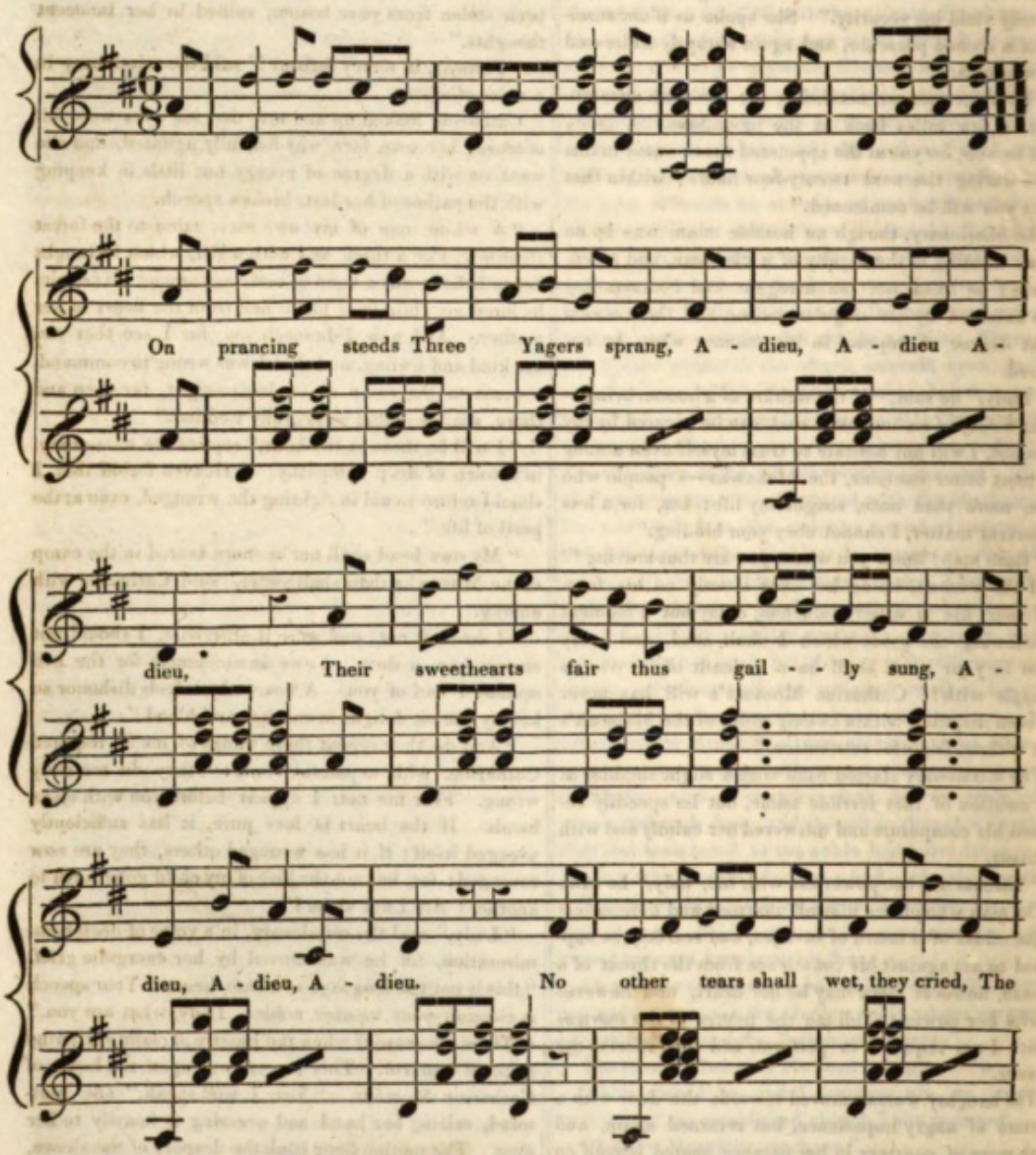
"Lady," said the missionary, in a voice of deep commiseration, for he was moved by her energetic grief, "this is not the language of a base heart. Your speech is elegant, your manner noble. Lady, what are you."

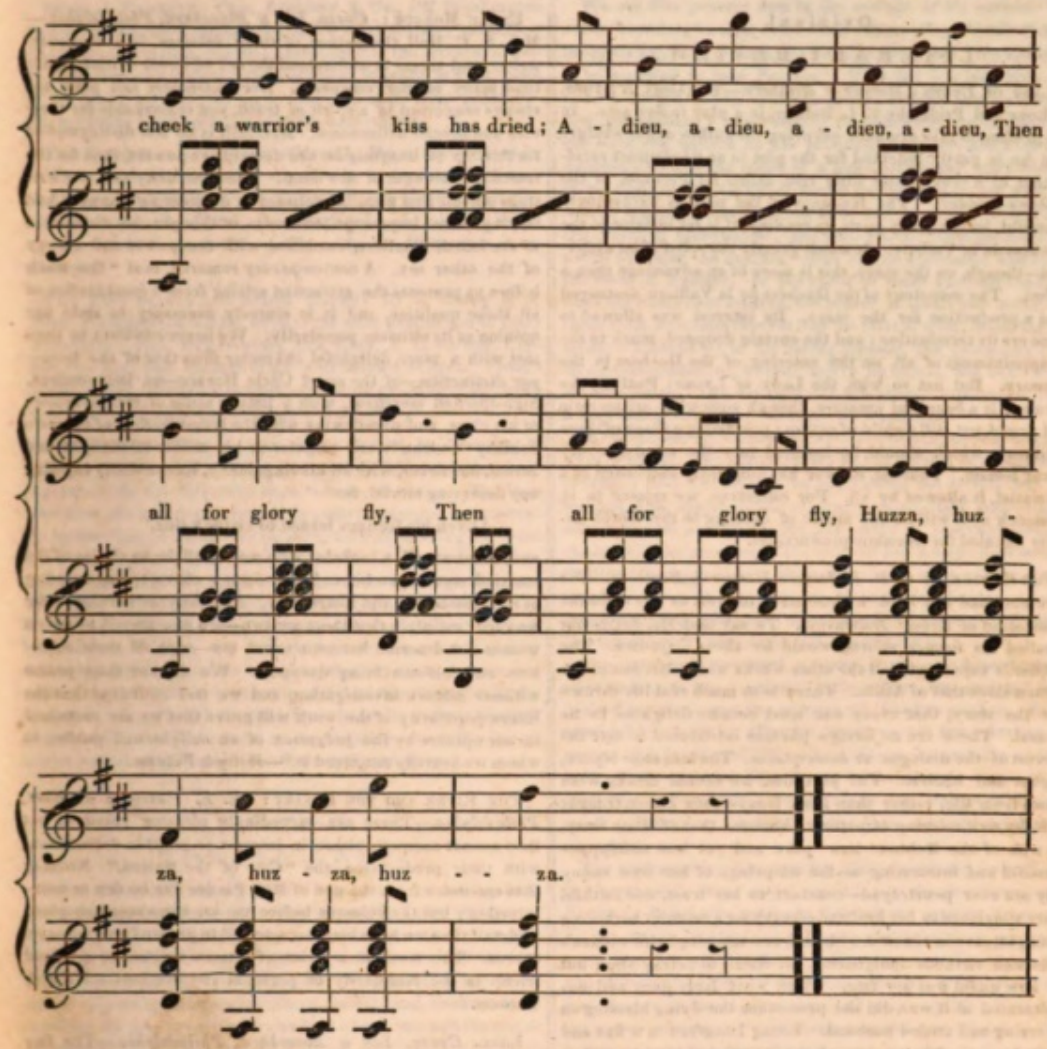
There are seasons when the heart will claim sympathy spite of control. This power was upon the heart of Catharine Montour. "Yes, I *will* speak," she muttered, raising her hand and pressing it heavily to her eyes. The motion flung back the drapery of the sleeve, and the light flashed full on the jewelled serpent. The missionary's eyes were fixed wildly upon it, and he sallied back against the logs of the hut, with a death-like agony in his face.

To be continued.

THE YAGERS' ADIEU.

Arranged for the Guitar.





2

A thousand more are on the field;
With martial sounds the skies are filled;
Then where is he so mean and shy,
In woman's arms would trembling lie,
When all for glory fly? &c.

3

And where, young warriors, dost thou fly,
With dauntless brow and eagle eye?
To meet the foe that fiercely comes
To spoil our fields and sacred homes,
We now to glory fly, &c.

4

Our country calls—the Yager hears;
We give her hope and calm her fears;
Then speed we on and leave behind,
On its bleak sides, the mountain wind,
For we to glory fly, &c.

5

Where cannons dread their lightnings flash,
And sword meets sword in fearful crash,
The Yager there still spurs his steed,
While 'neath his foot the foe doth bleed,
For we to glory fly, &c.

6

But now we pant for war's alarms;
From love and beauty's twining arms
We go; but in the dreadful fight
For us dark dangers path you'll light,
For all to glory fly, &c.

Original.

LITERARY REVIEW.

LADY OF LYONS: *Harper & Brothers.*—The Lady of Lyons, or Love and Pride, by E. L. Bulwer, is a play in five acts. In the preface to this dramatic offspring the author acknowledges that he is partly indebted for the plot to an "indistinct recollection of a very pretty little tale, called La Perouse, or the Bellows-mender." The language of the play is exceedingly beautiful, but in many parts, *in reading*, it is far inferior to the Duchess de la Valliere. It wants greatly the relief of an underplot—though, on the stage, this is more of an advantage than a defect. The monotony of the Duchess de la Valliere destroyed it as a production for the stage. Its interest was allowed to wane ere its termination; and the curtain dropped, much to the disappointment of all, on the entering of the Duchess to the nunnery. But not so with the Lady of Lyons: Pauline, the heroine, is a beautiful creature, though somewhat aristocratic and proud, yet still a child of nature; possessing a share of those rudiments which should be instilled into the mind of every young female. That Mr. Bulwer has eminently succeeded as a dramatist, is allowed by all. For ourselves, we rejoice in it, inasmuch as it will be the means of opening to the world another channel for dramatic productions.

THE ROBBER, by *G. P. R. James: Harper & Brothers.*—We have not read any book with so much interest as this since the publication of Ernest Maltravers. To say that Mr. James has equalled his former efforts, would be sheer injustice. The Robber is superior to all the other works which Mr. James has written since that of Attila. There is so much real life thrown into the story, that every one must become delighted in its perusal. There are no *foreign* phrases introduced to mar the interest of the dialogue or descriptions. The language is pure, elegant and natural. The portraits, we should think, were drawn from life, rather than from fancy—they are so fraught with the rich coloring of nature. Witness that of Mono Gray, the wife of the Robber: how pure and yet how unhappy—beautiful and interesting as the offsprings of her own sunny Italy are ever pourtrayed—constant to her trust, and faithful in her allegiance to her husband—never for a moment harboring a thought, save in common with him, and scorning, with woman's pride and virtuous indignation, all offers to betray him; but yet how awful was her fate. With what *love*, pure and unadulterated as it was, did she pronounce the dying blessing on her erring and misled husband. Young Langford is a fine and spirited youth, driven, through the injustice of his own father, to the assumption of this name, while, in reality, he was the rightful possessor of the endless honors, and immense estates held by another. Alice Herbert is a noble and high-minded girl, well deserving such a suitor as Langford. All romances must boast a villain, and the Earl of Danemore is a perfect personification of all that is cruel and dishonorable. We again assert that Mr. James has over-reached himself in his present effort. The Robber is a masterly production, and will be as extensively read as any work that has been issued in this city for months. We are not in the habit of lavishing useless praise upon a book, but in this case it is merited in the fullest sense of the term.

HOOD'S OWN.—*George Dearborn & Co.* have published the first part of a series of papers entitled "Hood's Own," illustrated with innumerable wood cuts, characteristic of each subject. The work emanates from the pen of the mirthful Hood. It is 'got up' in a handsome style, in point of typographical execution. The drawings are spirited and well adapted. The remaining parts will be issued in quick succession.

NICHOLAS NICKLEBY: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.* This is a work to be continued monthly, and completed in twenty numbers, each of which is illustrated with two plates. The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby, containing a faithful account of the fortunes, uprising, and the career of the Nickleby family, by "Boz," will doubtless prove a valuable work.—*The Carvills.*

UNCLE HORACE: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—Mrs. S. C. Hall, the author of these volumes, is a charming writer, and seems to understand the *art* of novel writing better than many of her compeers. Her characters and plots are always conceived in a spirit of truth, and remarkable for their nice and precise delineation. Mrs. Hall is no less distinguished for fertility of imagination and descriptive powers, than for the masculine strength of her mind. None will deny that her writings possess that peculiar delicacy in delineating manners, and tracing almost imperceptible shades of thought, so distinctive of the female intellect, combined with the power and energy of the other sex. A contemporary remarks, that "the work before us presents the attraction arising from a combination of all these qualities, and it is scarcely necessary to state our opinion of its ultimate popularity. We never recollect to have met with a more delightful character than that of the hero—*par distinction*—of the novel Uncle Horace—an independent, high-spirited merchant, with a proper sense of the usefulness of his class, and overflowing with the truest feeling of nature's nobility—eccentric and singular in his modes of thought and action, but never, with all his singularity, intentionally injuring any deserving mortal, for

'Even his feelings leaned to virtue's side,'

and, to crown all, a bachelor with nearly all the anxieties of the married state upon him. These form a character as amusing as it is fascinating and instructive. And then the heroines—*for* we verily maintain that there are two—are pourtrayed as only a woman can describe her own sweet sex—with all their nobleness and self-sacrificing devotion. We do not thus praise without mature investigation, and we feel confident that the future popularity of the work will prove that we are sustained in our opinion by the judgment of an enlightened public, to whom we heartily commend it."—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THE RIVER AND THE DESART: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.*—These are exceedingly pleasing volumes, but they cannot compete, either in interest or graphic delineation, with their predecessor, the "City of the Sultan." Nothing that emanates from the pen of Miss Pardoe can be dry or uninteresting; but the volumes before us are more common-place in detail than we have been accustomed to peruse from the same source. The work is a series of letters written to a valued friend in the familiarity of personal recollections.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

LOVE: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—The fair author of "Flirtation," "The Divorced," etc., has been somewhat quick in giving the world this novel, at least so soon after "The Divorced." We have read only a portion of the work, and from our casual glance we are inclined to think that the incidents and plot are well conceived, and illustrated by characters which are naturally drawn and appropriately introduced. The moral tendency is excellent, beyond the shadow of a doubt: it chiefly aims to show that those who aspire to a bliss beyond the common standard of happiness, invariably fall below it. With these brief remarks, we must leave the public to form their opinion of *Love.*—*The Carvills.*

LIFE OF WALTER SCOTT: *Carey, Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.*—We have received the seventh and last part of the "Memoirs of the life of Sir Walter Scott," by J. G Lockhart. The whole numbers form an immense volume, with a correct likeness of the Bard of Avon. Now, that the work is in a perfect state, those who have been holding back in consequence of its being issued in numbers can possess themselves of it, by calling at the book-store of the *Carvills.*

ENDLESS FUN: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.*—Most of our readers are doubtless acquainted with the English Comic Annual, edited by *Thomas Hood*, or, at least, they have heard of such a work. Endless Fun is a reprint of this annual for 1838, and is filled with the richest of reading. To all who are troubled with *the blues*, we would commend this work.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

MUSICAL GAZETTE: *Otis, Broaders & Co.*, 120 Washington street, Boston, have commenced a new semi-monthly periodical under the above title, devoted exclusively to the science of music. If the two numbers before us are to be taken as a specimen of the future style of the work—the publishers have great reason to rejoice at the success of their undertaking.

THE HESPERIAN; *or, Western Monthly Magazine.*—edited by William D. Gallagher and Otway Curry, is as neat a work as is to be found in America. Mr. Gallagher as a literary writer is well known at the West. Our pen could add nothing to his already exalted reputation. We wish the Hesperian every success.

THE TWO FLIRTS AND OTHER TALES: *E. L. Carey & A. Hart, Philadelphia.*—This work is the joint production of Lady Blessington, Hon. Mrs. Norton, Mrs. Gore, E. L. Bulwer, Captain Medwin, and various other well known writers. From a casual glance through its pages, we should pronounce the work well worthy of a perusal.—*Wiley & Putnam.*

THE DESERTED BRIDE AND OTHER POEMS, by *George P. Morris.*—We owe an apology to the public for so long neglecting to notice this beautiful little volume of poems. To those who love the sweet and natural in poetry, its pages must already be familiar, or we should indulge, notwithstanding our want of room, in some favorite extracts. From the Old Oak, we would select several stanzas of the most sweet and gentle melody; from the leading poem, others of pathos and sentiment; but when we once begin to indulge in extracts it is difficult to know where to stop. Of the whole book, we speak a candid and unprejudiced opinion in saying, that it is full of sweet and pure melody; that there is much of Wordsworthian simplicity and more of pure and pleasant thought in its pages. General Morris will never have cause to regret that he has collected his little treasure of gems into a casket worthy of them.

Original.

THEATRICALS.

PARK.—The only novelty at this house since our last has been the production of Bulwer's new play, "The Lady of Lyons." The main object of this drama is to shed over the lower provinces of man's existence the light of high aims and meritorious achievements; and with this view its hero is exhibited, in an age of violent revolutionary change, quietly and unobtrusively working his way by personal qualities alone, through the repulsiveness of low birth and mean position, and using the niggardness of fortune only as a foil to the bounty of nature. Since the errors and sufferings of Julia made their affecting appeal to the heart, and were answered by the sympathy of every heart that witnessed them, we have had nothing at all comparable to the *Lady of Lyons* in that description of interest, or in the extent and enthusiasm it produces among the audience.

The scene opens in 1795 in the house of a rich Lyons merchant, to the beauty of whose daughter, *Pauline*, all are doing homage. Her many virtues are alloyed by the one sin of pride the overpowering desire that she has to rise, by marriage with some foreign noble, above the detestable equality of the revolution. In this she is encouraged by a foolish mother, and her first act in the play is to refuse the addresses of *M. Beausant*, the title-stripped son of a Marquis, who had offered for her with the secure air of a man who is going to make the object of his choice eternally grateful. In the rage of his disappointment he casts about for some expedient of revenge, and hears opportunely of a peasant-genius in the neighboring village, by whom all boys swear and for whom all the girls pray, who has been left well-off in the world by an old gardner, his father, and has for the last four years devoted himself to accomplishments above his station, with all the glorious hopes that were then born of the young republic. *Beausant* forms the project of passing off this elegant clown upon the family of *Pauline* as a foreign prince, of seducing her into a marriage with him, and of availing himself of the humiliation and abasement that would follow her discovery of the truth.

We see this peasant first in the cottage of his mother. He comes bounding in after some fresh village triumph, full of high thoughts and high dreams, the hope of fame, and "the ambition to be worthier to love *Pauline*." This last has long been the passion of the young peasant's heart, and he fancies himself now approaching within reach of its fulfilment, for he has seen her wear the flowers he has privately sent her, and is at this moment awaiting the result of a more daring and open avowal of his adoration in a copy of verses transmitted to her with his name. Should these elicit one favorable word, *Claude* will join the armies of the republic; and love which "does not level the proud but raise the humble," shall lift the successful soldier to the level of *Pauline*. In the midst of these buoyant expectations the messenger returns, the bearer of insult and scorn. A letter from *Beausant* reaches him the instant after, declaring the writer's knowledge of his daring passion, and promising that, on certain conditions, he shall marry its object, and bear her to his own home. The act ends in a tumultuous rebound of hope back from the depths of his rage and his despair.

In the second act *Claude Melnotte* is a prince, and the betrothed of *Pauline*. He has consented to the artifice in a moment of revenge; and half hoping he may teach the beauty who has scorned him, the elevation of true passion—half supposing it will never be pushed to the extremity of marriage—happy above all in the presence of the beloved one which unconsciously fills whatever void may be to come with the warmth of passionate desires, of gayest hopes, of brightest fancies—he pursues the artifice, insensible to its extent of deception and crime. The act abounds in masterly touches of nature.

The opening of the third act sees *Pauline* and her husband on their way to the "palace" of the prince, but arrested by a feigned accident near the cottage of *Claude's* mother. Every word of her trusting affection increases his heart-broken remorse. "Is it not cold?" he asks, "Never, beneath thy smile!" is *Pauline's* answer. The dismay in the cottage is one of the most masterly touches ever given to the stage—in various, quick and startling emotion—no less than in manly and sustained pathos.

The next morning (the opening of the fourth act) finds *Claude* in his peasant's dress again, watching at the chamber door of *Pauline*. When she enters he has left the cottage to prepare for her return to her father's home, and "the place seems still more desolate without him." Her scene at this point with *Claude's* mother is one of the most affecting in the play. Her love for her husband rises more and more—("Oh! if he were but a poor gentleman!")—*Beausant* enters, and *Claude* arrives in time to save her from his villainous purposes. Her parents arrive at the cottage, and after a scene of various power, *Pauline*, in one passionate burst of love, resigns her vanity and pride, and asks of *Claude* that she may share his cottage. But he feels that he has a crime to expiate before such happiness may be his, and not till he has redeemed the fair fame he has lost, will he dare to lift his thoughts to *Pauline*. The struggle is conducted with touching truth and skill. In the end, by the interference of a brave blunt soldier, *Claude* enters the French army, passionately pledging himself to return "a better man than a prince—a man who has bought the right to high thoughts by brave deeds."

Three years are supposed to pass before the curtain rises—in the fifth act, and while they have seen *Claude Melnotte* rise from rank to rank in the republican army, and under the assumed name of *Morier*, achieve the fame and station which he had promised himself should cancel his crime and raise him to *Pauline*—her father has been gradually sinking into distress, till the sacrifice of his daughter to the wealth and still surviving passion of *Beausant* has been determined on as the last resource to save his credit and his name. *Claude* himself, disguised and unrecognized in the dress of the famous *Colonel Morier*, is present at the scene, (full of deepest pathos) where the heart-broken girl consents to sign the divorce which is necessary to the new marriage, and as the friend and comrade of *Melnotte*, receives her last message to him. A few instants after sees *Pauline* in his arms, the happy wife of the wealthy and honored soldier.

We have left ourselves little space to speak of the performance of this piece. When we say, however, that the principal characters were sustained by *Mrs. Richardson, Mrs. Wheatley* and *Miss Cushman*—by *Messrs. Forrest, Placide, Richings* and *Wheatley*, we need not say that the acting was excellent.

National.—This house was very brilliantly attended on the occasion of the complimentary benefit to Mr. *James Wallack*. He has sailed for England, and will probably secure for the ensuing season some of the most sterling and efficient talent on the other side of the water. *Miss Davenport*, a sprightly and very intelligent girl of *eleven* years, is now playing at this theatre. The daily papers speak in high terms of her abilities, and certainly not too much so if she plays every thing as well as she does the "*Manager's Daughter*," the only part in which we have seen her.

Original.

EDITORS' TABLE.

"Let us have Justice."—We were on the eve of making a few observations to the subscribers of the Ladies' Companion, when the following remarks, in the May number of the "Hesperian," met our eye. The justice that dictated them cannot be questioned, nor will it be denied that the *poor publisher* of a magazine is filched daily of his hard-earned pittance by those very persons whom he has exerted every nerve to amuse, in the *hope* that they possessed sufficient *honesty, honor*, and *justice*, to comply with the terms of the work. For our part, we have adapted the rule to publish on the cover, the names of all persons, either *male* or *female*, that *discontinue* the Ladies' Companion, or *remove* from their former residence, without settling in full all arrearages. Is there a single individual, however lost to virtue or honesty, that will not blush at seeing or hearing of his name being published for the nominal sum required to defray the price of a magazine? This alternative is never resorted to, until every other means fail, and then it is with great reluctance.

"The principal cause that operates against the success of periodicals, is, the negligence of good subscribers, and the rascality of bad ones, with regard to making payments. This we should gladly decline noticing; but it is an evil of such general prevalence, affecting the prosperity of our newspapers and political journals as well as that of our periodicals, that it should not be passed over lightly, but rather commented upon at length, in plain and rebuking language. He who orders a paper or a periodical, and after receiving and enjoying it for a year or two, changes his place of residence without notifying the proprietor of the fact, or orders a discontinuance without paying up arrearages, is just as guilty of *robbery*, in the truest sense of the term, as he who breaks into a dwelling-house at midnight, and bears away the plate or the jewels thereof. There is, in reality, no substantial difference between the two cases. Yet how different are they regarded, in the operations of our system of public morals! It is strictly within the bounds of truth, and the sanction of experience, to say, that the publishers of newspapers and periodicals in the United States, are *robbed of thousands of dollars every week*, in the manner here stated, by persons who would scorn to enter upon the premises of their neighbors, and carry off covertly the value of a dime! This conduct towards the publisher has for so long a time been customary in this country, that a portion of the public seem to consider themselves invested with a kind of prescriptive right to impose upon and defraud him whenever they can. And that they, in many instances, even descend to paltry manœuvres for the purpose of availing themselves of this "right," every person knows who has had any considerable connection with the American press, in either of its departments—scientific, literary, or *religious*. All this, we are told, will be considered harsh language. So it will by those to whom it *applies*, and so we wish it may. It is *truth*—and the truth is generally unpleasant and harsh-sounding to such as have violated the injunctions of *duty*, or disregarded the laws of *honesty*. We hold no fellowship with such persons; we want neither their friendship nor their "patronage."—(Heaven save the mark!)—and we care not how soon we are at quits with them entirely and for ever. But the honest man, who takes his paper, or his magazine, or his review, and pays for it when the subscription money is due, according to the terms, or when he is called upon, will see nothing undeservedly harsh in what we have said. His common sense will at once perceive the truthfulness and the propriety of our language, and he will unite with us in reprobating that flexibility of morals which we have just sketched.

To the other branch of this division of our subject, we shall advert but briefly. Many good and well-meaning persons are induced to subscribe for newspapers or periodicals, by their love of variety in reading, their want of time to compass the perusal of books, their isolated situations in life, or their desire to contribute their mite towards establishing and sustaining such works in sections of the country where they are needed. With either or all of these feelings, they enter their names when requested to do so, or voluntarily forward them to the publisher, determined that the very first money which they can spare from other uses shall be appropriated to the payment of their subscriptions. This is all very well; and but few publishers will refuse to credit money received within a month or two after the time of subscribing, or the commencement of a volume or year, as *advance payment*. But we regret to say experience has demonstrated, that where *one* such person makes payment according to his intentions, *ten* never become, or never think themselves, able to pay at all; and these, after deriving entertainment and information from their favorite periodical for a year or two, have to suffer their names to be stricken from the subscription-books, and in many instances their names appear on the Black List, much to their own mortification and regret, and greatly to the injury of the publisher and the detriment of his work. As a general rule, then, all who subscribe for a paper or a magazine under circumstances similar to those here stated, and find or imagine themselves unable to pay a year's subscription at the expiration of two or three months, should discharge the small debt incurred in the enjoyment of what they have had, and at once request their names to be erased. This, it is true, may be a cause of great inconvenience to the publisher, and disarrange, if not overthrow, all his plans and calculations; but it is better he should know early that he is not doing a making or a saving business, than find too late that his prosperity was only apparent, and that he has involved himself in ruin.

The great body, however, of those who take a periodical, *are* able to pay the cost, most of them at the time of subscribing, all of them in a short time thereafter. But it is so little customary for publishers, generally the most backward of all business men in presenting their bills, to demand payment before the expiration of twelve or eighteen months, that very few think they are in want of the trifle due from each. But these trifles of three and five dollars make up the whole of their revenue; and there is no other business which, in proportion to its extent, requires so incessant and so large a drain for its energetic and successful prosecution, as that of publishing a large newspaper, or a good periodical of extensive circulation. This is notorious to all who have any knowledge of the different kinds of labor which enter into the production of such a work, and the great number of individuals necessary for its proper execution and punctual issue."

In conclusion, we would observe that the subscription price of the Ladies' Companion is *three dollars* a year, when paid in advance; or *four dollars*, during the year. The May number, with the majority of our subscribers, commenced a new year. All who will forward the *three dollars* previous to the first of August, will be credited the year—otherwise, *four dollars* will be exacted. [For delinquent subscribers, see cover.]

"Our Engravings."—We wish to call the attention of the public particularly to the *fact*, that the engravings which now ornament the Ladies' Companion are engraved purposely for the work by Mr. A. Dick, of this city. No other magazine in America, save the Ladies' Companion, is adorned with steel engravings monthly.

The Prize Tale—"Mary Derwent," the two hundred dollar prize article, by our associate, *Mrs. Ann S. Stephens*, which is continued in the present number, will be found of the most absorbing interest. Our readers, we predict, will be much gratified in the perusal of this "Tale of the Early Settlers."

National Academy of Design.—We have seldom visited a place of public exhibition with so little satisfaction as this. A very large number of bad paintings may be seen—a few good ones, with several miniatures, *executed*, we doubt not, with considerable tact. In short, the visitors are regaled with a great display of good canvass, handsome frames, but very disgraceful paintings. We shall never have creditable exhibitions in New-York, until that illiberality which is so apparent on the part of the managers of the institute, is frowned down by the public.

Mr. J. Watson, the accomplished composer and professor of music, having determined on making New-York his permanent residence, will give lessons in all the various branches of music. A card of terms will be furnished at 33 Bleecker street. [See advertisement on the cover.]

fires. You will thank me that I have ... feeble pen, and from the mind of another, have opened a treasure of thought beneath your feet. S. A. S.

The child is father of the man. Men are but children of a larger growth. How often do we meet with this

guage you have ... *know your own meaning?* What would you th... me? That I was playing the philosopher perhaps, ... I wanted to puzzle you with a childish question, tha... thought I was thinking, or at best that I was a little ou...

THE LADIES' COMPANION.

NEW-YORK, JULY, 1838.

Original.

RUSTIC CIVILITY,

OR CHILDREN—WHAT ARE THEY?

BY JOHN NEAL.

GENTLE reader, it is with reluctance that I allow this beautiful print to pass by without any attempt at illustration. There is something so deliciously quiet and refreshing in the shadow of that green dell, in the grassy slopes, and the sunshine stealing so softly to them, that I long to weave a little romance with its loveliness. I can scarcely resist the impulse to connect a tale of happy love, with the rustic cottages half hidden by the trees yonder upon the hill! but after dwelling upon the leafy beauty of the scene—the verdant back ground—that steep green bank, and the sunny front, the attention is irresistibly fixed upon that group of children, with an interest that gives them the leading position in the mind, moving the heart with a thoughtful sympathy, which the perishable beauties of nature fail to excite. It is not merely the half shy, half eager curiosity of the little ones, as they gaze on the approaching horseman, whose shadow is darkening the green sward before them; nor is it the bashful, irresolute courtesy of the larger boy, as he stands there shading his forehead with one hand, while the other grasps the bar, as if undivided whether to open a passage for the traveller or not; but in each of those little faces, we feel that there is an immortal spirit pictured forth—a spirit that has yet to work out its own destiny of sorrow or gladness—of virtue, or of crime perchance! The mind centres around that little group, and gradually takes a saddened and a wider range of thought. It turns to the thousands and thousands of little beings who wander over our thoroughfares, and play among the green places of our land, almost unheaded; creatures whom we pass daily, with an almost entire forgetfulness of their dignity and importance in the scale of being, without a thought that they are treading in our footsteps, and are shaping the destiny of a coming age, by the shadows we cast behind, in our way to the green. If you are a parent, gentle reader, you will thank me that instead of amusing you with a fanciful illustration of this most exquisite picture, I have connected it with the vigorous and almost startling thoughts of a leading spirit in our national literature, of one who burst forth a brilliant star, when but few twinkled in our intellectual hemisphere, and by the attraction of his own light has drawn out a whole constellation of kindred fires. You will thank me that I have flung aside my own feeble pen, and from the mind of another, have opened a treasure of thought beneath your feet. S. A. S.

The child is father of the man. Men are but children of a larger growth. How often do we meet with this array of words! Yet how insensible we are to the profound philosophy they enwrap. Sublime and astonishing truths! Uttered every day in our hearing, set before our eyes at every step of our journey through life, written over all the monuments of Earth, upon the pages and banners of all History, upon the temples and the pyramids, the palaces and the sepulchres of departed Nations, upon all the doings of the Past and the Present, as with extinguishable fire, and sounding for ever and ever in the unapproachable solitudes of the Future! Yet heard with indifference, read without emotion, and repeated from month to month, day after day, and year after year, without a suspicion of their deep meaning, of their transcendent importance, of their imperishable beauty. And why? The language is too familiar, the apparent signification too simple and natural for the excited understandings of the multitude. There is no curtain to be lifted, no veil to be rent as with hands of giants, no zone to be loosened, no mystery to be expounded afar off, as in the language of another world, nothing to be guessed at, or deciphered, nothing but what any body might understand if he would; and *therefore* nothing to be remembered or cared for.

But in simple truth, a more sublime interrogation could not be propounded, than that which may appear to be answered by the language referred to. *What are children?* Step to the window with me. The street is full of them. Yonder a school is let loose; and here, just within reach of our observation, are two or three noisy little fellows; and there another party, mustering for play. Some are whispering together, and plotting so loudly and so earnestly, as to attract every body's attention; while others are holding themselves aloof, with their satchels gaping so as to betray a part of their plans for to-morrow afternoon, or laying their heads together in pairs, for a trip to the islands. Look at them, weigh the question I have put to you, and then answer it, as it deserves to be answered. *What are children?* To which you reply at once, without any sort of hesitation perhaps,—'Just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined;' or 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' or peradventure, 'The child is father of the man.' And then perhaps you leave me, perfectly satisfied with yourself and with your answer, having plucked out the heart of the mystery, and uttered without knowing it, a string of glorious truths, pearls of great price.

But instead of answering you as another might, instead of saying, *very true*, what if I were to call you back to the window with words like these—Do you know what you have said? Do you know the meaning of the language you have employed? or in other words, *Do you know your own meaning?* What would you think of me? That I was playing the philosopher perhaps, that I wanted to puzzle you with a childish question, that I thought I was thinking, or at best that I was a little out

of my senses. Yet if you were a man of understanding, I should have paid you a high compliment; a searcher after truth, I should have done you a great favor; a statesman, a lawgiver, a philanthropist, a patriot, or a father who deserved to be a father, I should have laid you under everlasting obligations, I should have opened a boundless treasury underneath your feet, I should have translated you instantly to a new world, carried you up into a high mountain as it were, and set before you all the kingdoms of the earth, with all their revolutions and changes—all future history—the march of armies—the growth of conquerors—the waxing and the waning of empire, the changes of opinion, the apparition of thrones dashing against thrones, the overthrow of systems, and the revolution of ages.

Among the children who are now playing *together*, like birds among the blossoms of earth, haunting all the green shadowy places thereof, and rejoicing in the bright air; happy and beautiful creatures, and as changeable as happy, with eyes brimful of joy, and with hearts playing upon their little faces like sunshine upon clear waters:—Among those who are now idling together on that slope, or pursuing butterflies together on the edge of that wood, a wilderness of roses, you would see not only the gifted and the powerful, the wise and the eloquent, the ambitious and the renowned, the long-lived and the long-to-be-lamented of another age; but the wicked and the treacherous, the liar and the thief, the abandoned profligate and the faithless husband, the gambler and the drunkard, the robber, the burglar, the ravisher, the murderer and the betrayer of his country. *The child is father of the man.*

Among them, and that other little troop just appearing, children with yet happier faces and pleasanter eyes, the blossoms of the future—the mothers of nations—you would see the founders of states and the destroyers of their country, the steadfast and the weak, the judge and the criminal, the murderer and the executioner, the exalted and the lowly, the unfaithful wife and the broken-hearted husband, the proud betrayer and his pale victim, the living and breathing portents and prodigies, the embodied virtues and vices of another age and of another world, *and all playing together!* Men are but children of a larger growth.

Pursuing the search, you will go forth among the little creatures, as among the types of another and a loftier language, the mystery whereof has been just revealed to you, a language to become universal hereafter, types in which the autobiography of the Future was written ages and ages ago. Among the innocent and helpless creatures that are called *children*, you would see warriors with their garments rolled in blood, the spectres of kings and princes, poets with golded harps and illuminated eyes, historians and painters, architects and sculptors, mechanics and merchants, preachers and lawyers; here a grave-digger flying his kite with his future customers; there a physician playing at marbles with his, here the predestined to an early and violent death for cowardice, fighting the battles of a whole neighborhood, there a Cromwell, or a Cæsar, a Napoleon, or a Washington, hiding themselves for fear, enduring reproach or insult with patience; a Benjamin Franklin higgling for nuts or gingerbread, or the 'old Parr' of another generation, sitting apart in the sunshine and shivering at every breath of wind that reaches him. Yet we are told that 'just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined.'

Hereafter is made up of the shreds and patches of Heretofore. If 'Men are but children of a larger growth,' then *what are children?* Men of a smaller growth. And this happens to be the truth, not only in the world of imagination, but in the world of realities; not only among poets, but among lawyers. At law children are men; little children murderers. A boy of nine, and others of ten and eleven, have been put to death in England, two for murder, and a third for 'cunningly and maliciously' firing two barns. Of the little murderers, one killed his playmate, and the other his bedfellow. One hid the body, and the other himself. And therefore, said the judges, they knew they had done wrong, they could distinguish between good and evil; and therefore, they ordered both to be strangled. And they were strangled accordingly. As if a child who is old enough to know that he has done wrong, is therefore old enough to know that he deserves death.

So with regard to children of the other sex. At law, babies are women, women babies. The same law which classes our mothers and our wives, our sisters and our daughters, with infants, lunatics, idiots and 'persons beyond sea,' allows a child to be betrothed at seven, to be endowed of her future husband's estate at nine, and to agree or disagree to a previous marriage at twelve. And what is law in England, is law here. We are still governed by the court of King's Bench, the lawyers and the judges of Westminster Hall. Let no man say, therefore, that these are the dreams of poetry, the glittering shapes that wander about for ever and ever, among the vast chambers of a disordered imagination. They are not so. They are no phantasms, they are realities, they are substantial existences, they 'are known to the law.'

Such are children. Corrupted, they are fountains of bitterness for ages. Would you plant for the skies? Plant in the live soil of the warm, and generous, and youthful; pour all your treasures into the hearts of children. Would you look into the future as with the spirit of prophecy, and read as with a telescope the history and character of our country, and of other countries? You have but to watch the eyes of children at play.

What children are, neighborhoods are. What neighborhoods are, communities are, states, empires, world's! They are the elements of Hereafter made visible.

Even fathers and mothers look upon children with a strange misapprehension of their dignity. Even with the poets, they are only the flowers and blossoms, the dew-drops or the playthings of earth. Yet 'of such is the kingdom of heaven.' The Kingdom of Heaven! with all its principalities and powers, its hierarchies, dominations, thrones! The Saviour understood them better; to him their true dignity was revealed. Flowers! They are the flowers of the invisible world; indestructible, self-perpetuating flowers, with each a multitude of flowers, with each a multitude of angels and evil spirits

underneath its leaves, toiling and wrestling for dominion over it! Blossoms! They are the blossoms of another world, whose fruitage is angels and archangels. Or dew-drops? They are dew-drops that have their source, not in the chambers of the earth, nor among the vapors of the sky, which the next breath of wind, or the next flash of sunshine may dry up for ever, but among the everlasting fountains and inexhaustible reservoirs of mercy and love. Playthings! God!—if the little creatures would but appear to us in their true shape for a moment! We should fall upon our faces before them, or grow pale with consternation—or fling them off with horror and loathing.

What would be our feelings, to see a fair child start up before us a maniac or a murderer, armed to the teeth? to find a nest of serpents on our pillow? a destroyer, or a traitor, a Harry the Eighth, or a Benedict Arnold asleep in our bosom? A Catharine or a Peter, a Bacon, a Galileo, or a Bentham, a Napoleon or a Voltaire, clambering up our knees after sugar-plums? Cuvier laboring to distinguish a horse-fly from a blue-bottle, or dissecting a spider with a rusty-nail? La Place trying to multiply his own apples, or to substract his play-fellow's gingerbread? What should we say to find ourselves romping with Messalina, Swedenbourg, and Madame de Staël? or playing bo-peep with Murat, Robespierre, and Charlotte Corday? or puss puss in the corner, with George Washington, Jonathan Wild, Shakspeare, Sappho, Jeremy Tailor, Mrs. Clark, Alfieri, and Harriet Wilson? Yet stranger things have happened. These were all children but the other day, and clambered about the knees, and rummaged in the pockets, and nestled in the laps of people no better than we are. But *if* they had appeared in their true shape for a single moment, while playing together! what a scampering there would have been among the grown folks! How their fingers would have tingled!

Now to me, there is no study half so delightful as that of these little creatures, with hearts fresh from the gardens of the sky, in their first and fairest and most unintentional disclosures, while they are indeed a mystery, a fragrant, luminous, and beautiful mystery. And I have an idea, that if we only had a name for the study, it might be found as attractive and as popular; and perhaps—though I would not go too far—*perhaps* about as advantageous in the long run to the future fathers and mothers of mankind, as the study of shrubs and flowers, or that of birds and fishes. And why not? They are the cryptogamia of another world, the infusoria of the skies.

Then why not pursue the study for yourself? The subjects are always before you. No books are needed, no costly drawings, no lectures, neither transparencies nor illustrations. Your specimens are all about you. They come and go at your bidding. They are not to be hunted for, along the edge of a precipice, on the borders of the wilderness, in the desert, nor by the sea-shore. They abound, not in the uninhabited or unvisited place, but in your very dwelling-houses, about the steps of your doors, in every street of every village, in every green field, and every crowded thoroughfare. They flourish bravely in snow-storms, in the dust of the trampled highway, where drums are beating and colors flying—in the roar of cities. They love the sounding sea-breeze and the open air, and may always be found about the wharves, and rejoicing before the windows of toy-shops. They love the blaze of fire-works and the smell of gunpowder, and where that is, they are, to a dead certainty.

You have but to go abroad for half an hour, in pleasant weather, or to throw open your doors or windows on a Saturday afternoon, if you live any where in the neighborhood of a school-house, or a vacant lot, with here and there a patch of green, or a dry place in it; and steal behind the curtains, or draw the blinds, and let the fresh wind blow through and through the chambers of your heart for a few minutes, winnowing the dust and scattering the cobwebs that have gathered there while you were asleep, and lo! you will find it ringing with the voices of children at play, and all alive with the glimmering phantasmagoria of leap-frog, prison-base, or knock-up-and-catch.

Let us try the experiment. There! I have opened the windows, I have drawn the blinds, and hark! already there is the sound of little voices afar off, like 'sweet bells jangling.' Nearer and nearer come they, and now we catch a glimpse of bright faces peeping round the corners, and there, by that empty enclosure, you see a general mustering and swarming, as of bees about a newly discovered flower garden. But the voices we now hear proceed from two little fellows who have withdrawn from the rest. One carries a large basket, and his eyes are directed to my window; he does'nt half like the blinds being drawn. The other follows him, with a tattered book under his arm, rapping the posts, one after the other, as he goes along. He is clearly on bad terms with himself. And now we can see their faces. Both are grave, and one rather pale, and trying to look ferocious. And hark! now we are able to distinguish their words. 'Well, I ain't skeered o' you,' says the foremost and the larger boy. 'Nor I ain't skeered o' you,' retorts the other; 'but you need'nt say you meant to lick me.' And so I thought. Another, less acquainted with children, might not be able to see the connexion; but I could—it was worthy of Aristotle himself or John Locke. 'I *didn't* say I meant to lick ye.' rejoined the first, 'I said I *could* lick ye, and so I can.' To which the other replies, glancing first at my window and then all up and down street, 'I should like to see you try.' Whereupon the larger boy begins to move away, half backwards, half sideways, muttering just loud enough to be heard, 'ah, you want to fight now, jest 'cause you're close by your own house.' And here the dialogue finished, and the babies moved on, shaking their little heads at each other and muttering all the way up street. Men are but children of a larger growth! Children but Empires in miniature.

How beautiful and how strange are the first combinations of thought in a wayward, or peevish child! And then, how alike we all are in our waywardness and peevishness! It is but a change of name, and one trifle is about as good as another to breed a quarrel, or to

throw the wisest and the best of our grown babies off their balance. A bit of writing, the loss of a paper with pictures on it, a handful of glittering dust, or somebody making mouths at us, a word or a look, and we are stamping with rage, or miserable for half a day. A cloud coming up when the horses are at the door, a little bad weather, a spot upon our new clothes, or a lump of sugar not quite so large as another's; and what children we are! How perfectly wretched!

Children are not merely unjust, and cruel, and treacherous, even as men are. Like men, they are murderers, mischief-makers, devils, at times. I knew two boys, the oldest not more than four, who caught a hen, and having pulled out her eyes with crooked pins, they let her go; after which, on seeing her stagger and tumble about, and perhaps afraid of discovery, they determined to cut off her head. One was to hold her and the other to perform the operation; but for a long while they could not agree upon their respective shares in the performance. At last they hit upon a precious expedient. They laid her upon the steps, put a board over her body, upon which one of the two sat, while the other sawed off her head with a dull case knife! Parents! Fathers! Mothers! What child of four years of age was ever capable of such an act, without a long course of preparation? for neglect is preparation. Both were murderers, and their parents were their teachers. If 'the child is father of the man,' what is to become of such children? If it be true, that 'just as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined,' how much have you to answer for? If 'men are but children of a larger growth,' watch your children for ever, by day and by night! pray for them for ever, by night and by day! and not as children, but as *Men* of a smaller growth, as men with most of the evil passions, and with all the evil propensities, that go to make man terrible to his fellow-men, his countenance hateful, his approach a fiery pestilence, and his early death a blessing, even to his father and mother!

Original.

WHERE ARE THE WISE?

BY R. W. HUNTINGTON.

WHERE are the wise? behold yon dome
Where Science hath for ages dwelt,
Responding from her mystic tome
To myriads who around her knelt;
And ask if through that favor'd clan,
The many spared or martyr'd few,
The voice of Wisdom ever ran
In blessings from her lips of dew.

Where are the wise? behold, a crowd
Upon yon floating kingdom stand,
Whose music is the tempest loud,
Who brave the sea to bless the land;
And ask if Wisdom's rubied store,
To deck the spirit's diadem,
Allures them from the stable shore;
Alas! they seek a meaner gem.

Where are the wise? A thousand group
Within the chambers of the earth,
Shut out from nation's ample scope,
To give some hidden treasure birth;
Their lot is low—but wisdom's grace
Despiseth not the meanest brow;
Desert they Nature's glorious face
To seek that richer beauty now?

Where are the wise? Yon towering mount
Gushes with fame's perenial tide;
Parch'd thousands have attained the fount,
And as they knelt to quaff it—died!
Thousands have toiled, but never won;
Thousands have won to scorn the prize;
Thousands are daily toiling on,
To win and scorn—are they the wise?

Where are the wise? oh! answer, Heaven!
For record in thy court is kept
Of all who here have wisely striven,
And after strife have sweetly slept.
The wise are they, a chosen few,
Whose feet attempt the *narrow road*,
With steadfastly that light in view
Whose centre is the throne of God.

Not many mighty throng the way;
Not many noble there are call'd;
But yet the weakest bears a sway,
Before which princes stand appall'd,
With the ignoblest of the train
Man's loftiest lord may never vie;
One claims on earth a brief domain;
And one, a kingdom in the sky.

Original.

TO MY DEAR PUPILS.

ON RECEIVING FROM THEM A NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

Upon this threshold of the year,
What vision meets my sight,
It comes mine inmost soul to cheer,
With Joy's celestial light;
Its home is not on earth or sea,
Nor stoops it from above,
It springs from hearts both fond and free,
It is—your gift of love.
How shall I thank you?—by these tears
From Gratitude's deep fount!
By love which may not fade with years,
But time shall aye surmount!
By placing it in memory's shrine,
'Mid treasures of the heart—
Whose chords around it shall entwine,
And from it never part.
This year, my dear ones!—may it bring
To each the cup of joy!
May Hope, her radiance round you fling,
And each find sweet employ
In treading virtue's pleasant way—
O! from it never fall!
Press on, and upward, day by day!
God bless you, one and all!

A. D. W.

Original.

CHRISTINE.*

STRANGE is the inappeasable discontent of the human heart! often while surrounded by every luxury, I was more unhappy, than when I had to struggle without a prospect of relief from my pecuniary difficulties; for the necessity of encountering these difficulties, prevented the morbid desire of unattainable happiness gaining ascendancy over me, and effectually blighting the enjoyments of the *ever valuable present*. It was a singular trait in my rather too worldly disposition, that the dissatisfaction which assailed me, was generally alleviated or diverted, by frequent attendance on public worship; and almost each Sunday varied the place of my devotions; dissenting chapels, and those of the most practical character, being my favorite resort, much to the inconvenience of poor madame, who usually accompanied me in those spiritual wanderings.

One afternoon we followed a crowd into a newly erected Methodist chapel, in a narrow suburban street; the pews being principally filled with those residents of the neighborhood, of humble fortune and decayed gentility —widows of professional persons—pale, disappointed looking women of all ages, and a sprinkling of men, for the most part elderly, and a few, whose faces relieved the sombre hue of the rest, by their sedate cheerfulness, augmented perhaps by the comparison, even there, of their temporal advantages over the less fortunate of the brotherhood. There was no pretension to elegance, and little even to comfort in the arrangement of the place; whitewashed walls; cushionless seats; uncarpeted floors —even the pulpit, a bare, undecorated appendage; and its present occupant, a coarse, vulgar man, whose vehement prayer had yet a touch of wild sublimity, betokening passion with mental power combined; but wholly unaided by education. I remained rapt in a reverie through the first part of the service, until roused by a general stir among the persons around; I looked up, and found another had taken the place of the common-looking man, and *that other*—pale, attenuated, his large blue eyes gleaming with unnatural excitement, his hair divided like a Nazarite, and falling on his shoulders in long heavy curls, his air altogether displaying violent enthusiasm, if not absolute insanity, was—Elliot Clare. I covered my face instantly. I bent my head, and tried to still the convulsive heavings of my breast;—what was the strange solution of this enigma? Was he indeed thus changed from incipient phrenzy? or was it one of those mysterious renovations of the human mind, of which reason has vainly endeavored to reveal the origin, and whose divine authenticity can alone be proved by the total subjugation, through all after life, of our despotic and evil nature? I tried to listen dispassionately to the discourse he delivered to that eager and attracted audience. I did not intend to admire, but much less did I imagine I should criticise; it was not difficult for me to discover he had mistaken his *métre*, if sound argument, or just deductions from admitted truths, had been required by those he was addressing; but its vague and extravagant assumption was calculated to gain the assent of those who had little to lose in this world, trusting to the dark future for compensation of evils suffered here; and he succeeded very fairly in astonishing and bewildering, both himself and his hearers, in a labyrinth of evangelical rhapsody.

When the service was concluded, I lingered in the aisle for a moment, and as he stood at the foot of the pulpit stairs, surrounded by devotees, something in the Parisian air of madame caught his eye, and he hurried forward to us—starting with unmingled surprise, when he recognised me as her companion.

"Mr. Clare," I said, proceeding slowly towards the entrance, "this is very unexpected, certainly—"

"Unexpected—yes, truly it is!—almost miraculous, to see you here, Christine—"

Interrupting him, I continued—"But there is now no time for further conversation; if you will call on me, here is my card."

We were on the steps, and as he took it, he held my hand to assist me down, and then into my carriage, at which he glanced wonderingly;—but suddenly (contorting, I had almost said) drawing up his features to an exceeding sanctified expression, he replied—

"I will visit you at an early hour, very soon; and I humbly trust this has been a refreshing season to you."

I bowed—we drove off, while madame at last rid of the restraint his presence imposed, stunned me with exclamations on the marvellous change in my friend's appearance; prejudiced as she was in Lord Archdall's favor, I could perceive her delight at the mortifying contrast afforded by *Monsieur Clare*.

"*Ciel!—mais machére, mademoiselle*, he is too yong the half, to make the religious—quelle horreur!—his lip all screw so—it ses beaux cheveux—all evripart made up wrong, as your hermits *de roman* th 'tis veri shock—*mais p 'imposte, mademoiselle*. Il rops fant changer tout cela."

"Let us at least change the subject, madame, or say nothing at all, which last, indeed I prefer at this moment"—and provoked at myself for not better disguising my feelings from so interested a partizen of Gerald, I sullenly niched me in a corner of the carriage, and silently we proceeded home.

A few days elapsed after this singular meeting, when one morning, unannounced, Lord Archdall, entered my drawing-room. Rising with evident amazement, I coldly demanded, to what was I indebted for the honor of his lordship's presence.

"Mock me not, Christine," he replied, "with these words of hollow ceremony—they are neither befitting you, nor me. Longer I cannot endure this total exclusion from you, while others with far less title to your friendship, or civility at least, are admitted freely."

"My lord, you must be perfectly aware, I have no visitors out of my present station. I do indeed receive the attentions of respectable, and respected professional people, and literary persons; but they are in my own sphere, my lord; and if, without *les entrées* to the houses of the female nobility, I were to entertain their

* Concluded from page 80.

brothers, husbands, or sons, in mine, I should indubitably be avoided and scorned by those, who, notwithstanding the publicity of their characters, are chary of all the proprieties of domestic life. Reproach me not, therefore, with being exclusive towards you; you know, I am so with all your class."

"But it cannot be, Christine—it cannot be—must not be. I have been your tutor, may I not claim a tutor's previlege, and sometimes steal in to note how my little promising pupil spends her leisure hours? I have been your guardian, may I not still exercise a guardian's prerogative, and inquire into her plans and schemes for the undeveloped future? If you fear to listen to the love, *you know* is ever burning in my secret heart, discard that imaginary terror; I will never annoy you, by word or look. No, Christine, I will talk with you, laugh with you, sing with you, as we used to do in dear Vienna, but my lips shall never breathe aught to offend you, though my heart should break in the agony of silence."

"My lord, this is no good proof of how you would preserve your wise resolutions; and I think it were far from prudent, to endanger your peace, or quiet, by further communication with one, who indeed, *indeed*, feels she is not worthy of the lavish prodigality of affections so unmerited. I do not pretend with woman's petty art, to disbelieve your professions. I know you love me—and I also know, it is best for both that we should never meet again."

"And do you then *fear* to see me, Christine?" his whole countenance lighted up with a vivid flame of hope, of new-born happiness—"have you said, it were better for *both*, we should not meet? Why say so, if you love me not?—there can be no peril to you—you so cold, so inflexible, can experience no difficulty in keeping within the pale of chill courtesy, and unvarying reserve—unless, *unless*—at last—at this late, untimely hour, when hope of honorable union is extinct, by that strange fatality which is the curse of love, your soul has yielded to the clinging ardor of mine, and is sinking helplessly in the tangling meshes of passion.

"My lord, I said not so; and I trust, neither my speech, nor actions, can be tortured to condemn me in this affair; I but meant—"

"Nay, Christine, it matters not what you meant, I may have misunderstood; but mistake me not, dearest—I would not have you love me—I would not sully the purity of that dove-like spirit, by drawing it down to to this earthly breast of mine—never, never, my Christine;—let me live on, unpitied, unsolaced. I was a fool, that let them rob me of my treasure; but I will not obtain it again, dishonestly. Perhaps I may have uttered such a wish—perhaps, oh, *more* than *a perhaps!*—it is my longing, thirsty, feverish desire to be to *you*, as *you* are now to *me*—but yet, I have something of the Roman about me, Christine, and I would perish in the gulf that yawns before me, to save thee from dishonor, dearest one. Love me not—love me not, Christine—"

And here, in wild imploring energy, he had clasped my hands, while trembling and in tears, I stood before him, when the door was flung open, and "Mr. Clare," announced by the footman, entered the apartment.

"Miss Gravenstein, according to my promise, I have come to wait on you; and if convenient, to have a little serious conversation with you."

Here he paused, looking at Gerald, who proud as he was, and displeased at the intrusion, stood with folded arms, glancing first at me then at Elliot, who bore the inquiring gaze of his lordship, with a calm and noble composure, gratifying to my womanly feelings of pride in the object of my secret devotion.

"I am happy to see you, Mr. Clare," (faintly I spoke) "and I am, or will be disengaged in a few moments:—it is long since we met where we could converse together, and now indeed, I wish to do so unreservedly.

Gerald's brow darkened, but he stood immovable, in stern observance of the unknown intruder. I longed to dismiss him, but I could not be guilty of such rudeness, had he no other claim on my politeness, than the noble sentiments he had so lately expressed relative to me. And I dreaded lest Elliot should expose himself and me to ridicule, by commencing a lecture on my situation, or some other subject of fanatical tendency; he being no great proficient in the technicalities of religious language, or principles, therefore liable to reprehension, for attempting what he did not understand to execute.

"You may think it strange, Miss Gravenstein, that for eight months you have never heard of me; but there is a curious story of that time, to relate to you. Many sorrows have encompassed me since I parted with you, and my lot has been a weary one. But as I have no reserves, and this gentleman appears to be a friend of yours, I may tell you at once; I endeavored, in various ways, to accomplish my purpose of settling in life respectably—to plod through its money-seeking windings steadily, and, as you may believe, I failed in all. Despair had well nigh overwhelmed me, but my guardian angel was at hand, and saved me from the temptations of the Evil one. I was led to a better path; a holy light was shed on my revived spirits; some pious, charitable friends directed my feeble steps aright; I have since, through their influence, become a chosen minister of Him, 'who is ready and willing to save,'—and to you, and to all, I now come, as the messenger of glad tidings, entreating the wicked to turn from their evil ways, for as it is written, 'why will ye die?'"

He had risen as he became excited, and he stood with his arms extended, his flowing tresses covering his shoulders, the white simple collar falling back from his beautiful throat, the ardor of his enthusiasm burning in his dilated eyes, a smile of almost passionate entreaty on his fair lips, truly more like an inspired being, than a creature of our common clay.

"What is the meaning of this, Miss Gravenstein?" said Gerald—"who is this gentleman, that evinces so great an anxiety for your immortal welfare?"

"An old friend of my school-days, my lord—with whose relations I was intimate, and from whom I have received much kindness."

"Little, little kindness, compared to that which you so generously bestowed on me. My lord, pardon me for addressing you, but you will excuse the apparent presumption of my thus interfering with hours destined to

lighter pleasures; for I have a duty to discharge—a duty which can no longer be delayed; and perhaps, it may be useful to speak without concealment, let who will be auditor. Christine—generous, benevolent Christine—but this day I learned what course of life you have adopted, and by what means you enjoy the luxury that surrounds you; and without pausing to fear, whether you will contemn me, or abjure my counsels for ever, I call upon you, Christine, to look within—to narrowly examine your feeling, and answer, if the great moral judge, Conscience, is silent from conviction; that the path you have selected is a safe one, or if it be only lulled in a torpor, from which one day it will arise, with the strength and fury of an awakened lion."

"What mean you, Mr. Clare? are you condemning me for earning my bread by a profession, which, though not exempt from danger, still may be pursued without moral degradation?"

"I am—but not for that alone—yet let us treat of your profession; as you are pleased to style it. Why have you chosen it? Why have you left the humble modesty of your former life, to shine for a few short years at most, a gaudy, glittering thing, among the meretricious allurements of depravity—?"

"Stop, sir, if you please," interposed Gerald, measuring him with a glance of withering scorn and disgust—"your language is extremely inappropriate, on this occasion: and though *your* profession may warrant it, yet as *I* also, have *a profession*—one, which will not bear me out, in seeing a woman disconcerted by ill-timed interference, allow me to inform you, my chivalry forbids me enduring further insult, either to this lady, or to her so much despised profession."

"My lord, I partly comprehend you—but even this calls still more loudly for my vehement protestations against all connected with this lady's occupation. Bethink you, Christine, when your bloom is faded and gone—when the eye is no longer brilliant—and the step no more elastic—when, with fainting heart, and feeble foot, you are gradually passing into unregarded obscurity—who then will crowd around to applaud—who then will gaze on your no longer buoyant graces, with unwearied admiration—who then will offer incense to the decaying idol, and worship at its shrine, with unholy love, and unfaithful adoration? Oh! leave this miserable life, ere the lustre and sweetness of your days are gone! fear not that you shall suffer from poverty—I have a pittance—and come to me—come to me, Christine, as to a brother's home; such will it be to you. I have no no longer a sister to share it with me—she is gone to her cold grave, in innocence and peace;—will not you, my second, my dearest sister, supply her place?"

"Why, this is very midsummer madness!" exclaimed Gerald—"By heaven, madam, he is a bold suitor, who heads not a witness to his vows, without even knowing whether another may not have a better right than he!"

"A better right!—is it so in truth, Christine? is the tale I heard this day, a true one?—unwillingly I listened—but believed not;—and is this my hope?—is it for this, I have struggled all in vain?—you another's, Christine, and I, so long, so well, concealing how I loved you, to be chafed into a betrayal of that love, and mocked for the madness of my wild confession? I am not mad, Christine, I am not mad, indeed; but I thought, nay I was sure, you loved me—for that, I left you—for that, I staid an exile from your sight, because I knew, until something permanent was secured, I would but drag another to perdition with myself. Oh! Christine, weep not—weep not, beautiful, beloved!—you believed I doated on that pale, modest Grace—and once I did; but even then, then—I dared not lift my eyes to yours, for I felt they would make a traitor of my heart. I see you pity me, you, proud noble—but pity me not—for she loved me first—she loved me best—she saved my life—she tended me with more than woman's fondness and fidelity; she scorned me not, in shame and sorrow; she gave me not her warm, true feelings, because I was of the rich, and lofty, or elevated above my fellow-men. Be it *your* punishment to know, that you have not gathered the flower, while the dew was on its leaves, it was mine in its first opening purity; and is it thus—is it thus, Christine, it has been guarded for my sake?"

"Oh! Elliot, Elliot—stay for an instant!—go not, leave me not, I entreat—"

"Begone, madman," said Gerald, his voice smothered by rage, and furiously stamping with passion, "begone, ere I annihilate you, base plebeian!"

"I go not at your bidding; her master you may be—but not mine. Christine, once more I offer you a home; burst asunder the bonds of misery which are fettered around you. Come to me, Christine, but think not I would too hastily urge you; you shall see me again; and now—"

I dared not again ask him to remain, for I feared the result between the fiery passions of these two mistaken men; and what was inexplicable to both, I could not then unfold. But when Elliot gave one mournful look, and closed the door, I turned upon Gerald, commanding him to leave instantly; and throwing myself amid the velvet cushions of a sofa, burst into loud and uncontrolled weeping.

"So, madam," said the jealous noble, as he almost fiercely gazed at me, "so, madam—this is your favorite; it is for him I have been slighted, excluded, trampled on, as if a worm in your gallant's path; I might excite his displeasure, or create annoyance. This is he, for whom you abandoned the asylum, in which you were indeed safe. I heard the story, Christine, I heard it, and *the name*—but not even from my mother's lips, did I believe it, until now."

"And what do you believe now?—how dare you believe any thing against me? I love you not—I never let you deceive yourself, with such a dream for a moment; and what have you to charge to me? you have destroyed me; you have robbed me of *his* good opinion, whose least, and slightest word, I value more highly, than all the splendor of your fortune—the magnificence of your rank—the distinction of your position, as the caressed of princes;—aye, even more than the long tried love of years: our affections are not to be won by the paltry pageantry of this world, nor even by the tenderness,

however deep, however true, which finds no echo in our own bosom"

"I could have pardoned you, Christine, had your heart wandered to one worthy of yours;—to one of a noble stock, or—but I will not be so mean as depreciate, because you admire."

"You need not—you need not; it would avail you nothing. Elliot is a gentleman by birth and education; and if he were not, there is nobility in genius, and he has that about him, which you cannot dare to despise."

His present fanatic raving, is, I presume, a symptom of his genius."

"My lord, my lord—you shall not breathe a syllable of contempt towards Elliot Clare, before me. However warped his exquisite mind, his distinguished talents may have become—whatever blight may have fallen on him, still through all the mists around him, he is the light and hope of my existence. Begone from me, you have misled him by your words and your manner; never before did I dream he cared for me—and is the jewel but placed before my eyes,to be snatched from my eager grasp for ever!"

"Farewell Christine,—farewell!—while I believed your heart was unoccupied, while I imagined it remained enshrined in its icy temple, untouched, unwarmed by passion, I lingered near you,—ever, ever, by you, though seldom visible to you:—listening to the glad music of your voice,—gazing on the wild brilliance of your beauty,—thinking life well spent in being an unnoted worshipper beside you;—but the enchantment is dispelled,—the shrine is broken, and the temple rifled; I would not be so base as to seek for that, with fawnings, and crouchings, which has been so freely, so prodigally bestowed on another. Farewell Christine, this day has brought a cloud over me, never to be dispersed until the last cold resting place shall receive me. After all, think not, I blame you, no no, Christine,—we are not, as you said, masters of our will;—had you been left to me at first, another could not have won you, and I have to say, as now, forgive the harshness of one awakened from the sweetest vision that ever cheered existence.—You shall hear of me, if you need me, but not till then."

He was gone. Gerald, Elliot,—both noble—both loving,—but ah, not both beloved!—had gone: and I, now truly a solitary leaf on life's broad current, might brood over my weakness and my woe, uncared for, deserted, and alone. But no. Solitude I would not command. That night they sent for me,—I was forced to go,—there was no reprieve. And I placed the white lilies in my raven hair,—and I clasped the diamond round my slender ankles,—and I came with wild looks, and wild music, and a wilder heart, on that broad illuminated stage,—and flung free, and bold, my silver-broidered scarf above my head,—and poised with gay smilings, on my sandalled foot,—and whirled through the airy mazes of that joyous dance, which had been the pride and glory of my palace home in childhood.

Long and loud were the acclamations accorded to my unrivalled performance of the Zingara maiden; deep, and passionate were the nearer murmurs of those who crowded round me, as I sank overpowered and exhausted on a sofa in the green-room. But the die was cast, I knew it not,—I dreamed not of it there,—I never danced again.

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Early the next day I was roused from a stupor that had taken possession of me, by being informed a lady wished to see me, but declined sending her name; indifferent to every thing, I ordered them to show her into my boudoir, and with amazement beheld the Viscountess Nugent enter, her head a little more exalted than formerly, and her sable plumes nodding to the mincing, *precision* walk she effected, as if treading on some enchanted or forbidden ground. Slightly bowing to me, she seated herself with easy *nonchalence* on a couch, and lifting her eyeglass said,

"Mademoiselle Christine, you possibly do not recognise me after the lapse of so many years."

My Hungarian blood mounted for an instant, but rushed back to strengthen its citadel, my heart, and I replied,

"The people of my land seldom forget those who have been their friends."

"Well, I am glad you are not oblivious of past kindness; it is a proof, the stamina of feeling are still perfect, though the petals, which are mere ornaments of the plant, may be withered. But you no doubt, consider this is a very singular circumstance, my appearing in this place to day."

"Not more singular to-day, than any other day. Yet I really am surprised, you should be the first to overstep the interdict laid on our communication."

"Well child, you know, those who make laws, can break laws; and I have a subject of vital importance to treat upon;—being no less than the peace of an amiable and suffering woman;—to mitigate her anguish, to restore in some degree, her former happiness, I have come to talk with you:—and this pattern of feminine excellence, this true Griselda, may have been otherwise represented to you; as I presume you have heard much of the Countess Archdall, from my son, in your private conversations."

Her ladyship fixed her dull grey eyes on me with an attempted look of extraordinary diplomacy, but I answered with composure,

"I have never heard him mention Lady Archdall; and we have had very few private conversations."

"Not many private,"—she stopped—"then pray, in what manner does he employ himself when here?"

"He is not often here, madame."

"And yet he has been traced to this house at all times, and all hours, both day and night."

"He is fortunate in being the object of so careful a *surveillance*."

"But, mademoiselle Christine, I would be exceedingly pleased to learn on what terms, he visits this house; and in what way Lord Archdall has charge of you."

"I am not his ward, madame."

"It is inexplicable!—I do not wish to animadvert upon the line of life in which you are established; though I think you might have been more reputably employed as a companion or governess,—but still, a mo-

ment's reflection will convince you, *les biensance* of domestic life, are strangely violated, if a man, exemplary until now, become the noted friend or protector of a *danseuse*."

"Pardon me, Lady Nugent,—but you are taking for granted, what is by no means the actual case."

"Nay, nay, child, the affair is so public, no one thinks of doubting it; and settle it as you will between you, whether it be merely a *sentiment*, or a *liaison*, it comes to the same thing in the eyes of the world. You know how excessively rigid I am in my notions of female virtue."

"Yes, in the inferior grades, madam," I said, smiling dubiously.

"Certainly,—for those in elevated life, have a thousand minute barriers, which they cannot possibly get over."

"And yet, they are so minute, as scarcely to be distinguished, therefore, frequently from deficiency of the moral vision, broken through."

"Ah, Christine, you are reasoning as you used to do, and you know, I am too sensitive to discuss these matters calmly. But think what it is to be the means of banishing joy from the brow, smiles from the lip, roses from the cheeks, and repose from the pillow, of so perfect a character as Lady Archdall!"

"I should grieve exceedingly, were I the cause of this fearful train of evils; but assure her ladyship from me, if her lord has a truant disposition, it finds no access here."

"In solemn sincerity, then, Christine, will you use your influence, which I know is powerful with Gerald, to overcome his repugnance to Lady Archdall's society?"

I started,—"Madam, you are investing me with a power which I do not possess, neither would I interfere with the tastes of any one;—and to satisfy you, in plain truth, your son and I have parted, never perhaps, to meet again."

"What, you have quarrelled then?"

"I have had no occasion to quarrel with Lord Archdall. Quarrelling implies a degree of intimacy to which we have never arrived."

"Christine, I don't understand you. But without further preamble, I will settle a handsome annuity on you, if you give up all further intercourse with lord Archdall."

"Madam, you may appropriate your money to a better purpose. You are creating a monster out of nothing, like a silly child, who starts at his own shadow in the night. My own exertions can supply me with such comforts as you see, and while I have the ability to procure so much, I should be unreasonable to covet more."

"Really, Christine, this affectation of independence is too much!—as if you did not know the enormous salary, paid to you by Monsieur Piffelberg, comes from the coffers of Lord Archdall!"

"Lord Archdall!—madam, what do you mean? you assert that the money I receive from the person you mention, is not the remuneration of my services?"

"Positively no. By some super-refinement, the money is passed from Gerald's hands to Piffelberg, for your use, and nominally, as your salary. I heard a whisper of it, and I bribed the fellow to tell me the whole;—he convinced me, and show'd me Gerald's drafts on his banker for several large sums; and if you go yourself, and ask the man, he will not deny it."

I was thunderstruck, confounded;—here then, ended my fire-dream of independence, if this story should prove true. Here had I been wasting money in unwarrantable extravagance,—living in ostentatious luxury,—profuse in all my expenditure;—and even extorting *an increase* of salary, not from the deputy treasurer, or *maitre du ballet*, but from the purse of Gerald Nugent.

I satisfied her ladyship that I would inquire into this strange affair,—and solemnly assuring her of never having any association with her son, incompatible with the strictest propriety, I saw her depart with a deeply mortified spirit, bowed as I thus was to the very dust, by disappointment and despair.

But I struggled with the agony this discovery occasioned; knowing that I had no time for the indulgence of weakness; that action and energy were at once required; and ordering my carriage, I went directly to learn my fate of Monsieur Piffelberg.

When ushered to his apartments, the little German was quite overcome by the suddenness and singularity of my appearance. He received me with trembling obsequiousness, as if deprecating some unforeseen storm, which he expected to endure from my now passionate and capricious temper. But I hastened to relieve him, by going straight to the point, and with calm sternness I inquired,

"Does the salary I receive, come from the manager of the King's Theatre, or a private individual?"

"Das is very singulare question, mademoiselle!—will you favor me vis a share,—ore dis sofee,—dis sofee be excessive easy, mademoiselle."

"No doubt, monsieur,—but pray reply distinctly to my question,—are my services considered deserving of the salary I receive?"

"Deserve,—Himmel!—very much deserve,—and it is my hop you have pleasure vis your salarie."

"Monsieur Piffelberg, you told Lady Nugent, that Lord Archdall deposited in your hands certain sums to be paid to me, as if remunerating my services; but that my real salary remained as it originally was. Is this true or not?—no prevarication, sir,—I hate suspense, and I hate temporising."

"Das is true—de Lord pay all, bot some little more, so when you fors dance wis us."

"Tell me then, sir, how much you think I can obtain simply by my own deserts. How much now, since I have become distinguished, and as you must acknowledge, almost second *danseuse* of the *coroo*, will be reasonable for me to expect, if I decline altogether Lord Archdall's bounty?"

"Ah, das is nost easy—you nost have goot friend in him no more? eh, mademoiselle?"

"That is no concern of yours, sir;—tell me what I may calculate upon?"

"Bot den de patrone,—he be nice great thing,—wasont him, de oders look blake at you. De Lord go,—oders come, eh?"—

"Monsieur Piffelberg, give me a direct answer;—what do you suppose would be the utmost I could obtain?"

"Why 'tis hard for say, bot may be tree, five guinea in de week,—dis is goot."

"Five guineas a week! why it would not buy my shoes!"

"Oh, it buy many shoe! Bot if de Lord go das is de whole; you see, dere is no caraktere, you make figure in, bot de Zingara;—it will come to fall,—'tis wearing sin,—de house grow sin,—now nossing make for you bot dis,—so we cannot pay strong."

"Good morning, Monsieur Piffelberg."

"Bot, mademoiselle, to-morrow night,—remember, come early,—we will have de King, and de Zingara is desire."

"Then the King will have to do without me;—I shall come no more."

"Come no more!—Oh mein Gott,—is de woman craze? de King is coming I say, and you must be here, or pay de heavy forfeiture from your engagement."

"But you forget, good Monsieur Piffelberg, I have had no regular engagement,—only an increase of salary, on the astonishing success of late performances;—and where *that* augmentation came from, you also know. Better beware, sir!—the story will not bear public inspection;—you have acted meanly, sir, and the worm you attempt to crush, may turn and sting you."

"Well, well, we say nossing;—but I can get no person for dis, I will give you de full amount, for dis week, if you consent."

"No, sir, engage me at that rate for the season, not otherwise."

"Oh, we lose, we lose, we could not nevare; I will talk wis de manager, and you come dis night, you will."

"No, sir, I will not come; I will never come again; and for your comfort, until you send to Vienna, you will never find another to fill up your Zingara vacancy."

I ran down stairs, leaving him waddling around, fuming, stamping, and wringing his hands in ludicrous perplexity; and springing into my dear little carriage for the last time, threw myself back on its soft cushions, and began to consider what course I should now pursue.

My mind was soon made up, and I acted upon its suggestions at once. My horses and carriage were sent off to Long-acre, and disposed of; my furniture and plate sold at auction; the jewels I had received as tokens of respect or admiration from unknown patrons, were privately sold; and though much of this came from Lord Archdall's munificence, I knew I could in no way return him the sums he had secretly devoted to my use; and I knew he would be better satisfied that I should in this manner accumulate sufficient to support me in some retired situation. I did not scruple to find the money thus acquired, and so, secured a small income of about one hundred and fifty pounds per annum.

An advertisement in a newspaper caught my eye one morning. It was of a cottage near Warwick: directly I engaged it, and proceeded to examine the premises. Finding it fully equal to my expectations, I made arrangements about the furniture and other matters with the occupant; hired a decent woman and little girl for very trifling wages; found a steady elderly laborer, who, for a small compensation, agreed to attend my little field and orchard; and then returned to London, to collect the remaining valuables I possessed, and take a final leave of Monsieur and Madam Bontonville, with whom I left my address and a letter for Mr. Clare, still trusting to his half promise of returning to resume his offers of assistance. My good natured friends parted with me unwillingly. I had been grateful, when I had the ability of proving how I felt their former liberality; and they regarded me as a self immolated being; from the first intimation of my design to leave the stage, until the conclusion of my arrangements to reside in the country, they had not a moment to spare for thought, on any other subject; their whole time being devoted to ejaculations of pity, wonderment, contempt, and despair. It was rather inconceivable that in less than two weeks, I should have been a caressed and applauded *danseuse*, an active calculating woman of business, selling and buying, if not with the skill, at least, with the air of one, cunning in the craft of bargain making, and lastly settled down into a little calm-eyed, pale faced, demure resident of one of the prettiest, and most sequestered cottages in Warwick-shire.

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When all was over, the excitement of removal, and business past, the novelty of change, having lost something of its gloss, I had time to sit down and repent. To consider in my solitude, how the errors of an ungoverned will had brought me to this, *not* comfortless, but companionless way of life. I was becoming wise too late: for it was easy to trace the origin of all the evils I had endured, and whatsoever I might yet encounter, to my capricious ingratitude in not reciprocating the early love of Gerald Nugent. Had he discovered any sympathy with his feelings; had he imagined the possibility of interesting my young affections, I do not think any consideration would have been sufficiently powerful to make him resign me. And coldly neglectful, unpardonaindifferent to one, she had from infancy cherished, as Lady Nugent became, still, my conscience acquiesced in the reprehension my conduct deserved, when under the easy guardianship of Mrs. Somers. Had I not committed a flagrant breach of decorum in travelling about with a young man, without any ostensibly useful purpose, her ladyship could not have been at liberty, even according to her own code of morals, to abandon and leave me destitute.

Twenty two summers had but as yet, passed over my head. Possessed of this small competence, I resolved to take a higher standard for my guidance than heretofore. I had no temptation to be evil, it was not then so very difficult to be as good, as poor human nature can, when unassisted by the genial influence of a fervent piety. The first virtues desirable to be cultivated, were patience, contentment, and gratitude to

Providence. Each day rose more peacefully and calmly to my eyes than the last. My garden, rich in its wealth of fruits and flowers, redolent of beauty and sweetness, with its clustering beehives beneath the sheltering hedge-row, called for the early hand of industry to tend it, and health and balmy slumbers rewarded my pleasant labors. And in the soft shadows of evening repose, the roses and honeysuckle hanging thickly round my latticed windows, breathed amid their odors, memories of long past hours, and the long forgotten dead, and awakened aspirations to be with them in a higher and holier state of existence.

True—there was no one to whom I could say solitude was sweet. Some families of great respectability resided within a few miles; but they had never condescended to notice the *gipsy lady*, as the poor cottagers in the neighborhood styled me. And though the curate, after having seen me at church, once or twice called on me, I felt no disposition to encourage intimacy with him: he was not married, and I deemed his visits might rather injure than benefit me among those who might casually hear my name. But I longed for something to love; something to pet, to caress. There was a void in my heart; yes, the absorbing passion I once felt for Elliot Clare, had mellowed down to tender pity and affectionate solicitude. From the moment I had so barbarously outraged Lord Archdall's feelings, by contrasting my indifference to him with my love for the other, a change came over me; a revulsion, for which, in vain I strove to account reasonably, had overwhelmed my mind; I was subdued by my own vehemence; conquered by the violence of my whirlwind passions, which after sweeping all from their path, sunk into dreary stillness over the devastation they had made. I had gained, what once I would have died to hear, the declaration of Elliot's love; and, capricious as it may seem, I felt in my triumphant soul the gift was worthless—the flower had faded, and the fruit was withered in the core. Whence, or wherefore is this curious contrariety in our natures, that too often the love we seek with the most impassioned ardor becomes of no value when obtained; held for an instant with the eager grasp of gratified possession, and then cast, with a sigh for raptures anticipated but never realized, among other costly fragments of once precious idols beneath the dark and silent waters of oblivion? Tell me not the memory of love is imperishable! Tell me not it rises in pristine beauty when years of absence, *aye, or even* of hallowed association, have passed away! Oh, true, the shadow of what once excited, a bright, a burning reality, may haunt the minds' dulled vision; but cold and spectral as a sickly dream, causing wonder that such could have called forth the energies of passion—and mourning that the splendor of the phantasm, can never, never charm the awakened heart again!

And yet, with the singleness of woman's devotion, I had vowed myself to be the friend of Elliot's future life, whenever, or wherever his wild bewildered destiny should call for the fulfilment of my promise. The time was near.

In early spring I first inhabited my pretty cottage. Three months had glided on in unruffled quiet. It was summer; and one still evening after a light, warm rain, the sunset clouds gorgeously piled up in gold and crimson masses in the West; their rich glow tinging the trees and dewy flowers, and the close green fragrant grass, with delicious softness; I walked slowly through my small domain, breathing with delight the revived perfume of my languid moss roses, and lingering to gaze on the broad dark blue heaven, from which, star after star came peeping out with clear and emerald radiance, when a low rustle in a hazel coppice startled me, and presently crawled forth a hideous figure, in the dim twilight, shapeless and crouching, muttering wild gibbering sounds, and stifling, horrid laughter, and then with the spring of the mad wolf from his lair, it rushed onward, with matted tresses, thick over the glaring eyes, and white teeth bared and grinning in ghastly smilings, and long naked bony arms extended, waving broad fern and withered branches; and torn, coarse, scanty garments, foul with the slime of muddy pools, and wreathed with grass and reeds from marshy hollows, covering in ragged filthiness the gaunt and bleeding limbs that bore this fearful phantom towards me.

"Ho, ho. I know her—I know her: the trim ankle, and the rapid whirl. She danced for me; aye, aye, an opera girl—a light one, boys—no matter, in good sooth, I loved her not. But come, lady fair, come—nay, let me clutch thee; one giddy round to make the old earth tremble, and drive the fat heavy toads and merry frogs from the marshes; come nearer, fly me not—I am the winged Mercury; look at my heels, there's a pair of wings! Aye, they are a little the worse for skimming so many fine quagmires, and so many standing pools! Rememberest thou? I am Mad Tom, and 'drink the green mantle.' Pah! thou art scented mightily; but silence—scream not, they will hear thee, and then, and then, they come, and the whip, and the chain, and the damp straw, and the mouldy bread, and the bitter water, and *many stripes*. Oh, do not call them—do not call them hither, and indeed I will sing no more!"

Horror, and the agony of fear, kept me silent before the wretched object, until he dropt, whining and shedding idiot tears, at my feet. Here was that Elliot, with whom *once* to be alone, was bliss too great for utterance; and now, oh, heaven! how leaped my rejoiced heart when old Margery came seeking me through the garden gate; he too saw her, and sprang up, wildly yelling:

"A witch! a witch! by the Lybian Jove! Do you bring your sorceress to mumble her incantations beside me? To fling her enchantments over me? To transform me into swine? Ah, she's no Circé, no, ha, ha! no Circé, no, no!"

"Missus, missus!" she exclaimed; "for the merciful! beest thee got a madman here?"

"A madman! Aye, to be sure, a devil of a madman, you old sinner! Sinner! A sinner!" and then, casting up his eyes and clasping his hands, he howled, "We are all sinners, O Lord, miserable sinners! Pour down thy grace upon us, and let the light of thy countenance shine before us; cover us with the shadow of—but

halloo, there, *Mademoiselle Danseuse!* no bolting; I'll *have* you, 'but I will not *keep* you long!'" he grasped my arm firmly, and leered hideously in my face."

"Oh, God—oh, God, have mercy! Elliot Clare! Elliot, dear Elliot, do you not remember me! Will you come with me? Margery stay by us, and call Matthew."

"Fifth chapter—seventh verse: 'Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy!' You are a civil body, Margery—hold your lanthorn straight, and stumble not, you witch!"

"Elliot, pray Elliot, hear me. Come with us."

"Elliot! Who calls for Elliot? He is not here: thou liest, foul fiend! 'Full five fathom deep my true love lies,' thou can'st call spirits from the vasty deep—'but will they come when you do call on them?' Ha! ha! lady bird!"

We were near the house, and fortunately, old Matthew had also come out to discover the cause of my unusual absence. The poor wretch shivered and gasped, when the old man came suddenly forward and seized him by the arm.

"Who hast thee caught here, missus? Be he a thief or a crazy chap?"

"Oh, Matthew," I whispered; "he is my brother—my nearest friend, help me to coax him in and secure him in some way."

The slavish fear of madness now possessed him; and he suffered Matthew to lead him into the kitchen. The small, but cheerful fire, seemed to revive some old associations; and he looked around with a quieted expression on the anxious and wondering faces about him. With soft and soothing words I persuaded him to sit down; and after some time we gave him food, he ate ravenously, for famine was imprinted in his sunken eyes and hollow cheeks; and his fleshless, almost skeleton fingers, tore the meat with savage impatience, and thrust it rapidly into his wide, eager mouth, until satiated, he rose and flung himself on the wooden settee by the fireside.

After much gentle persuasion to remove to a chamber was used in vain, Matthew thought best to try the efficacy of threatening, which succeeded; and by the same means, (Margery attending with an abundant bath,) Matthew forced him to undergo the necessary ablutions, and supplied him some clothing of his own; then constraining him to lie down in the bed prepared for him, the good old man came to me where I still remained with the woman in the kitchen, and after long debate on how we should manage the poor forlorn one, Matthew went to sleep in a closet next his room, and I retired to arrange my scattered senses, to meditate on what was the best way to benefit the unfortunate—to weep and pray, but not to rest that night.

He slept well, and stirred not until the morning sun broadly illumined the little apartment, as the thin muslin curtains could not exclude the early glories of his summer beams. Matthew was in attendance, and found him much more composed, but with no connection of ideas, and desirous to resume his ramblings through wood and field. By various means, he dissuaded him from his purpose; and when he had breakfasted, I mastered my feelings so far, as to become his watcher and companion while Matthew went to a neighboring town to purchase several articles necessary for our new inmate; and I found that, by gentleness and decision united, I could compel him to be more quiet and reasonable than I had ever hoped to see him from the terrible specimen of my last night's interview.

But I need not linger over these painful recollections of his gradual approach to sanity, and then his relapses; my hopes, my fears, my schemes to engage his attention, or arouse the slumbering memories, which, I fondly trusted, would restore health to his disordered mind. Every personal comfort he required was supplied; every tenderness the most assidious attention could prompt, or attachment inspire, was bestowed on him; and at last he remembered me as *Christine*, the Christine of his youthful friendship, but no farther; allusions to London, or his residence there, or any circumstance subsequent to his leaving the home of his childhood, invariably caused renewed wanderings, and the fearful ravings of ribald mockery, or intense despair. As time passed on, I ventured occasionally to take him to our village church, and was gratified by observing the interest with which he joined in the service; and thankfully I replied to the kind inquiries of the amiable curate, and returned the civilities of the decent rustics, who reverently met me with a low obeisance and looks of deep and humble sympathy, as I carefully guided the uncertain steps of my melancholy charge.

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Summer was over. I was becoming reconciled to the belief that his mental powers would never recover from the disease which clung around them; but he was comparatively peaceable and submissive. And autumn too wore on; when late in October, after some days of unusual gloom and silence, he disappeared in the evening; and my old gardener and the neighboring peasants, searched for him for two or three days, but in vain. This was a renewal of my anxiety—but as grief was useless, I endeavored to hope that, perchance, when weary with wandering he might voluntarily return. Nor was I deceived. One stormy night when the early winter wind scattered the few remaining leaves from their branches, and loud gusts swept past my windows, dashing the heavy rain at intervals against them—hearing a low tap, I summoned Matthew to the door, and my forlorn one entered—drenched with rain, and shivering with cold. When he was partially recovered from the chills that attacked him, and had his dripping clothes changed for dry and warm habiliments, he sat down beside me, at our pleasant fire, and looking in my eyes with a shy and sad smile, reminding me forcibly of our early acquaintance, he softly took my hand in his and began:

"You believed I had left you, Christine?"

"No, Elliot; I only thought you had gone on some urgent business. Now, pray tell me, was it not so?"

"Yes, Christine. You will not be angry if I tell you all? Say no! Well, you must understand I have had very, very strange and horrible dreams; and many

shapes came to me in the still dark night, upbraiding me with long neglect, and forgotten love. So I set out one calm evening, and travelled all through the dreary blackness until dawn, and then I slept in a bushy dell till the sun was gone again; and I travelled on and on, until I saw the ancient woods, and the meadows, and the shady lanes and green dingles of our own old Grange."

"Elliot! how could you, without a guide or a knowledge of the road, travel so far, and without sustenance too?"

"Ah, no matter—I wanted no guide; for there was ever and ever, when the stars peeped out, a small flitting light that gleamed before, and I followed on. Well, you may suppose how I roved through all those pleasant walks we used to love; and how I sat beneath those tall bowering laurels that grew so thick, and shining beyond the verdant alleys of the garden; and listened to the birds singing so merrily, as if, silly things, they were glad to see me again; and so passed one blessed day. But the night came, and the small light shone again, and I followed on; and we entered the churchyard: and the broad yews looked blacker than before, and waved mournfully over me; and from the grey old monuments a whisper came that thrilled my aching heart: and far off and dimly seen, were huddling into nooks and open coffins, shadowy forms that knew me not but as a thing of living earth. And then I stood very still, and cold as marble—and there came to me, from behind a large white stone, a young pale maiden with eyes of the grave's dull hue, and lips moving whence no sound was heard: and she looked on me and paused—it was Emily; then she passed on and faded in the mist. Then another shape appeared: oh! it was bent with age and deep woe, and the long white hair streamed over the shrunken cheeks, and the eyes glared dim and red in their fleshless sockets; neither did this pale mouth utter words—but it also paused and sadly gazed on me—and then a rushing sound, as of protracted dying moans, fell on my smitten heart, and *he too*, the silver-tressed old man, was shrouded from my vision. Aye, Christine, it was a wild night that, among those peopled tombs; but ere dawn I fled, fled fast and far—and one, *one* (oh, he was a fearful companion!) came ever beside me—close he pressed on me with a loud ringing tramp, and black he was with hot and fiery breath, and darts of flame shot from beneath his ebon brows, and horrid whisperings poisoned my ears, and blasphemy and foul predictions of the torture that awaited me in Hades. Oh, heaven—heaven! he carried me whither I prayed and struggled not to go. You know not the place—no; but fear not, Christine—he left me when I rushed amid the crowds and mingled with my fellows in the thronged streets of London. I wandered up and down, finding no resting-place; and I sought for a shelter, but there was none; when, at last, I saw a tall desolate mansion in the sober twilight; the insignia of Death was above its doors, and the voice of mourners in wailing met my ear; and there were many entering and coming out, busy funeral faces, and men bearing palls and trappings of sorrow: and I stole in unperceived, and, seeking around, I gained a chamber tenanted by one quiet inhabitant. Cold and calm lay that honored noble; and the waxlights gleamed on his white forehead, and the fair curls fell in masses on the satin pillow: and there were none to watch or weep over him. Long I gazed—then examining the splendor of that silent room, I saw a rich inlaid casket on a table, and curiously I raised the lid, and there, amid many old papers, and some of fresher seeming, *this* I found for *thee;* take it, Christine—the last farewell of him who lay there in his marble beauty, the once beloved and loving, Gerald Nugent!"

Here let me pause. Why should I essay to depict the agonizing emotion with which I heard from so strange a messenger that *he*, the gallant, the high-minded, the devoted, was lost to me for ever? Oh! the appalling consciousness that no reparation can be made for injury, that no submission will bring forgiveness from the unchanging dead!

Let me not weary with my own sorrows, my untimely mournings. In the silence of my chamber, I knelt to read his precious letter, and hushed the beatings of my heart's intense wretchedness, that each sad and tender word might steal, as if from his own true lips, to meet the late, too late acknowledged love, unspoken love, on mine.

THE LETTER.

"When the hand that traces this faint and feeble line, shall lie motionless and cold; when the heart, that waste and desolate yet holds amid its ruins the image of *her*, whose love, even as a child, was life and light, shall mingle with its kindred dust, and rest from the long, deep throbbings of its broken hopes; to you, Christine, this farewell will be given, and, perchance, it may recall a memory of him who once did think to dwell within your bosom.

"A blight has fallen on me. My manhood is bowed down by disease; and the last sad pleasure of this parting world, is thus to breathe my spirit out to you. But, gentle and affectionate as you have ever been, grieve not when the tidings reach you that Gerald—the true and faithful Gerald, is free from the captivity of life, and rejoicing in the peace, which faded from him here, among the ransomed in the glorious Heaven.

"Weep not for me, Christine, but calmly reflect, that few and full of sorrow are our years below; wayward and evil our passions; despotic and misjudging our will, leading us to follow the illusions of vain ambition, or vainer love, until the last lone refuge of the awakened dreamer, is opened to receive him; and then lift those beautiful eyes to the fair expanse above, and think, oh, still beloved! *one* spirit longs to welcome you, where pure as when first emanating from the Fount of Life, our souls shall be united in holy and eternal communion.

"It may be you will regret the sternness with which my love has been repelled—but not so, dearest: well has it been for me, the treasure I coveted so long, so ardently, came not into my possession, enchaining to this decaying earth, every thought, every hope, every loftier impulse, in the sweet but fatal bonds of human passion.

"When with you, the radiance that had illumined my solitary lot had vanished, I stood in utter darkness until the monitor within warned me to seek for light in other worlds. My doom was written on my pale brow, in my feeble step, in my failing breath, and deeper yet within my aching breast; the consummation is near at hand! the bitterness of death is past; and lay this to thy lips, and keep this in thy heart, the last, frail token of the love of

GERALD."

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Over the unavailing grief of my misguided heart, I will now draw an eternal veil. The memory of him, whose love was cast away by my folly, is too sacred to be again the theme of one so weak and so unworthy.

Ere a month was over I was recalled to some sympathy with the sufferings of another.

Exposure and fatigue had done their work on poor Elliot. He was attacked by a violent fever, and so greatly debilitated he seemed hovering between death and life for many days; but as he recovered, though he was but partially restored to health, his convalescence brought with it the revival of his mental faculties; and he was quietly and gratefully conscious of my long-tried tenderness and disinterested care.

The winter, dreary and melancholy, wore over. With spring's first buds and blossoms he began to droop again; and at length the physician admitted his situation to be hopeless; his complaint being rapid decline. He knew he could no longer look forward for even a few months; and he declared his willingness to leave a world in which, for the last two years, he had been a wretched, depraved, insane burthen to society. But there seemed to be a secret uneasiness preying on him, unconnected with the natural dread of the last passage to another state. I could not devise any means to elicit this latent cause of melancholy; until after repeated solicitations to confide in me, with a look of unwonted determination and energy, he drew me towards him, one balmy evening as we sat on a sofa at an open window, admiring the deepening verdure of our fairy lawn, inhaling the odors of our early blossomed trees, and gazing, with thoughts of a better land, on the glories of the departing sun.

"Christine, I must tell you all. I can no longer be reserved on this subject with you. I have long resolved, but wavered in my resolution. But now it is time, ere I go to the silent dwellers of the tombs, to ask your gentleness and mercy to be extended to another homeless, helpless being. On the borders of the Lincolnshire seas, there is a lonesome hamlet, and in one of its meanest hovels lives an aged, withered woman, who tends with fretful, and oft-times bitter complainings, a small, pale, motherless babe: that babe is mine—" he paused: deep, heart-breaking sighs burst from his heaving breast—I pressed his hand and whispered words of soothing, and he proceeded:

"When I left you in London, Christine, after the illness through which you were my sole support, I tried many ways of gaining a livelihood. I have before told you a good deal. I wrote, my poor compositions were slighted and returned to me; I entered an attorney's office, but he required a fee to engage me permanently; I became a tutor in a gentleman's family, they disliked me—I was whimsical, peevish, not steady in my habits. I even attempted the last resource of young, dissipated men of imagined talent—the stage: I was off; and this mortification, combining with idleness, sunk me in extreme dejection—when a benevolent Methodist, who once knew me, having recognized me in a deplorable condition, entertained some hope of rescuing a fellow-being from misery both here and hereafter; and compassionately suggested the advantage of uniting myself to his *persuasion;* and, as an itinerant preacher, I might earn, at least, a subsistence, be of some use to others and eventually profit my own soul. To this, I first consented, because utterly destitute of means; but the excitement and fanaticism of numbers had the usual effect on my vacillating temper, and soon I believed myself,—convicted of sin, regenerate, a sincere convert to their faith, 'a brand plucked from the burning.' The little eloquence and information I possessed were marvellously magnified by the devout, who, privately gratified by securing a young man of fashionable appearance and manners, as an example to those still on the verge of perdition, made it a point of practical piety to be sedulous in all outward attentions and demonstrations of unlimited regard. Among others, a respectable mercer of a certain town, courted me to his house unceasingly. He was a strict, austere man of forbidding aspect, but upright and sincere in his dealings with man and his piety to God. He had a wife younger than himself, of a rich and mellow beauty, endeavoring to school her feelings and countenance to the religion she was compelled to affect and practice. She deemed me more companionable than other members of their sect; and the influence I had acquired over her was attributed to spiritual graces operating on her mind. Alas, there was nothing spiritual there!—She was fair, gentle—unlike any one with whom I was associated: I, young, weak, wicked, and flattered and beloved. But, pardon, Christine; this tale may be excused from the lips of the dying, as aught else it should not be told to you. The consequences of our sinful attachment made her an object of suspicion, (for their union of twelve years had been childless,) her husband discovered all through the spies he placed around us, and when assured of her guilt, by her written condemnation of herself, his justice was sudden and inexorable.

"Not long after I last saw you in London, did this exposure occur. I had returned to Lincolnshire, and I was living in a decent lodging near the man's house. One night of storm—of heavy drenching rains and rolling thunder, and blazing lightnings, while gusts of the whirlwind shook the slight casements of my humble room, I heard shrill wailings in the pauses of the blast, and shrieks, faint, but often repeated—and nearer and nearer they came; and, in pity to the wanderer, I rushed down stairs, where my widowed landlady was sitting calmly reading her bible, and begged her to unlock the door for me, that we might see who was the wretch without. She did so—and before us, on the ground, moaning in deep and bitter agony, *she* lay: I raised her, and openly she told her misery and her disgrace. Bowed down with remorse, I prayed the pious woman to grant us a shelter for that night; she had learned too much, her religion forbade it—the crime in either was unpardonable, and her husband was the wealthiest and of the greatest influence in the sect throughout the district. We were turned forth to the elements, warring and raging above and around us; and onward we slowly crawled, *she*, with frequent interrupted gaspings, sobbing out her lamentations—and I, silent; no sigh, no tear was mine. She clung to me, poor thing, feebly I supported her; and at last I asked her where we were to go—in few words she told me, and onward still we went.

"It was then I first thought the winds were trumpet-

tongued, and bellowed out my crime: it was then, first, spectres, with stony eyes and speechless mockings, passed us in sheeted troops—and demons, waving snaky, fiery scourges, followed us with horrible and deafening yells! She knew I could not answer her, and she ceased to speak; but still the low moan of coming pain, would pierce my heart, as wearily we toiled through that long dark road of punishment.

"We reached the hamlet, and on the outskirts stopped before a miserable mudwalled cottage. I knocked faintly, and then louder; the voice of crabbed age demanded who we were—and then *she* prayed the door might be opened. A light was struck—the creaking hinges sounded—a withered crone stood within, and with mingled kindness and coarse reproach for the disturbance invited us to enter. *She* sank upon the low, foul bed and told her story; this old beldame was her nurse, and thought herself justified in upbraiding the suffering being before her. Money I had, and placed it in her hands; her avaricious eyes softened, and soon all her care, trifling as it seemed, was needed—for *she*, lying on that squalid bed, still covered with mired and rain-soaked garments, gave birth to the unfortunate inheritor of sin and shame.

"What my sensations were when raising that delicate blossom in my arms, I cannot now describe; for not long did reason remain with me. I laid it on a mat of rushes, and knelt beside the mother; and her thin hands were folded together, and her soft eyes upward gazed, and her pale lips moved and blessed me—aye, even *thus* and *there*; *I*, the criminal, the destroyer, was blessed with love's unchanging fervor! and then the hands unclasping fell on the blackened coverlet—the mouth opened wide, and panting, the breath fluttered one lingering moment, and passed away for ever.

It is a true, sad tale. I tell it plainly without disguise, or varnish of words. What they did then I hardly know. There is a glimmering recollection of bidding the woman keep the infant until I should return; and something too, of a burial with no mourners, and a parish coffin, thrown obscurely into a church-yard nook, at lone twilight. And then they carried me away; whither, I suspect, but like not to remember. And now you know all. Can you look at me again, Christine, and say, even yet 'I will not forsake you, most wretched Elliot Clare?'"

"I can, I can, my poor Elliot, pity and forgive your errors, for which so grievous a retribution has fallen on you. But let me go to-morrow and seek the neglected babe."

"No, Christine, no—let me not look again on the image of her whom I murdered, until we meet purified in Heaven. Quietly my hours are waning away, and they are numbered. The blossoms will not fade upon those shadowing trees, before the sod will be piled over my grave. Then, Christine, but not till then, take home the orphan babe of one unworthy to be called your friend."

He predicted truly. Gradually he declined; day by day his increasing feebleness was perceptible; but he never murmured at being so early called to render up his life to its Creator. A young silver moon was setting amid veiling clouds, behind the light waving larches, as with faint smiles he pointed to me the broken tracery of their shadows on the smooth grass beneath, when suddenly he leaned down, as if to slumber; I felt the slight pressure of his hand relax, heavily his head reclined upon the pillow—there was a trembling—a quiver of the lip—a convulsive movement of the eyelids, and they closed—it was the long sleep of Death.

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A few days after Elliot was laid to rest among his kindred, I set off in search of the orphan committed to my charge. Language would fail in describing the forlorn destitution in which I found her; her sickly beauty gleaming like a pining flower amid the loathsomeness, and unimaginable misery of the dwelling in which she lived, an unloved, untended, unwelcome burthen, on the shrunken, meagre, and rapacious looking creature, who grudgingly took charge of her, for the pittance allowed by a relation, when the poor mother died.

Thank Heaven, since those first hours of sorrow, her years have been as cloudless as the beautiful brow, and sunny eyes which are even *now* glittering beside me, while she bends with the pliant grace of youth, over an embroidery, intended to decorate 'her aunt, the Countess' writing table, in her own *boudoir!*'

For now, almost the closing scene of my romance arrives.

To you, my early friend, I need scarcely recal the late remorse of the Herr Von Gravenstein, who childless and deserted by the mistress he adored, began to remember that restitution was due to the child of his uncle; and through the Austrian ambassador, he communicated with Lady Nugent respecting the existence and identity of her former *protegée*. She having by advertising, discovered my residence, wrote to me; I deputed my agent in London to call on her, and when every thing was satisfactorily proved, I found myself once more reinstated in the heritage and privileges of my ancestors.

You, my dear Count Palfy, have remembered me with the early preference which was so generously bestowed, when I was only considered an appendage to the suite and state of the Lady Nugent. I have enjoyed the peculiar felicity of being congratulated on my *restoration*, as you term it, in my own turretted castles, and fair and fertile demesnes, by many a lofty head, that scorned to notice the little Zingara *Danseuse*.

But as a Canoness of St. Austin, I have concluded to devote these maturer years, to the service and honor of Him, who has so singularly protected me through all my wanderings and distresses, and so bountifully enabled me to supply the necessities of the less fortunate, and above all, to guard the child of my warmest affections, my orphan Emily Clare, from the evils of unendeared, unregarded poverty.

This little narrative has been, perhaps, too diffusely written; but as it is for you, my friend, and that hereafter you may, when I shall be no more, if you think it judicious, inform *my* pupil, and *your* ward, of the errors and sufferings of her parents, that they may prove as a beacon, to warn her from the path of self-indulgence—and also, that you will understand and remember me with more distinctness, than would be possible, had I

merely re-appeared as the heroine of a romantic tale; I present it to your forbearance, trusting it may amuse an idle, or soothe a melancholy hour. And believing no farther elucidation of my motives in writing this memorial of myself, will be required by you,—with kind, good wishes, I bid you a short farewell. By the rules of my order, I am called to reside for some time in seclusion; from which, when I emerge again, Count Ferdinand Palfy, I trust you will greet with unchanged feelings, your early friend, Christine. LESLIE.

Original.

THE DYING GIRL.

BY S. B. BECKETT.

A picture dwelleth on my memory,
A bright spot 'mid the waste of by-gone years,
Which haunts me oft in revery's quiet hour,—
A young West Indian Girl, an invalid,
As time the welcome spring, with singing birds
And bloom was out amid the woods and fields—
Had come from o'er the sea to seek for health
Amid the pastoral quiet of our vales.
But spring went by, and brought her no relief,
And waned her strength with summer's waning prime;
And when brown Autumn came with fruit and sheaves,
To make the peasant's bosom bound for joy,
She sought her pillow to lie down and die!

It was a balmy eve, such as oft gilds
The passage of the merry harvest month
In our New England clime—a quiet eve,
The hour of rest. The gentle Southern wind
That through the open casement found its way,
Breathing of new-mown fields and fragrant grain,
Renewed the lustre of her mild, dark eye,
And o'er her features spread the hue of health.
The glories of the fading sunset, shed,
Through the bright vines that round the window hung,
A quiet radiance through the dreamy room,
And brought to light a glittering tear, that stood
Upon her long, dark eye-lash; there perchance
Conjured by some remembrance of past years,
Or, haply, by a feeling of regret,
To leave a world so brightly beautiful
As lay without, in far prevailing calm!

Sooth 'twas a matchless scene, and well might stir
The deep springs of the affections in the heart;
A purely pastoral scene—with fields of grain,
In wavy ripeness, spread o'er swelling hills,
And burnished waters winding far away
Through staid, old woods, and slopes of emerald green,
Reflecting in their depths the roseate heavens—
The gorgeous foliage of the neighboring trees,
With thrifty farm-house, meadow, dale and cliff,
Succeeding, still succeeding, till afar,
Upheaved above the blue horizon's rim,
The mountains towered, enrobed in purple haze,
And crowding down the sky, just where the sun
Concentered all his beams, a scarf-like cloud,
Bright as the plumage of some tropic bird,
Was hovering o'er the hills, one only cloud—
Such was the landscape that reposing lay
Out-spread before the dying maiden's eye,
And stilled the tumults of the final hour.
At length, o'erflowing with calm holy thoughts,
She called her brother to her couch's side,
And in this wise gave utterance to her heart:

"Brother! To part with you
Is death indeed! Yet doth my time draw near,
When I must bid thee and these friends so dear,
A long and last adieu!
Blest visions throng before
My brightning mind; and Sharon's lovely rose
Is bending in its sweetness and repose,
On the celestial shore—
Thither to welcome me;
Yet do my poor affections strangely cling
To this my home of doubt and suffering,
Kind brother, and to thee!
Fairer the green land seems,
More beautiful and pure the sky's lone deeps,
Calmer the sunlight on those distant steeps,
And on the far bright streams.
Sweeter the free bird's lay;
And fresher flows the zephyr round my brow—
O! the wide world seems brighter, fairer, now
So soon to pass away.
And this they call a waste!
A weary bourne! O, it hath been to me
Ever a world of strange sublimity,
With every beauty graced;
Yet must I not deplore
My fate, but calmly meet what Heaven wills;
Then fare ye well, green fields and swelling hills,
Farewell!—for ever more!
O brother! there's a spell
In that one word—concentrating in my gaze
Is memory of a thousand happy days—
And yet, bright scenes, farewell!"

Again she turned to dwell upon the world
Of beauty through the vine-drap'd window seen;
And as sweet images possessed her mind,
Her eye with pensive light became suffused;
And the bland smile that stole across her brow
Bespoke a heart at rest with all the world.
And slowly settled down the shades of night—
The robin ceased his lay, and every sound
Was lulled to rest—save evening's low-voiced gale,
That indistinctly breathed its monotones
Through the dark branches of a neighboring pine,
Or the shrill cricket in the harvest fields,
Or fitfully the distant cattle's low,
Or joyous urchin's faint and far off shout.
Once more her brother bent to catch her words.

"It was an idle thought,
But in my mind it rankled, that once more
I might revisit our lov'd native shore
Ere pain and death had wrought