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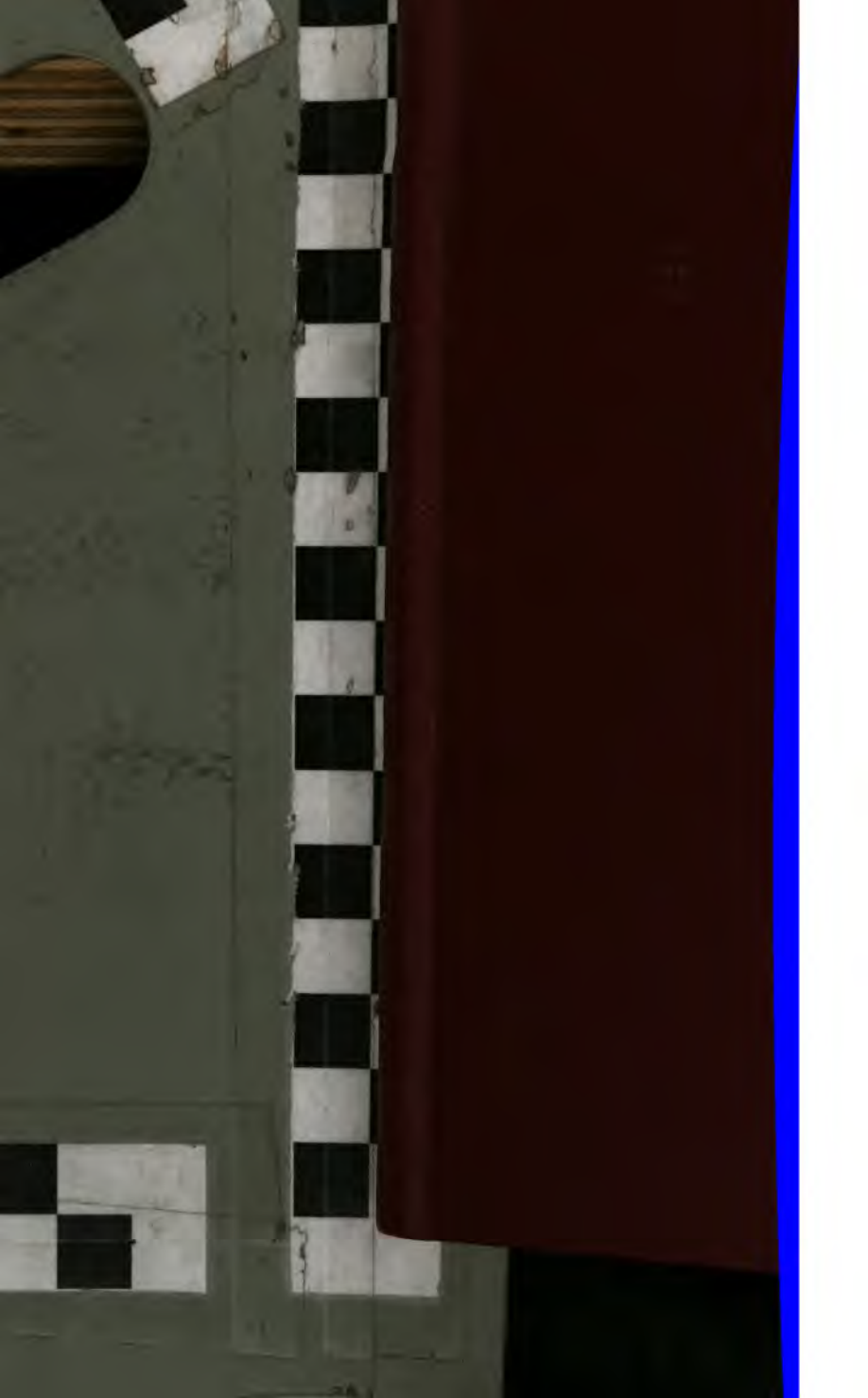
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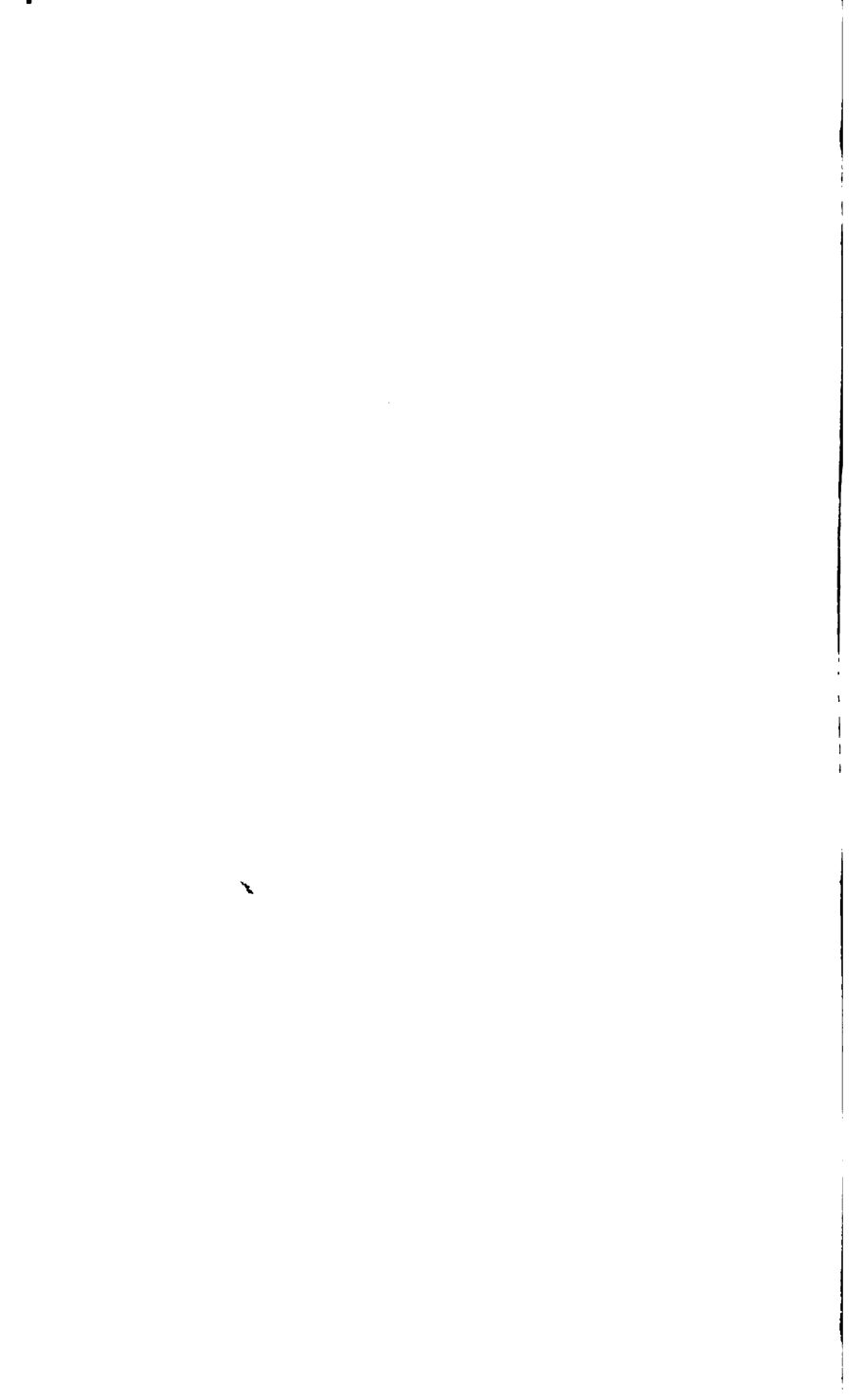


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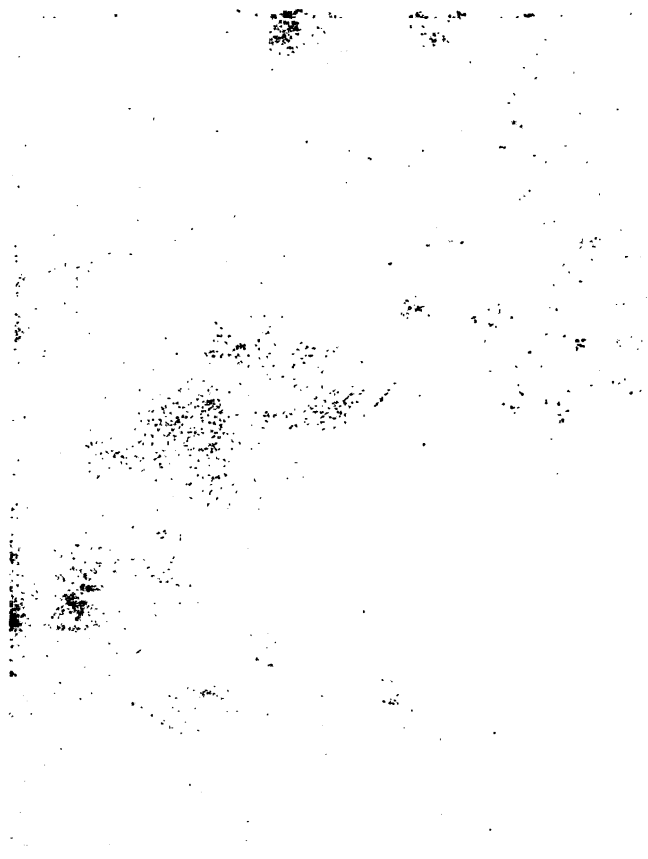


Gratis









ATLANTIC





"THE TOKEN

AND

ATLANTIC SOUVENIR"

▲

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S PRESENT.

EDITED BY S. G. GOODRICH.

BOSTON:

AMERICAN STATIONERS' COMPANY,

M DCCC XXXVIII.

1838

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P R E F A C E .

As the Token now appears under the auspices of new publishers, it has been thought a suitable occasion to make certain changes in the work, which have been for some time contemplated. The present volume is therefore enlarged, and an attempt has been made to bring the graphic illustrations, as nearly as may be, to the standard of the London Annuals. For the liberal aid that has been rendered them in the prosecution of this design, by the loan of several valuable pictures, the Editor offers his own and the publishers' sincere thanks. The Editor of the "Writings of Washington" has conferred a particular obligation, by permitting to accompany this volume the beautiful portrait of Mrs. Washington, designed as an embellishment and illustration of that Great National Work, and copied from the original picture in the possession of G. W. P. Custis, Esq., of Arlington House.

With these few observations, the Editor commends the volume to the good-will of the public, remarking by the way, that he does not vouch for the historical verity of such events as are commemorated by the pencil of the artist in the vignette title-page, which seems to combine a classic with a Puritan age,—Cupids carving mementoes upon a pumpkin!—and in the engraving at page 263, where the Fairies are represented as actually paying a visit to America! The only light which the Editor has upon the subject of the first, is

that which a little Yankee guessing can supply to others as well as himself; and, as to the Fairies' Visit to America, he needs but say, that Mr. Mellen positively assures us that "'t was in our Fathers' time."

EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. Presentation Plate, drawn by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by J. A. Adams.
2. Vignette Title-page, drawn by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by E. Gallaudet.
3. The Only Daughter, painted by G. Stewart Newton, and engraved by J. Andrews. 33
4. The Expected Canoe, painted by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by J. Andrews and C. Jewett. 79
5. The Token, painted by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by C. Jewett. 115
6. Chingford Church, painted by G. L. Brown, and engraved by J. Smillie. 159
7. Young American on the Alps, painted by Healey, and engraved by G. H. Cushman. 187
8. The Last of his Tribe, painted by G. L. Brown, and engraved by G. B. Ellis. 227
9. The Fairies in America, painted by J. G. Chapman, and engraved by J. Smillie. 263
10. Martha Washington, painted by Woolaston, and engraved by J. Cheney. 293



CONTENTS.

The Wonders of the Deep—by J. Pierpont	9
Music on the Waters	21
Sylph Etherege	22
The Only Daughter—by O. W. Holmes	33
Peter Goldthwait's Treasure—by the Author of "Twice-told Tales"	37
The Caged Lion—by H. F. Gould	66
Endicott and the Red Cross	69
The Light Canoe	79
Night Sketches, beneath an Umbrella	81
The Old Elm of Boston—by H. F. Gould	90
A Tale of Humble Life—by the Author of "The Blind Boy"	96
To S. D. :	114
The Token—by E. Sargent, Jr.	115
The Shaker Bridal—by the Author of "Twice-told Tales"	117
"Come hither, bright bird"—by H. F. Gould	126
An Autumn Walk—by Sarah R. Whitman	128
Spring and Autumn—by J. H. Clinch	133
Xeri, or a Day in Batavia, from the German of Weisflog—by Nathaniel Greene	136
Violet Fane—by a Lady	158
Chingford Church	159
"That piece of song"—by R. C. Waterston	161
The Voice of Nature—by Mary E. Lee	162

Our Village Post-office—by Miss Sedgwick	164
“The day departs”—by M. E. Lee	185
The Alps—by R. C. Waterston	187
The Deluge—by H. Ware, Jr.	189
Jaques le Laid—by the Author of “Wealth and Fashion”	190
The Soft Summer Rain—by M. E. Lee	208
Spring—by F. W. P. Greenwood	210
Autumn—by Mrs. Sigourney	216
The Trailing Arbutus	218
The Dead Oak—by Mrs. Hale	222
To Scotland—by R. C. Waterston	224
The Last of his Tribe	227
The Monomaniac	230
A Dramatic Scene, from Victor Hugo—by Charles Sherry	238
“Passing away”—by J. Pierpont	245
Comparisons—by J. H. Clinch	248
Moslem Worship—by J. Pierpont	250
Written beneath a Youthful Portrait of Byron	262
A Fragment	262
The Fairies’ Visit to America—by Grenville Mellen	263
The Love Marriage—by Mrs. Hale	268
Stanzas presented to a Bride—by Grenville Mellen	288
The Fireside	290
To-morrow	292
Martha Washington—by Mrs. Sigourney	293
The Fairies’ Trip—by H. Hastings Weld	307

THE TOKEN.

THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

BY J. PIERPONT.

I HAVE often thought, that what Corporal Trim is made to say of a soldier,—that he ought to be one of the most religious men in the world,—might, with equal, or still greater propriety, be said of a sailor. His voyages, carrying him to various parts of the globe, bring him into contact with a great variety of the Creator's works, which, by their novelty, continually excite his attention, and should lead him to admire what we may call their multitudinous beauty. The terrible strength of the ocean in a storm, awakening his sentiment of the sublime; the unbroken view that he enjoys of the starry concave that rolls silently over him in his "night-watches," leading his thoughts up to the Infinite Being, who dwells in the infinity of its depths; and the feeling of something of the real dangers that surround him, in icebergs and tempests, leaks, lightnings, and lee-shores,—should, and, it might be expected, almost of necessity, would prompt him to put

himself, in the spirit of a filial trust, under the protection of Him "who sitteth on the floods." It seems to me, that his very position among the works of God, and his professional observation of his ways, would lead the mariner into a constant and close communion with the "Lord of the seas." One would think that he could hardly "heave the lead," and hear it plunge into the green abyss, without its bringing to his mind what one of the Hebrew minstrels, — whether David or not we are not told, but doubtless some one who had been a voyager in the Mediterranean, and had known something of the effects of "a Levanter," — says of all them "who go down to the sea in ships": that they "see the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep."

Let us place ourselves, in imagination, by the side of one of these sons of the ocean, and observe these works of the Lord, these wonders that he sees.

And yet it were a vain attempt, should one undertake to draw a line of distinction between the *works* and the *wonders* of the Lord, and arrange his works all upon one side of that line, and his wonders all upon the other. For, if we except the effect produced in the mind of the beholder by the single consideration of his *familiarity* with the particular object of his attention, we may truly say that all the works of God are wonders, and perhaps we may say, that they are all equally wonderful. Had I never seen it, or any thing like it, before, how wonderful would appear to me the very fly that settles upon my paper as I write! How wonderfully are that little creature's wings woven! with what strength are they compacted! with what wonderful

activity do they move! with what wonderful power are they endued, that they can raise and bear through the invisible air,—themselves almost as invisible,—a body so many times more weighty than themselves! What mysterious things are this insect's feet, that with them he can overcome the power of gravitation, and move so easily across the ceiling, his feet upward, and his whole weight suspended by them, or hold himself up by them during a whole night's sleep! Is not this wonderful? If you say there is nothing wonderful in all this,—though I think that most of us might find some difficulty in explaining this last phenomenon, notwithstanding our familiarity with it,—let me ask you to look at this wonderful creature's eye. How very large it is, in proportion to his head; nay, in proportion to his whole body! How strangely it projects from its orbit! yet, still more wonderful! it does not, like ours, move in its orbit, that it may turn towards different objects, and thus avoid the danger that, to a creature so little protected by the affections of its fellow-creatures, must be imminent on every side! No, but the Creator has not the less given this his creature the means of self-preservation, or of seeing its danger, come from what quarter it may. Were this insect's eye like yours, movable in its bony orbit, it could not see an approaching danger quicker than it could itself be turned towards the point where danger threatened. But, observe more closely,—as a large convex mirror, that has its surface wrought into twenty plane surfaces, is converted by that process into twenty independent mirrors, so this creature's organs of vision are so constructed,

that each eye presents many thousands of minute facets, each one of which is more highly polished, and more brilliant, than those of the richest diamond ; and, these facets being presented constantly in as many different directions, each eye becomes many thousand eyes, each one of which receives and conveys notice of danger with the same quickness with which light itself moves from the dangerous object to the eye. So that notice of danger comes to the organ of vision, not with the quickness of animal motion, but with the velocity of light. In this, do we not see how wonderfully the Creator of this insect, born, as it would seem, to the inheritance of Ishmael, whose hand was to be against every man, and every man's hand against him, has provided for its preservation amidst the dangers that surround it on every side, in a world in which almost all the animal creation regard it as a common foe !

If, then, we are in quest of wonders, we need not go far to find them. The fly, or the gnat, that annoys me by his familiarity, is a wonder. Nay, in this search, I need not go out of myself, to behold one of the most wonderful of the Creator's works ; for, says the great poet of human nature,

"How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how *wonderful* is man !"

And, says another poet, whose thoughts are, perhaps, more convenient to our present train of thought,

"I am fearfully and *wonderfully* made !"

But it is to the works of God that are beheld in the *sea*, and to his wonders that are witnessed in the *deep*, that our attention is now especially directed.

And first, what a wonder is the sea itself! How wide does it stretch out its arms, clasping islands and continents in its embrace! How mysterious are its depths!—still more mysterious its hoarded and hidden treasures! With what weight do its watery masses roll onward to the shore, when not a breath of wind is moving over its surface! How wonderfully fearful is it, when its waves, in mid ocean, are foaming and tossing their heads in anger under the lash of the tempest! How wonderfully beautiful, when, like a melted and ever-moving mirror, it reflects the setting sun, or the crimson clouds or the saffron heavens after the sun has set; or when its “watery floor” breaks into myriads of fragments the image of the quiet moon that falls upon it from the skies!

Wonderful, too, are those hills of ice that break off, in thunder, from the frozen barriers of the pole, and float towards the sun, their bristling pinnacles glistening in his beams, and slowly wasting away under his power, an object at once of wonder and of dread to the mariner, till they are lost in the embrace of more genial deeps. And that current is a wonder, which moves for ever onward from the southern seas, to the colder latitudes, bearing in its waters the influence of a tropical sun, and saying to the ice-bergs from the pole, “Hitherto may ye come, but no farther.” And, if possible, still more wonderful are those springs of fresh water, which, among the Indian Isles, gush up from the depths of a salt ocean, a source of refreshment and life to the seaman who is parching with thirst “beneath a burning sky.” And is it not as wonderful, when,

not a spring of fresh water, but a column of volcanic fire shoots up from "the dark unfathomed caves of ocean," and throws its red glare far over the astonished waves, that heave and tremble with the heaving and trembling earth below them! wonderful, when that pillar of fire vanishes, leaving a smoking volcano in its place! and wonderful, when that volcano, in its turn, sinks back and is lost in the depths whence it rose!

Then there are other wonders in the living creatures of the deep, from the animalcule, that "no eye can see," and that scarcely "glass can reach," up to "that Leviathan which God hath made to play therein." In "this great and wide sea are things creeping innumerable, both small and great beasts." Yet He, who hath made them all, even there openeth his hand and satisfieth the desires of all. Wonderful is it, that, of these "creatures innumerable," each one finds its food in some other, and, in its turn, serves some other for food; and that this great work of destruction and reproduction goes on in an unbroken circle from age to age, in the deep silence of those still deeper waters where the power of man is neither felt nor feared!

What a wonder, too, is that line of phosphoric light, which, in the darkest night, streams along "the way of a ship in the midst of the sea!" What is it that gives out this fire, which, like that of love, "many waters cannot quench, neither can the floods drown it"? Theorists may speculate, naturalists may examine, chemists may analyze; but none of them can explain; and all agree in this, that it is a wonder, a mystery, a marvel. A light that only motion kindles! a fire that burns nothing!

a fire, too, seen, not in a bush on Horeb, which is not burned, but in the deep waters of the ocean that *cannot* be! Is not this a wonder?

And, if that path of light is a wonder, which streams back from the rudder of a ship, is not that ship itself a wonder? That a fabric so gigantic as a first-rate ship, of traffic or of war, framed of ponderous timbers, compacted with bolts and bands of still more ponderous iron, holding in its bosom masses of merchandise, under whose weight strong cars have groaned, and paved streets trembled, or bearing on its decks hosts of armed men, with the thundering armament of a nation,—that a fabric thus framed and thus freighted, should float in a fluid, into which, if a man fall, he sinks and is lost, is in itself a wonder. But that such a fabric should traverse oceans, struggling on amid the strife of seas and storms, that it should hold on its way like “a thing of life,” nay, like a thing of intellect, a being endued with courage, and stimulated by a high purpose, a traveller that has seen the end of his voyage from the beginning, that goes forth upon it without fear, and completes it as with the feeling of a triumph, is, as it seems to me, a greater wonder still. Let me ask you to stand, as you perhaps have stood, upon the deck of such a ship,

“In the dead waist and middle of the night,”

now in the strong light of the moon, as it looks down upon you between the swelling sails, or now in the deep shadow that the sails throw over you. Hear the majestic thing that bears you, breasting and breaking through the waves that oppose themselves to her march! She is moving on alone, on the top of the world, and

through the dread solitude of the sea. Nothing is heard, save, perhaps, the falling back of a wave, that has been showing its white crest to the moon, or, as your ship is plowing her way, the rushing of the water along her sides. Yet she seems to care for all that she contains, and to watch, while they sleep as sweetly in her bosom as in their own beds at home: and, though she sees no convoy to guard her, and no torch-bearer to guide her, she seems as conscious that she is safe, as she is confident that she is going right. Is not all this a wonder? It is not, indeed, *immediately*, one of "the works of the Lord"; nor do we see any thing in all creation that is. All the wonderful works that we behold in the sea, or on the shore, are created and made through such instrumentalities and agencies, as to Creative Wisdom seems wise and good; and the coral reef, the beaver's dam, the Grecian temple, and the ship of war, are as strictly parts of creation, and in their respective places are as truly works of God, as is the cloud, or the volcano, or the globe. In this view, all works of art are works of nature; for the artist has produced each of them by following the impulses of that nature, which has been assigned to him by his Creator; and it is by such considerations as these, that, whether we are contemplating things produced by the medium of lower instrumentalities, or those which have been effected by that of higher agencies, we are led to exclaim with the apostle, "*All things are of God!*" This ship, then, which travels through the solitary deserts of the sea, is a part of God's great creation, and may be fairly named among the works of the Lord, and enumerated as one of "his wonders in the deep."

But there is at hand another wonder yet, the mysterious but faithful index that points the seaman's way through the great waters. The magnetic needle, what a wonder, what a miracle is that! By night as truly as by day, in storm as fearlessly as in calm, in winter and in summer alike, this incorruptible and faithful friend may be consulted with more confidence than any human counsellor, than any pagan oracle, by him who is doubtful of his course; and, under its guidance, the wayfarer of the deeps, though a fool, need not err therein.

What does the civilized world not owe to this single wonder! We may now truly say, in the words of the Wisdom of Solomon, It is, that "thy providence, O Father, hath made a way in the sea, and a safe path through the waves, showing that thou canst save from all danger, yea, though a man went to sea without art. Nevertheless, thou wouldest not that the works of thy wisdom should be idle, and therefore do men commit their lives to a small piece of wood, and, passing the rough sea in a weak vessel, are saved."* It is this little piece of iron, imbued with this mysterious power, that binds together the nations of the earth more firmly than they could be bound "by bars of brass and ribs of steel"; for it shows them their common dependence, and it unites them by the ties of mutual benefits. It is this, that, under the fostering care of commerce, has borne the Gospel to the distant isles of the sea, and caused the day-star of an immortal hope to rise upon the hearts of millions, who had before been sitting in

* Wisd. of Sol. xiv. 3-5.

darkness, as deep and more dreadful than the shadow of death. It is under the guidance of this little wonder, that the messengers of God's truth and grace and righteousness have gone forth, till almost all "the habitable parts of the earth" have been visited and blessed by them; so that now the inhabitant of those shores, on which, without its faithful indications, the light of truth, the light of science and hope, might never have shone, when he hails the bark that bears towards him the Christian teacher, with the treasures of knowledge, the knowledge of God, and of his works, and of his mercy, may exclaim, with a holy Jew of old, "Blessed is the wood whereby righteousness cometh."*

It is not, or it should not, and it need not be, in vain, in respect to the great end of our being, — the improvement and perfection of our moral nature, — that, when we go down to the sea in ships, for health or for wealth, for pleasure or for profit, we thus behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. While we contemplate the beautiful things we see, "Let us," says the Wisdom of Solomon, "know how much better the Lord of them is; for the first author of beauty hath created them. But if we are astonished at their power and virtue, let us understand by them how much mightier is he that made them; for by the greatness and beauty of the creature, proportionably the Maker of them is seen."† So, while we regard these wonders of the deep, we are led to exclaim,

"How passing wonder he who made them such!"

These marvels, these mysterious powers and agencies,

* Wisd. of Sol. xiv. 7.

† xiii. 3-5.

are all His ministers for good. By their means, he exercises a watchful providence over us, the children of his love, who commit ourselves to his care, in the conviction and the deep feeling, that his hand is as mighty to protect us on the sea as on the shore, and amid the awful solitudes of a watery world, as in the circle of those who care for and love us. The more faithfully we study the causes that produce, and the laws that regulate, the phenomena of nature on the earth, in the sea, and in the skies, the more shall we be convinced of the constancy of those laws, and of their beneficent tendencies. Thus all things come, in time, not only to work, but to *seem* to work together for good, to us who, by thus recognising the Creator in all that we behold, and placing ourselves for protection under the shield of his laws, give a practical demonstration, that we “fear God, and keep his commandments,” in regard to the life that now is. And can we believe, that he who has thus brought himself to regard all the creatures and all the mysterious powers of external nature with a reverent eye, as instruments of good in the present world, can fail of regarding them also as means by which moral good is to be effected, — as advocates to plead the cause of God, of his parental providence, and his divine benignity with the undying spirit? Shall we not rely with a more entire confidence upon the means which “the Father of our spirits” has provided for the salvation of those spirits from death, when we see how wonderfully the Former of our bodies has provided for the comfort and the preservation of *them*? In this spirit let us, while making the voyage of life, regard all the

fluctuations of an inconstant world, but as so many events in which we recognise the presence of God, and the pressure of his guiding and protecting hand. Thus shall we be brought into more close communion with the Giver and Guardian of our lives, till, in His own good time, we shall be permitted with other eyes to behold the works of the Lord, and his wonders in another world.

MUSIC ON THE WATERS.

HARK ! while our ship is swinging
Above the ocean caves,
The twilight gale is bringing
Soft music o'er the waves.
Ah ! from what isle of pleasure
Floats the harmonious sound ?
To that entrancing measure
A fairy troop might bound !

Hush ! now it faints, it lingers, —
Now with a peal sublime,
Struck by the wind-god's fingers,
It drowns the billowy chime !
The stars more brightly glisten,
The waves beneath the moon
Fall down, and seem to listen,
Enchanted, to the tune !

Now mounting, now subsiding,
It swells, it sinks, it dies ;
Now, on swift pinions gliding,
Over the deep it flies.
So sweet and so endearing,
The strain, that, ere 't is done,
Thought is absorbed in hearing, —
All senses in the one !

SYLPH ETHEREGE.

ON a bright summer evening, two persons stood among the shrubbery of a garden, stealthily watching a young girl, who sat in the window-seat of a neighbouring mansion. One of these unseen observers, a gentleman, was youthful, and had an air of high breeding and refinement, and a face marked with intellect, though otherwise of unprepossessing aspect. His features wore even an ominous, though somewhat mirthful expression, while he pointed his long forefinger at the girl, and seemed to regard her as a creature completely within the scope of his influence.

“The charm works!” said he, in a low, but emphatic whisper.

“Do you know, Edward Hamilton,—since so you choose to be named,—do you know,” said the lady beside him, “that I have almost a mind to break the spell at once? What if the lesson should prove too severe! True; if my ward could be thus laughed out of her fantastic nonsense, she might be the better for it through life. But then she is such a delicate creature! And besides, are you not ruining your own chance, by putting forward this shadow of a rival?”

“ But will he not vanish into thin air, at my bidding ? ” rejoined Edward Hamilton. “ Let the charm work ! ”

The girl’s slender and sylph-like figure, tinged with radiance from the sunset clouds, and overhung with the rich drapery of the silken curtains, and set within the deep frame of the window, was a perfect picture ; or rather, it was like the original loveliness in a painter’s fancy, from which the most finished picture is but an imperfect copy. Though her occupation excited so much interest in the two spectators, she was merely gazing at a miniature which she held in her hand, encased in white satin and red morocco ; nor did there appear to be any other cause for the smile of mockery and malice with which Hamilton regarded her.

“ The charm works ! ” muttered he, again. “ Our pretty Sylvia’s scorn will have a dear retribution ! ”

At this moment the girl raised her eyes, and, instead of a lifelike semblance of the miniature, beheld the ill-omened shape of Edward Hamilton, who now stepped forth from his concealment in the shrubbery.

Sylvia Etherege was an orphan girl, who had spent her life, till within a few months past, under the guardianship, and in the secluded dwelling, of an old bachelor uncle. While yet in her cradle, she had been the destined bride of a cousin, who was no less passive in the betrothal than herself. Their future union had been projected, as the means of uniting two rich estates, and was rendered highly expedient, if not indispensable, by the testamentary dispositions of the parents on both sides. Edgar Vaughan, the promised bridegroom, had been bred from infancy in Europe, and had never seen

the beautiful girl, whose heart he was to claim as his inheritance. But already, for several years, a correspondence had been kept up between the cousins, and had produced an intellectual intimacy, though it could but imperfectly acquaint them with each other's character.

Silvia was shy, sensitive, and fanciful; and her guardian's secluded habits had shut her out from even so much of the world as is generally open to maidens of her age. She had been left to seek associates and friends for herself, in the haunts of imagination, and to converse with them, sometimes in the language of dead poets, oftener in the poetry of her own mind. The companion whom she chiefly summoned up, was the cousin, with whose idea her earliest thoughts had been connected. She made a vision of Edgar Vaughan, and tinted it with stronger hues than a mere fancy-picture, yet graced it with so many bright and delicate perfections, that her cousin could nowhere have encountered so dangerous a rival. To this shadow she cherished a romantic fidelity. With its airy presence sitting by her side, or gliding along her favorite paths, the loneliness of her young life was blissful; her heart was satisfied with love, while yet its virgin purity was untainted by the earthliness that the touch of a real lover would have left there. Edgar Vaughan seemed to be conscious of her character; for, in his letters, he gave her a name that was happily appropriate to the sensitiveness of her disposition, the delicate peculiarity of her manners, and the ethereal beauty both of her mind and person. Instead of Sylvia, he called her

Sylph,—with the prerogative of a cousin and a lover,
—his dear Sylph Etherege.

When Sylvia was seventeen her guardian died, and she passed under the care of Mrs. Grosvenor, a lady of wealth and fashion, and Sylvia's nearest relative, though a distant one. While an inmate of Mrs. Grosvenor's family, she still preserved somewhat of her lifelong habits of seclusion, and shrank from a too familiar intercourse with those around her. Still, too, she was faithful to her cousin, or to the shadow which bore his name.

The time now drew near, when Edgar Vaughan, whose education had been completed by an extensive range of travel, was to revisit the soil of his nativity. Edward Hamilton, a young gentleman, who had been Vaughan's companion, both in his studies and rambles, had already recrossed the Atlantic, bringing letters to Mrs. Grosvenor and Sylvia Etherege. These credentials insured him an earnest welcome, which, however, on Sylvia's part, was not followed by personal partiality, or even the regard that seemed due to her cousin's most intimate friend. As she herself could have assigned no cause for her repugnance, it might be termed instinctive. Hamilton's person, it is true, was the reverse of attractive, especially when beheld for the first time. Yet, in the eyes of the most fastidious judges, the defect of natural grace was compensated by the polish of his manners, and by the intellect which so often gleamed through his dark features. Mrs. Grosvenor, with whom he immediately became a prodigious favorite, exerted herself to overcome Sylvia's dislike.

But, in this matter, her ward could neither be reasoned with, nor persuaded. The presence of Edward Hamilton was sure to render her cold, shy, and distant, abstracting all the vivacity from her deportment, as if a cloud had come betwixt her and the sunshine.

The simplicity of Sylvia's demeanor rendered it easy for so keen an observer as Hamilton to detect her feelings. Whenever any slight circumstance made him sensible of them, a smile might be seen to flit over the young man's sallow visage. None, that had once beheld this smile, were in any danger of forgetting it; whenever they recalled to memory the features of Edward Hamilton, they were always duskily illuminated by this expression of mockery and malice.

In a few weeks after Hamilton's arrival, he presented to Sylvia Etherege a miniature of her cousin, which, as he informed her, would have been delivered sooner, but was detained with a portion of his baggage. This was the miniature, in the contemplation of which we beheld Sylvia so absorbed, at the commencement of our story. Such, in truth, was too often the habit of the shy and musing girl. The beauty of the pictured countenance was almost too perfect to represent a human creature, that had been born of a fallen and world-worn race, and had lived to manhood amid ordinary troubles and enjoyments, and must become wrinkled with age and care. It seemed too bright for a thing formed of dust, and doomed to crumble into dust again. Sylvia feared that such a being would be too refined and delicate to love a simple girl like her. Yet, even while her spirit drooped with

that apprehension, the picture was but the masculine counterpart of Sylph Etherege's sylph-like beauty. There was that resemblance between her own face and the miniature, which is said often to exist between lovers whom Heaven has destined for each other, and which, in this instance, might be owing to the kindred blood of the two parties. Sylvia felt, indeed, that there was something familiar in the countenance, so like a friend did the eyes smile upon her, and seem to imply a knowledge of her thoughts. She could account for this impression only by supposing, that, in some of her day-dreams, imagination had conjured up the true similitude of her distant and unseen lover.

But now could Sylvia give a brighter semblance of reality to those day-dreams. Claspings the miniature to her heart, she could summon forth, from that haunted cell of pure and blissful fantasies, the life-like shadow, to roam with her in the moonlight garden. Even at noontide it sat with her in the arbour, when the sunshine threw its broken flakes of gold into the clustering shade. The effect upon her mind was hardly less powerful, than if she had actually listened to, and reciprocated, the vows of Edgar Vaughan; for, though the illusion never quite deceived her, yet the remembrance was as distinct as of a remembered interview. Those heavenly eyes gazed for ever into her soul, which drank at them as at a fountain, and was disquieted if reality threw a momentary cloud between. She heard the melody of a voice breathing sentiments with which her own chimed in like music. Oh, happy, yet hapless girl! Thus to create the being whom she loves, to endow him with all

the attributes that were most fascinating to her heart, and then to flit with the airy creature into the realm of fantasy and moonlight, where dwelt his dreamy kindred! For her lover wiled Sylvia away from earth, which seemed strange, and dull, and darksome, and lured her to a country where her spirit roamed in peaceful rapture, deeming that it had found its home. Many, in their youth, have visited that land of dreams, and wandered so long in its enchanted groves, that, when banished thence, they feel like exiles everywhere.

The dark-browed Edward Hamilton, like the villain of a tale, would often glide through the romance wherein poor Sylvia walked. Sometimes, at the most blissful moment of her ecstasy, when the features of the miniature were pictured brightest in the air, they would suddenly change, and darken, and be transformed into his visage. And always, when such change occurred, the intrusive visage wore that peculiar smile, with which Hamilton had glanced at Sylvia.

Before the close of summer, it was told Sylvia Etherege, that Vaughan had arrived from France, and that she would meet him,—would meet, for the first time, the loved of years,—that very evening. We will not tell how often and how earnestly she gazed upon the miniature, thus endeavouring to prepare herself for the approaching interview, lest the throbbing of her timorous heart should stifle the words of welcome. While the twilight grew deeper and duskier, she sat with Mrs. Grosvenor in an inner apartment, lighted only by the softened gleam from an alabaster lamp, which was burning at a distance, on the centre-table of the

drawing-room. Never before had Sylph Etherage looked so sylph-like. She had communed with a creature of imagination, till her own loveliness seemed but the creation of a delicate and dreamy fancy. Every vibration of her spirit was visible in her frame, as she listened to the rattling of wheels and the tramp upon the pavement, and deemed that even the breeze bore the sound of her lover's footsteps, as if he trode upon the viewless air. Mrs. Grosvenor, too, while she watched the tremulous flow of Sylvia's feelings, was deeply moved; she looked uneasily at the agitated girl, and was about to speak, when the opening of the street door arrested the words upon her lips.

Footsteps ascended the staircase, with a confident and familiar tread, and some one entered the drawing-room. From the sofa where they sat, in the inner apartment, Mrs. Grosvenor and Sylvia could not discern the visiter.

"Sylph!" cried a voice. "Dearest Sylph! Where are you, sweet Sylph Etherage? Here is your Edgar Vaughan!"

But instead of answering, or rising to meet her lover, — who had greeted her by the sweet and fanciful name, which, appropriate as it was to her character, was known only to him, — Sylvia grasped Mrs. Grosvenor's arm, while her whole frame shook with the throbbing of her heart.

"Who is it?" gasped she. "Who calls me Sylph?"

Before Mrs. Grosvenor could reply, the stranger entered the room, bearing the lamp in his hand. Approaching the sofa, he displayed to Sylvia the features of Edward Hamilton, illuminated by that evil smile,

from which his face derived so marked an individuality.

“Is not the miniature an admirable likeness?” inquired he.

Sylvia shuddered, but had not power to turn away her white face from his gaze. The miniature, which she had been holding in her hand, fell down upon the floor, where Hamilton, or Vaughan, set his foot upon it, and crushed the ivory counterfeit to fragments.

“There, my sweet Sylph!” he exclaimed. “It was I that created your phantom-lover, and now I annihilate him! Your dream is rudely broken. Awake, Sylph Etherege, awake to truth! I am the only Edgar Vaughan.”

“We have gone too far, Edgar Vaughan,” said Mrs. Grosvenor, catching Sylvia in her arms. The revengeful freak, which Vaughan’s wounded vanity had suggested, had been countenanced by this lady, in the hope of curing Sylvia of her romantic notions, and reconciling her to the truths and realities of life. “Look at the poor child!” she continued. “I protest I tremble for the consequences!”

“Indeed, Madam!” replied Vaughan, sneeringly, as he threw the light of the lamp on Sylvia’s closed eyes and marble features. “Well, my conscience is clear. I did but look into this delicate creature’s heart; and with the pure fantasies that I found there, I made what seemed a man,—and the delusive shadow has wiled her away to Shadow-land, and vanished there! It is no new tale. Many a sweet maid has shared the lot of poor Sylph Etherege!”

“And now, Edgar Vaughan,” said Mrs. Grosvenor, as Sylvia’s heart began faintly to throb again, “now try, in good earnest, to win back her love from the phantom which you conjured up. If you succeed, she will be the better her whole life long, for the lesson we have given her.”

Whether the result of the lesson corresponded with Mrs. Grosvenor’s hopes, may be gathered from the closing scene of our story. It had been made known to the fashionable world, that Edgar Vaughan had returned from France, and, under the assumed name of Edward Hamilton, had won the affections of the lovely girl, to whom he had been affianced in his boyhood. The nuptials were to take place at an early date. One evening, before the day of anticipated bliss arrived, Edgar Vaughan entered Mrs. Grosvenor’s drawing-room, where he found that lady and Sylph Etherege.

“Only that Sylvia makes no complaint,” remarked Mrs. Grosvenor, “I should apprehend that the town air is ill suited to her constitution. She was always, indeed, a delicate creature; but now she is a mere gossamer. Do but look at her! Did you ever imagine any thing so fragile?”

Vaughan was already attentively observing his mistress, who sat in a shadowy and moonlighted recess of the room, with her dreamy eyes fixed steadfastly upon his own. The bough of a tree was waving before the window, and sometimes enveloped her in the gloom of its shadow, into which she seemed to vanish.

“Yes,” he said, to Mrs. Grosvenor. “I can scarcely deem her ‘of the earth, earthy.’ No wonder that I

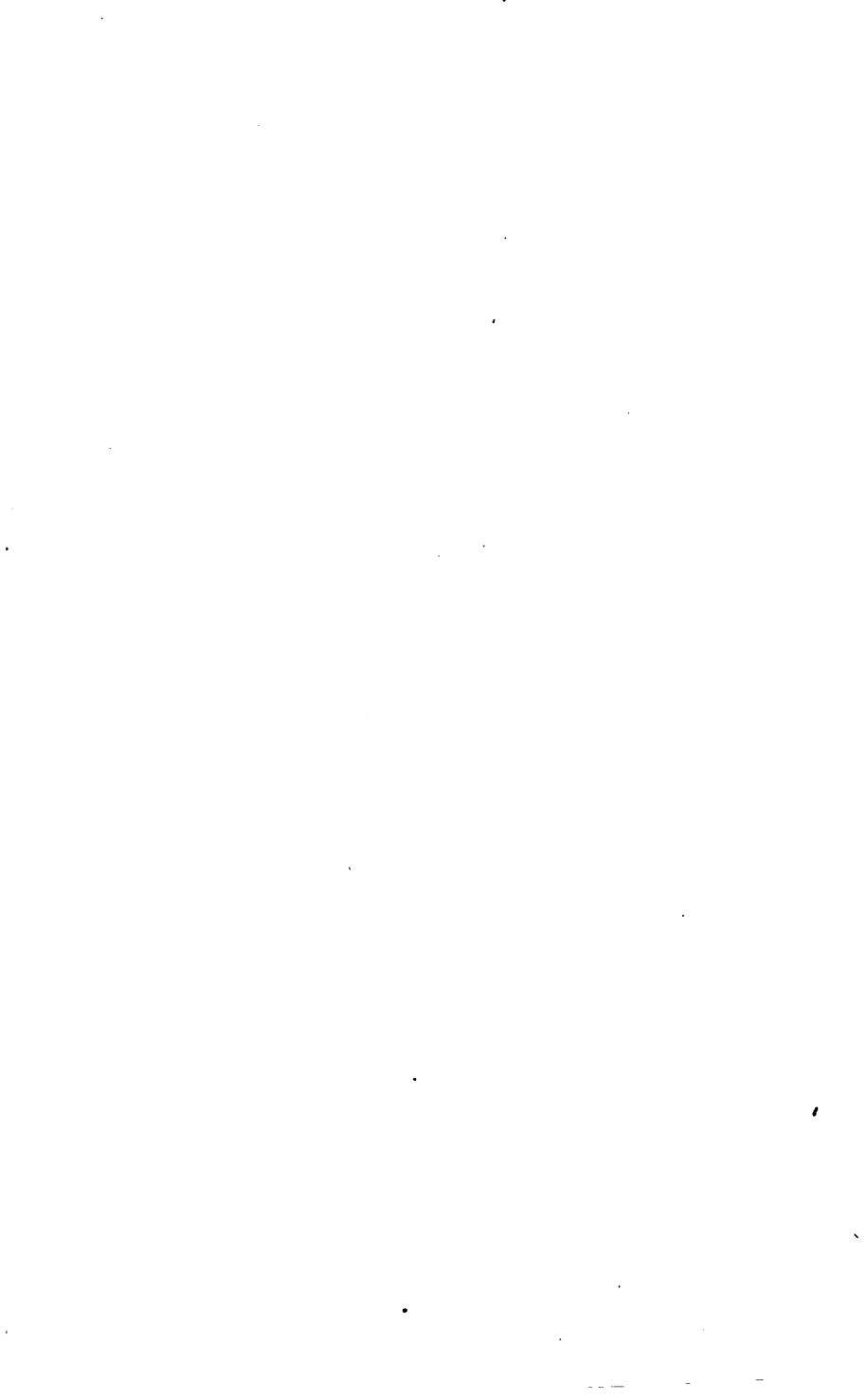
call her Sylph ! Methinks she will fade into the moonlight, which falls upon her through the window. Or, in the open air, she might flit away upon the breeze, like a wreath of mist ! ”

Sylvia’s eyes grew yet brighter. She waved her hand to Edgar Vaughan, with a gesture of ethereal triumph.

“ Farewell ! ” she said. “ I will neither fade into the moonlight, nor flit away upon the breeze. Yet you cannot keep me here ! ”

There was something in Sylvia’s look and tones, that startled Mrs. Grosvenor with a terrible apprehension. But, as she was rushing towards the girl, Vaughan held her back.

“ Stay ! ” cried he, with a strange smile of mockery and anguish. “ Can our sweet Sylph be going to Heaven, to seek the original of the miniature ? ”



THE ONLY DAUGHTER.

BY O. W. HOLMES.

THEY bid me strike the idle strings,
As if my summer days
Had shaken sunbeams from their wings,
To warm my autumn lays ;
They bring to me their painted urn,
As if it were not time
To lift my gauntlet and to spurn
The lists of boyish rhyme ;
And, were it not that I have still
Some weakness in my heart
That clings around my stronger will,
And pleads for gentler art,
Perchance I had not turned away
The thoughts grown tame with toil,
To cheat this lone and pallid ray,
That wastes the midnight oil.

Alas ! with every year I feel
Some roses leave my brow ;
Too young for wisdom's tardy seal,
Too old for garlands now ;



Painted by W. Newton.

Eng. by J. Andrews.

The Youngest Daughter

THE DAUGHTER

THE DAUGHTER

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Yet, while the dewy breath of spring
Steals o'er the tingling air,
And spreads and fans each emerald wing
The forest soon shall wear,
How bright the opening year would seem,
Had I one look like thine,
To meet me when the morning beam
Calls back its cares to mine !
Too long I bear this lonely lot,
That bids my heart run wild
To press the lips that love me not,
To clasp the stranger's child.

How oft, beyond the dashing seas,
Amidst those royal bowers,
Where danced the lilacs in the breeze,
And swung the chestnut flowers,
I wandered like a wearied slave
Whose morning task is done,
To watch the little hands that gave
Their whiteness to the sun ;
To revel in the bright young eyes,
Whose lustre sparkled through
The sable fringe of southern skies,
Or gleamed in Saxon blue !
How oft I heard another's name
Called in some truant's tone ;
Sweet accents ! which I longed to claim,
To learn and lisp my own !

Too soon the gentle hands, that pressed
The ringlets of the child,
Are folded on the faithful breast
Where first he breathed and smiled ;
Too soon the clinging arms untwine,
The melting lips forget,
And darkness veils the bridal shrine
Where wreaths and torches met ;
And Hope has but a single thread
Of all her woven chain,
Yet, when her parting plumes are spread,
It bids them fold again ;
The voice long silenced in the tomb,
The cheek now changed and chill,
Are with us in the breath and bloom
Of one that loves us still.

Sweet image ! I have done thee wrong
To claim this destined lay ;
The leaf that asked an idle song
Must bear my tears away.
Yet, in thy memory shouldst thou keep
This else forgotten strain,
Till years have taught thine eyes to weep,
And flattery's voice is vain ;
O then, thou fledgling of the nest,
Like the long-wandering dove,
Thy weary heart may faint for rest,
As mine, on changeless love.

And while these sculptured lines retrace
The hours now dancing by,
This vision of thy girlish grace
May cost thee, too, a sigh.

PETER GOLDTHWAIT'S TREASURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE-TOLD TALES."

"AND so, Peter, you won't even consider of the business?" said Mr. John Brown, buttoning his surtout over the snug rotundity of his person, and drawing on his gloves. "You positively refuse to let me have this crazy old house, and the land under and adjoining, at the price named?"

"Neither at that, nor treble the sum," responded the gaunt, grizzled, and threadbare Peter Goldthwait. "The fact is, Mr. Brown, you must find another site for your brick block, and be content to leave my estate with the present owner. Next summer, I intend to put a splendid new mansion over the cellar of the old house."

"Pho, Peter!" cried Mr. Brown, as he opened the kitchen door; "content yourself with building castles in the air, where house-lots are cheaper than on earth, to say nothing of the cost of bricks and mortar. Such foundations are solid enough for your edifices; while this underneath us is just the thing for mine; and so we may both be suited. What say you, again?"

"Precisely what I said before, Mr. Brown," answered Peter Goldthwait. "And, as for castles in the air, mine

may not be as magnificent as that sort of architecture, but perhaps as substantial, Mr. Brown, as the very respectable brick block with dry-goods stores, tailors' shops, and banking-rooms on the lower floor, and lawyers' offices in the second story, which you are so anxious to substitute."

"And the cost, Peter, eh?" said Mr. Brown, as he withdrew, in something of a pet. "That, I suppose, will be provided for, off-hand, by drawing a check on Bubble Bank!"

John Brown and Peter Goldthwait had been jointly known to the commercial world between twenty and thirty years before, under the firm of Goldthwait and Brown; which copartnership, however, was speedily dissolved, by the natural incongruity of its constituent parts. Since that event, John Brown, with exactly the qualities of a thousand other John Browns, and by just such plodding methods as they used, had prospered wonderfully, and become one of the wealthiest John Browns on earth. Peter Goldthwait, on the contrary, after innumerable schemes, which ought to have collected all the coin and paper currency of the country into his coffers, was as needy a gentleman as ever wore a patch upon his elbow. The contrast between him and his former partner may be briefly marked: for Brown never reckoned upon luck, yet always had it; while Peter made luck the main condition of his projects, and always missed it. While the means held out, his speculations had been magnificent, but were chiefly confined, of late years, to such small business as adventures in the lottery. Once, he had gone on

a gold-gathering expedition, somewhere to the South, and ingeniously contrived to empty his pockets more thoroughly than ever; while others, doubtless, were filling theirs with native bullion by the handfull. More recently, he had expended a legacy of a thousand or two of dollars in purchasing Mexican scrip, and thereby became the proprietor of a province; which, however, so far as Peter could find out, was situated where he might have had an empire for the same money, — in the clouds. From a search after this valuable real estate, Peter returned so gaunt and threadbare, that, on reaching New England, the scarecrows in the corn-fields beckoned to him, as he passed by. "They did but flutter in the wind," quoth Peter Goldthwait. No, Peter, they beckoned; for the scarecrows knew their brother!

At the period of our story, his whole visible income would not have paid the tax of the old mansion in which we find him. It was one of those rusty, moss-grown, many-peaked, wooden houses, which are scattered about the streets of our elder towns, with a beetle-browed second story projecting over the foundation, as if it frowned at the novelty around it. This old paternal edifice, needy as he was, and though, being centrally situated on the principal street of the town, it would have brought him a handsome sum, the sagacious Peter had his own reasons for never parting with, either by auction or private sale. There seemed, indeed, to be a fatality that connected him with his birth-place; for, often as he had stood on the verge of ruin, and standing there even now, he had not yet

taken the step beyond it, which would have compelled him to surrender the house to his creditors. So here he dwelt with bad luck, till good should come.

Here, then, in his kitchen, the only room where a spark of fire took off the chill of a November evening, poor Peter Goldthwait had just been visited by his rich old partner. At the close of their interview, Peter, with rather a mortified look, glanced downwards at his dress, parts of which appeared as ancient as the days of Goldthwait and Brown. His upper garment was a mixed surtout, wofully faded, and patched with newer stuff on each elbow; beneath this, he wore a threadbare black coat, some of the silk buttons of which had been replaced with others of a different pattern; and, lastly, though he lacked not a pair of gray pantaloons, they were very shabby ones, and had been partially turned brown, by the frequent toasting of Peter's shins before a scanty fire. Peter's person was in keeping with his goodly apparel. Gray-headed, hollow-eyed, pale-cheeked, and lean-bodied, he was the perfect picture of a man who had fed on windy schemes and empty hopes, till he could neither live on such unwholesome trash, nor stomach more substantial food. But, withal, this Peter Goldthwait, crack-brained simpleton as, perhaps, he was, might have cut a very brilliant figure in the world, had he employed his imagination in the airy business of poetry, instead of making it a demon of mischief in mercantile pursuits. After all, he was no bad fellow, but as harmless as a child, and as honest and honorable, and as much of the gentleman which nature meant him for,

as an irregular life and depressed circumstances will permit any man to be.

As Peter stood on the uneven bricks of his hearth, looking round at the disconsolate old kitchen, his eyes began to kindle with the illumination of an enthusiasm that never long deserted him. He raised his hand, clenched it, and smote it energetically against the smoky panel over the fireplace.

"The time is come!" said he. "With such a treasure at command, it were folly to be a poor man any longer. To-morrow morning I will begin with the garret, nor desist till I have torn the house down!"

Deep in the chimney-corner, like a witch in a dark cavern, sat a little old woman, mending one of the two pairs of stockings wherewith Peter Goldthwait kept his toes from being frost-bitten. As the feet were ragged past all darning, she had cut pieces out of a cast-off flannel petticoat, to make new soles. Tabitha Porter was an old maid, upwards of sixty years of age, fifty-five of which she had sat in that same chimney-corner, such being the length of time since Peter's grandfather had taken her from the almshouse. She had no friend but Peter, nor Peter any friend but Tabitha; so long as Peter might have a shelter for his own head, Tabitha would know where to shelter hers; or, being homeless elsewhere, she would take her master by the hand, and bring him to her native home, the almshouse. Should it ever be necessary, she loved him well enough to feed him with her last morsel, and clothe him with her under-petticoat. But Tabitha was a queer old woman, and, though never infected

with Peter's flightiness, had become so accustomed to his freaks and follies, that she viewed them all as matters of course. Hearing him threaten to tear the house down, she looked quietly up from her work.

"Best leave the kitchen till the last, Mr. Peter," said she.

"The sooner we have it all down the better," said Peter Goldthwait. "I am tired to death of living in this cold, dark, windy, smoky, creaking, groaning, dismal old house. I shall feel like a younger man, when we get into my splendid brick mansion, as, please Heaven, we shall, by this time next autumn. You shall have a room on the sunny side, old Tabby, finished and furnished as best may suit your own notions."

"I should like it pretty much such a room as this kitchen," answered Tabitha. "It will never be like home to me, till the chimney-corner gets as black with smoke as this; and that won't be these hundred years. How much do you mean to lay out on the house, Mr. Peter?"

"What is that to the purpose?" exclaimed Peter, loftily. "Did not my great-grand-uncle, Peter Goldthwait, who died seventy years ago, and whose namesake I am, leave treasure enough to build twenty such?"

"I can't say but he did, Mr. Peter," said Tabitha, threading her needle.

Tabitha well understood, that Peter had reference to an immense hoard of the precious metals, which was said to exist somewhere in the cellar or walls, or under the floors, or in some concealed closet, or other out-of-the-way nook, of the old house. This wealth,

according to tradition, had been accumulated by a former Peter Goldthwait, whose character seems to have borne a remarkable similitude to that of the Peter of our story. Like him, he was a wild projector, seeking to heap up gold by the bushel and the cart-load, instead of scraping it together, coin by coin. Like Peter the second, too, his projects had almost invariably failed, and, but for the magnificent success of the final one, would have left him with hardly a coat and pair of breeches to his gaunt and grizzled person. Reports were various, as to the nature of his fortunate speculation; one intimating, that the ancient Peter had made the gold by alchymy; another, that he had conjured it out of people's pockets by the black art; and a third, still more unaccountable, that the devil had given him free access to the old provincial treasury. It was affirmed, however, that some secret impediment had debarred him from the enjoyment of his riches, and that he had a motive for concealing them from his heir, or, at any rate, had died without disclosing the place of deposit. The present Peter's father had faith enough in the story to cause the cellar to be dug over. Peter himself chose to consider the legend as an indisputable truth, and, amid his many troubles, had this one consolation, that, should all other resources fail, he might build up his fortunes by tearing his house down. Yet, unless he felt a lurking distrust of the golden tale, it is difficult to account for his permitting the paternal roof to stand so long, since he had never yet seen the moment, when his predecessor's treasure would not have found plenty of room in his own strong-

box. But, now was the crisis. Should he delay the search a little longer, the house would pass from the lineal heir, and with it the vast heap of gold, to remain in its burial-place, till the ruin of the aged walls should discover it to strangers of a future generation.

"Yes!" cried Peter Goldthwait, again; "to-morrow I will set about it."

The deeper he looked at the matter, the more certain of success Peter grew. His spirits were naturally so elastic, that, even now, in the blasted autumn of his age, he could often compete with the spring-time gayety of other people. Enlivened by his brightening prospects, he began to caper about the kitchen like a hobgoblin, with the queerest antics of his lean limbs, and gesticulations of his starved features. Nay, in the exuberance of his feelings, he seized both of Tabitha's hands, and danced the old lady across the floor, till the oddity of her rheumatic motions set him into a roar of laughter, which was echoed back from the rooms and chambers, as if Peter Goldthwait were laughing in every one. Finally, he bounded upward, almost out of sight, into the smoke that clouded the roof of the kitchen, and, alighting safely on the floor again, endeavoured to resume his customary gravity.

"To-morrow, at sunrise," he repeated, taking his lamp, to retire to bed, "I'll see whether this treasure be hid in the wall of the garret."

"And, as we're out of wood, Mr. Peter," said Tabitha, puffing and panting with her late gymnastics, "as fast as you tear the house down, I'll make a fire with the pieces."

Gorgeous, that night, were the dreams of Peter Goldthwait ! At one time, he was turning a ponderous key in an iron door, not unlike the door of a sepulchre, but which, being opened, disclosed a vault, heaped up with gold coin, as plentifully as golden corn in a granary. There were chased goblets, also, and tureens, salvers, dinner-dishes, and dish-covers, of gold, or silver-gilt, besides chains and other jewels, incalculably rich, though tarnished with the damp of the vault ; for, of all the wealth that was irrevocably lost to man, whether buried in the earth, or sunken in the sea, Peter Goldthwait had found it in this one treasure-place. Anon, he had returned to the old house, as poor as ever, and was received at the door, by the gaunt and grizzled figure of a man, whom he might have mistaken for himself, only that his garments were of a much elder fashion. But the house, without losing its former aspect, had been changed into a palace of the precious metals. The floors, walls, and ceilings, were of burnished silver ; the doors, the window-frames, the cornices, the balustrades, and the steps of the staircase, of pure gold ; and silver, with gold bottoms, were the chairs, and gold, standing on silver legs, the high chests of drawers, and silver the bedsteads, with blankets of woven gold, and sheets of silver tissue. The house had evidently been transmuted by a single touch ; for it retained all the marks that Peter remembered, but in gold or silver, instead of wood ; and the initials of his name, which, when a boy, he had cut in the wooden door-post, remained as deep in the pillar of gold. A happy man would have been Peter

Goldthwait, except for a certain ocular deception, which, whenever he glanced backward, caused the house to darken from its glittering magnificence into the sordid gloom of yesterday.

Up, betimes, rose Peter, seized an axe, hammer, and saw, which he had placed by his bedside, and hied him to the garret. It was but scantily lighted up, as yet, by the frosty fragments of a sunbeam, which began to glimmer through the almost opaque bull's eyes of the window. A moralizer might find abundant themes for his speculative and impracticable wisdom, in a garret. There is the limbo of departed fashions, aged trifles of a day, and whatever was valuable only to one generation of men, and which passed to the garret when that generation passed to the grave, not for safe keeping, but to be out of the way. Peter saw piles of yellow and musty account-books, in parchment covers, wherein creditors, long dead and buried, had written the names of dead and buried debtors, in ink now so faded, that their moss-grown tombstones were more legible. He found old, moth-eaten garments, all in rags and tatters, or Peter would have put them on. Here was a naked and rusty sword, not a sword of service, but a gentleman's small French rapier, which had never left its scabbard till it lost it. Here were canes of twenty different sorts, but no gold-headed ones, and shoe-buckles of various pattern and material, but not silver, nor set with precious stones. Here was a large box full of shoes, with high heels and peaked toes. Here, on a shelf, were a multitude of phials, half filled with old apothecary's stuff, which, when the other half

had done its business on Peter's ancestors, had been brought hither from the death-chamber. Here,—not to give a longer inventory of articles that will never be put up at auction,—was the fragment of a full-length looking-glass, which, by the dust and dimness of its surface, made the picture of these old things look older than the reality. When Peter, not knowing that there was a mirror there, caught the faint traces of his own figure, he partly imagined that the former Peter Goldthwait had come back, either to assist or impede his search for the hidden wealth. And at that moment a strange notion glimmered through his brain, that he was the identical Peter who had concealed the gold, and ought to know whereabouts it lay. This, however, he had unaccountably forgotten.

“Well, Mr. Peter!” cried Tabitha, on the garret stairs. “Have you torn the house down enough to heat the tea-kettle?”

“Not yet, old Tabby,” answered Peter; “but that’s soon done,—as you shall see.”

With the word in his mouth, he uplifted the axe, and laid about him so vigorously, that the dust flew, the boards crashed, and, in a twinkling, the old woman had an apron full of broken rubbish.

“We shall get our winter’s wood cheap,” quoth Tabitha.

The good work being thus commenced, Peter beat down all before him, smiting and hewing at the joists and timbers, unclenching spike-nails, ripping and tearing away boards, with a tremendous racket, from morning till night. He took care, however, to leave

the outside shell of the house untouched, so that the neighbours might not suspect what was going on.

Never, in any of his vagaries, though each had made him happy while it lasted, had Peter been happier than now. Perhaps, after all, there was something in Peter Goldthwait's turn of mind, which brought him an inward recompense for all the external evil that it caused. If he were poor, ill clad, even hungry, and exposed, as it were, to be utterly annihilated by a precipice of impending ruin, yet only his body remained in these miserable circumstances, while his aspiring soul enjoyed the sunshine of a bright futurity. It was his nature to be always young, and the tendency of his mode of life to keep him so. Gray hairs were nothing, no, nor wrinkles, nor infirmity; he might look old, indeed, and be somewhat disagreeably connected with a gaunt old figure, much the worse for wear; but the true, the essential Peter, was a young man of high hopes, just entering on the world. At the kindling of each new fire, his burnt-out youth rose afresh from the old embers and ashes. It rose exulting now. Having lived thus long,—not too long, but just to the right age,—a susceptible bachelor, with warm and tender dreams, he resolved, so soon as the hidden gold should flash to light, to go a wooing, and win the love of the fairest maid in town. What heart could resist him? Happy Peter Goldthwait!

Every evening,—as Peter had long absented himself from his former lounging-places, at insurance offices, news-rooms, and bookstores, the honor of his company being seldom requested in private circles,—

he and Tabitha used to sit down sociably by the kitchen hearth. This was always heaped plentifully with the rubbish of his day's labor. As the foundation of the fire, there would be a goodly sized backlog of red oak, which, after being sheltered from rain or damp above a century, still hissed with the heat, and distilled streams of water from each end, as if the tree had been cut down within a week or two. Next, there were large sticks, sound, black and heavy, which had lost the principle of decay, and were indestructible except by fire, wherein they glowed like red-hot bars of iron. On this solid basis, Tabitha would rear a lighter structure, composed of the splinters of door-panels, ornamented mouldings, and such quick combustibles, which caught like straw, and threw a brilliant blaze high up the spacious flue, making its sooty sides visible almost to the chimney-top. Meantime, the gloom of the old kitchen would be chased out of the cob-webbed corners, and away from the dusky cross-beams overhead, and driven nobody could tell whither, while Peter smiled like a gladsome man, and Tabitha seemed a picture of comfortable age. All this, of course, was but an emblem of the bright fortune, which the destruction of the house would shed upon its occupants.

While the dry pine was flaming and crackling, like an irregular discharge of fairy musketry, Peter sat looking and listening, in a pleasant state of excitement. But, when the brief blaze and uproar were succeeded by the dark red glow, the substantial heat, and the deep singing sound, which were to last throughout the evening, his humor became talkative. One night, for

the hundredth time, he teased Tabitha to tell him something new about his great-grand-uncle.

“ You have been sitting in that chimney-corner fifty-five years, old Tabby, and must have heard many a tradition about him,” said Peter. “ Did not you tell me, that, when you first came to the house, there was an old woman sitting where you sit now, who had been housekeeper to the famous Peter Goldthwait ? ”

“ So there was, Mr. Peter,” answered Tabitha ; “ and she was near about a hundred years old. She used to say, that she and old Peter Goldthwait had often spent a sociable evening by the kitchen fire, — pretty much as you and I are doing now, Mr. Peter.”

“ The old fellow must have resembled me in more points than one,” said Peter, complacently, “ or he never would have grown so rich. But, methinks, he might have invested the money better than he did, — no interest ! — nothing but good security ! — and the house to be torn down to come at it ! What made him hide it so snug, Tabby ? ”

“ Because he could not spend it,” said Tabitha ; “ for, as often as he went to unlock the chest, the Old Scratch came behind and caught his arm. The money, they say, was paid Peter out of his purse ; and he wanted Peter to give him a deed of this house and land, which Peter swore he would not do.”

“ Just as I swore to John Brown, my old partner,” remarked Peter. “ But this is all nonsense, Tabby ! I don’t believe the story.”

“ Well ; it may not be just the truth,” said Tabitha ; “ for some folks say, that Peter did make over the

house to the Old Scratch ; and that's the reason it has always been so unlucky to them that lived in it. And as soon as Peter had given him the deed, the chest flew open, and Peter caught up a handfull of the gold. But, lo and behold !—there was nothing in his fist, but a parcel of old rags.”

“ Hold your tongue, you silly old Tabby !” cried Peter, in great wrath. “ They were as good golden guineas as ever bore the effigies of the king of England. It seems as if I could recollect the whole circumstance, and how I, or old Peter, or whoever it was, thrust in my hand, or his hand, and drew it out, all of a blaze with gold. Old rags, indeed !”

But it was not an old woman's legend that would discourage Peter Goldthwait. All night long, he slept among pleasant dreams, and awoke at daylight with a joyous throb of the heart, which few are fortunate enough to feel, beyond their boyhood. Day after day, he labored hard, without wasting a moment, except at meal-times, when Tabitha summoned him to the pork and cabbage, or such other sustenance as she had picked up, or Providence had sent them. Being a truly pious man, Peter never failed to ask a blessing ; if the food were none of the best, then so much the more earnestly, as it was more needed ;—nor to return thanks, if the dinner had been scanty, yet for the good appetite, which was better than a sick stomach at a feast. Then did he hurry back to his toil, and, in a moment, was lost to sight in a cloud of dust from the old walls, though sufficiently perceptible to the ear, by the clatter which he raised in the midst of it. How

enviable is the consciousness of being usefully employed! Nothing troubled Peter; or nothing but those phantoms of the mind, which seem like vague recollections, yet have also the aspect of presentiments. He often paused, with his axe uplifted in the air, and said to himself,—"Peter Goldthwait, did you never strike this blow before?"—or,—“Peter, what need of tearing the whole house down? Think, a little while, and you will remember where the gold is hidden.” Days and weeks passed on, however, without any remarkable discovery. Sometimes, indeed, a lean, gray rat peeped forth at the lean, gray man, wondering what devil had got into the old house, which had always been so peaceable till now. And, occasionally, Peter sympathized with the sorrows of a female mouse, who had brought five or six pretty, little, soft, and delicate young ones into the world, just in time to see them crushed by its ruin. But, as yet, no treasure!

By this time, Peter, being as determined as Fate, and as diligent as Time, had made an end with the uppermost regions, and got down to the second story, where he was busy in one of the front chambers. It had formerly been the state bedchamber, and was honored by tradition as the sleeping apartment of Governor Dudley, and many other eminent guests. The furniture was gone. There were remnants of faded and tattered paper-hangings, but larger spaces of bare wall, ornamented with charcoal sketches, chiefly of people's heads in profile. These being specimens of Peter's youthful genius, it went more to his heart to obliterate them, than if they had been pictures on a

church wall by Michael Angelo. One sketch, however, and that the best one, affected him differently. It represented a ragged man, partly supporting himself on a spade, and bending his lean body over a hole in the earth, with one hand extended to grasp something that he had found. But, close behind him, with a fiendish laugh on his features, appeared a figure with horns, a tufted tail, and a cloven hoof.

"Avaunt, Satan!" cried Peter. "The man shall have his gold!"

Uplifting his axe, he hit the horned gentleman such a blow on the head, as not only demolished him, but the treasure-seeker also, and caused the whole scene to vanish like magic. Moreover, his axe broke quite through the plaster and laths, and discovered a cavity.

"Mercy on us, Mr. Peter, are you quarrelling with the Old Scratch?" said Tabitha, who was seeking some fuel to put under the dinner-pot.

Without answering the old woman, Peter broke down a further space of the wall, and laid open a small closet or cupboard, on one side of the fireplace, about breast-high from the ground. It contained nothing but a brass lamp, covered with verdigris, and a dusty piece of parchment. While Peter inspected the latter, Tabitha seized the lamp, and began to rub it with her apron.

"There is no use in rubbing it, Tabitha," said Peter. "It is not Aladdin's lamp, though I take it to be a token of as much luck. Look here, Tabby!"

Tabitha took the parchment, and held it close to her nose, which was saddled with a pair of iron-bound

spectacles. But no sooner had she begun to puzzle over it, than she burst into a chuckling laugh, holding both her hands against her sides.

“You can’t make a fool of the old woman!” cried she. “This is your own handwriting, Mr. Peter! the same as in the letter you sent me from Mexico.”

“There is certainly a considerable resemblance,” said Peter, again examining the parchment. “But you know yourself, Tabby, that this closet must have been plastered up before you came to the house, or I came into the world. No; this is old Peter Goldthwait’s writing; these columns of pounds, shillings, and pence, are his figures, denoting the amount of the treasure; and this, at the bottom, is, doubtless, a reference to the place of concealment. But the ink has either faded or peeled off, so that it is absolutely illegible. What a pity!”

“Well; this lamp is as good as new. That’s some comfort,” said Tabitha.

“A lamp!” thought Peter. “That indicates light on my researches.”

For the present, Peter felt more inclined to ponder on this discovery, than to resume his labors. After Tabitha had gone down stairs, he stood poring over the parchment, at one of the front windows, which was so obscured with dust, that the sun could barely throw an uncertain shadow of the casement across the floor. Peter forced it open, and looked out upon the great street of the town, while the sun looked in at his old house. The air, though mild, and even warm, thrilled Peter, as with a dash of water.

It was the first day of the January thaw. The snow lay deep upon the house-tops, but was rapidly dissolving into millions of water-drops, which sparkled downwards through the sunshine, with the noise of a summer shower beneath the eaves. Along the street, the trodden snow was as hard and solid as a pavement of white marble, and had not yet grown moist, in the spring-like temperature. But, when Peter thrust forth his head, he saw that the inhabitants, if not the town, were already thawed out by this warm day, after two or three weeks of winter weather. It gladdened him,—a gladness with a sigh breathing through it,—to see the stream of ladies, gliding along the slippery side-walks, with their red cheeks set off by quilted hoods, boas, and sable capes, like roses amidst a new kind of foliage. The sleigh-bells jingled to and fro continually, sometimes announcing the arrival of a sleigh from Vermont, laden with the frozen bodies of porkers, or sheep, and perhaps a deer or two; sometimes, of a regular market-man, with chickens, geese, and turkeys, comprising the whole colony of a barn-yard; and sometimes, of a farmer and his dame, who had come to town partly for the ride, partly to go a shopping, and partly for the sale of some eggs and butter. This couple rode in an old-fashioned square sleigh, which had served them twenty winters, and stood twenty summers in the sun, beside their door. Now, a gentleman and lady skimmed the snow, in an elegant car, shaped somewhat like a cockle-shell. Now, a stage-sleigh, with its cloth curtains thrust aside to admit the sun, dashed rapidly down the street, whirling in and out among the vehicles

that obstructed its passage. Now came, round a corner, the similitude of Noah's ark, on runners, being an immense open sleigh, with seats for fifty people, and drawn by a dozen horses. This spacious receptacle was populous with merry maids and merry bachelors, merry girls and boys, and merry old folks, all alive with fun, and grinning to the full width of their mouths. They kept up a buzz of babbling voices and low laughter, and sometimes burst into a deep, joyous shout, which the spectators answered with three cheers, while a gang of roguish boys let drive their snowballs right among the pleasure-party. The sleigh passed on, and, when concealed by a bend of the street, was still audible by a distant cry of merriment.

Never had Peter beheld a livelier scene than was constituted by all these accessories : the bright sun ; the flashing water-drops ; the gleaming snow ; the cheerful multitude ; the variety of rapid vehicles ; and the jingle-jangle of merry bells, which made the heart dance to their music. Nothing dismal was to be seen, except that peaked piece of antiquity, Peter Goldthwait's house, which might well look sad externally, since such a terrible consumption was preying on its insides. And Peter's gaunt figure, half visible in the projecting second story, was worthy of his house.

" Peter ! How goes it, friend Peter ? " cried a voice across the street, as Peter was drawing in his head. " Look out here, Peter ! "

Peter looked, and saw his old partner, Mr. John Brown, on the opposite side-walk, portly and comfortable, with his furred cloak thrown open, disclosing a

handsome surtout beneath. His voice had directed the attention of the whole town to Peter Goldthwait's window, and to the dusty scarecrow which appeared at it.

"I say, Peter," cried Mr. Brown, again, "what the devil are you about there, that I hear such a racket, whenever I pass by? You are repairing the old house, I suppose, — making a new one of it, — eh?"

"Too late for that, I am afraid, Mr. Brown," replied Peter. "If I make it new, it will be new inside and out, from the cellar upwards."

"Had not you better let me take the job?" said Mr. Brown, significantly.

"Not yet!" answered Peter, hastily shutting the window; for, ever since he had been in search of the treasure, he hated to have people stare at him.

As he drew back, ashamed of his outward poverty, yet proud of the secret wealth within his grasp, a haughty smile shone out on Peter's visage, with precisely the effect of the dim sunbeams in the squalid chamber. He endeavoured to assume such a mien as his ancestor had probably worn, when he gloried in the building of a strong house for a home to many generations of his posterity. But the chamber was very dark to his snow-dazzled eyes, and very dismal too, in contrast with the living scene that he had just looked upon. His brief glimpse into the street had given him a forcible impression of the manner in which the world kept itself cheerful and prosperous, by social pleasures and an intercourse of business, while he, in seclusion, was pursuing an object that might possibly be a phantasm, by a method which most people would call madness. It

is one great advantage of a gregarious mode of life, that each person rectifies his mind by other minds, and squares his conduct to that of his neighbours, so as seldom to be lost in eccentricity. Peter Goldthwait had exposed himself to this influence, by merely looking out of the window. For a while, he doubted whether there were any hidden chest of gold, and, in that case, whether it was so exceedingly wise to tear the house down, only to be convinced of its non-existence.

But this was momentary. Peter, the Destroyer, resumed the task which fate had assigned him, nor faltered again, till it was accomplished. In the course of his search, he met with many things that are usually found in the ruins of an old house, and also with some that are not. What seemed most to the purpose, was a rusty key, which had been thrust into a chink of the wall, with a wooden label appended to the handle, bearing the initials, P. G. Another singular discovery was that of a bottle of wine, walled up in an old oven. A tradition ran in the family, that Peter's grandfather, a jovial officer in the old French war, had set aside many dozens of the precious liquor, for the benefit of toppers then unborn. Peter needed no cordial to sustain his hopes, and therefore kept the wine to gladden his success. Many halfpence did he pick up, that had been lost through the cracks of the floor, and some few Spanish coins, and the half of a broken sixpence, which had doubtless been a love-token. There was likewise a silver coronation medal of George the Third. But, old Peter Goldthwait's strong box fled from one dark corner to another, or otherwise eluded the second

Peter's clutches, till, should he seek much further, he must burrow into the earth.

We will not follow him in his triumphant progress, step by step. Suffice it, that Peter worked like a steam engine, and finished, in that one winter, the job, which all the former inhabitants of the house, with time and the elements to aid them, had only half done in a century. Except the kitchen, every room and chamber was now gutted. The house was nothing but a shell,—the apparition of a house,—as unreal as the painted edifices of a theatre. It was like the perfect rind of a great cheese, in which a mouse had dwelt and nibbled, till it was a cheese no more. And Peter was the mouse.

What Peter had torn down, Tabitha had burnt up : for she wisely considered, that, without a house, they should need no wood to warm it ; and therefore economy was nonsense. Thus the whole house might be said to have dissolved in smoke, and flown up among the clouds, through the great black flue of the kitchen chimney. It was an admirable parallel to the feat of the man who jumped down his own throat.

On the night between the last day of winter and the first of spring, every chink and cranny had been ransacked, except within the precincts of the kitchen. This fated evening was an ugly one. A snow-storm had set in some hours before, and was still driven and tossed about the atmosphere by a real hurricane, which fought against the house, as if the prince of the air, in person, were putting the final stroke to Peter's labors. The framework being so much weakened, and the inward

props removed, it would have been no marvel, if, in some stronger wrestle of the blast, the rotten walls of the edifice, and all the peaked roofs, had come crashing down upon the owner's head. He, however, was careless of the peril, but as wild and restless as the night itself, or as the flame that quivered up the chimney, at each roar of the tempestuous wind.

"The wine, Tabitha!" he cried. "My grandfather's rich old wine! We will drink it now!"

Tabitha arose from her smoke-blackened bench in the chimney-corner, and placed the bottle before Peter, close beside the old brass lamp, which had likewise been the prize of his researches. Peter held it before his eyes, and looking through the liquid medium, beheld the kitchen illuminated with a golden glory, which also enveloped Tabitha, and gilded her silver hair, and converted her mean garments into robes of queenly splendor. It reminded him of his golden dream.

"Mr. Peter," remarked Tabitha, "must the wine be drunk before the money is found?"

"The money *is* found!" exclaimed Peter, with a sort of fierceness. "The chest is within my reach. I will not sleep, till I have turned this key in the rusty lock. But, first of all, let us drink!"

There being no corkscrew in the house, he smote the neck of the bottle with old Peter Goldthwait's rusty key, and decapitated the sealed cork at a single blow. He then filled two little china teacups, which Tabitha had brought from the cupboard. So clear and brilliant was this aged wine, that it shone within the cups, and rendered the sprig of scarlet flowers, at the bottom of

each, more distinctly visible, than when there had been no wine there. Its rich and delicate perfume wasted itself round the kitchen.

"Drink, Tabitha!" cried Peter. "Blessings on the honest old fellow, who set aside this good liquor for you and me! And here 's to Peter Goldthwait's memory!"

"And good cause have we to remember him," quoth Tabitha, as she drank.

How many years, and through what changes of fortune, and various calamity, had that bottle hoarded up its effervescent joy, to be quaffed at last by two such boon companions! A portion of the happiness of a former age had been kept for them, and was now set free, in a crowd of rejoicing visions, to sport amid the storm and desolation of the present time. Until they have finished the bottle, we must turn our eyes elsewhere.

It so chanced, that, on this stormy night, Mr. John Brown found himself ill at ease, in his wire-cushioned arm-chair, by the glowing grate of anthracite, which heated his handsome parlour. He was naturally a good sort of man, and kind and pitiful, whenever the misfortunes of others happened to reach his heart through the padded vest of his own prosperity. This evening, he had thought much about his old partner, Peter Goldthwait, his strange vagaries, and continual ill luck, the poverty of his dwelling, at Mr. Brown's last visit, and Peter's crazed and haggard aspect, when he had talked with him at the window.

"Poor fellow!" thought Mr. John Brown. "Poor, crackbrained Peter Goldthwait! For old acquaintance'

sake, I ought to have taken care that he was comfortable, this rough winter."

These feelings grew so powerful, that, in spite of the inclement weather, he resolved to visit Peter Goldthwait immediately. The strength of the impulse was really singular. Every shriek of the blast seemed a summons, or would have seemed so, had Mr. Brown been accustomed to hear the echoes of his own fancy in the wind. Much amazed at such active benevolence, he huddled himself in his cloak, muffled his throat and ears in comforters and handkerchiefs, and, thus fortified, bade defiance to the tempest. But, the powers of the air had rather the best of the battle. Mr. Brown was just weathering the corner, by Peter Goldthwait's house, when the hurricane caught him off his feet, tossed him face downward into a snow-bank, and proceeded to bury his protuberant part beneath fresh drifts. There seemed little hope of his re-appearance, earlier than the next thaw. At the same moment, his hat was snatched away, and whirled aloft into some far distant region, whence no tidings have as yet returned.

Nevertheless Mr. Brown contrived to burrow a passage through the snow-drift, and, with his bare head bent against the storm, floundered onward to Peter's door. There was such a creaking, and groaning, and rattling, and such an ominous shaking throughout the crazy edifice, that the loudest rap would have been inaudible to those within. He therefore entered, without ceremony, and groped his way to the kitchen.

His intrusion, even there, was unnoticed. Peter and Tabitha stood with their backs to the door, stooping

over a large chest, which, apparently, they had just dragged from a cavity, or concealed closet, on the left side of the chimney. By the lamp in the old woman's hand, Mr. Brown saw that the chest was barred and clamped with iron, strengthened with iron plates, and studded with iron nails, so as to be a fit receptacle in which the wealth of one century might be hoarded up for the wants of another. Peter Goldthwait was inserting a key into the lock.

"Oh, Tabitha!" cried he, with tremulous rapture, "how shall I endure the effulgence? The gold!—the bright, bright gold! Methinks I can remember my last glance at it, just as the iron-plated lid fell down. And ever since, being seventy years, it has been blazing in secret, and gathering its splendor against this glorious moment! It will flash upon us like the noon-day sun!"

"Then shade your eyes, Mr. Peter!" said Tabitha, with somewhat less patience than usual. "But, for mercy's sake, do turn the key!"

And, with a strong effort of both hands, Peter did force the rusty key through the intricacies of the rusty lock. Mr. Brown, in the mean time, had drawn near, and thrust his eager visage between those of the other two, at the instant that Peter threw up the lid. No sudden blaze illuminated the kitchen.

"What's here?" exclaimed Tabitha, adjusting her spectacles, and holding the lamp over the open chest. "Old Peter Goldthwait's hoard of old rags!"

"Pretty much so, Tabby," said Mr. Brown, lifting a handful of the treasure.

Oh, what a ghost of dead and buried wealth had Peter Goldthwait raised, to scare himself out of his scanty wits withal! Here was the semblance of an incalculable sum, enough to purchase the whole town, and build every street anew, but which, vast as it was, no sane man would have given a solid sixpence for. What then, in sober earnest, were the delusive treasures of the chest? Why, here were old provincial bills of credit, and treasury-notes, and bills of land-banks, and all other bubbles of the sort, from the first issue, above a century and a half ago, down nearly to the Revolution. Bills of a thousand pounds were intermixed with parchment pennies, and worth no more than they.

“And this, then, is old Peter Goldthwait’s treasure!” said John Brown. “Your namesake, Peter, was something like yourself; and, when the provincial currency had depreciated fifty or seventy-five per cent., he bought it up, in expectation of a rise. I have heard my grandfather say, that old Peter gave his father a mortgage of this very house and land, to raise cash for his silly project. But the currency kept sinking, till nobody would take it as a gift; and there was old Peter Goldthwait, like Peter the second, with thousands in his strong-box, and hardly a coat to his back. He went mad upon the strength of it. But, never mind, Peter! It is just the sort of capital for building castles in the air.”

“The house will be down about our ears!” cried Tabitha, as the wind shook it with increasing violence.

“Let it fall!” said Peter, folding his arms, as he seated himself upon the chest.

"No, no, my old friend Peter," said John Brown. "I have house-room for you and Tabby, and a safe vault for the chest of treasure. To-morrow we will try to come to an agreement about the sale of this old house. Real estate is well up, and I could afford you a pretty handsome price."

"And I," observed Peter Goldthwait, with reviving spirits, "have a plan for laying out the cash to great advantage."

"Why, as to that," muttered John Brown to himself, "we must apply to the next court for a guardian to take care of the solid cash ; and if Peter insists upon speculating, he may do it, to his heart's content, with old PETER GOLDTHWAIT'S TREASURE."

THE CAGED LION.

BY H. F. GOULD.

LION, like a captive king,
Sad behind thy prison grate,
Monarch, how I long to bring
Back to thee thy lost estate!

Where thy royal kindred live,
Where thy native sky is warm,
Sufferer, oh! I sigh to give
Freedom to that noble form!

Gladly would I have thee there,
Bounding over Afric's plain,
Wildly, with the desert air
Wafting wide thy flowing mane.

Are there words that can describe
What thou wast at liberty,
When, "the Lion of the tribe
Of Judah" names his type in thee?

This alone should throw respect
Round thy presence and thy place ;
This from insult should protect
One of such a kingly race.

Here beneath a keeper's hand,
Where the blasts of winter freeze,
Think'st thou of that palmy land,—
Thy mild country o'er the seas ?

Seen but through these iron bars,
Round thee set so strong and thick,
Do not sun and moon and stars
Make thy cowering spirit sick ?

They were once the jewels hung
From the ceiling of the dome,
Where thy mother led her young
Round thy spacious palace home !

Forests were thy royal store ;
Rivers, each, thy drinking-cup !
Canst thou live, and have no more
Than the cage that mews thee up ?

Grace and majesty and power
Were thy gifts by nature made ;
Yet, in one unhappy hour,
All to lose wast thou betrayed.

When thou first wast snared and caught,
Never after to be free,
How thy mighty spirit wrought
In thee, like a troubled sea!

But thou didst not, couldst not, think
Of the deep indignity,
Where thou wast prepared to sink, —
Of the slave that thou must be!

Oh, that quenched and languid eye
Tells me of a pining heart.
Homesick stranger, sooner die
Than remain the thing thou art!

Liberty, to me and mine,
Liberty is life and breath!
So, no less, to thee and thine;
Bonds, to both, but lingering death!

ENDICOTT AND THE RED CROSS.

At noon of an autumnal day, more than two centuries ago, the English colors were displayed by the standard-bearer of the Salem trainband, which had mustered for martial exercise under the orders of John Endicott. It was a period, when the religious exiles were accustomed often to buckle on their armour, and practise the handling of their weapons of war. Since the first settlement of New England, its prospects had never been so dismal. The dissensions between Charles the First and his subjects were then, and for several years afterwards, confined to the floor of Parliament. The measures of the King and ministry were rendered more tyrannically violent by an opposition, which had not yet acquired sufficient confidence in its own strength, to resist royal injustice with the sword. The bigoted and haughty primate, Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury, controlled the religious affairs of the realm, and was consequently invested with powers which might have wrought the utter ruin of the two Puritan colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts. There is evidence on record, that our forefathers perceived

their danger, but were resolved that their infant country should not fall without a struggle, even beneath the giant strength of the King's right arm.

Such was the aspect of the times, when the folds of the English banner, with the Red Cross in its field, were flung out over a company of Puritans. Their leader, the famous Endicott, was a man of stern and resolute countenance, the effect of which was heightened by a grizzled beard that swept the upper portion of his breastplate. This piece of armour was so highly polished, that the whole surrounding scene had its image in the glittering steel. The central object, in the mirrored picture, was an edifice of humble architecture, with neither steeple nor bell to proclaim it,—what nevertheless it was,—the house of prayer. A token of the perils of the wilderness was seen in the grim head of a wolf, which had just been slain within the precincts of the town, and, according to the regular mode of claiming the bounty, was nailed on the porch of the meetinghouse. The blood was still plashing on the door-step. There happened to be visible, at the same noontide hour, so many other characteristics of the times and manners of the Puritans, that we must endeavour to represent them in a sketch, though far less vividly than they were reflected in the polished breastplate of John Endicott.

In close vicinity to the sacred edifice appeared that important engine of Puritanic authority, the whipping-post,—with the soil around it well trodden by the feet of evil-doers, who had there been disciplined. At one corner of the meetinghouse was the pillory, and at the

other the stocks; and, by a singular good fortune for our sketch, the head of an Episcopalian and suspected Catholic was grotesquely encased in the former machine; while a fellow-criminal, who had boisterously quaffed a health to the King, was confined by the legs in the latter. Side by side, on the meetinghouse steps, stood a male and a female figure. The man was a tall, lean, haggard personification of fanaticism, bearing on his breast this label,—A WANTON GOSPELLER,—which betokened that he had dared to give interpretations of Holy Writ, unsanctioned by the infallible judgment of the civil and religious rulers. His aspect showed no lack of zeal to maintain his heterodoxies, even at the stake. The woman wore a cleft stick on her tongue, in appropriate retribution for having wagged that unruly member against the elders of the church; and her countenance and gestures gave much cause to apprehend, that, the moment the stick should be removed, a repetition of the offence would demand new ingenuity in chastising it.

The abovementioned individuals had been sentenced to undergo their various modes of ignominy, for the space of one hour at noonday. But among the crowd were several, whose punishment would be life-long; some, whose ears had been cropt, like those of puppy-dogs; others, whose cheeks had been branded with the initials of their misdemeanors; one, with his nostrils slit and seared; and another, with a halter about his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, or to conceal beneath his garments. Methinks he must have been grievously tempted to affix the other end of the

rope to some convenient beam or bough. There was likewise a young woman, with no mean share of beauty, whose doom it was to wear the letter A on the breast of her gown, in the eyes of all the world and her own children. And even her own children knew what that initial signified. Sporting with her infamy, the lost and desperate creature had embroidered the fatal token in scarlet cloth, with golden thread, and the nicest art of needle-work; so that the capital A might have been thought to mean Admirable, or any thing rather than Adulteress.

Let not the reader argue, from any of these evidences of iniquity, that the times of the Puritans were more vicious than our own, when, as we pass along the very street of this sketch, we discern no badge of infamy on man or woman. It was the policy of our ancestors to search out even the most secret sins, and expose them to shame, without fear or favor, in the broadest light of the noonday sun. Were such the custom now, perchance we might find materials for a no less piquant sketch than the above.

Except the malefactors whom we have described, and the diseased or infirm persons, the whole male population of the town, between sixteen years and sixty, were seen in the ranks of the trainband. A few stately savages, in all the pomp and dignity of the primeval Indian, stood gazing at the spectacle. Their flint-headed arrows were but childish weapons, compared with the matchlocks of the Puritans, and would have rattled harmlessly against the steel caps and hammered iron breastplates, which enclosed each soldier in an

individual fortress. The valiant John Endicott glanced with an eye of pride at his sturdy followers, and prepared to renew the martial toils of the day.

“Come, my stout hearts!” quoth he, drawing his sword. “Let us show these poor heathen that we can handle our weapons like men of might. Well for them, if they put us not to prove it in earnest!”

The iron-breasted company straightened their line, and each man drew the heavy butt of his matchlock close to his left foot, thus awaiting the orders of the captain. But, as Endicott glanced right and left along the front, he discovered a personage at some little distance, with whom it behoved him to hold a parley. It was an elderly gentleman, wearing a black cloak and band, and a high-crowned hat, beneath which was a velvet skull-cap, the whole being the garb of a Puritan minister. This reverend person bore a staff, which seemed to have been recently cut in the forest, and his shoes were bemired, as if he had been travelling on foot through the swamps of the wilderness. His aspect was perfectly that of a pilgrim, heightened also by an apostolic dignity. Just as Endicott perceived him, he laid aside his staff, and stooped to drink at a bright bubbling fountain, which gushed into the sunshine about a score of yards from the corner of the meetinghouse. But, ere the good man drank, he turned his face heavenward in thankfulness, and then, holding back his gray beard with one hand, he scooped up his simple draught in the hollow of the other.

“What, ho! good Mr. Williams,” shouted Endicott. “You are welcome back again to our town of peace.

How does our worthy Governor Winthrop? And what news from Boston?"

"The Governor hath his health, worshipful Sir," answered Roger Williams, now resuming his staff, and drawing near. "And, for the news, here is a letter, which, knowing I was to travel hitherward to-day, his Excellency committed to my charge. Belike it contains tidings of much import; for a ship arrived yesterday from England."

Mr. Williams, the minister of Salem, and of course known to all the spectators, had now reached the spot where Endicott was standing under the banner of his company, and put the Governor's epistle into his hand. The broad seal was impressed with Winthrop's coat of arms. Endicott hastily unclosed the letter, and began to read; while, as his eye passed down the page, a wrathful change came over his manly countenance. The blood glowed through it, till it seemed to be kindling with an internal heat; nor was it unnatural to suppose that his breastplate would likewise become red-hot, with the angry fire of the bosom which it covered. Arriving at the conclusion, he shook the letter fiercely in his hand, so that it rustled as loud as the flag above his head.

"Black tidings these, Mr. Williams," said he; "blacker never came to New England. Doubtless you know their purport?"

"Yea, truly," replied Roger Williams; "for the Governor consulted, respecting this matter, with my brethren in the ministry at Boston; and my opinion was likewise asked. And his Excellency entreats you

by me, that the news be not suddenly noised abroad, lest the people be stirred up unto some outbreak, and thereby give the King and the Archbishop a handle against us."

"The Governor is a wise man,—a wise man, and a meek and moderate," said Endicott, setting his teeth grimly. "Nevertheless, I must do according to my own best judgment. There is neither man, woman, nor child in New England, but has a concern as dear as life in these tidings; and, if John Endicott's voice be loud enough, man, woman, and child shall hear them. Soldiers, wheel into a hollow square! Ho, good people! Here are news for one and all of you."

The soldiers closed in around their captain; and he and Roger Williams stood together under the banner of the Red Cross; while the women and the aged men pressed forward, and the mothers held up their children to look Endicott in the face. A few taps of the drum gave signal for silence and attention.

"Fellow-soldiers,—fellow-exiles," began Endicott, speaking under strong excitement, yet powerfully restraining it, "wherefore did ye leave your native country? Wherefore, I say, have we left the green and fertile fields, the cottages, or, perchance, the old gray halls, where we were born and bred, the church-yards where our forefathers lie buried? Wherefore have we come hither to set up our own tombstones in a wilderness? A howling wilderness it is! The wolf and the bear meet us within halloo of our dwellings. The savage lieth in wait for us in the dismal shadow of the woods. The stubborn roots of the trees break our

ploughshares, when we would till the earth. Our children cry for bread, and we must dig in the sands of the sea-shore to satisfy them. Wherefore, I say again, have we sought this country of a rugged soil and wintry sky? Was it not for the enjoyment of our civil rights? Was it not for liberty to worship God according to our conscience?"

"Call you this liberty of conscience?" interrupted a voice from the steps of the meetinghouse.

It was the Wanton Gospeller. A sad and quiet smile flitted across the mild visage of Roger Williams. But Endicott, in the excitement of the moment, shook his sword wrathfully at the culprit,—an ominous gesture from a man like him.

"What hast thou to do with conscience, thou knave?" cried he. "I said, liberty to worship God, not license to profane and ridicule him. Break not in upon my speech; or I will lay thee neck and heels till this time to-morrow! Harken to me, friends, nor heed that accursed rhapsodist. As I was saying, we have sacrificed all things, and have come to a land whereof the old world hath scarcely heard, that we might make a new world unto ourselves, and painfully seek a path from hence to Heaven. But what think ye now? This son of a Scotch tyrant,—this grandson of a papistical and adulterous Scotch woman, whose death proved that a golden crown doth not always save an anointed head from the block—"

"Nay, brother, nay," interposed Mr. Williams; "thy words are not meet for a secret chamber, far less for a public street."

“Hold thy peace, Roger Williams!” answered Endicott, imperiously. “My spirit is wiser than thine, for the business now in hand. I tell ye, fellow-exiles, that Charles of England, and Laud, our bitterest persecutor, the arch-priest of Canterbury, are resolute to pursue us even hither. They are taking counsel, saith this letter, to send over a governor-general, in whose breast shall be deposited all the law and equity of the land. They are minded, also, to establish the idolatrous forms of English Episcopacy; so that, when Laud shall kiss the Pope’s toe, as cardinal of Rome, he may deliver New England, bound hand and foot, into the power of his master!”

A deep groan from the auditors,—a sound of wrath, as well as fear and sorrow,—responded to this intelligence.

“Look ye to it, brethren,” resumed Endicott, with increasing energy. “If this king and this arch-prelate have their will, we shall briefly behold a cross on the spire of this tabernacle which we have builded, and a high altar within its walls, with wax tapers burning round it at noonday. We shall hear the sacring-bell, and the voices of the Romish priests saying the mass. But think ye, Christian men, that these abominations may be suffered without a sword drawn? without a shot fired? without blood spilt, yea, on the very stairs of the pulpit? No,—be ye strong of hand, and stout of heart! Here we stand on our own soil, which we have bought with our goods, which we have won with our swords, which we have cleared with our axes, which we have tilled with the sweat of our brows,

which we have sanctified with our prayers to the God that brought us hither! Who shall enslave us here? What have we to do with this mitred prelate,—with this crowned king? What have we to do with England?”

Endicott gazed round at the excited countenances of the people, now full of his own spirit, and then turned suddenly to the standard-bearer, who stood close behind him.

“Officer, lower your banner!” said he.

The officer obeyed; and, brandishing his sword, Endicott thrust it through the cloth, and, with his left hand, rent the Red Cross completely out of the banner. He then waved the tattered ensign above his head.

“Sacriligious wretch!” cried the high-churchman in the pillory, unable longer to restrain himself; “thou hast rejected the symbol of our holy religion!”

“Treason, treason!” roared the royalist in the stocks. “He hath defaced the King’s banner!”

“Before God and man, I will avouch the deed,” answered Endicott. “Beat a flourish, drummer!—shout, soldiers and people!—in honor of the ensign of New England. Neither pope nor tyrant hath part in it now!”

With a cry of triumph, the people gave their sanction to one of the boldest exploits which our history records. And, for ever honored be the name of Endicott! We look back through the mist of ages, and recognise, in the rending of the Red Cross from New England’s banner, the first omen of that deliverance which our fathers consummated, after the bones of the stern Puritan had lain more than a century in the dust.

THE LIGHT CANOE.

BESIDE Missouri's swelling waves
An Indian maiden knelt,
And gazed across the shadowed stream,
And through the forest's belt ;
And while the leaves about her fell,
And birds all nestward flew,
" Oh, that I might but see," she cried,
" My lover's light canoe ! "

The lurid air, the brassy sky,
Await the throbbing gale ;
And o'er the pathway of the sun
The loosened vapors sail ;
And, spreading east and west, they smirch
Each speck of heavenly blue ;
But still the lonely watcher sighs,
" Where is his light canoe ? "

A black duck lighted on a wave,
And pecked its oily breast ;
" I see," the Indian maiden said,
" My lover's eagle crest ! "

But soon the bird its cradle spurned,
And cloudward swiftly flew ;
" Ah no ! 't is not my lover's crest,
'T is not his light canoe."

A fish leaped from the river's brim ;
" I see his paddle dart !"
It sank into the waves again,
And like it sank her heart.
" Ah, woe is me ! the storm comes down,
I hear its rushing sigh,
Great Spirit ! bring, oh bring him back,
Safe in his light canoe !"

She heeded not the arrowy rain,
The swelling flood, the blast ;
She gazed across the smoking tide,
Until the storm had past :
The purple clouds coiled o'er the west,
The red sun shimmered through ;
It flushed the wave, but did not show
The Indian's light canoe.

Ah, Indian maiden ! watch no more
Beside Missouri's stream ;
In vain thou strain'st thine eyes to see
Thy lover's paddle gleam !
The white men's guns have laid him low !
Long, long did they pursue ;
And now the intrepid warrior lies
Stiff in his light canoe !

NIGHT SKETCHES,

BENEATH AN UMBRELLA.

PLEASANT is a rainy winter's day, within doors! The best study for such a day, or the best amusement,—call it which you will,—is a book of travels, describing scenes the most unlike that sombre one, which is mistily presented through the windows. I have experienced, that fancy is then most successful in imparting distinct shapes and vivid colors to the objects which the author has spread upon his page, and that his words become magic spells to summon up a thousand varied pictures. Strange landscapes glimmer through the familiar walls of the room, and outlandish figures thrust themselves almost within the sacred precincts of the hearth. Small as my chamber is, it has space enough to contain the ocean-like circumference of an Arabian desert, its parched sands tracked by the long line of a caravan, with the camels patiently journeying through the heavy sunshine. Though my ceiling be not lofty, yet I can pile up the mountains of Central Asia beneath it, till their summits shine far above the clouds of the middle atmosphere. And, with my humble means, a wealth that is not taxable, I can

transport hither the magnificent merchandise of an Oriental bazaar, and call a crowd of purchasers from distant countries, to pay a fair profit for the precious articles which are displayed on all sides. True it is, however, that, amid the bustle of traffic, or whatever else may seem to be going on around me, the rain-drops will occasionally be heard to patter against my window-panes, which look forth upon one of the quietest streets in a New England town. After a time, too, the visions vanish, and will not appear again at my bidding. Then; it being nightfall, a gloomy sense of unreality depresses my spirits, and impels me to venture out, before the clock shall strike bedtime, to satisfy myself that the world is not entirely made up of such shadowy materials, as have busied me throughout the day. A dreamer may dwell so long among fantasies, that the things without him will seem as unreal as those within.

When eve has fairly set in, therefore, I sally forth, tightly buttoning my shaggy over-coat, and hoisting my umbrella, the silken dome of which immediately resounds with the heavy drumming of the invisible rain-drops. Pausing on the lowest door-step, I contrast the warmth and cheerfulness of my deserted fireside, with the drear obscurity and chill discomfort, into which I am about to plunge. Now come fearful auguries, innumerable as the drops of rain. Did not my manhood cry shame upon me, I should turn back within doors, resume my elbow-chair, my slippers, and my book, pass such an evening of sluggish enjoyment as the day has been, and go to bed inglorious. The same shivering reluctance, no doubt, has quelled, for a moment,

the adventurous spirit of many a traveller, when his feet, which were destined to measure the earth around, were leaving their last tracks in the home-paths.

In my own case, poor human nature may be allowed a few misgivings. I look upward, and discern no sky, not even an unfathomable void, but only a black, impenetrable nothingness, as though heaven and all its lights were blotted from the system of the universe. It is as if nature were dead, and the world had put on black, and the clouds were weeping for her. With their tears upon my cheek, I turn my eyes earthward, but find little consolation here below. A lamp is burning dimly at the distant corner, and throws just enough of light along the street, to show, and exaggerate by so faintly showing, the perils and difficulties which beset my path. Yonder dingily white remnant of a huge snowbank,—which will yet cumber the sidewalk till the latter days of March,—over or through that wintry waste must I stride onward. Beyond, lies a certain Slough of Despond, a concoction of mud and liquid filth, ankle-deep, leg-deep, neck-deep,—in a word, of unknown bottom,—on which the lamp-light does not even glimmer, but which I have occasionally watched, in the gradual growth of its horrors, from morn till nightfall. Should I flounder into its depths, farewell to upper earth! And hark! how roughly resounds the roaring of a stream, the turbulent career of which is partially reddened by the gleam of the lamp, but elsewhere brawls noisily through the densest gloom. Oh, should I be swept away in fording that impetuous and unclean torrent, the coroner will have

a job with an unfortunate gentleman, who would fain end his troubles anywhere but in a mud-puddle !

Pshaw ! I will linger not another instant at arm's length from these dim terrors, which grow more obscurely formidable, the longer I delay to grapple with them. Now for the onset ! And lo ! with little damage, save a dash of rain in the face and breast, a splash of mud high up the pantaloons, and the left boot full of ice-cold water, behold me at the corner of the street. The lamp throws down a circle of red light around me ; and, twinkling onward from corner to corner, I discern other beacons, marshalling my way to a brighter scene. But this is a lonesome and dreary spot. The tall edifices bid gloomy defiance to the storm, with their blinds all closed, even as a man winks when he faces a spattering gust. How loudly tinkles the collected rain down the tin spouts ! The puffs of wind are boisterous, and seem to assail me from various quarters at once. I have often observed that this corner is a haunt and loitering-place for those winds which have no work to do upon the deep, dashing ships against our iron-bound shores ; nor in the forest, tearing up the sylvan giants with half a rood of soil at their vast roots. Here they amuse themselves with lesser freaks of mischief. See, at this moment, how they assail yonder poor woman, who is passing just within the verge of the lamp-light ! One blast struggles for her umbrella, and turns it wrong side outward ; another whisks the cape of her cloak across her eyes ; while a third takes most unwarrantable liberties with the lower part of her attire. Happily, the good dame is no gossamer, but a figure of rotundity

and fleshly substance ; else would these aërial tormentors whirl her aloft, like a witch upon a broomstick, and set her down, doubtless, in the filthiest kennel hereabout.

From hence I tread upon firm pavements into the centre of the town. Here there is almost as brilliant an illumination as when some great victory has been won, either on the battle-field or at the polls. Two rows of shops, with windows down nearly to the ground, cast a glow from side to side, while the black night hangs overhead like a canopy, and thus keeps the splendor from diffusing itself away. The wet sidewalks gleam with a broad sheet of red light. The rain-drops glitter, as if the sky were pouring down rubies. The spouts gush with fire. Methinks the scene is an emblem of the deceptive glare, which mortals throw around their footsteps in the moral world, thus bedazzling themselves, till they forget the impenetrable obscurity that hems them in, and that can be dispelled only by radiance from above. And, after all, it is a cheerless scene, and cheerless are the wanderers in it. Here comes one who has so long been familiar with tempestuous weather, that he takes the bluster of the storm for a friendly greeting, as if it should say, "How fare ye, brother?" He is a retired sea-captain, wrapped in some nameless garment of the pea-jacket order, and is now laying his course towards the Marine Insurance Office, there to spin yarns of gale and shipwreck, with a crew of old sea-dogs like himself. The blast will put in its word among their hoarse voices, and be understood by all of them. Next I meet an unhappy

slip-shod gentleman, with a cloak flung hastily over his shoulders, running a race with boisterous winds, and striving to glide between the drops of rain. Some domestic emergency or other has blown this miserable man from his warm fireside, in quest of a doctor! See that little vagabond,—how carelessly he has taken his stand right underneath a spout, while staring at some object of curiosity in a shop-window! Surely the rain is his native element; he must have fallen with it from the clouds, as frogs are supposed to do.

Here is a picture, and a pretty one. A young man and a girl, both enveloped in cloaks, and huddled beneath the scanty protection of a cotton umbrella. She wears rubber over-shoes; but he is in his dancing-pumps; and they are on their way, no doubt, to some cotillon-party, or subscription-ball at a dollar a head, refreshments included. Thus they struggle against the gloomy tempest, lured onward by a vision of festal splendor. But, ah! a most lamentable disaster. Bewildered by the red, blue, and yellow meteors in an apothecary's window, they have stepped upon a slippery remnant of ice, and are precipitated into a confluence of swollen floods, at the corner of two streets. Luckless lovers! Were it my nature to be other than a looker-on in life, I would attempt your rescue. Since that may not be, I vow, should you be drowned, to weave such a pathetic story of your fate, as shall call forth tears enough to drown you both anew. Do ye touch bottom, my young friends? Yes; they emerge like a water-nymph and a river-deity, and paddle hand-in-hand out of the depths of the dark pool. They

hurry homeward, dripping, disconsolate, abashed, but with love too warm to be chilled by the cold water. They have stood a test which proves too strong for many. Faithful, though over head and ears in trouble!

Onward I go, deriving a sympathetic joy or sorrow from the varied aspect of mortal affairs, even as my figure catches a gleam from the lighted windows, or is blackened by an interval of darkness. Not that mine is altogether a chameleon spirit, with no hue of its own. Now I pass into a more retired street, where the dwellings of wealth and poverty are intermingled, presenting a range of strongly contrasted pictures. Here, too, may be found the golden mean. Through yonder casement I discern a family circle,—the grandmother, the parents, and the children,—all flickering, shadow-like, in the glow of a wood-fire. Bluster, fierce blast, and beat, thou wintry rain, against the window-panes! Ye cannot damp the enjoyment of that fireside. Surely my fate is hard, that I should be wandering homeless here, taking to my bosom night, and storm, and solitude, instead of wife and children. Peace, murmurer! Doubt not that darker guests are sitting round the hearth, though the warm blaze hides all but blissful images. Well; here is still a brighter scene. A stately mansion, illuminated for a ball, with cut-glass chandeliers and alabaster lamps in every room, and sunny landscapes hanging round the walls. See! a coach has stopped, whence emerges a slender beauty, who, canopied by two umbrellas, glides within the portal, and vanishes amid lightsome thrills of music. Will she ever feel the night-wind and the rain? Perhaps,—perhaps! And

will death and sorrow ever enter that proud mansion ? As surely as the dancers will be gay within its halls to-night. Such thoughts sadden, yet satisfy my heart ; for they teach me that the poor man, in this mean, weather-beaten hovel, without a fire to cheer him, may call the rich his brother,—brethren by sorrow, who must be an inmate of both their households,—brethren by death, who will lead them both to other homes.

Onward, still onward, I plunge into the night. Now have I reached the utmost limits of the town, where the last lamp struggles feebly with the darkness, like the farthest star that stands sentinel on the borders of un-created space. It is strange what sensations of sublimity may spring from a very humble source. Such are suggested by this hollow roar of a subterranean cataract, where the mighty stream of a kennel precipitates itself beneath an iron grate, and is seen no more on earth. Listen awhile to its voice of mystery ; and fancy will magnify it, till you start, and smile at the illusion. And now another sound,—the rumbling of wheels,—as the mail-coach, outward bound, rolls heavily off the pavements, and splashes through the mud and water of the road. All night long, the poor passengers will be tossed to and fro between drowsy watch and troubled sleep, and will dream of their own quiet beds, and awake to find themselves still jolting onward. Happier my lot, who will straightway hie me to my familiar room, and toast myself comfortably before the fire, musing, and fitfully dozing, and fancying a strangeness in such sights as all may see. But first let me gaze at this solitary figure, who comes hitherward with a tin lantern, which

throws the circular pattern of its punched holes on the ground about him. He passes fearlessly into the unknown gloom, whither I will not follow him.

This figure shall supply me with a moral, where-with, for lack of a more appropriate one, I may wind up my sketch. He fears not to tread the dreary path before him, because his lantern, which was kindled at the fireside of his home, will light him back to that same fireside again. And thus we, night-wanderers through a stormy and dismal world, if we bear the lamp of faith, enkindled at a celestial fire, it will surely lead us home to that Heaven whence its radiance was borrowed.

THE OLD ELM OF BOSTON.

BY H. F. GOULD.

I COME before thee, old majestic Tree,
Not for inquiry into thy long story ;
But for my eye to drink delight from thee, —
To feast upon thy venerable glory.

Encompassed by thy shadow, noble ELM,
I find my soul her deepest founts unsealing.
Emotions in a flood my heart o'erwhelm,
Till with their weight almost to thee I'm kneeling.

Here dost thou stand, lone monarch of the green,
Demanding reverence from all who enter
Within the bounds of this unrivalled scene,
Whose countless beauties claim thee as their centre.

At once on thee and on the placid Pond,
Thy fair companion, rests the eye, delighted,
That Nature by so close and firm a bond
So fine a pair upon this spot united.

The WATER and the TREE! types ever blessed
Of sweet refreshment to the pilgrim treading,
Thirsty and faint, the desert for his rest
Beneath the balm the tree of Heaven is shedding!

Children come hither in the sunny glee
Of their bright morn, thy stately form surrounding;
With guileless hearts from care and sorrow free,
Like flocks of lambs across the verdure bounding.

And never, never more are they to find
A spot by memory half so fondly cherished;
Thou'lt be engraven on the tender mind,
To stand when after-things have passed or perished.

Beauty's full eye, when art, the dazzling hall,
And fashion's glare have caused its light to dwindle,
Sees thy green ornaments surpass them all,
And, resting here, its purest beams rekindle.

Youth, when hope's airy visions fill his heart
With things to be, in disappointment turning
From those that are, from tumult steps apart
To thee, to cool a restless spirit's burning.

As thy wide branches pendent o'er him spread,
Like aged arms some power divine possessing,
He seems to feel thee pouring on his head
The holy unction of a patriarch's blessing.

Man with life's noontide fervor on his mind,
 Where cares in crowds are jostling for their places,
 May here converse with wisdom, so to find
 This world too fickle for a soul's embraces.

Age, with his temples bound in silver frost,
 As thy new-opened leaves hang fresh before him,
 Thinks, though his verdure in this life is lost,
 Of bloom to which another may restore him.

But, oh, the changes witnessed in thy day,
 Since man as now thou see'st him first came hither!
 Thine own peculiar people passed away!
 Swept as thine autumn leaves, thou know'st not
 whither!

Where are they? Question all in thy survey!
 Enough are near, a righteous answer owing
 To this demand repeated. Where are they,
 Whose fathers saw thee in the sapling growing?

Look round! Inquire at yonder lofty dome,
 How from these grounds their first possessor vanished.
 Ask JUSTICE there in her terrestrial home,
 If 't was by her the red man hence was banished.

Ask PIETY in her fair temple wall,
 Kneeling beneath that heavenward-pointing steeple,
 Before her Father, who is Lord of all,
 Whose was the soil where first he placed thy people.

Ask CHARITY and LOVE, who, from the skies,
Make yon broad house their earthly habitation,
If He, whose angels they appear, denies
"The poor, because he is poor," home, rest, nation.

Ask of AFFECTION, watching where, in dust,
Beloved and lost ones peacefully are sleeping,
If she regards not as a sacred trust,
What she committed to those clods for keeping.

Then ask her, if she dwelt not with the race,
Whose earlier lost ones to this earth were given,
When, for another to usurp the place,
They from their kindred ashes hence were driven.

Ask the calm, upright, meditative MAN,
And bid him not the crying answer smother,
How we have used, since here our rule began,
Our unenlightened, helpless, tawny brother.

Nay! to the future let the past account
For heathen weakness banished from protection
By gospel power! Oh, not to this amount,
Did I come here to swell my sad reflection.

The savage, saint, and all who ever trod
These shores, in forest, court, or fane, arising,
Some at the bar may plead, "An unknown God;"
But others,— what the Judge deems best sufficing!

I would be grateful for my present bliss ;
That I, with this bright prospect in surveying,
At such an hour, to such a tree as this,
May say the former things that I was saying.

Of right infringed, of unremembered vows,
One race before another disappearing,
Let the pure breeze now passing through thy boughs,
Sweep all I've hinted far from mortal hearing.

I have not spoken yet, sublime old Tree,
Of thine acquaintance with the *Whig* and *Tory*,
And with my fathers' battles to be free,
That left thee mantled in Columbia's glory.

Ere then thou wast a hero, veteran Elm !
The powers of air that long had been assailing
Thy well-made arms and that high, feathery helm,
Had found thy heart and footing never-failing.

So, 'mid the din of war, with flame and blade
And cannon's roar, that shook the hills around thee,
In philosophic grandeur, cool and staid,
Like our own Chief, the fiercest foeman found thee.

Stand in thy strength, with Heaven alone thy shield !
Far, far I go ; and then another greeting
With thee my destiny may never yield :
But this in memory oft shall have repeating.

Sometimes a passing bird will I beseech,
As hitherward her joyous flight she's winging,
To save her sweetest song till she can reach
"My dear old Elm," for thee to have the singing.

When she comes back, perhaps thou 'lt kindly send
Some little bud or leaf her beak has broken
Fresh from thy bosom for thine absent friend,
That she may bring me a returning token.

A TALE OF HUMBLE LIFE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BLIND BOY."

JANE CAVENDISH was an orphan, who had been left destitute at the age of ten, with a brother two years younger. The only sister of her father was a farmer's wife, who had a large family of her own; her only uncle, a bookbinder in a distant city, and similarly encumbered; so the little girl was bound out to service till she was eighteen, and the boy apprenticed to learn the trade of bookbinding. At the age of twenty-three, Jane was an active, prudent, judicious young woman; she was engaged to be married to a young farmer in the ensuing spring, and, having given up service, was to find a home in her aunt's family, while making the necessary arrangements. Busily flew the needle of the industrious girl, and happily passed her hours in laying schemes for her wise and economical outset in life; and, though anticipating hours of care and days of toil, she shrunk not from a future, which promised to be soothed by kindness and cheered by the spirit of contentment.

It was the night before Thanksgiving; that season whose very name speaks of happiness; when the

prosperous are called upon to remember whence their blessings come, and the wretched to observe that there is no such thing as unmitigated misery; the most forlorn having something in their lot for which they may thank God. Abundance walked with her cornucopia through the land, leaving no virtuous poor starving amid unrewarded toils; the ties of kindred brought merry groups round many a blazing hearth, and friendship or hospitality threw open the domestic sanctuary, and admitted into the kindly circle those whom the chances of life had separated from their own homes and kindred.

The lover of Jane had been compelled, by the death of his father in Vermont, to take a long journey at the approach of this festival; and business was to detain him yet a few days longer. It was not for him therefore that she sat listening in the corner of the roaring chimney, turning her head eagerly as the merry sleighs dashed jingling by. Half a dozen noisy youngsters about her threatened demolition to the old flag-bottomed chairs in a game of blind-man's-buff, while one rosy urchin sat in her lap, struggling against sleep, and whining in reply to her whispered admonitions, "I don't want to go to bed till Cousin George comes." At last a sleigh stopped at the door; the blindfold hero of the game tore the bandage from his eyes, the drowsy boy in the corner jumped up wide awake, and clapped his hands, and a young man, muffled in a cloak and seal-skin cap, sprung into the room, as one sure of a welcome. In an instant, the arms of Jane were round her only brother, and the

redoubled clamors of the children brought the matron from her pantry, redolent of fresh-baked pies, and the old man from the cellar, laden with a basket of apples worthy of the Hesperides. All was noise and confusion, and the young stranger was loudest and gayest of the throng. So wild and reckless were his spirits, that even the happy smiles of his sister seemed almost like pensiveness in the comparison. It was long since they had met, and Jane hardly knew what to think of the changes that had taken place in his appearance; the thin, pale cheek, the hollow eye, the restless glance, bold, yet unsteady, were unlike the brother whose healthy, ingenuous countenance fancy had often painted in his absence. Still less like the warm-hearted boy from whom she had parted in tears five years before, was the light-spoken youth, who seemed scarcely conscious of her presence, as he rattled on incoherently from one subject to another, apparently full of himself, and indifferent about the answers she made to his few queries. When the family broke up, she looked for an hour of that quiet conversation, when the hearts of those bound by blood and separated by fortune open themselves to each other, with a certainty of sympathy which lends to love and family affection their greatest charm. Alas! no such moments of innocent confidence were in store for her; her brother had no tales of past joys and sorrows for her ear, no account of his present situation or prospects, and seemed to feel no interest in hers. With a long yawn and hasty good-night, he took up his candle and departed the moment they were left together; and Jane went to her own

room that night with a bitter feeling of disappointment, which was only cheered by the recollection of the absent friend whose heart was so differently formed. "Selfish!" she said to herself, shrinking from even mentally applying the term where it belonged; "could I love William Miller if he were selfish? oh no! *he* is not, and never will be; not even the city could spoil *him*." And her last waking thoughts, as they floated wavering into dreams, were for once mingled with bitterness.

The next day passed gayly enough to all but Jane Cavendish. The more she observed her brother's demeanor, the less she felt satisfied with the character that unfolded itself. He joined the frolics of the children, and sought to raise the laugh among the elders, but less, she thought, from a disposition to contribute to the enjoyment of others, than for the gratification of his own vanity, seeking to be ever the first object of attention. His spirits seemed forced, his manners often imperious, and his temper capricious. His deportment towards herself partook alternately of unbrotherly negligence or a studied attention which she hardly knew how to receive.

It was past midnight when the family separated, and she was surprised by a hint from George that he wished to speak with her. His spirits all vanished as soon as they were left alone; he drew a chair close to the expiring fire, endeavoured to arrange it better, threw down the tongs with a half-muttered oath, and starting up, walked about the room. Jane quietly picked up the tongs, laid the half-burnt brands together, and, as the cheerful blaze sprung up, sat contemplating it in

silent anxiety. At last George threw himself into a seat beside her, and said peevishly ;

“ I think you must feel marvellously interested, Jane, in your brother’s welfare ! You have not so much as asked me whether I was getting up or down hill in the world.”

“ I thought you did not seem inclined to talk with me, George ; and I could hardly find a chance.”

“ That’s very true ; there’s been such a confounded racket ever since I came here. It never was a woman’s fault yet, if questions were not asked. If I had come from Vermont, I’ll warrant you would have found chance enough to catechize me.”

Jane’s color came at this ungracious speech ; it was almost the first allusion her brother had made to her engagement, and she did not answer him immediately. He went on ;

“ I feel cross as a bear after playing the fool all day, and reason enough I have for it.”

“ Has any thing vexed you this evening ? ” inquired Jane.

“ Vexed me ? yes, I was a blockhead for coming here at all. Uncle Timothy and Aunt Martha never did any thing for me in their lives, and I was a fool to expect it.”

“ I thought Uncle Thomas had promised to set you up in business.”

“ So he did, and so he will, I suppose, after his own miserly fashion ; because he began the world with half a dollar himself, he thinks fortunes are to be made now-a-days out of nothing. He’ll not lend me so much

capital as I want by five hundred dollars; and that's what I came to borrow of Uncle Timothy. A bright thought, truly! Much the better am I for spending Thanksgiving in this stupid place! The sooner I am out of it the better, and I shall be off to-morrow morning by daylight."

"My uncle and aunt have been very kind to *me*, George; but, with such a large family, they cannot do *all* they would like to do."

"Yes! that was the burden of his song,—his large little family. And what do they cost him, I wonder, growing fat upon brown bread and milk! As to their being kind to you, Jane, that's just what I wanted to speak to you about. I see you are a white chicken among them; now I'll stay another day, if you will just *flummer* the old folks up a little in your quiet way, and get them to lend me three or four hundred dollars, or even one; *one* would be better than nothing."

"I am the very last person, George, who ought to do such a thing. The more I am under obligation to them, the more scrupulous I ought to feel about begging favors."

"Begging! who is talking about begging, I should be glad to know? I have no more fancy for begging than you. I want to *borrow* the money, and pay it again all in due time."

"But—" said Jane, hesitatingly.

"*But* what?" repeated George, with impatience.

"If any thing should happen to prevent your repaying it?"

"Then I must be either ruined or dead,—and that would be no killing affair to you, I suppose. But I tell

you, if I live and do well, I mean to repay them as soon as I am able."

Still Jane sat silent and perplexed; till the overbearing young man sprung angrily from his chair;

"I tell you what, Jane,—I never saw such a dummy in my life. I thought I was asking no great favor of you; but, since you seem to think so much of it, I won't sit here all night begging you just to speak a good word for your own brother. When it comes to buying your own tables and chairs, I doubt if you don't find your tongue."

"I trust not to depend on the generosity of my good uncle for such things as are suitable to my station in life," replied Jane, with a little spirit.

"Really," exclaimed George, "you have found out that a penny saved is a penny got; I dare say you have been wearing a calico gown on Sundays, and laying up a shilling a week to buy pots and kettles on the great occasion. Well, I hope you'll prove just such a wife as Uncle Timothy recommends to all his young men, nice, prudent, saving little bodies, that never wear pink ribands, and do all their own work. Very amiable and obliging, you'll be, too, no doubt;—you are such a pattern of a sister!"

Irritating as was this unprovoked ridicule and injustice, Jane stopped him as he was about to retire with a sullen good-night.

"I know it must seem very unkind to decline doing such a trifling service, but I really cannot speak to Uncle about lending money; he has been very kind to William Miller, and it would show an encroaching spirit

in me to ask assistance for my brother too. I would a thousand times rather lend it to you myself,—if a hundred dollars would answer.”

“Yourself!” exclaimed George in astonishment; “*you* lend me a hundred dollars!”

“Not very conveniently, I own,” said Jane, with a blush and a smile; “but still I *can* do it, by giving up some things I meant to purchase this winter. If you are really very much in need of the money, I can do without them, I suppose.”

“You are a dear good soul after all,” said George, sitting down again: “but how is this? a hundred dollars will be something to me, though five would be better; but how, in the name of wonder, *you* should have money to lend, I can’t conceive.”

“You know I have been engaged ever since I was seventeen, and of course I have been as economical as possible. William thought we could afford to be married long ago; but I did not think we could till this autumn, when the lady died with whom I had always lived, and left me a little legacy; and then it seemed foolish to wait any longer.”

“And how much have you in all?” bluntly asked George.

Jane paused a moment; for the question was the first he had asked respecting her own affairs, and it was put with an abruptness that seemed almost indelicate.

“I have just seven hundred dollars,” said she.

“Seven hundred! why, what a fortune! and where are they? in the bank?”

"They were in the Savings' Bank till last week, when I drew the whole out because I expected to need it."

"And is it in the house this moment?"

"Yes, George, and I will lend you one hundred to-night, if it will really be of use to you."

"One hundred! *one*, or *two*, did you say?"

"One; I thought you asked for one."

"So I did; but it never occurred to me that you could just as well let me have a couple!"

Jane was half way to the door.

"You forget," said she, "that I told you it would be rather inconvenient to spare even *one* hundred at this time; but I am willing to do it, if—"

"Jane! Jane! don't utter another word till you have heard what I have to say. Come and sit down by me."

Struck by his altered manner and sudden paleness, Jane obeyed; and after covering his face with his hands a moment, he exclaimed;

"I had better tell the whole at once. You'll be grieved, you'll be ashamed of me, but I can't help it; you are my only hope. You have thought I behaved strangely since I came here, no doubt; if you knew what a state of mind I have been in, you would wonder I could hold my head up. Jane! Uncle Thomas has paid my debts over and over again; the last time he vowed he would never pay another cent for me, and though it was only three months ago, I owe at least four hundred dollars this moment. What can I do? My creditors look to him, — they will send me to jail, — and he will cast me off for ever; who is there to help me if you do not?"

A sad silence followed ; Jane was thunderstruck, and knew not what to say. At last she forced herself to speak.

“ I am sorry for you, George, and the more so, because in spending so much money you must have formed bad habits, and all that I can do will hardly help you out of present difficulties, much less prevent the recurrence of them in future. Oh ! my brother ! could I have ever thought you would have become idle and dissipated ! ”

Her voice was choked with emotion, and George came nearer.

“ My dear sister ! do not shed one tear for such a good-for-nothing fellow, — I mean to do better ; upon my word I will. Only let me get out of this scrape, and you shall see me as steady as heart can wish. Lend me the money to pay my debts, and keep the thing to yourself, Jane, and you shall never have cause to repent it.”

“ But how can I keep it a secret ? If I lend you more than a hundred dollars, I must make such alterations in my arrangements that William Miller and my aunt at least must know something of the transaction.”

“ Why must they ? Can't you account for it some other way ? Girls are always full of whims. I must have four hundred dollars to keep these creditors quiet, and surely you can patch up a story on such a pinch.”

“ George ! ” was the sister's only exclamation, but in such a tone of melancholy surprise, that he was silenced for a moment. Returning however to the charge, he muttered,

“I’ll be hanged if I know whether you mean to help me or not. Here I am, a poor fellow just starting in life, led astray by the temptations of a great city,—as hundreds have been before me that turned out well enough in time,—here I am, cornered up, half out of my wits, and ready to be driven into some desperate rascality for the lack of a few hundred dollars; and there sits my sister, the only being that can pluck me from destruction, with her arms folded, and the money snug in her drawers! Yes!” he went on with increasing vehemence as he observed Jane’s agitation, “yes! just at this crisis of my fate, when my whole future character depends probably on the turn my affairs now take; when I may be driven by poverty and the anger of my uncle into utter profligacy, my sister can sit coolly deliberating whether she shall stretch out a helping hand; she can forget the moment when our dying mother bade us love and help each other through life, and all,—why?—because she is in a hurry to be married.”

He had gone too far.

“George!” exclaimed Jane, springing up with an indignant blush on her cheek, which made the worthless youth feel that her gentleness was not tameness, “George! you might have spared that taunt! It is six long years since I promised William Miller that I would marry him, and for six long years we have toiled early and late, we have had no share in the amusements that drain money from the purses of other young people, we have eaten the bread of dependence and dwelt under the roofs of strangers, that our home, when we had

one, might offer something of comfort and respectability, that we might not marry to become beggars, that we might not incur debts we could not pay. When William has become weary of delay, I have answered him, not according to the dictates of my heart, but according to those of cold prudence. I would not involve the man I loved in double toils and difficulties; and now, when his fidelity has been so well tried, his hope so long deferred, when his claims on me for the comforts of a home and a wife's society are so just, when I have made him wait till the first freshness has past from my cheek, shall I bid him stay till my form is bent by toil and my spirits broken by care? He is counting the weeks and days till the first of May, for then I have promised to become the sharer of his fortunes. Shall I break that promise? Have I a *right* to do it? Answer me, George Cavendish!"

George made no reply, and she went on with a softened voice as the tears trickled down her cheeks.

"You speak of our mother; I *do* remember her parting injunctions, and well it is for me that I have found one who *will* love and help me through life, though no death-bed voice enjoined it on him. Well do I remember that she bade us pray to God every night and morning. Have *you* never forgotten it, George? Can you still repeat the phrase she taught you to lisp before seven summers had passed over your innocent head? 'Praying will make us leave sinning, or sinning will make us leave praying.'" "

"Oh, Jane! Jane! say no more! I had forgotten it,—I had not thought of it for years; but it carries

me back to my childhood, it brings my dead mother before me. Oh, sister! would I were a boy again!"

And vain remorse shook the young man's frame as he uttered the wish that has so often trembled on the lips of sinning manhood.

"God help me, Jane! What would our mother think, could she see me at the tavern, at the gaming-table? Why did I go to the city? Why did I detest the honest plough? I had better have delved in the earth all my life long than be as I am. I have not told you all,—Jane,—I dared not; yet I must!"

The little color that was left in her lips forsook them, as she met his wild look.

"Is there worse news to be told?" she asked faintly.

"Yes, as much as guilt is worse than debt, shame worse than poverty! I have defrauded my uncle,—Jane,—I have committed a forgery! Two hundred dollars this night might save me from detection, disgrace, and ruin,—nothing else can."

Jane rose from her seat tearless and pale as ashes. Her lips quivered as she took the candle and walked from the room, leaving George with his head resting on the table in an agony of stifled sobs. She returned in a few moments with a small parcel.

"George!" said she, in a low voice, "no sacrifice is too great to buy off disgrace from the name of our parents. They trained up your childhood in the ways of virtue; and, now that they are speechless in the grave, it shall not be said they neglected their duty; their memories shall not be disgraced. Here are *four* hundred dollars. You know how and for what purpose

they were earned ; — you cannot have the heart to misuse them, if one spark of honor or a brother's love is in you. Pay your debts, — prevent your public disgrace, — begin life afresh, — and, oh, brother ! dear brother ! ”

Bursting into a sudden gush of tears, she fell on his neck, and for a few moments forgot every thing in sorrow. His gratitude was profuse in expressions of thankfulness ; he soothed her with a thousand promises, a thousand assurances, that to witness her distress and experience such kindness would work his complete reformation. Jane said little in reply, and soon rose to retire.

“ I will try to believe you and hope the best,” said she ; “ I love you, George, partly because of the un-failing instincts of nature, partly because my affection for you when you were younger and more virtuous was very strong ; but to say that I respect you still, that I have perfect confidence in you, would be wrong. It cannot be, in the nature of things, until fresh trials have proved your steadiness. I do not feel that I have done what was right. I have obeyed the dictates of blind affection to you rather than those of my better judgment. Perhaps in so doing I have forgotten my duty to myself and others, and shown a weakness of character which I may yet repent ; therefore remember, it is the last time I will avert the consequences of transgression from the transgressor.”

She closed the door, and went to her sleepless pillow.

It would be vain to describe the feelings of her who was unhappy for the first time in her innocent life. To think of her brother was grief enough ; and all her own

plans were so utterly deranged, such uncertainty cast over her prospects by the step she had just taken, so doubtful was she whether it would meet with the approbation of her best friends, that daylight dawned ere she closed her aching eyes, and she woke not till her unworthy brother was many miles on his road.

The next few days passed heavily away. She determined to say nothing of her troubles to any one till the return of William Miller. A night or two before his expected return, she was alone in her little bedroom on the ground floor; the weather was moderate for the season, and, wrapped in a large shawl, she sat up till near midnight at her needlework. She knew it would be in vain to retire with any hope of sleeping; but, as the candle burnt low, and her fingers grew numb, she at last rose and folded up her work. Just then she thought there was a noise outside of her window; she listened, and distinctly heard feet treading in the hard, *crunching* snow. Immediately after, there was a tap on the window. She paused in momentary trepidation at a summons so unseasonable, and then drew back the white curtain. A face presented itself pressed close against the glass, so deadly white and ghastly, that at first she did not recognise it, and with a faint cry dropped the curtain and retreated. But the voice of her brother, calling her in smothered tones, caught her ear, and, recovering herself, she went back and softly opened the window. Before she could speak, George seized her hand in his damp, cold grasp, and in a hoarse whisper, cried, "Have mercy on me, Jane! have mercy on me! I am a ruined man! what will become of me? — Don't go, —

don't shut the window, — don't be frightened, — I won't hurt you, — but I am a ruined man ! ”

“ Do not speak so loud, George ; let go my hand ; come round to the door and I will let you into the house.”

“ I can't come into the house, I shall never enter any house again ! Oh Jane ! have mercy on me ! ”

“ What is the matter ? what has happened to you ? ”

“ Your money, sister, I have lost it all ! ”

“ Lost it ? ”

“ No, not lost it ; spent it, — gambled it away the very night I entered the city ; — day after to-morrow is the day of shame ! oh sister ! more money ! for God's sake, give me money. You have it in those drawers, I know it is there ! ”

“ Are you distracted, George ? ”

“ Yes, yes ! distracted, or drunk, or both ! ”

And his breath, as he leaned in at the window, confirmed part of what he said.

“ For mercy's sake,” whispered Jane, “ go round to the house door, and let me call up Uncle to talk with you.”

“ Do it if you dare ! It is money I want, not talk ; it's too late for talking, it's midnight.”

“ Then go away for to-night, and come again in the morning when you are in a fitter state. You know not what you are saying.”

“ Never mind, I shall be sober enough when you hand me out the dollars. Hand them out if you have a soul to be saved, — or I'll spare you the trouble ! ”

He drew back, apparently with the intention of leaping in ; when the sash, imperfectly secured by an

old-fashioned button, slipped and fell with a loud noise. Jane stood petrified, expecting to hear the family rousing themselves in alarm ; but the children overhead were sound sleepers, and her uncle and aunt were on the other side of the house. After waiting a few moments, and finding all quiet, she again opened the window, but George was not there ; she stretched out her head, but he was nowhere to be seen. Thinking he might have followed her advice, and gone round to the door, she stole softly through the house to admit him ; but only a wide landscape of snow-covered fields lay gleaming in the starlight before her ; she stepped out, and walked anxiously round the corner, calling him as loudly as she dared ; but every thing was still as death. The chill of the snow struck through her shoes, and the sharp night air pierced her shawl ; she felt satisfied that he must have gone back to the tavern ; and shivering and perturbed she went again to her chamber, more anxious than ever. It seemed as if daylight would never come ; and when she heard her uncle's early footstep on the stairs, she started from her pillow. As she entered the kitchen, the old man was despatching one of his boys to the barn, to perform some necessary office about the cattle, and she went to the window, pondering in her own mind how she should introduce the subject, on which she was now fully resolved to consult him ; when, as she stood gazing out abstractedly, she saw her cousin come running from the barn with a countenance full of horror. She had hardly time to exclaim, " Go ! uncle, — quick, quick, — something is the matter ! " when

the lad burst into the room, crying, "Father! father! come out to the barn! here is a man,"—the rest was lost as the farmer hurried out. Filled with dreadful presentiments, Jane, faint and trembling, could not endure the suspense of a moment; she followed them. Her uncle had no sooner entered the barn than he started back, and turning, attempted to arrest her. "Cut him down quick!" he cried to his son; but Jane burst past him, and, entering as the morning-light streamed through the door on the ghastly object, she saw her brother apparently standing before her, his features distorted, and his head resting strangely on one shoulder. At a second glance, she perceived that his feet did not quite touch the floor; he was suspended by the neck from a beam above. It was enough,—she fell senseless before the corpse.

So passed George Cavendish miserably from the world, the victim of early dissipation. Love of pleasure had chilled every better feeling into selfishness; habits of indulgence had checked the growth of principles early implanted, and early neglected. As Jane followed her self-murdered brother to the grave in *almost* hopeless sorrow, she wondered whether he who wantonly throws from him the gift of reason is held irresponsible for deeds done while he is bereft of its glorious guidance.

The property left by the father of William Miller much exceeded the expectations of the young people, and Jane went in the spring to a home where peace sprung from disciplined tempers, virtuous habits, and religious principle.

TO S. D.

Had bards as many realms as rhymes,
Thy charms might raise new Antonies.

ByRON.

Not for thy Phidian shape, O lady fair!
Not for thy cheek, with roseate lustre bright,
Where "York and Lancaster" for empire fight;
Not for the richness of thine auburn hair,
Thine eyes, which so unconsciously ensnare,
And all the charms that in thy smile unite
To lure, yet dazzle, the "rash gazer's" sight,
Do I, the humblest of thy votaries, dare,
This fragile offering at thy feet to lay;—
But for thy spirit's more divine array!
Thy heart retaining, through the world's alloy,
Its vernal freshness, its pure springs of joy!
Dear child of Nature!—so would Wordsworth call
thee,—
Smooth seas, blue skies, and prospering gales befall
thee!

E. S.

with pencil

THE TOKEN.

BY E. SARGENT, JR.

- “BRAVE son of a Chieftain! beloved Cherokee!
This token of wampum is woven for thee;
A token to flutter and shine on thy breast,—
My bravest and brightest, my wisest and best!
- “Tis woven with coral, with beads, and with shells
It shall be on thy breast the most potent of spells,
To save thee from ambush, to shield thee from harm,
To quicken thy sight, and give strength to thine arm.
- “Rejoicer in battle! what forest or stream
Sees thy heron-plume wave, and thy tomahawk
gleam?
Does the Father of Waters sweep on thy sharp
prow?
Sure threader of dark woods! Oh, where art thou
now?
- “Dost hunt the fierce bison, or shoot the fleet deer?
O'er the prairie's wide level dost bend thy career?
Or, worn with the heat and the toil of the chase,
Does the mist of the cataract moisten thy face?”

While thus spake the maiden, an eagle, who beat
The clouds with his pinions, fell dead at her feet!
And the arrow, which reached him, while mounting
so free,
Was sped from the bow of the young Cherokee.

THE SHAKER BRIDAL.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TWICE-TOLD TALES."

ONE day, in the sick chamber of Father Ephraim, who had been forty years the presiding elder over the Shaker settlement at Goshen, there was an assemblage of several of the chief men of the sect. Individuals had come from the rich establishment at Lebanon, from Canterbury, Harvard, and Alfred, and from all the other localities, where this strange people have fertilized the rugged hills of New England by their systematic industry. An elder was likewise there, who had made a pilgrimage of a thousand miles from a village of the faithful in Kentucky, to visit his spiritual kindred, the children of the sainted Mother Ann. He had partaken of the homely abundance of their tables, had quaffed the far-famed Shaker cider, and had joined in the sacred dance, every step of which is believed to alienate the enthusiast from earth, and bear him onward to heavenly purity and bliss. His brethren of the north had now courteously invited him to be present on an occasion when the concurrence of every eminent member of their community was peculiarly desirable.

The venerable Father Ephraim sat in his easy-chair, not only hoary-headed and infirm with age, but worn down by a lingering disease, which, it was evident, would very soon transfer his patriarchal staff to other hands. At his footstool stood a man and woman, both clad in the Shaker garb.

“My brethren,” said Father Ephraim to the surrounding elders, feebly exerting himself to utter these few words, “here are the son and daughter to whom I would commit the trust, of which Providence is about to lighten my weary shoulders. Read their faces, I pray you, and say whether the inward movement of the spirit hath guided my choice aright.”

Accordingly, each elder looked at the two candidates with a most scrutinizing gaze. The man, whose name was Adam Colburn, had a face sunburnt with labor in the fields, yet intelligent, thoughtful, and traced with cares enough for a whole lifetime, though he had barely reached middle age. There was something severe in his aspect, and a rigidity throughout his person, characteristics that caused him generally to be taken for a schoolmaster; which vocation, in fact, he had formerly exercised for several years. The woman, Martha Pierson, was somewhat above thirty, thin and pale, as a Shaker sister almost invariably is, and not entirely free from that corpse-like appearance, which the garb of the sisterhood is so well calculated to impart.

“This pair are still in the summer of their years,” observed the elder from Harvard, a shrewd old man. “I would like better to see the hoar frost of autumn

on their heads. Methinks, also, they will be exposed to peculiar temptations, on account of the carnal desires which have heretofore subsisted between them."

"Nay, brother," said the elder from Canterbury, "the hoar frost, and the black frost, hath done its work on Brother Adam and Sister Martha, even as we sometimes discern its traces in our cornfields, while they are yet green. And why should we question the wisdom of our venerable Father's purpose, although this pair, in their early youth, have loved one another as the world's people love? Are there not many brethren and sisters among us, who have lived long together in wedlock, yet, adopting our faith, find their hearts purified from all but spiritual affection?"

Whether or no the early loves of Adam and Martha had rendered it inexpedient that they should now preside together over a Shaker village, it was certainly most singular that such should be the final result of many warm and tender hopes. Children of neighbouring families, their affection was older even than their school-days; it seemed an innate principle, interfused among all their sentiments and feelings, and not so much a distinct remembrance, as connected with their whole volume of remembrances. But, just as they reached a proper age for their union, misfortunes had fallen heavily on both, and made it necessary that they should resort to personal labor for a bare subsistence. Even under these circumstances, Martha Pierson would probably have consented to unite her fate with Adam Colburn's, and, secure of the bliss of mutual love, would patiently have awaited the less important gifts of

fortune. But Adam, being of a calm and cautious character, was loath to relinquish the advantages which a single man possesses for raising himself in the world. Year after year, therefore, their marriage had been deferred. Adam Colburn had followed many vocations, had travelled far, and seen much of the world and of life. Martha had earned her bread sometimes as a sempstress, sometimes as help to a farmer's wife, sometimes as schoolmistress of the village children, sometimes as a nurse or watcher of the sick, thus acquiring a varied experience, the ultimate use of which she little anticipated. But nothing had gone prosperously with either of the lovers; at no subsequent moment would matrimony have been so prudent a measure, as when they had first parted, in the opening bloom of life, to seek a better fortune. Still they had held fast their mutual faith. Martha might have been the wife of a man, who sat among the senators of his native state, and Adam could have won the hand, as he had unintentionally won the heart, of a rich and comely widow. But neither of them desired good fortune, save to share it with the other.

At length that calm despair, which occurs only in a strong and somewhat stubborn character, and yields to no second spring of hope, settled down on the spirit of Adam Colburn. He sought an interview with Martha, and proposed that they should join the Society of Shakers. The converts of this sect are oftener driven within its hospitable gates by worldly misfortune, than drawn thither by fanaticism, and are received without inquisition as to their motives. Martha, faithful still,

had placed her hand in that of her lover, and accompanied him to the Shaker village. Here the natural capacity of each, cultivated and strengthened by the difficulties of their previous lives, had soon gained them an important rank in the Society, whose members are generally below the ordinary standard of intelligence. Their faith and feelings had, in some degree, become assimilated to those of their fellow-worshippers. Adam Colburn gradually acquired reputation, not only in the management of the temporal affairs of the Society, but as a clear and efficient preacher of their doctrines. Martha was not less distinguished in the duties proper to her sex. Finally, when the infirmities of Father Ephraim had admonished him to seek a successor in his patriarchal office, he thought of Adam and Martha, and proposed to renew, in their persons, the primitive form of Shaker government, as established by Mother Ann. They were to be the Father and Mother of the village. The simple ceremony, which would constitute them such, was now to be performed.

“Son Adam, and daughter Martha,” said the venerable Father Ephraim, fixing his aged eyes piercingly upon them, “if ye can conscientiously undertake this charge, speak, that the brethren may not doubt of your fitness.”

“Father,” replied Adam, speaking with the calmness of his character, “I came to your village a disappointed man, weary of the world, worn out with continual trouble, seeking only a security against evil fortune, as I had no hope of good. Even my wishes of worldly success were almost dead within me. I came hither as a man might come to a tomb, willing to lie

down in its gloom and coldness, for the sake of its peace and quiet. There was but one earthly affection in my breast, and it had grown calmer since my youth; so that I was satisfied to bring Martha to be my sister, in our new abode. We are brother and sister; nor would I have it otherwise. And in this peaceful village I have found all that I hope for,—all that I desire. I will strive, with my best strength, for the spiritual and temporal good of our community. My conscience is not doubtful in this matter. I am ready to receive the trust.”

“Thou hast spoken well, son Adam,” said the Father. “God will bless thee in the office which I am about to resign.”

“But our sister!” observed the elder from Harvard; “hath she not likewise a gift to declare her sentiments?”

Martha started, and moved her lips, as if she would have made a formal reply to this appeal. But, had she attempted it, perhaps the old recollections, the long-repressed feelings of childhood, youth, and womanhood, might have gushed from her heart, in words that it would have been profanation to utter there.

“Adam has spoken,” said she, hurriedly; “his sentiments are likewise mine.”

But, while speaking these few words, Martha grew so pale, that she looked fitter to be laid in her coffin, than to stand in the presence of Father Ephraim and the elders; she shuddered, also, as if there were something awful or horrible in her situation and destiny. It required, indeed, a more than feminine strength of

nerve, to sustain the fixed observance of men so exalted and famous throughout the sect, as these were. They had overcome their natural sympathy with human frailties and affections. One, when he joined the Society, had brought with him his wife and children, but never, from that hour, had spoken a fond word to the former, or taken his best-loved child upon his knee. Another, whose family refused to follow him, had been enabled,—such was his gift of holy fortitude,—to leave them to the mercy of the world. The youngest of the elders, a man of about fifty, had been bred from infancy in a Shaker village, and was said never to have clasped a woman's hand in his own, and to have no conception of a closer tie than the cold fraternal one of the sect. Old Father Ephraim was the most awful character of all. In his youth, he had been a dissolute libertine, but was converted by Mother Ann herself, and had partaken of the wild fanaticism of the early Shakers. Tradition whispered, at the firesides of the village, that Mother Ann had been compelled to sear his heart of flesh with a red-hot iron, before it could be purified from earthly passions.

However that might be, poor Martha had a woman's heart, and a tender one, and it quailed within her as she looked round at those strange old men, and from them to the calm features of Adam Colburn. But, perceiving that the elders eyed her doubtfully, she gasped for breath, and again spoke.

“With what strength is left me by my many troubles,” said she, “I am ready to undertake this charge, and to do my best in it.”

“My children, join your hands,” said Father Ephraim.

They did so. The elders stood up around, and the Father feebly raised himself to a more erect position, but continued sitting in his great chair.

“I have bidden you to join your hands,” said he, “not in earthly affection, for ye have cast off its chains for ever; but as brother and sister in spiritual love, and helpers of one another in your allotted task. Teach unto others the faith which ye have received. Open wide your gates,—I deliver you the keys thereof,—open them wide to all who will give up the iniquities of the world, and come hither to lead lives of purity and peace. Receive the weary ones, who have known the vanity of earth,—receive the little children, that they may never learn that miserable lesson. And a blessing be upon your labors; so that the time may hasten on, when the mission of Mother Ann shall have wrought its full effect,—when children shall no more be born and die, and the last survivor of mortal race, some old and weary man like me, shall see the sun go down, never more to rise on a world of sin and sorrow!”

The aged Father sank back exhausted, and the surrounding elders deemed, with good reason, that the hour was come, when the new heads of the village must enter on their patriarchal duties. In their attention to Father Ephraim, their eyes were turned from Martha Pierson, who grew paler and paler, unnoticed even by Adam Colburn. He, indeed, had withdrawn his hand from hers, and folded his arms with a sense of satisfied ambition. But paler and paler grew Martha

by his side, till, like a corpse in its burial clothes, she sank down at the feet of her early lover ; for, after many trials firmly borne, her heart could endure the weight of its desolate agony no longer.

K*

COME HITHER, BRIGHT BIRD.

BY H. F. GOULD.

COME hither, bright bird, from thy wild native bower,
While high o'er the hill-tops the sun rises clear.
Come, sing a sweet song to this new-opened flower,
And drink off the dew-drop ; it looks like a tear !

It cannot be true, that, so stainless and young,
The heart of my flower has been clouded by grief;
I would not, then, see on it outwardly hung
The semblance of sorrow to burden a leaf.

Be quick ! for it has but a morning to live
So fresh in its odors, in beauty so fair ;
To pay for thy music, for thee it will give
The first spicy breathing it throws upon air.

Make haste, little vagrant ! 't is waiting for thee
Its perfume to take on thy delicate plume.
Come, ' say if a brighter, or sweeter, can be
Concealed in thy desert home lonely to bloom.

It has not yet looked in the stream from the fount,
To see how itself to another may shine.
It has not been taught its attractions to count ;
A study too sure to begin their decline !

For, well do I know, in this light world of ours,
Where loveliness withers, and beauty is vain,
It chances too oft with the fairest of flowers,
That, after the mirror, few charms will remain.

Of praising her, then, pretty minstrel, beware,
Whatever thy wonder her glory to hail.
If told, but for once, she is winning and rare,
'T will follow too soon, that she 's simple and frail !

Yet, come, and thy rapture in melody pour,
While fitting delighted around my young flower.
But let her believe thou hast left many more,
Her rivals that bloom in thy far-away bower !

AN AUTUMN WALK.

BY SARAH E. WHITMAN.

"A spirit in soft music calls
From autumn's gray and moss-grown halls,
And round her withered tree."

LONGFELLOW.

ANOTHER warm, soft, glowing, autumn day
Ere from the landscape all its glory fades,
And cold November throws her mantle gray
O'er leafless groves and solitary glades.

A day of golden beauty! — through the night
The hoar-frost gathered o'er each leaf and spray,
Weaving its filmy network, thin and bright,
And shimmering like silver in the ray
Of the soft, sunny morning; — turf and tree
Prankt in its delicate embroidery,
And every withered stump and mossy stone
With gems encrusted and with seed-pearl sown;
While in the hedge the frosted berries glow,
The scarlet holly and the purple sloe,
And all is gorgeous, fairy-like, and frail
As the famed gardens of the Arabian tale.*

* The garden of gems visited by Aladdin.

How like a pencilled scene the landscape lies,
Calmly outspread beneath the smiling skies ;
As if the earth in prodigal array
Of gems and broidered robes kept holiday ;
Her harvest yielded, and her work all done,
Basking in beauty 'neath the autumn sun.

Yet, once more through the long, bright, sunny day,
O'er the wild hills and silent moors away
Far let us rove,—or, through lone solitudes
Where “autumn’s smile beams through the yellow
woods,”

Fondly retracing each sweet summer haunt
And sylvan pathway,—where the sunbeams slant
Through yonder copse, tinging the saffron stars
Of the witch-hazel with their golden bars,
Or, lingering down this dim and shadowy lane,
Where still the damp sod wears an emerald stain,
Though ripe, brown nuts hang clustering in the hedge,
And the rude barberry o'er yon rocky ledge
Droops with its pendant corals. When the showers
Of April strewed this winding path with flowers,
Here oft we sought the violet as it lay
Buried in beds of moss and lichens gray ;
And still the aster greets us as we pass
With her faint smile, among the withered grass,
Beside the way lingering as loath of heart,
Like me, from these sweet solitudes to part.

O'er the smooth waters of yon loitering stream
The rich lobelias shed their ruby gleam,

And the sweet clethra wooed us to the shore
In the warm, summer twilight;—these no more
Fringe its dank borders; yet the alder's bough
Waves its red berries o'er the pool below,
And wreathes the clematis her silvery plumes
Among the osiers, and the gentian blooms
Lonely around,—hallowed by sweetest song,
The last and loveliest of the floral throng.

Yet here we may not linger; for behold
Where the stream widens like a sea of gold
Outspreading far before us. All around
Steep, wooded heights, and sloping uplands, bound
The sheltered scene. Along the western shore
Through colored woods the glinting sunbeams pour,
Touching their foliage to a thousand shades
And hues of beauty, as the red light fades
Upon the hill-side 'neath yon floating shroud,
Or, from the silvery edges of the cloud,
Pours down a brighter gleam. Gray willows lave
Their pendant branches in the glassy wave,
And slender birch trees o'er its banks incline,
Whose tall, slight stems across the water shine
Like shafts of silver. There the tawny elm,
The fairest subject of the sylvan realm,
The tufted pine-tree, and the cedar dark,
And the young chestnut, its smooth polished bark
Gleaming like porphyry in the yellow light;
The rich, brown oak, and the bright maple dight
In robes of scarlet. All are standing there
So still, so calm, in the soft, misty air,

That not a leaf is stirring, nor a sound
Startles the deep repose that broods around,
Save when the robin's melancholy song
Is heard from yonder coppice, and along
The sunny side of that low, mossy wall,
That skirts our path, the cricket's chirping call,
Or, the fond murmur of the drowsy bee
O'er some lone floweret on the upland lea,
And, heard at intervals, a pattering sound
Of ripened acorns rustling to the ground
Through the crisp, withered leaves. How lonely all,
How calmly beautiful! Long shadows fall
More darkly o'er the wave as day declines,
Yet from the west a deeper glory shines ;
While every crested hill and rocky height
Each moment varies in the kindling light
To some new form of beauty, — changing through
All shades and colors of the rainbow's hue,
“The last still loveliest,” till the gorgeous day
Melts in a flood of golden light away, —
And all is o'er. Before to-morrow's sun
Cold winds may rise, and shrouding shadows dun
Obscure the scene ; — yet shall these fading hues
And fleeting forms their loveliness transfuse
Into the mind. And memory shall burn
The painting in on her “enamelled urn”
In undecaying colors. When the blast
Rages around, and snows are gathering fast,
When musing sadly by the twilight hearth,
Or lonely wandering through life's crowded path,

Its quiet beauty, rising through the gloom,
Shall soothe the languid spirit and illumine
The drooping fancy, — winning back the soul
To cheerful thoughts through nature's sweet control.

SPRING AND AUTUMN.

BY J. H. CLINCH.

“Look here, upon this picture and on this.”

I.

BALMY and soft are gales of Spring,
When widely o'er the loosened earth
Their joys and perfumed breath they fling,
And wake the voice of mirth ;
Before them fades the winter's dearth,
Its icy chains are all unbound ;
The land throughout its ample girth
Smiles like a virgin crowned
With festal wreaths of flowers, when pipe and tabret
sound.

II.

But Autumn hath a holier charm,
Though clad in robes of graver hues ;
Her smiles, though fainter and less warm,
Will deeper thoughts infuse,

And call the chastened heart to muse
 On other scenes than those which lie
 Tinged with the light that Pleasure strews,
 Or Hope's delusive dye ;
 Sweet monitress is she, e'en though she wake the sigh.

III.

Hope on the gladsome brow of Spring
 Displays its gay and golden light,
 And "promise" on her flashing wing
 The laughing sunbeams write ;
 And though her present joys be bright,
 They borrow half the charms they own
 From colors which the future's night
 Hath dimly round them thrown,
 And which may fade like tints that clothe some mountain cone.

IV.

But sober joys doth Autumn shower,
 Too soft to harm,—too pure to fade,—
 Too calm to fear in after-hour
 Excitement's spectre shade ;
 She leans upon the past for aid,
 Whose joys in memory live again,
 Whose clouds of sorrow have displayed
 Their threatening frowns in vain,
 And proved but blessings veiled,—storms fused to
 fruitful rain.

V.

The joyous Spring, if e'er she throws
 Upon the past a quailing eye,
Feels that reflection but bestows
 A shudder and a sigh ;
And oft uncalled doth thought apply
 Its icy power to mar the bloom
Of present joys, whose glories die,
 Chilled by the touch of gloom,
And ne'er again to wake from that dark, hopeless
 tomb.

VI.

But Autumn, though the earth around
 With all her glories wide be strewed,—
Though hid with faded flowers the ground,
 And dead leaves many-hued ;
She smiles 'mid all the ruin rude,
 And sends a mild and faith-lit gaze
Within the tomb, with power endued
 Her failing hopes to raise,
And crown with fairer gifts her brow in future days.

XERI, OR A DAY IN BATAVIA.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF WEISFLOG.

BY NATHANIEL GREENE.

“If, after two o'clock, the jailer arrive with the Inquisitors of Hermsdorf, you will awaken me, my dear,” said I, proceeding to my chamber.

You must know, kind reader, that I have the habit, good or bad, of stretching myself upon the sofa in my flower-and-work-room, occasionally with a small volume in my hand, the leaves of which I turn over until my eyes are closed in a soft slumber. At such times the whole house must be kept quiet, and even the intelligent little Benno is compelled, *nolens volens*, to take a siesta. A winter garden buds and blooms all about my chamber; upon the pier-table stands an orange tree,—from both sides of my writing-table hangs the fragrant foliage of the odoriferous jasmine and Peruvian heliotrope,—and the winter sun shines kindly upon my camellias, roses, and hyacinths.

It is true that a siesta among flowers is dangerous.* A hundred times has my physician, as well as the not

* This fact is very generally known.

over friendly twinges of the gout, warned me against the practice; but I have become accustomed to it; and, if death must come, to be suffocated by the aroma of flowers would not be worse than the fate of the Englishman who was drowned in a butt of malmsey. Thus have I always by a sound sleep attained new strength for the second half of the juridical day's work, for I am, — with due respect be it spoken, — a judge in the town where I reside.

It was the sixth of February, about *one o'clock in the afternoon*. On the preceding day I had discovered a singular old pamphlet at the auction of an ancient cloister library, which I coveted so much, it being sold cheap, that I bought it. It now lay before me upon the table under the branches of a soaring date-tree; and I took it, as the first thing within my reach, for the purpose of transporting myself from the serious tenor of business-life into the realms of bright dreams, by the pleasing accords of another mind. It was, — the very worst thing for the purpose, — a little Latin book, entitled, *Nostradamus de Rebus Occultis*.

Truly, there are more things in heaven and earth, than are dreamed of in our philosophy! Who could have judged from thy external appearance, old boy, what I found when I turned over thy leaves with astonishment, though with half-closed eyes, and read that formula which I, alas! understood but too well. It contained nothing less than the magic charm by which one can be *transported to any part of the world*.

Once more I slightly raised myself in dubitation as to my whereabouts, and even as to my actual exist-

ence; once more I viewed my fragrant world of flowers, and, with the half-uttered thought which they awakened in my soul, "Were I only with thee in thine own native land, my beauteous *Ixora*,—only one day with thee in Batavia!" I thrust the duodecimo into my bosom, according to the rule prescribed for the charm, and in a low tone stammered the closing words: — — *et porta superne per aërem Marchiel, Locusta, Abra Kat — a — a — a —* —

My consciousness was gone; but it seemed to me that I soon awoke with a terror that rendered me powerless and held my eyes closed. A sultry summer air encircled and oppressed me now, but I felt a cool and fanning breeze.

"See how life returns to his cheeks, Yuma," lisped a sweet, girlish voice.

"Why do you hesitate, fool?" said some other person; "compress his throat,—we can take the diamonds and fly towards Samarang! Once he was even dead, as he lay in the canal. Would he had remained there! But they must needs fish him out. Would that Dr. Plattfoet, the magnetizing fool, had been struck with apoplexy before he rubbed our tyrant into life again."

The cold sweat of death stood upon my brow, and through my twinkling eyelashes I saw two maidens sitting opposite and fanning me with peacocks' feathers. Their conversation was held in the *Malay language*. I had never learned it, but I understood every word.

"Ah Yuma!" answered the other, "that is the language of vindictiveness and jealousy. It is true, that

we poor slaves are only half human in his view, and this day he celebrates his nuptials with Lisberta, the daughter of the Counsellor. I, poor deserted one, dare not raise my eyes to him, for, after all, he is nevertheless, the rich merchant, and I am but the poor Xeri! Sweet indeed were the dreams of my youth and my love; but I am only a wretched slave, and my little Tom has no claims upon the father, whom I, alas! still love."

Low sobs interrupted these words, but the other person angrily observed;

"I have always told you that this foolish attachment would lead to nothing. I might have enjoyed the same good fortune, as well as you, had I thought it worth the pains. Your eyes are somewhat gray! but mine are as black as the spot on the Abrus. Am I not as slender as the holy virgins of Yagrenat? Was I not a Bayadere at Bunang? And yet the pale European appeared to have eyes for only you. But now, all that has passed away, and in the morning, if it should please her grace, you will be thrust out of doors. There is, however, yet time to avoid such humiliation. We have only to tighten the cravat about his neck, his death will be considered a consequence of his falling into the canal last evening,—and there, in the coffer, lie the treasures.—Take hold, do not tremble; draw the noose."

"Softly, kind angel!" cried I, springing with a powerful leap from the bed. Yuma fled with a scream. But Xeri threw herself tearfully at my feet and kissed my hands with speechless emotion.

“Xeri,” said I, “I know that you are truly devoted to me, and it shall be no disadvantage to you. But, for Heaven’s sake, tell me where I am?”

“Ah, Sir,” answered the somewhat reassured maiden, “cannot you trust your eyes? You are in your own sleeping cabinet. Shall I open the blinds, so that you may have a view of the garden? It is now *seven o’clock in the morning*, and you have had a tolerably comfortable night after your accident. My heart has beat and my eyes have wept for you. But now you are better, and will to-day,” she added, with a deep-drawn sigh, “be happy in Palembang.”

“Palembang in Sumatra?” asked I, with astonishment.

“Ah, no, by no means,” answered Xeri; “*two leagues from Batavia!*”

“Very well,” answered I: “this long sleep confuses my head, and the air is very oppressive in Batavia. But, Xeri, do you not wear a handkerchief? I shall die if my wife comes here! I am indeed here in this country, wholly free and unmarried, and the betrothed of that gentle maiden, Susannah Lisberta van Styrum; nevertheless, in point of fact, my name is not Van der Witt,—I am the royal Prussian judge at *Ziegenborn*.”

“I do not understand you, Sir,” interposed the maiden, with downcast eyes. “But if you are now to be married, think of your little Tom, and cast not away your poor Xeri.”

“Ah, by no means, my child!” said I, interrupting her. “Concerning Tom, the youth is but two years old. If he has talents, he may study. I will send him

to the gymnasium at Goerlitz, and some time or other he may step into my place. Besides, I am overflowing with wealth. Take for yourself a handful of emeralds out of the coffer there, and call my accountant."

The maiden skipped out of the room like a zephyr, giving me leisure to recollect myself and observe the objects about me.

There were the bronze lions' heads which I had received by the last ships from Bengal; there were the mirrors which that foppish fellow, Captain Spencer, brought me from England; there also were the well-known Chinese tapestry and vases! and as I looked from my window into the garden, how rustled the shadowy foliage of the tall tamarind and waving palm-trees, — and how, in thousand-colored gorgeousness, bloomed my flowers in the dew of a tropical morning! Yes, rightly art thou called the pride of the garden, thou magnificent *Ixora coccinea*! — how it sparkled in the shade, — and how swam the purple blossoms of the Lotus in the pools of water! And all this in the free air, surrounded by the many-hued butterflies and glowing birds of Paradise!

I scarcely perceived the entrance of my chief clerk, Steffen Pfitzman, full dressed and powdered, who now stood before me with stiff, dangling, corkscrew curls, and stiffer bows, with old-fashioned compliments congratulating me upon the state of my health, and demanding, alas! an examination of endless accounts which he bore under his arm.

The man always appeared ridiculous and disagreeable to me, although a very useful creature; and,

notwithstanding he was born in the colonies, he speaks the purest Dutch of the year 1836. I understand nothing of money matters, and this day in particular I could not be prevailed upon to examine his tiresome accounts. So he bowed himself out, and Dr. Plattfoet, my family physician, bowed himself in.

“How have you rested, my most worthy Herr van der Witt?—Hey day, at the window! The morning air is as unfavorable for you as that of the evening. Had you not remained walking by the canal so late last evening, you would not have been seized with that vertigo, and would have avoided the danger of drowning. But in that case the science of magnetism would have had a less signal triumph. I have just come from the Lady Lisberta. She is still wholly inconsolable; and, had not her favorite parrot been made ill by some bitter almonds, she would certainly have been already with you. She will not, however, long delay. And at the beautiful country-seat of the Lord Counsellor of India, in Palembang, there are to be great doings. Two hundred slaves are already out there, and the Chinese, with their fire-works, have followed them. A little repose now, and all will go well. May I venture to feel your Honor’s pulse?—Xeri has let fall some words which indicate some yet remaining delirium. But a sufficient bleeding, an opening of the pores, two hundred magnetic strokes, and a dose of deadly nightshade, will soon bring all right again.”

“I will not be bled,” said I; “I sweated enough when the gentle Yuma wished to take me by the throat; and there is not sufficient time for the magnetizing and

the nightshade, — I shall have enough of that this evening at the marriage. Do you really think I shall be compelled to take this nightshade, that is, that I must marry the Lady Lisberta ? ”

“ Yes, certainly, my dear Sir ! It was your own ardent wish. You will by that means obtain the fine factory at Amboina, and also acquire a seat in the Grand Council of India whenever it may please the gracious Lord van Styrum to depart from this world.”

“ But, my dear Dr. Plattfoet, only think a moment, — I am already married, — my wife’s name is Louise, and her maiden name was Van Oben. We reside in a house near the Spittelgate. By her I have already two children, and three I had before. I might, according to Sec. 1066, Tit. XX., Part II., of the Royal Prussian Provincial Law, subject myself to two years imprisonment, for aught I know to the contrary, if I should thus openly commit the crime of bigamy.”

Herr Plattfoet shrugged his shoulders, seized his well-powdered wig between his forefinger and thumb and hung it upon a nail, wiped the profuse perspiration from his forehead, once more examined my pulse with the expression of an Hippocrates, called in a couple of slaves whom he commanded not to lose sight of me, while he himself would go and provide what further might be necessary.

The blackamoors discreetly remained near the door. I heard the sound of laughter. “ Children,” said I, “ I perceive you understand the joke, — do me the favor to call to me Wilmsen, the notary ; he is my trusty friend, and the soundest head in Batavia ! he

shall reconnoitre me judicially. It is strange! the people here think I am mad and crazy, and that my conversation is wild and whimsical. But then is not every thing connected with me strange? Am I not so? — Hey, friend!” I called out to the notary as he entered, “what do you think of me? Do I not appear to you like an apparition which you have sometimes seen in your dreams? To be sure, what do I say? does not at this moment your old well-known face seem to me like a tale of yesterday, like a frivolous tailor’s jest?”

The notary was petrified with astonishment. Finally he took heart and commenced;

“Dear Benjamin —”

“Benjamin! what the devil! Away with that tasteless name! I call myself Charles, and by that name will I be recognised.”

“Ah, what strange tricks you are playing again. You labor under a monomania, which troubles and torments you. Frequently, when you have been sitting with us over the bottle, you would spring up and cry, ‘Friends, what will the Superior Court at X** think of me for remaining here and idling away my time? I must return home; I have two defences to make, to-morrow is post-day, and a five-dollar fine has already been imposed on me.’ Then were you, as you thought, a judge, or something like it, in some obscure place in Germany, called Ziegenborn, and had the control of legal papers, citizens, and peasants, like one of us. Indeed, even when you were with Lisberta, your betrothed, the frenzy seized you,—and yesterday you

came near imposing upon her by the declaration that you were already married, and had a troop of children."

"Did I indeed say that?" cried I, turning pale, and hardly able to support myself. "Is it then really true that I am Van der Witt, a great merchant of Batavia, with my fifteen ships at sea, and with my counting-houses at Macassar and Borneo? Have I then no documents to examine? do not the peasants move reverently aside when they see me? God! Have I then never received a reprimand at X**? Have I no loving wife to cherish and caress me,—no happy children? Is it all, all naught? nothing but an empty dream?—Oh how happy was I with my poverty and my cares!" cried I, sinking into a chair and covering my face with my hands. "Oh, come back to me, sweet dream!"

The notary was confounded. His face expressed the most anxious solicitude, and seizing me by the hand he said, "Calm yourself, Benjamin, you are yet ill."

"I am not ill," I answered; "but I fear how it will go with me if they should actually take me off to Palembang, and if Lisberta should learn of my tricks and of my little peccadilloes with Xeri."

"Fear nothing, friend," interrupted the notary; "those improper speeches will all be forgotten when you shall have recovered your health. To that end, however, you must bleed, diet, fast, and marry."

"From all which," cried I, springing up, "may God preserve me! If, however, I must bite a sour apple, then will I. . . ."

At that moment the approaching music of fifes, tambourines, and cymbals, without, was heard, and half a dozen slaves broke into the room, announcing the noble Lord van Styrum and his daughter, my betrothed bride.

Two palanquins, with variegated and most magnificent hangings and surrounded by a multitude of people, stopped before my house. The male and female slaves bustled about very busily, and soon out of one of the palanquins rolled the fat Counsellor like a monstrous ball of flesh; while from the other a little, yellow, richly-dressed thing crawled into the arms of her attendant maidens.

"This dwarf, then, is Lisberta!" cried I, involuntarily. "Oh thou charming treasure!" Soon, however, I recollected that this was not the first time we had met, and that our souls were not bound together by the most ardent love.

"We have come," croaked the father-in-law, "my dear Van der Witt, to prove our joy at your happy recovery, and to breakfast with you."

"Oh, my Benjamin!" lisped the charmer, "what a happy day, in which I see thee restored to joyous life, in which also my dearly beloved parrot has recovered from the effects of the bitter almonds, and in which I, — ah! — shall become yours, oh Benjamin! 'Brief was the sorrow, eternal is the joy.' But it will yet destroy this loving heart! Quick, — dearest! — a small glass of brandy and some raw ham."

The slaves flew. The tables were covered. Some brought splendid crystal glasses, others Japanese plates,

others silver baskets containing delicious fruits and dishes of various birds, meats, and pastry, and others again wine and liqueurs. In short, of the fetching and carrying there was really no end. I drew one of the guests aside, and said to him, "Friend, tell me frankly how many of such servants I really have."

Mean time Dr. Plattfoet again entered just as I was about, in happy sympathy with my betrothed, to address myself to the hams, the tarts, and the Madeira. I never felt a more outrageous appetite; but my Esculapius, himself an unconscionable eater and an invalid, interfered and prevented my anticipated refection.

There was no alternative,—no bit nor drop was allowed to enter my mouth; and I had full leisure to anathematize a country where the mornings are unhealthy and the evenings good for nothing,—where one may be strangled in his sleep,—where the weather is oppressively hot,—where one is liable to be considered insane, and to be bled, purged, sweated, and married,—but where he may not venture to eat or drink.

"Now, Sir Betrothed, for six o'clock this evening at Palembang!" were the parting words of the gay company.

Amid the hurry-skurry of the servants, the clanging of the musical instruments, and the screaming of my monkeys and parrots, the palanquins moved forth; and in the worst possible of humors I threw myself into a chair to meditate upon my strange destiny. Like the pictures represented on the white wall by a magic lantern, so my whole life passed before me.

— How came I here in Batavia? — Could I really, when a child, have been drawn from the sea to the land, bound upon a plank? or sold here by a Malay pirate? But no, — I yet see my native land, with its white steeples and shady lindens.

In Delft was I born. My mother became a widow when I entered my ninth year. My father, a stout sailor, was shipwrecked in the *Swallow*, as he was bringing home his hard-earned wealth, and every soul went to the bottom.

My mother, left in a state of penury, was therefore very easily induced to accept the offer of her brother in Batavia, to take me to himself. With many tears I separated myself from Europe and all that was dear to me, and went to meet an unknown future in a strange, new continent.

My uncle received me coldly, noticed me but little, was very strict, and overloaded me with labor. But I let nothing trouble me, learned what I could, and assiduously performed all the duties assigned me. The wealth of the unfeeling man, who was unmarried, increased daily; but my youth passed joylessly away, and often, when I took my scanty meal in my own little room, my tears fell upon the morsel in my spoon as I thought of my dear mother, my green play-ground in Delft, and lamented the harshness of my nearest relative.

Fifteen years had thus passed away, when one evening my uncle was brought home mortally ill. He then relented towards me. He called me to his bedside, held me by both of my hands, and, whilst I for the

first time saw any look of tenderness in his eyes, in kind and gentle tones he said to me ;

“ My son, I must die ! The fever in this climate makes short work. Thou hast become inured to labor and to abstinence. Now wilt thou enjoy the benefit of it. My blessing rest upon thee, oh thou child of my beloved sister ! for thou hast been found honest and faithful. Think of me when I am dead.”

He soon afterwards expired, and undissembled tears flowed for him as they laid him in his grave.

I was now wholly alone in the world, and had not where to lay my head. But the next day changed the state of my affairs. The lords justices,—right worthy old wigs,—came and made known my uncle’s last will and testament, by virtue of which I became his sole heir.

Thus did the poor clerk, in process of time, become the richest merchant in Batavia. They who would formerly bestow upon me hardly a look, now thronged about me. My town-house and country-seat were more magnificent than any others far or near. Slaves and maidens, serving-men, overseers and clerks, were almost innumerable ; and gold, pearls, and precious stones came into my possession in such quantities as to be esteemed of scarcely any value.

Under these circumstances it was natural that I should attract the attention of the fairest and most fascinating maidens of Batavia ; and the best match, beyond all doubt, was Miss Susannah Lisberta van Styrum, the only legitimate daughter of the worthy old Counsellor. Her complexion was rather yellow,—and she would

also have been a little dwarfish, had not the expansive powers of nature sought vent in a new direction, and forced up an anomalous monstrosity between her shoulders. But, like a worm-eaten apple, she was the sweeter for that; and she was, besides, a true blue-stocking, who quarrelled incessantly with her parrot and her chambermaids, and knew of nothing so divine as Goethe's "Westoestlichen Divan," which she read in the original,—she played the guitar,—and could bring to her happy bridegroom a rich factory at Amboina, the fairy residence at Palembang, and the Counsellorship of India. —

"Therefore, Benjamin," whispered the notary, who had been listening to my unconscious soliloquy, "shut your eyes to her imperfections, and make yourself merry with us to-day in Palembang. It is now three o'clock; will you take a little repose?"

"Yes, my friend," answered I, "that will I. *Au revoir*. Send Xeri to me."

Xeri appeared.

"What do you wish, Sir?"

"Ah, dear child," answered I, pressing her hand with some embarrassment, "I wish very much! if nobody observes us."

Xeri started back with suffused cheeks and down-cast eyes, and I continued.

"Observe, it is three o'clock, and I have neither ate nor drank, and am as hungry as a wolf! The devil take the doctor! Wilt thou get me something good to eat and drink?"

The maiden hastened away, and soon the costliest nectar and the most luscious viands the world could produce, appeared upon my table. Xeri presented to me the wine, and I was now the happiest Benjamin in all India.

“You are entitled to my eternal gratitude, you good, friendly little being!” said I to Xeri; “and come I again home, you shall have a nice silk dress, not indeed cut quite so low in the neck, for my wife may be somewhat envious.—At any rate, when the yearly market is held at Sorau you may choose you one of the best.”

“Hey day!” cried Dr. Platfoet, entering; “in God’s name, my dear Sir, what are you doing? If this Eve has given to you the forbidden fruit, then is it my duty, which I am now about to perform, to hunt her out of paradise, and remedy your indiscretion with an emetic.”

“What!” cried I, in a rage; “I take an emetic?”

“My worthy friend, do not be unreasonable.”

“Shall I then have looked upon these Egyptian flesh-pots in vain? Hardly a morsel in my mouth, wilt thou,—oh thou sea of medical wisdom,—tear it thence? Of what use to me are my millions, if I cannot comfort my lips with a refreshing draught? Wherefore, most excellent Sir, I presume to say with due deference, that you had better go to the devil,—for I am in health, in perfect health, so true as my name is Van der Witt.”

“In health! in health are you? Now permit me to prove to you *a priori*, on the contrary, that you cannot

be at this moment any thing else than ill. When you, yesterday evening, were pleased to fall into the canal, then was your microcosmus, — I mean your sensorium, — your magnetic principle, — affected in the most powerful manner, and only by a *saltus* have your trains of thought become accustomed to your new physical condition ; — I mean, that in the canal in which you found yourself, as these were becoming transfixed, — that is, when you were dead, — you were by means of a magnetic reaction again suddenly rescued from that physical condition, whilst through my humble endeavours your own lungs again began to respire, your nature then partaking of a sort of dualism, so that you were dead and living at the same time. The consequence of this dualism was” that I fell fast asleep in my chair, and long might the profound demonstration of the learned Plattfoet have continued, had not the bustle of the servants awoke me. Music was playing. Some palanquins were standing before the portal of the house, and my friend Wilmsen informed me that every thing in Palembang awaited my arrival. I immediately entered one of the palanquins. The procession moved forward, and in every direction where I turned my eyes I saw staring holyday-folks, splendid houses, and beautiful canals. The ships were all decorated with flags, and, as we passed by the castle, the garrison were drawn out upon the walls to salute us. “Aha!” thought I; “that is intended for the future Counsellor of India.” For two hours was I thus borne through noisy streets and dirty suburbs, through green plantations, gardens, and groves, until finally glistened, — the evening having

set in,—the million colored lamps which lighted Palembang. Peals of artillery announced the arrival of the bridegroom, and delightful music came out from the palace to meet me. At the entrance, and in the front hall, stood the guests, all well-known faces,—the Governor-general, the whole Council of India, the officers, the Company's servants, the chief merchants, Wilmsen, Plattfoet, and the reverend and godly clergyman, Peter Matten. Of the reception, the greetings, and congratulations, it seemed as if there would never be an end.

Heavens ! how delicious seemed to me, who was both hungry and thirsty, the fragrance of the Indian perfumes and the costly punch and tea, which floated through the rooms ! Within, in the grand saloon, sat Lisberta, surrounded by the brilliant beauties of the Batavian world, to whom the kind father-in-law first presented me, and then led me to his dear little daughter.

“ Here, my worthy son-in-law,” said the Counsellor, “ receive now my only and beloved child as your lawful wife. We are ready, and if it be agreeable to you, Herr Peter Matten may now perform the holy ceremony.”

The whole company arranged themselves in a semi-circle, the charming bride placed herself at my side, and before us was the clergyman ;—but I, having hardly power to stand, whispered to the Doctor, “ For God's sake, most respected Sir ! a glass of punch and a comfortable slice of bread ! ”

But it was in vain ! a shrug of the shoulders rebuked my ill-timed desires, and the priest was proceeding to unite us.

“ Hold ! ” cried I, “ thou man of God ! — Respected guests, and honored citizens of Batavia ! I have fasted the whole day and am excessively hungry. Would it not be agreeable to you to postpone the holy ceremony until after that of the table ! after which I have some important objections to urge against this marriage. Inasmuch as I, who am properly called Wiesenhaar, am a judge in Ziegenborn, and my wife is Louise, whose maiden name was von Oben, and we dwell in a house near the Spittelgate. Also says Sec. 1066, Tit. XX. Part II. of the Provincial Law ”

“ He is mad ! ” murmured the guests ; “ he is mad ! ”

“ I am not mad, your Honors ! ” cried I ; “ but almost dead with hunger and thirst. ”

“ Contain yourself, worthy Sir ! ” said the parson, soothingly, “ and lift up your heart with us in a hymn of devotion. ”

The musicians then struck up “ *Bloom, lovely violets,* ” and “ *Last night was kinsman Michel there.* ” All sung earnestly and with pathos. I, too, caught the wretched melody, and sung with the solemnity of a famished spectre. A mist began to float before my eyes, and through it, snouts, horns, and cloven feet, protruded themselves. Over the heads of the worthy clergyman and of Dr. Plattfoet waved long, hairy asses’ ears, my father-in-law was adorned with a majestic ox’s head, Lisberta snuffled about me with a swine’s snout, — and with a bellowing voice I cried, “ Silence, you madmen ! Let me forth ! ”

More loudly murmured the guests, “ He is mad, he has a freak ! ”

“*You are mad!*” cried I, vehemently, “not *I!* Miserable vermin, away with you to your cloven-footed master.”

Upon this Dr. Plattfoet beckoned to him a couple of slaves, and whispered low to my father-in-law, — but I heard it, — “Let him be held fast while I open a vein, and, when the *lucidum intervallum* arrives, the nuptial ceremony can proceed.”

The slaves sprang towards me. But with a lion’s strength did I elude their grasp. With one kick the door flew open, and with the agony of despair I ran through the illuminated park. After me started the slaves, the guests, the horns, and the cloven feet; — the torches flashed, my father-in-law panted, the hounds yelled, and the whole infernal crew screamed, “Hei, hei! stop him! stop him! he is mad, he runs a muck!” “Stop him,” cried the doctor out of breath, while his flowing wig, caught by the branch of a tree, hung dangling between heaven and earth, — and his lancet was glistening in his hand. Forth from behind a hedge broke Yuma, brandishing a dagger, with the outcry, “Now are you in my power, now must you die!” — I ran through the wood like a baited animal, with the whole pack at my heels. Springing suddenly aside in the dark, I saved myself in an aviary. The sleeping parrots and Indian ravens flew up screaming and terrified.

I was just about endeavouring to conceal myself under the wings of a pelican, when a little book *fell out of my bosom*. A consciousness of the past suddenly came to me. “Home! home!” cried I; “to *Ziegenborn!*”

and by the light of a torch in the hands of one of my pursuers, I quickly read : “ *Et porta superne per aërem, Marchiel, Locusta, Abra Katabra, sax knax* ”

At the opening door I heard a sweet and well-known voice : “ Dear husband, the jailer with the Inquisitors of Hermsdorf have been waiting *nearly an hour*. ”

“ Hey, what ! ” answered I, springing from the sofa ; “ have I then rid myself of that villanous rabble ? Jailer, are you there ? Who are you, — Inquisitors ? — Ah, ah ! all right. Welcome home ! God greet thee, Louise. But I cannot see the inquisitors to-day. Let the servants give them a glass of punch, and send them away. ”

I restlessly paced up and down the room. “ How will the old wigs be astonished, ” murmured I, “ when they can nowhere find me ! I sprung into this place, and nevertheless I am gone. And Yuma ! — why shouldst thou wish to murder me because I saw no deeper into thy black eyes ? — Oh thou ! — But to thee, Xeri, by *the first post to Batavia* will I send the silk dress I promised ! ”

Louise stood transfixed with wonder and amazement. I told her the whole story, to our infinite amusement. But when I took my siesta the next day, I could not refrain from the inquiry, “ What may my poor Xeri be about now ? ” It depended solely upon myself to be with her ! and thereupon I glanced towards the *Nostradamus* lying before me. But I was resolute, and stretched not out my hand towards the forbidden fruit. And afterwards, when of an evening a circle of friends sat with me around the table by the friendly stove,

while the driving snow-storm without beat against the windows, and the steam of the hot punch arose within, when I hungered and thirsted no more,—then would they smilingly say to me, “ *This* is boiled in the flames of your *Nostradamus*. Remain henceforth contented in your own country, and support yourself by honest industry.”

“ It is all as it should be ! ” sighed I. “ Farewell then, thou miserable Utopia, for which so many long, who are better off at home ! Farewell, Van Styrum, thou fat India Counsellor, with thy yellow Lisberta ! Farewell, oh Plattfoet, thou magnetizing ass ! And farewell, also, to thee, poor Xeri ! ”

“ Farewell, poor Xeri ! ” cried my friends, draining their glasses to the last drop.

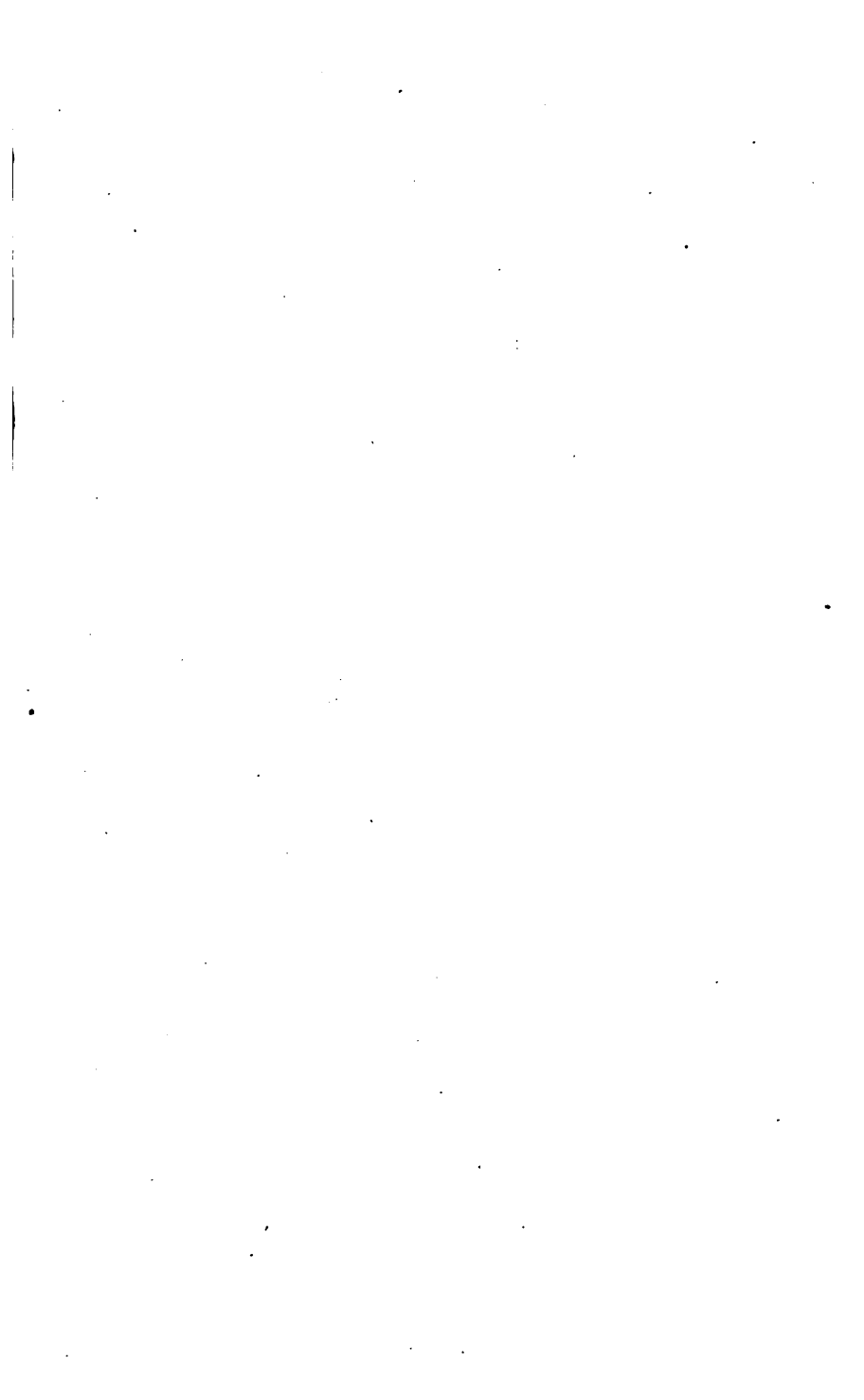
VIOLET FANE.

BY A LADY.

“Violet! my beloved!”

VIVIAN GREY.

“VIOLET!”—he softly whispered,—“Violet, dear!”
The voice unanswered died upon his ear.
He called more loudly,—kneelt,—he called again,
He wept, he prayed, he shouted, still in vain.
She spoke, she moved not,—not a sigh, a breath,
Disturbed the calm, the deep repose of death.
The lifeless hand, he still resistless pressed,—
Relinquished,—sank unconscious on his breast.
No traces on her pure and tranquil brow,—
As cold, as motionless, as marble now,—
Betrayed the struggles of that dreaded strife,
The cruel agonies of parting life ;
But on her half-closed lips a gentle smile,
As of departed rapture, played the while ;
And a soft glow still lingered round her face,
As loath to leave such loveliness and grace.
Can this be death? This rest so peaceful, calm,
As infant slumbering on a parent’s arm ?
Can this be death? The last, most dreaded foe ?
Oh, no ! hope still would ward the fatal blow,
And whisper solace, but with horror fraught.—
The truth at length bursts on his startled thought.
One breath he drew of agonizing pain,
And sank upon the corse of VIOLET FANE.





St. Brown Park

W. H. B. 1871. 100. 10. 10. 10.

St. Brown Park

100. 10. 10. 10.

CHINGFORD CHURCH.

By the London road, not far from town
Old Chingford Church looks frowning down,
O'er buttress and tower the ivy is creeping,
In its lone, dark aisles the weary are sleeping.
At a bow shot's length flows a deep, soft, steady stream,
And its ever-slow, unobtrusive stream—
If you look in its doors at the hour of noon,
Or ponder the waves by the light of the moon,
With its mantle of ivy the place is there,
As things are in dreams,—moist, misty and fair,
Ay, and thy memory, when a child thou hast seen
That gray old church in its youth of yore,
Like the river that flows at its feet, will reveal
Its image back to thy heart's eye,
Will mirror the ivy which creeps o'er the piers,
O'er window and wall, and o'er the roof's eaves,
And seeks to hide in its mossy recesses,
The moss that time of olden days weaves.

In days of yore, the legend is told,
By Chingford Church was the city's pride;



CHINGFORD CHURCH.

By the London road, not far from town,
Old Chingford Church looks frowning down ;
O'er buttress and tower the ivy is creeping,
In its lone, dark aisles the weary are sleeping.
At a bow-shot's length flows a deep, smooth stream,
And it ever seems of that church to dream. —
If you look in its depths at the hour of noon,
Or ponder the waves by the light of the moon,
With its mantle of ivy the church is there,
As things are in dreams, — more misty and fair.
Ay, and thy memory, when once thou hast seen
That gray old church in its vesture of green,
Like the river that flows at its foot, will give
Its image back in colors that live ;
Will mirror that ivy which greenly lingers
O'er window and wall with creeping fingers,
And seeks to hide in its mantle of leaves,
The moss that time o'er the buttresses weaves.

In days of yore, the green hill-side
By Chingford Church was the fairy's pride ;

When the moon was bright, and the blossoms sweet,
They brushed the dew with their airy feet ;
They played 'mid the rays that fell on the brook,
And the blushing waves with their kisses shook ;
By the sculptured stones, where the weary slept,
They hovered light, or perchance they wept.
But the times are changed, and the whizzing car
On pinions of steam flies by with a jar ;
By night and by day, the rumbling wheel
Of the stage-coach plies with its restless zeal ;
And every still nook in old Britain's bound
By the noisy track of Mac Adam is found.
So the fairies, scared from their chosen haunts,
Hold not on the green sward their merry dance ;
But, timid and startled, they shrink from the sight,
And come no more but in visions of night.

THAT PIECE OF SONG.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

“That piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night.”

SHAKSPEARE.

THANK Heaven, my spirit yet retains
The thrill of thy celestial strains ;
As if delight had come unsought,
And breathed upon the harp of thought,
And left an echo, that might seem
The aërial music of a dream,
Softly to calm my idle fears,
And move my very heart to tears.

Let me drink of the music of thy sweet voice,
Again ! Again ! I will ask no more ;
Let me drink till my heart, like the charmer's cup,
Is with rapture flowing o'er ;
Let me drink, let me drink, of thy voice again,
As the parched flower drinks of the silver rain.

THE VOICE OF NATURE.

BY MARY E. LEE.

It was the holy evening hour,
And all alone I stood,
To view the star-light in its power,
Upon the ocean-flood.
No cloud disturbed the sleeping sky,
No sail was on the sea,
And, light, my spirit sought to fly
On pinions, wide and free.

As far I roamed o'er every spot
Upon the earth's fair breast, —
Amid the lowly valley's sheen, —
Upon the mountain's crest, —
Methought from every hill and vale,
Where fairy fancy trod,
There breathed a voice, that told their tale
In one low whisper, — God !

And then the mighty streams that sped
Through earth's remotest bound,
With every slight and silver thread
Of rills, that swept the ground,

All seemed to curb their currents strong,
And hush their playful mood,
Till, soft, there stole, with echo long,
The low, deep whisper, — God !

And, ere the cadence had passed by,
From valley, mount, and main,
The countless spheres of yonder sky,
Caught up the wondrous strain,
And bending o'er their golden lyres,
As if at monarch's nod, —
There issued from a million choirs,
The same deep whisper, — God !

OUR VILLAGE POST-OFFICE.

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

Why weep ye then, for him, who, having won
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labors done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed ;
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set."

BRYANT.

THE master of our village post-office for many years past was an old man ; but the real dispenser of its joys and sorrows was his son, a youth who performed its duties with intelligence, exactness, and delicacy. Some persons may not be aware how much the last quality is called into requisition in a village postmaster. Having the universal country acquaintance with his neighbours' affairs, he holds the key to all their correspondences. He knows, long before the news transpires, when the minister receives a call, when the speculator's affairs are vibrating ; he can estimate the conjugal devotion of the absent husband ; but most enviable is his knowledge of those delicate and uncertain affairs so provoking to village curiosity. Letters, directed in well-known characters, and written with beating hearts within locked

apartments, pass through his hands. The blushing youth steals in at twilight to receive from him his doom; and to him is first known the results of a village belle's foray through a neighbouring district. Our young deputy-postmaster rarely betrayed his involuntary acquaintance with the nature of the missives he dispersed; but, whenever sympathy was permitted, his bright smile and radiating or tearful eye would show how earnest a part he took in all his neighbours suffered or enjoyed. Never was there a kinder heart than Loyd Barnard's, — never a truer mirror than his face.

Every family, however insignificant in the stranger's eye, has a world of its own. The drama and the epic have their beginning, their middle, and their end in the material world. The true story of human relations never ends, and this seal of immortality it is, that gives a dignity and interest to the affections of the humble and unknown, beyond that which fiction and poetry, even when it makes gods and heroes its actors, can attach to qualities and passions that are limited to this world's stage. — This intrinsic dignity I claim for the subjects of my humble village tale.

Loyd Barnard's father, Colonel Jesse Barnard, belonged to that defunct body, the aristocracy of our country. He served in the revolutionary war, he did good service to the state in the subsequent Shay's rebellion, and, though he afterwards inexplicably fell into the ranks of the popular or democratic party, he retained the manners and insignia of his caste, — the prescribed courtesies of the old *régime* with the neatly-tied cue, and the garment that has given place to the

levelling pantaloons. He even persevered in the use of powder till it ceased to be an article of merchandise; and to the very last he maintained those strict observances of politeness, that are becoming, among us, subjects of tradition and history. These, however, are merely accidents of education and usage. His moral constitution had nothing aristocratic or exclusive. On the contrary, his heart was animated with what we would fain believe to be the spirit of our democratic institutions, a universal good will. The Colonel was remarkably exempt (whether fortunately or unfortunately each according to his taste must decide) from the virtue or mania of his age and country; and consequently, at threescore and ten, instead of being the proprietor of lands in the West, or ships on the sea, he possessed nothing but his small paternal estate in B——, a pretty, cottage-looking dwelling, with a garden and an acre of land. As far back as the administration of Jefferson, he had received the appointment of postmaster; and, as the village grew with the prosperity of manufactures and agriculture, the income of the office has of late amounted to some five or six hundred dollars. This, with the addition of his pension as a revolutionary officer, made the Colonel "passing rich"; for by this time his sons and daughters were married, and dispersed from Maine to Georgia, and the youngest only, our friend Loyd, remained at home. "Passing rich" we say, and repeat it, was the Colonel. Those who have never seen an income of a few hundred dollars well administered in rural life can have no conception of the comfort and independence, nay,

luxury, it will procure. In the first place, the staples of life, space, pure air, sweet water, and a continual feast for the eye are furnished in the country, in unmeasured quantity, by the bounty of Providence. Then when, as with the Colonel, there are no vices to be pampered, no vanities to be cherished, no artificial distinctions to be sustained, no conventional wants to be supplied, the few hundred dollars do all for happiness that *money* can do. The king who has to ask his Commons for supplies, and the Cræsus of our land who still desire more than they have, might envy our contented Colonel, or rather might have envied him, till, after a life of perfect exemption from worldly cares, he came, for the first time, to feel a chill from the shadows of the coming day,—a distrustful fear that the morrow might *not* take care of itself.

Among other luxuries of a like nature (the Colonel was addicted to such indulgences), he had allowed himself to adopt a little, destitute orphan-girl, Paulina Morton. She came to the old people after all their own girls were married and gone, and proved so dutiful and so helpful, that she was scarcely less dear to them than their own flesh and blood. Paulina, or Lina,—for by this endearing diminutive they familiarly called her,—was a pretty, very pretty girl, in spite of red hair, which, since it has lost the favor some beauty, divine or mortal, of classic days, won for it, is considered, if not a blemish, certainly not an attribute of beauty. Paulina's friends and lovers maintained that hers was getting darker every day, and that even were it fire-red, her soft, blue eyes, spirited, sweet mouth,

coral lips, and exquisitely tinted skin would redeem it. Indeed, good old Mrs. Barnard insisted it was only red in certain lights, and those certain Ithuriel lights Loyd Barnard never saw it in; for he often expressed his surprise that any one could be so blind as to call *auburn* red! In these days of reason's supremacy, we have found out there are no such "dainty spirits" as Ariel, Puck, and Oberon. Still the lover is not disenchanted.

"Lina, my child," said the old lady, one evening, just at twilight, while the burning brands sent a ruddy glow over the ceiling, and were reflected by the tea-things, our 'neat-handed lass was arranging,' "Lina, do you expect Mr. Lovejoy this evening?"

"No, ma'am."

"To-morrow evening, then?"

"No, ma'am; I never expect him again."

"You astonish me, Lina. You don't mean you have given him his answer?"

Lina smiled, and Mrs. Barnard continued; "I fear you have not duly considered, Lina."

"What is the use of considering, ma'am, when we know our feelings?"

"We can't afford always, my child, to consult feelings. Nobody can say a word against Mr. Lovejoy;—he made the best of husbands to his first wife."

"That was a very good reason why *she* should love him, ma'am."

Mrs. Barnard proceeded without heeding the emphasis on *she*. "He has but three children, and two of them are out of the way."

“A poor reason, as I have always thought, ma’am, to give either to father or children for taking the place of mother to them.”

“But there are few that are calculated for the place; — you are cut out for a step-mother, Lina, — just the right disposition for step-mother, or step-daughter.”

Paulina’s ideas were confused by the compliment, and she was on the point of asking whether step-daughter and daughter-in-law expressed the same relation, but some feeling checked her, and instead of asking she blushed deeply. The good old lady continued her soundings.

“I did not, Lina, expect you to marry Mr. Lovejoy for love.”

“For what then, ma’am, should I marry him?” asked Lina, suspending her housewife labors, and standing before the fire while she tied and untied the string of her little black silk apron.

“Girls often do marry, my child, to get a good home.”

“*Marry* to get a home, Mrs. Barnard! I would wash, iron, sweep, scrub, beg to get a home, sooner than marry to get one; — and, besides, have I not the pleasantest home in the world? thanks to your bounty and the Colonel’s.”

Mrs. Barnard sighed, took Lina’s fair, chubby hand in hers, stroked and pressed it. At this moment, the Colonel, who had, unperceived by either party, been taking his twilight nap on his close-curtained bed in the adjoining bedroom, rose, and drew up to the fire. He had overheard the conversation, and now, to poor Paulina’s infinite embarrassment, joined in it.

“I am disappointed, Lina,” he said; “it is strange it is so difficult to suit you with a husband,—you are easily suited with every thing else.”

“But I don’t want a husband, Sir.”

“There’s no telling how soon you may, Lina; I feel myself to be failing daily, and when I am gone, my child, it will be all poor Loyd can do to take care of his mother.”

“Can I not help him? Am I not stronger than Loyd? Would it not be happiness enough to work for Loyd, and Loyd’s mother?” thought Paulina; but she hemmed and coughed, and said nothing.

“It would be a comfort to me,” continued the old man, “to see you settled in a home of your own before I die.”—He paused, but there was no reply.—“I did not say a word when William Strong was after you,—I did not like the stock; nor when the young lawyer sent his fine presents,—as Loyd said, ‘he had more gab than wit’; nor when poor Charles Mosely was, as it were, dying for you, for, though his prospects were fine in Ohio, I felt, and so did *Miss* Barnard, and so did Loyd, as if we could not have you go so far away from us; but now, my child, the case is different. Mr. Lovejoy has one of the best estates in the county; he is none of your flighty, here to-day and gone to-morrow folks, but a substantial, reliable person, and I think, and Loyd said—” Here the brands fell apart; and, while Paulina was breathless to hear what Loyd said, the old Colonel rose to adjust them. He had broken the thread, and did not take it up in the right place. “As I was saying, my child,” he resumed;

“my life is very uncertain, and I think, and Loyd thinks —”

What Loyd thought Paulina did not learn, for at this moment the door opened, and Loyd entered.

Loyd Barnard was of the Edwin or Wilfred order, one of those humble and generous spirits that give all, neither asking nor expecting a return. He seemed born to steal quietly and alone through the shady paths of life. A cast from a carriage in his infancy had, without producing any mutilation or visible injury, given a fatal shock to his constitution. He had no disease within the reach of art, but a delicacy, a fragility, that rendered him incapable of continuous exertion or application of any sort. A merciful Providence provides compensations, or, at least, alleviations, for all the ills that flesh is heir to; and Loyd Barnard, in abundant leisure for reading, which he passionately loved, in the tranquillity of a perfectly resigned temper, and in a universal sympathy with all that feel, enjoy, and suffer, had little reason to envy the active and prosperous, who are bustling and struggling through the chances and changes of this busy life. His wants were few, and easily supplied by the results of the desultory employments he found in the village, in the intervals of his attention to the post-office. As much of what we call virtue is constitutional, so we suppose was Loyd's contentment; if it was not virtue, it was happiness, for, till of late, he had felt no more anxiety for the future than nature's commoners, — the birds and flowers.

“Ah, my son,” said the old gentleman, “you have come just in the right time, — but where is Lina gone?”

"She went out as I came in, Sir, and I thought she looked as if she had been weeping."

"Weeping!" echoed the Colonel; and "Weeping!" reëchoed the old lady; and "Could we have hurt her feelings?" asked both in the same breath.

"Why, what in the world have you been saying to her, mother?"

"Nothing, Loyd, — nothing, — nothing, — don't look so scared. We were only expostulating a little, as it were, and urging her to accept Mr. Lovejoy's offer." Loyd looked ten times paler than usual, and kept his eye riveted on his mother, till she added, "But somehow it seems as if she could not any way feel to it."

"Thank God!" murmured Loyd, fetching a long breath. Both parents heard the unwonted exclamation, and to both it was a revelation. The Colonel rose, walked to the window, and, though the blinds were closed, stood as if gazing out, and the old lady jerked her knitting-needle from the sheath, and rolled up the knitting-work, though she was not in the seam-needle.

It is difficult in any case for parents to realize how soon their children pass the bounds of childhood, and how soon, among other thoughts incident to maturity, love and marriage enter their heads. But there were good reasons why the Colonel and his wife should have fancied the governing passions and objects of ordinary lives had never risen above their son's horizon. They considered him perfectly incompetent to provide for the wants of the most frugal family, and they had forgotten that love takes no counsel from prudence. It was too late now to remember it.

The Colonel, after repeated clearings of his throat, taking off his spectacles, wiping and putting them on again, said, "Are you *attached* to Lina, my son?" he used the word in its prescriptive rustic sense.

"Yes, Sir."

"Strange I never mistrusted it!—how long have you been so, Loyd?"

"Ever since I was old enough to understand my feelings; but I did not, till very lately, know that I could not bear the thoughts of her becoming attached to another."

"Do you know what Lina's feelings are?"

"No, Sir."

"But surely you can *guess*, Loyd," interrupted his mother.

"I can *hope*, mother,—and I do."

"The sooner, my son, you both get over it the better, for there is no kind of a prospect for you."

"My child," said the good old man, gently laying his hand on the shoulder of his companion of fifty years, "trust in Providence,—our basket and store have been always full, and why should not our children's be?—Loyd now does the business of the post-office;—while I live they can share with us, and, when I am gone, it may so be, that the heart of the ruler will be so overruled, that the office will be continued to Loyd."

Loyd, either anticipating his mother's opposing arguments, or himself impelled irresistibly to the argument of love, disappeared, and the old lady, who, it must be confessed, lived less by faith than her gentle spouse, replied;

“The office continued to Loyd! Who ever heard of old Jackson’s heart being overruled to do what he had not a mind to?”

“My dear child!”

“Well, my dear, do hear me out; don’t the loaves and fishes *all* go one side of the table?”

“Why, we have had our plates filled a pretty while, my dear.”

“Well, my dear, old Jackson could not take the bread and butter out of the mouth of a Revolutionary officer.”

“I am sure he has proved that he *would* not.”

“No, my dear, *could* not. Why, even his own party,—and we all know what his party are in old Massachusetts—”

“About like the other party, my dear.”

“My dear! how can you say so!—Why, his own party are the most violent, given-over, as it were, and low-lived people; yet they would be ashamed to see you turned out of office.”

“They would be sorry, I know; for we have many good friends, and kind neighbours among them;—there’s Mr. Loomis, Harry Bishop, and Mr. Barton.”

“Mr. Barton! Lyman Barton! My dear, everybody knows, and everybody says, Lyman Barton has been waiting this last dozen years to step into your shoes. The post-office is just what he wants. To be sure he is a snug man, and lives within his means; but then he has a large growing family, and they are obliged to be prudent, and there would be enough to say he *ought* to have the office. And, besides, is he not always working for the party? writing in the paper?”

and serving them every way? And who was ever a Jackson man, but for what he expected to get for it? No, no, my dear, mark my words! you won't be cold before Lyman Barton will be sending off a petition to Washington for the office, and signed by every Jackson man in town."

"I don't believe it, my dear; I don't feel as if Lyman Barton would ask for the office."

"Well, my dear, you'll see, after you are dead and gone, how it will be,—you may laugh,—I mean *I* shall see, if I am spared,—you always have, Colonel, just such a blind faith in everybody."

"My faith is founded on reason and experience, my dear. Through life I have found friends kind to me beyond my deservings, and far beyond my expectations. I have got pretty near the other shore, and I can't remember that ever I had an enemy."

While this conversation was in progress, there was a *tête-à-tête*, on which we dare not intrude, in another apartment of the house. The slight veil that had covered the hearts of our true lovers dropped at the first touch, and both, finding a mine of the only riches they coveted, "dared be poor" in this world's poor sense. Secured by the good Colonel's indulgence, for the present they were too happy to look beyond the sunshine that played around them for any dark entanglements to which their path might conduct them. In any event they did not risk the miseries of dependence, nor the pains of starvation. Nature, in our land, spreads an abundant table; and there is always a cover awaiting the frugal and industrious laborer (or even gleaner) in

her fruitful fields. Any thing short of absolute want, perhaps even that, it seemed to our young friends happiness to encounter together.

Oh ye perjured traffickers in marriage vows! ye buyers and sellers of hearts,— hearts! they are not articles of commerce,— buyers and sellers of the bodies that might envelope and contain celestial spirits, eat, drink, and be merry, for to-morrow ye die! To-morrow your home, that temple of the affections, which God himself has consecrated, shall be their tomb, within whose walls shall be endured the torpor of death with the acute consciousness of life!

Our simple friends wotted not of the miseries of artificial life. These had never even crossed the threshold of their imaginations. The Colonel gave his hearty consent for the asking, and his prudent helpmate was too true-hearted a woman to withhold hers. There are those wise as serpents, if not harmless as doves, in village life; and such shook their heads, and wondered if the Colonel calculated to live and be postmaster for ever! or if Loyd could be such a fool as to expect to succeed to the office, when everybody knew it was just as good as promised to Mr. Barton! Loyd Barnard, a steady, *consistent* (our own side is always consistent) whig, expect the tender mercies of the Jackson party! No, Loyd Barnard indulged no such extravagant expectation. He had stood by "old Massachusetts" through her obstinate or her *consistent* opposition to the general government, and he expected to reap the customary reward of such firmness or—prejudice. To confess the truth, he thought little about the future, and

not at all of the Malthusian theories. His present happiness was enough, and it was brightened with the soft and equal light of the past. As to Paulina, it was her nature

“Ne'er to forgather wi' sorrow and care,
But gie them a skelp as they're creepin' along.”

The preliminaries being adjusted, it was agreed on all hands that the wedding should not be deferred. Quilts were quilted,—the publishment pasted on the church door,—and the wedding-cake made. Never had the Colonel seemed better and brighter; his step was firmer, his person more erect than usual; and his face reflected the happiness of his children, as the leafless woods warm and kindle in a spring sunshine.

At this moment came one of those sudden changes that mock at human calculations. An epidemic influenza, fatal to the feeble and the old, was passing over the whole country. Colonel Barnard was one of its first victims. He died after a week's illness; and though he was some years beyond the authorized period of mortality, his death at this moment occasioned a general shock, as if he had been cut off in the prime of life. All,—even his enemies, we should have said, but enemies he had none,—spoke of the event in a subdued voice, and with the sincerest expressions of regret. The grief of his own little family we have not space to describe, or, if we had, how could we describe the desolation of a home from which such a fountain of love and goodness was suddenly removed? Notwithstanding the day of the funeral was one of the coldest of a severe January, the mercury being some

degrees below cipher, and the gusty, cutting wind driving the snow into billows, numbers collected from the adjoining towns to pay the last tribute of respect to the good Colonel.

There is a reality in the honor that is rendered at a rustic funeral to a poor, good man, a touching sincerity in sympathy where every follower is a mourner.

The custom, growing in some of our cities, of private funerals, of limiting the attendants to the family and nearest friends of the deceased, is there in good taste. The parade of ceremony, the pomp of numbers, the homage of civility, and all the show and tricks of hollow conventional life are never more out of place, never more revolting, than where death has come with its resistless power and awful truth. But a country funeral has, besides its quality of general sorrow, somewhat of the nature of the Egyptian court that sat upon the merits of the dead. The simplicity and frankness of country life has truly exhibited the character of the departed, and if judged in gentleness (as all human judgments should be rendered) it is equitably judged.

The Colonel's humble home was filled to overflowing, so that there were numbers who were obliged to await the moving of the procession in the intense cold on the outside of the house; and they did wait, patiently and reverently,—no slight testimony of their respect.

The coffin was placed in the centre of the largest apartment, in country phrase, the "dwelling-room." Within the little bed-room sat the "mourners"; but a stranger, who should have seen the crowd as they pressed forward one after another, for a last look at

their departed friend, might have believed they were all mourning a father. They were remembering a parent's offices. There was the widow, whom he had visited in her affliction,—there the orphans, now grown to be thriving men and women, fathers and mothers, whom he had succoured, counselled, and watched over;—there were those whom he had visited in prison;—there were sometime enemies converted to friends by his peace-making intervention;—there was the young man reclaimed by his wise counsel and steady friendship, for the good Colonel had a “skeptical smile” for what others deemed hopeless depravity, and believed

“some pulse of good must live
Within a human nature.”

And there were children with wet eyes, for the rare old man who had always a smile for their joys, and a tear for their troubles; and one, I remember, as her mother lifted her up for the last look, whispered, “Oh, he is too good a man to bury up in the ground!”

And there, in the midst of this sad company, and with a face quite as sad as his neighbours', stood *Lyman Barton*. A little urchin, a particular friend of the old Colonel's, and of mine too, who stood beside me, pulled my ear down to his lips, and turning his flashing eye upon Barton, whispered,

“Ought not he to be ashamed of himself?”

“Why, Hal? why?”

“He is making believe cry, just like a crocodile! *Everybody* says he has written to old Jackson already to be made postmaster. I wish he was in the Colonel's place.”

“You could not wish him in a better, my dear.”

“Oh, I did not mean that! I did not mean that!”

He would have proceeded; but I shook my head, and put an end to the explanation he was eager to make.

The funeral was over, the cold wind was howling without, the sigh of the mourners alone was heard, where a few days before all had been cheerfulness and preparation for the happiest event of human life. Paulina had lighted a single lamp and placed it in the farther part of the room, for there seemed something obtrusive even in the cheerfulness of light. She was seated on a low chair beside the old lady. The passiveness of grief was peculiarly unsuited to her active and happy nature; and, as she sat as if she were paralyzed, not even heeding the Colonel's favorite cat, who jumped into her lap, and purred and looked up for its accustomed caress, one could hardly believe she was the same girl who was for ever on the wing, laughing and singing from morning till night. Poor Loyd too, who had so gently acquiesced in the evils of his lot, who had bent like the reed before the winds of adversity, suffered now as those only do who resist while they suffer. Perhaps it was not in human nature not to mingle the disappointment of the lover with the grief of the son, and, while he was weeping his loss, to ponder over some of his father's last words. “Of course, my children,” he had said, “you will dismiss all thoughts of marriage,—for the present I mean. It will be all, I am afraid more, than you can

do, Loyd, when the post-office and the pension are gone, to get bread for your mother. If you marry, you can't tell how many claims there may be upon you. But don't be discouraged, my children;—cast your care upon the Lord,—something may turn up,—wait,—blessed are they who wait in faith."

Both promised to wait, and both, as they now resolved their promise, religiously resolved to abide by it, cost what it might.

Their painful meditations were interrupted by a knock at the outer door, and Loyd admitted Major Perrit, one of his neighbours, and one of those everlasting meddlers in others' affairs, who, if a certain proverb were literal, must have had as many fingers as Argus had eyes.

"I am sorry for your affliction, ma'am," said he, shaking Mrs. Barnard's extended hand, while a sort of simpering smile played about his mouth in spite of the appropriate solemnity he had endeavoured to assume; "don't go out, Miss Paulina,—what I have to communicate is interesting to you, as well as to the widow and son of the deceased."

"Some other time, Sir," interposed Loyd, whose face did not conceal how much he was annoyed by the officiousness and bustling manner of his visiter.

"Excuse me, Loyd,—I am older than you, and ought to be a little wiser,—we must take time by the forelock; others are up and doing, why should we not be?"

Loyd now comprehended the Major's business, and, pained and somewhat shocked, he turned away; but,

remembering the intention was kind, though the mode was coarse, he smothered his disgust, and forced himself to say,

“ We are obliged to you, Major Perrit ; but I am not in a state of mind to attend to any business this evening.”

“ Oh, I know you have feelings, Loyd ; but you must not be more nice than wise. They *must not* get the start of us. I always told my wife it would be so, and now she sees I was right. I tell you, Loyd, in confidence, your honored father was not cold before Lyman Barton was handing round his petition for the office.” It was not in human nature for the old lady to suppress a hem, at this exact fulfilment of her prediction to the poor Colonel. “ Barton’s petition,” continued Perrit, “ will go on to Washington in the mail to-morrow, and ours *must* go with it,— here it is.” He took the paper from his pocket, and, opening it, showed a long list of names. “ A heavy list,” he added, — “ but every one of them whigs ; we did not ask a Jackson man, — there would have been no use, you know ; Lyman Barton leads them all by the nose. — ”

Here Perrit was interrupted by a knock at the entry door. A packet addressed to Loyd was handed to him. Perrit glanced at the superscription, and exclaimed, “ This is too much, by George ! — he has had the impudence to send you the petition.”

“ I could not have believed this of him,” thought Loyd, as he broke the seal ; for he, like his father, reluctantly believed ill of any one. There were a few lines on the envelope ; — he read them to himself, and

then, with that emotion which a good man feels at an unexpected good deed, he read them aloud.

“MY DEAR FRIEND LOYD,

“Excuse me for intruding on you, at this early moment, a business matter that ought not to be deferred. You will see by the enclosed, that my friends and myself have done what we could to testify our respect for the memory of your excellent father, and our esteem for you. Wishing you the success you deserve,

“I remain very truly yours,

“LYMAN BARTON.”

The enclosed paper was a petition, headed by *Lyman Barton*, and signed by almost every Jackson partisan in the town, that the office of postmaster might be given to Loyd Barnard. A short prefix to the petition expressed the signers' respect for the Colonel, and their unqualified confidence in his son. Perrit ran his eye over the list, and exclaiming, “This is the Lord's hand! by George!” he seized his hat and departed, eager to have at least the consolation of first spreading the news through the village.

Few persons comprehend a degree of virtue beyond that of which they are themselves capable.

“It is, indeed, in one sense,” said Loyd, as the door closed after Perrit, “the hand of the Lord; for He it is, that makes his creatures capable of such disinterested goodness.”

Those who heard the fervid language and tone in which Loyd expressed his gratitude, when he, that night,

for the first time, took his father's place at the family altar, must have felt that this was one of the few cases where it was *equally* "blessed to give and to receive."

Loyd's appointment came by return of mail from Washington. In due time the wedding-cake was cut, and *our village postmaster* is as happy as love and fortune can make him.

It was a bright thought in a philanthropist of one of our cities, to note down the actual good deeds that passed under his observation. We have imitated his example in recording an act of rare disinterestedness and generosity. It certainly merits a more enduring memorial; but it has its fitting reward in the respect it inspires, and in its blessed tendency to vanquish the prejudices and soften the asperities of political parties.

THE DAY DEPARTS.

BY M. E. LEE.

The day departs, and, softly gleaming,
Hesperus shines in the west,
While a mellow light is streaming
Like a mantle o'er the breast
Of earth, at rest.

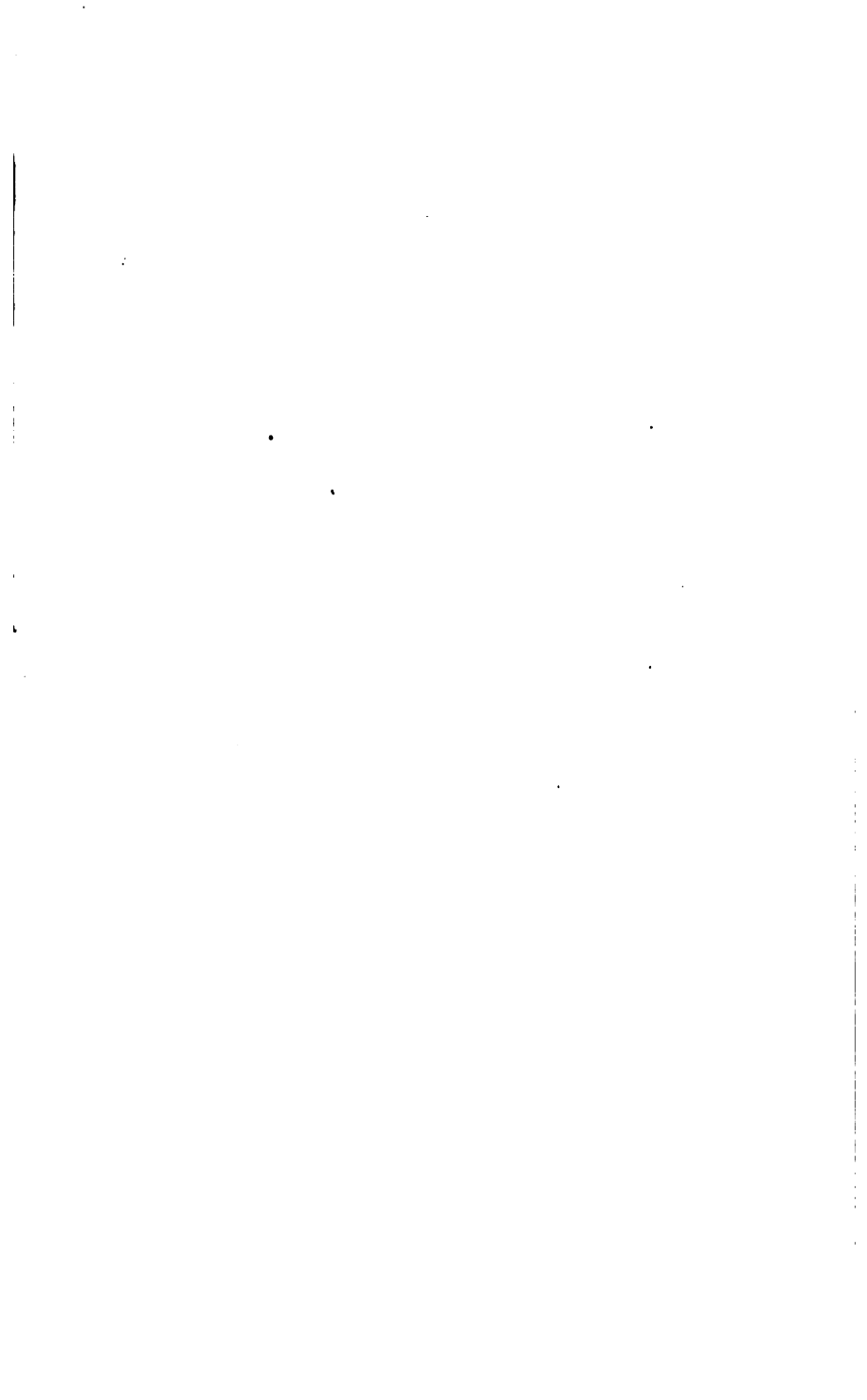
The day departs, and moonlight tender
Spreads once more through ether's bound,
Lavishing a silvery splendor,
Till each secret haunt around
Seems holy ground.

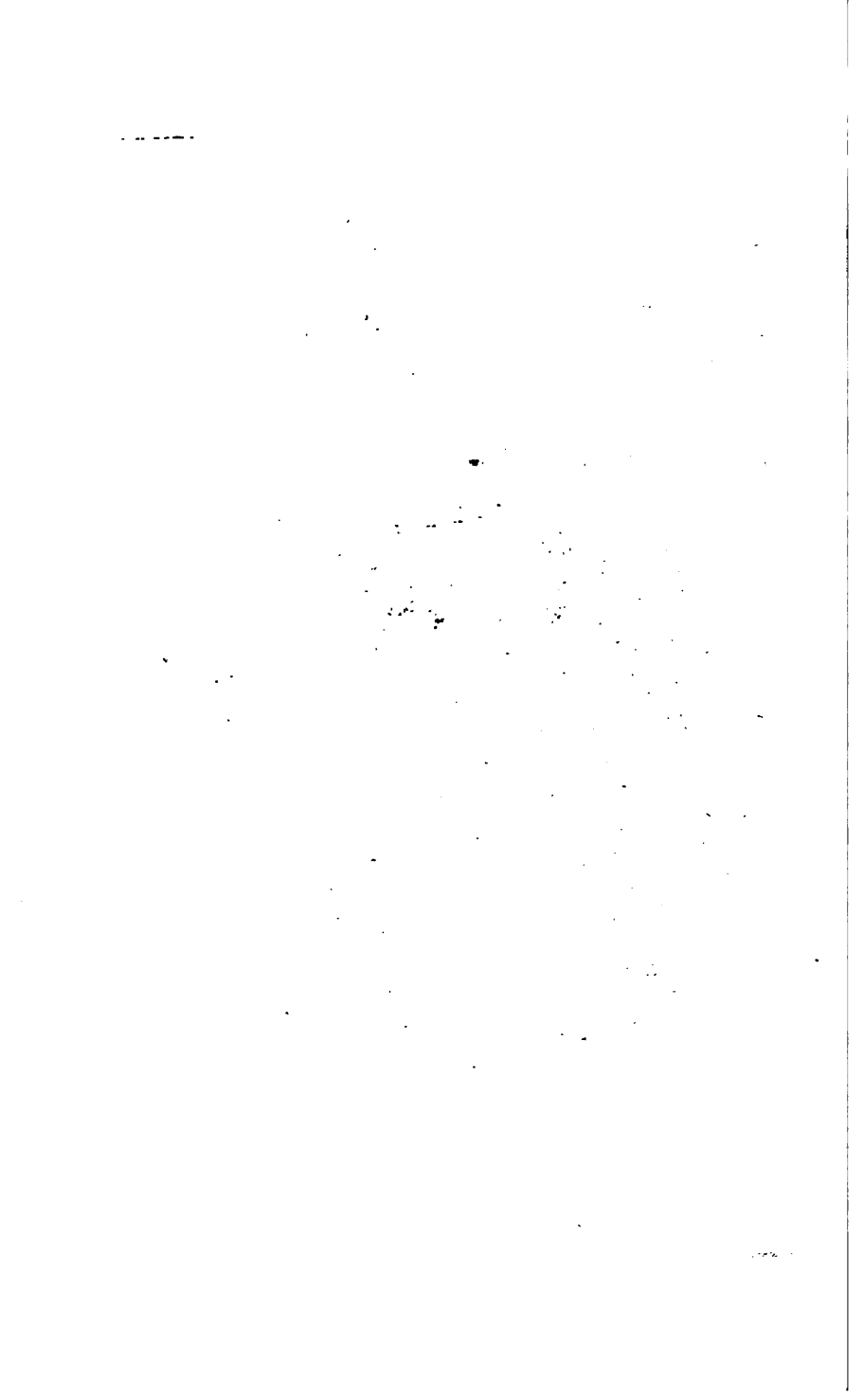
The day departs, and harps are blending
Viewless, in celestial air;
While, from earth to heaven ascending,
Floats from every floweret fair
A whispered prayer.

The day departs, and ocean's billow
Is at rest, save when the shell,
Turning on her dreamy pillow,
Moans, in never-ceasing swell,
A low farewell.

The day departs, but soon the morrow
Will resume the car, which Night,
For a little while doth borrow,
Till her younger sister, Light,
Appears in sight.

The day departs, yet Faith undying
On her pinion fleet doth rove,
To a land of sunshine lying
In an atmosphere above,
Where all is love.





THE ALPS.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

ALPS above Alps around me rise,
Lost in the very depths of air,
And stand between the earth and skies,
In calm, majestic grandeur there.
Stupendous heights, by man untrod !
Types of the mighty power of God !
Here stand ye, as ye stood, when first
Your splendor out of chaos burst ;
Here have you reared your giant forms,
From age to age unharmed 'mid desolating storms.

Now glaciers stretch beneath my feet,
Lost in the cloudy air below,
By arrowy hail and tempests beat,
And covered with eternal snow ;
The chamois and the mountain deer
Can hardly find a shelter here ;
The eagle can scarce build her nest
Upon thy cold and icy breast ;
All, all is still. There breathes no sound :—
Thy frozen cliffs are wrapped in solitude profound.

Oh solemn scene ! majestic ! vast !

Here will you ever stand, as now,
Omnipotence around you cast,

And God's own seal upon your brow.

Below, a thousand torrents lie ;

Above, thy summits pierce the sky,

Sparkling before the astonished sight

Like pyramids of frozen light.

Here, e'en as now, in strength sublime,

Thy ice-clad cliffs shall stand throughout all coming
time.

But, while I on these mountains stand,

And while my heart with wonder thrills,

Shall I forget my native land ?

My own New England hills ?

No, no ! there's not a spot on earth,

Like that blest land which gave me birth ;

And even now before my eyes

Her rivers roll, — her green hills rise, —

Her wild flowers bloom ! Thus bright and free,

My own New England home, my native land, for me !

THE DELUGE.

BY H. WARE, JR.

While lying sleepless in my berth after long sea-sickness, I amused myself one night with collecting all the rhymes I could remember to the word *ark*, arranging them in alphabetical order, and then attempting verses in description of the deluge. The following is the result. It will be perceived, that when the same sounds were found to have different significations, so as to require to be repeated, they were introduced in an inverse order after having completed the alphabet.

I SING the story of the ancient Ark,
That oarless, rudderless, and sail-less Barque,
Which through the deluge bore the holy Clerk,
And saved the creatures in its chambers Dark.

The clouds collect ; the various tribes Embark ;
The fountains of the deep break up ; and, Hark !
Above the matins of the early Lark,
The thunders roll. Beyond the appointed Mark
Of Ocean's ancient shores, this great Nearch
Rides o'er the ruins of earth's fertile Park.
How sad the wide-spread ravage to Remark !
Quenched of all earth-born things the vital Spark !
Through palace halls roves the voracious Shark ;
And wrecks, and beasts, and human corpses Stark,
Throng round the life-boat of the Patriarch.

The months roll on. He sends the dove to Mark
The abating floods. And now they Disembark ;
Men kneel ; the creatures leap, fly, scream, and Bark,
While o'er them circles Mercy's radiant Arc.

JAQUES LE LAID.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "WEALTH AND FASHION."

THERE are few more picturesque tours than through Canada, embarking at Kingston in a bateau, and sweeping down the rapids. Many years ago, before the monsters of lakes and rivers began to spout forth their steam, I made the tour of Canada by the way of Niagara. Niagara! if aught could impair its grandeur, it would be done by erecting around it hotels and cottages. At that time, it stood the mighty monarch of the wilderness, roaring and thundering in its grandeur, and, as we all thought, bidding defiance to the puny efforts of man. Yet what shall set boundaries to human intellect? If it has not stayed the cataract's proud waves, it has triumphed over them; and, from the little bridge that trembles above the gulf, the frailest of God's creatures look calmly down on the abyss below! After crossing Ontario, as I observed before, we embarked at Kingston in a bateau. The Canadian *bateliers* are a strange race. We were obliged at that time to take our baskets of provision with us, and we put ashore when we were inclined to dine. Though we always treated the *bateliers* with ham, bread, &c., we found invariably, that,

after we left the spot where we made our repast, they eagerly resorted to it, and collected the rinds of bacon, parings of fruit, and, in short, every thing that could be stowed into their sacks of tow cloth ; for these fragments there was usually great contention, and consequent exultation by those who had secured the most. The greatest hero on these occasions was *Jaques le Laid*. Nothing that escaped deformity could be more hideous than his countenance. His complexion was of the darkest hue, his eyes large, wild, and prominent. A superficial observer would have conceived him to be a bandit ; but more minute attention to his features and character of countenance changed that impression. You saw at once that there was nothing of the wolf or hyena in its expression ; it was daring, reckless and uncivilized, yet there were gleams of feeling and imagination playing over it ; and once, as we passed a crucifix erected opposite one of the rapids, he made the sign of the cross with a fervor, that led me to believe he was a devotee. Whatever he might be, he absorbed the attention of our party ; for my own part, I could not keep my eyes from him ; there was something in his like the fascination of the rattlesnake. One of the boatmen near me observed my engrossment.

“ Have you ever seen Jaques before ? ” said he.

“ Never,” I replied.

“ Ah, master, you are caught just as everybody else is. Jaques does with us as he pleases ; and yet nobody was ever so ugly before.”

It was true, he looked as if he had been all his life fed on the refuse of human nourishment. Nothing

redeemed his ugliness but a set of polished white teeth, that were so firmly placed, and gave evidence of so much comfort, that one of our party, who had been suffering with the toothache, declared he was willing to take Jaques' ugliness for the sake of his teeth. As I had a little smattering of Canadian French, I entered into conversation with him between the intervals of his singing, for at that period the bateau-men all sung, and kept time with their oars. The first morning was a glorious one; the sky was blue, and the clouds were piled one upon another like mountains of snow, with every now and then a little mysterious opening between them, through which you seemed to see into the interior of the heavens,—the eye and imagination pressing still further on to the regions of the blest. Jaques did not gaze upward; he talked of the rapids below, over which our little boat merrily danced, told us how many had been wrecked on the *White Horse*, and how many had gone down to see what was at the bottom of the cascades; and then again he described the jump of the *Long Saut*, and pointed occasionally to a cross erected on the shore, that commemorated the loss of nautical adventurers like ourselves. All this, amidst the dashing of oars, the bright sparkling of the waters, and the wild, savage looks of the bateau-men, produced a wonderful effect. I confess I began to feel a sort of shudder, and wish myself safely over these dangerous rapids.

“Pray say no more about them, Jaques,” said I, in a gibberish he understood, “but tell me a little about yourself. Who put that bouquet of flowers into your

hat?" for a hat he had, though from economy or convenience he seldom put it on his head.

"*Madame ma femme*," said he, changing his wild, savage expression for a deferential one.

"Then you are married?"

"Yes," said he, resuming his former expression, "after all!"

"And why after all, Jaques? Come, tell me your story, and let your companions have the song all to themselves."

"Willingly," said he; still, however, keeping time with his oars and with his head.

It is an old observation, that people cannot do two things at once; but Jaques proved the contrary, for he was evidently mentally singing with his companions, while he related his history to me.

"Well, then; when I was born, I was what I am now, and from that time to this I have gone by the name of *Jaques le Laid*.*"

"And why so?" asked I, rather unnecessarily, I confess. He gave me a comical look, and said, "Use your eyes,—yes,—I was the ugliest Jaques in the two Canadas; and what was worse, I fell in love with the handsomest girl."

"Did she return your affection?"

"She never made faces at me, nor called me *bête*, as the others did," said he, not replying to my question. "She had lovers by the dozen, but she said to them all, *Non, non*. I did not offer myself to her, for I was afraid she would say to me, as she did to the others, *Non, non!*"

* Jaques the Ugly.

He uttered the last sentence with frightful emphasis to one unused to the Canadian manner.

“ And did you win her ? ”

“ I loved old John, her father, and I went with him on his raft to Quebec,—ah, never shall I forget that night upon the Lake of St. Peter; it blew a hurricane; there was old John, Pierre his son, Jeanette his daughter, myself, and three thousand dollars' worth of timber. When we got into the midst of the Lake, up came a gale, the waves rose high and washed over the raft, crack went the cords, and away floated the timber. ‘ This is a bad night for us,’ said old John; ‘ if Jeanette were not with us, I should not so much mind it. I was an old fool to take her with me at her bidding.’ ‘ Never mind,’ said I, ‘ with God's blessing all will go well.’ Just as I spoke, crash comes the wind, crack go the cords, and away goes poor Pierre on a single timber. Oh, how Jeanette screamed, and held out her arms! and poor John (what could he do?) pitched head foremost into the water after him. Poor old soul! he was stiff and rheumatic, and he went down like a stone. I stripped off my jacket, the very jacket I have on now, and down I went after him, and brought him up half drowned, and laid him on the raft. I then looked after Pierre,—it was a fearful sight to see the poor fellow riding on a single stick over the billows. ‘ Never mind,’ said I, ‘ he is only a little before us,—his sail is shorter than ours,—we may hold out till morning, but Pierre will never see another night,—it will be all daylight in Heaven.’ In a little while we could see nothing of him, and poor Jeanette lay down and cried bitterly.

All day the wind blew a hurricane,—timber after timber left us, the sea sometimes looked fiery red, and then blue, and cold as it came washing over us. Heavens and earth, what a time to talk of love! and yet for the first time I spoke the word to Jeanette.—Poor Jeanette! she only said, ‘You have saved my father’s life!’ ‘That is nothing now,’ said I; ‘we shall all soon be in Paradise. Jeanette, will you be mine in Heaven?’ ‘By this blessed crucifix!’ said she, pulling it out of her bosom, and we both kissed it. We then commended ourselves to God, and oh, how I longed to be in Heaven with Jeanette! Suddenly we saw a sail. I first discovered it, but I said not a word, for thinks I, ‘I have lost Jeanette.’ They perceived us with their spy-glass, and made for us, and, when near enough, sent out a boat and took us in. The first person we saw on board was Pierre; they found him as they did us; and, when he told them he had left us on the raft, they beat about till they discovered us. The sea by this time had gone down, and moaned like a sick babe going to sleep.”

“And Jeanette?” said I.

“Oh, I knew Jeanette had only promised to marry me in Heaven,—so not a word said I,—but I worked hard to make up old John’s loss. One day she said to me, ‘Jaques, you only care for your friends when you think they are on the point of going to Heaven.’ ‘I care for them all the time,’ said I. ‘Then why don’t you claim my promise?’ ‘No, Jeanette,’ said I, ‘that would be base,—I know I am Jaques *le Laid*, nobody will ever love me.’ ‘They will and they do,’

said she, and she flung herself into my arms, and so we were married three months ago."

For the first time, he forgot to keep time with his oars, and his large, wild eyes glistened with tears.

"It was Jeanette, my wife, that put these flowers into my hat when I left her."

"I would give the world to see your Jeanette," said I. He laughed and resumed his song.

I must not omit to mention our perilous adventures; with what danger we passed the Cedars, owing to our pilot's being intoxicated; nor the beautiful evening that we sailed on Lake St. Francis, when the moon shone bright, and cast its *cylinder* light, which painters so often attempt, on the undulating waters. We continually met rafts loaded with people cooking their suppers, and now and then a bateau with adventurers like ourselves. It was a most animated scene; and the distant lights moving on the shores of the lake, which we understood were from people spearing eels, added to its beauty. This was the only evening we were on the water, for we slept on land. Never shall I forget the sensation that came over me as we grazed upon the White Horse. Some of the bateau-men exclaimed, "We are gone!" Jaques softly uttered, "Jeanette!" Even the boat seemed to understand her own peril, for she trembled, vibrated, and then, as if desperately impelled, sprung forward,—the waters dashed over her,—and in a moment she sprung high on the waves, riding as it were on the curling foam. "God be thanked," was the expression, in some form or other, of every mouth. Silence had prevailed, a death-like silence; now every

one began to tell what he thought, and what were his sensations.

When we arrived at La Chine, we were struck with the mixed population of the little village, — the women, with their high-crowned hats, and short, full petticoats, — the Canadian, with his olive complexion, — the Yankee, remarkable only for his awkwardness and independence, — and now and then, a Scotch soldier, with his black plumes, his plaid, and bare knees. Amidst all this group, not one Indian was to be seen. I say, amidst the group; but at a little distance, one, with his blanket and moccasins, stood looking on. He was tall, and well made; but there was an air of indifference, almost of scorn, in his demeanor. I felt as if he were “the lone Indian,” the last of his tribe!

As I am not writing travels, I shall pass by our short stay at Montreal, for we proceeded from La Chine to that place in calashes. Everybody has been to Montreal, or may go, and there is a great deal to interest one in the city. We took passage in a bateau, meaning to go to Quebec by water. I was truly glad to find my old friend Jaques le Laid one of the *bateliers*, — he told me that it was a mere accident his being at Kingston, for he plied constantly between Montreal and Quebec.

The first morning that we embarked was bright, and I could almost have sworn the next day would be as fair. It was a new scene, — the level shores of the St. Lawrence, so contrasted with the lofty highlands of the Hudson; and the little villages, with the spires and roofs of their churches covered with tin, and sparkling

in the sun. In the evening we reached Sorel, and there passed the night. Nothing can be pleasanter than this way of travelling with agreeable companions; and, as the tide impelled us on, there was an unusual degree of hilarity. The next morning we again embarked. The sun looked watery in the heavens, and the gray mist rose upon the waves; soon the rain came pouring down in torrents, and the slight awning, that had protected us the day before from the sun, was immediately drenched through, and pulled down. For several hours we stood it manfully; at length the stoutest hearts began to quail,—the boat rocked so violently as to give us a sickish sensation,—not a house or village spire was discernible. The bateau-men consulted together, and told us that they could reach Machese by entering a small creek, and there we might find accommodations till the next day. We immediately acceded to this measure.

The passage through the creek was narrow and winding, and bordered by woods; repeatedly we appeared to be coming to a full stop, and could see no opening, but by some sudden turn we again wound our way. At length we saw a little cottage on the bank, which was high and clayey, and here we stopped. "You can find a shelter there," said Jaques, pointing to it. We sprung from the boat, and ascended the steep hill, every now and then slipping back as we mounted. When we arrived at the cottage, we were deplorable figures, covered with mud, and drenched with rain. The boatmen remained behind, and we had to tell our own tale. The cottage, though small, was extremely neat. There was an old man and his three daughters. The one

who took the principal direction of the family, and welcomed us with the most winning hospitality, was certainly one of the most beautiful brunettes I ever saw. She spoke no English,—how my companions envied me my Canadian French! I was spokesman for all, and made myself as agreeable as possible. There was no formality about this lovely woman, and yet something that repressed familiarity. The dwelling, the furniture, every thing proved that they were among the class of the *decent poor*; and yet, when I talked to this beautiful brunette, I insensibly assumed an air of deference. Once I attempted something like gallantry, and spoke of her beauty. She replied in her Canadian French, “Monsieur does not know that I am married.”

The rain continued to pour down, and we found we could not proceed. We asked her if she could accommodate us till the morning. She replied that we should have the best accommodations they had; when her husband came in, he would make all necessary arrangements. In the mean time a very comfortable repast was put before us; we wanted no incitements to eat, for we were cold and hungry. Just as we concluded it, the door opened, and two of the bateau-men entered; one was Jaques le Laid. He looked round and fixed his eyes on the brunette,—with one spring she was in his arms. “My good friend, you have returned safe!” she exclaimed. It was indeed the beautiful Jeanette, and Jaques was her husband! How the love of a virtuous woman ennobles a man! From that moment Jaques became a new being in my eyes. When I saw him surrounded by this affectionate family,—heard old John

call him "my son," and the two youngest women "my brother"; when I saw Jeanette's gentle, caressing manner, I felt like a non-entity, and secretly determined that not a year should go over my head before I too had a Jeanette among my own people. The next morning was almost as threatening as the day before, and we concluded to proceed to Quebec in calashes. I took leave of Jaques and his wife with a degree of reverence.

At Quebec I became acquainted with the celebrated Miss Reeves. She was a contrast to Jeanette, a blonde. I was quite in love, and fluttered round her a week or two, undecided whether to make her an offer of my hand. Just as I had made up my mind to do so, it was announced that she was engaged to Colonel Barret! The next morning I left Quebec, and resolved once more to seek a wife among my own people.

How days, months, and years roll on! What fools we are to think they pass imperceptibly! Every anniversary is written on the brow, on the hair, on the complexion, and happy for us if it keeps its record on the mind and heart. I am one of those who contend that time is as great an improver of intellect as it is of wine. The sparkling Champagne may be compared to the light, brilliant powers of youth. Age is no friend to Champagne; it is the generous, full-bodied Madeira that grows better by age. Full thirty years had passed over my head since my excursion to Canada. I was still a bachelor, and *looking out for a wife*, when I one day learned that Colonel Barret was dead. At first the intelligence made no great impression upon me; but I thought it over, till the beautiful Miss Reeves came to

my imagination in all her loveliness. In a few hours I was impelled by steamboats and rail-roads to the north pole, meaning, however, to stop at Quebec.

How different was the mode of travelling now, from what it was when I went before ; but it was all favorable to my impatience ; and in a wonderfully short time I found myself at the hotel in Quebec. I inquired for one or two of my friends, but they were absent. For two or three days I wandered about seeing sights. Mrs. Barret, I found, was in the country, which delayed my visiting her. To tell the truth, I was a little fagged by my journey, and I thought it best to recruit before I presented myself. I believe I was determined on this, by hearing one of the insolent waiters say, that "the old gentleman in No. 4," (my room,) had just rung ! On the third morning I happened to be seated near a gentleman, who appeared to be rather in the decline of life, and yet blessed with what is called a green old age. I addressed some conversation to him in a respectful manner,—for I honor age. At first he replied rather coldly,—then suddenly he exclaimed,

"Can it be possible?—is it Mr. Benson, my old friend?"

"The same," said I; "and you are the very man I have been in pursuit of."

Our meeting was cordial beyond measure ; but I confess I was shocked to see how hardly time had dealt with him.

"My dear fellow," said he, "I am rejoiced to see you ; but I never should have known you, if I had not been on the look-out, for I received your letter."

I wondered why he did not know me, but concluded it was owing to my *peruke*, which I had a fancy of having a little darker than my own hair. I found I was right, for he added, "Your dark hair and black whiskers alter you strangely."

I could not help retaliating.

"And you, my dear fellow," said I, "have gained some *white* hair since we met."

"Yes," said he, "all our family turn gray early;" and, with the air of a young dandy, he run his fingers through his hair. and forced it to stand upright. It was sickening to see such conceit. He really appeared to think himself in the flower of youth. But what was most offensive, and certainly a piece of bad manners, of which we Yankees would not be guilty, he continually addressed me as "my old friend"! I broke away from him, heartily disgusted, as soon as possible, and set off to see my adorable Miss Reeves. When I arrived at the house, I was conducted to a room where was a young lady, who came forward to meet me.

"Mrs. Barret," said I, *tiptoeing* forward, with my hat under my arm. (I really am not a bad figure.)

"I will ask my mother to come," said she, and left the room.

"Her mother!" thought I; "oh, true, I remember there were children."

In a few moments the lady entered; could it be Miss Reeves? so cold, so antiquated, so solemn! No, it was Mrs. Barret in her first weeds,—clad in crape and bombazine. I was obliged to make myself known.

She had not the slightest recollection of me. I made a formal call, which she did not ask me to repeat, and I departed. I left Quebec the next day, wiser than I went, and much more humble; for I could not help realizing, that, unless time adds to the judgment and principles what it takes from the exterior, it makes us worthless.

I was now on board the great steamboat, the *John Bull*,—a new world of reflection opened to me,—I was like a *revenant*, who had come back after a thousand years. There, was the monument of Wolfe and Montcalm, which we sailed rapidly by;—and there, was the very spot where Montgomery fell, and only an iron bolt, that had been left in the rock, marked the place. I was strangely depressed. There were ladies on board, young and gay ones; but they seemed to regard me no more than one of the chimneys of the steamboat. I grew suspicious; I thought I heard them say, “Who is that *old gentleman?*”—and, unlike my former self, I kept aloof.

The *John Bull* is a noble boat, almost too large for the craft; it is a world moving on the waters. When filled, it is like Noah’s ark, only, instead of pairs, there seem to be no two alike, or scarcely of the same species. Sheep, oxen, horses, and men congregate in the steerage; but, of all the strange anomalies, the raftsmen were the most singular. Their rough Canadian faces, and curly, black hair; their olive skins, and shining white teeth; their throats, necks, and arms covered with fur, like animals,—these brought to my mind Jaques le Laid, though there was not one, no,

not one, so ugly (independent of the expression that moral feeling gave to his countenance) as the husband of the beautiful Jeanette ! Their garments were covered with dirt ; it was a disgusting sight to look upon them. In the course of the day, however, we of the upper deck, or cabin passengers, singled out a young man wholly different in his appearance from the rest. He was neatly dressed, with a clean, white linen jacket, and was *kempt* and washed. There was an air of spirit, almost of refinement, in his appearance, that interested everybody ; however, he was evidently a companion of the others, and claimed no higher rank than a raftsman. He was tall, slender, even slight in make, with blue eyes and a Roman face, as different from the stocky, dark Canadians, as the Arabian courser from their race of donkeys.

What a tedious influx of light and sun is a day on board a steamboat ! You can spend only a certain portion of it in sleep, and that with a consciousness that you are losing what is a part of your object,—the scenery of the country. This makes you sleep about as tranquilly as a man with a night-mare ; every now and then you rouse up, and trail yourself on deck, and gaze till every object looks as yellow as the sun, and seems to reflect a thousand rays.

I was under this last operation, contending with sun and wind, and *enjoying* the prospect, when I was attracted by a scuffle on the lower deck. I detest quarrelling, but excitement at such a time is a real blessing. We all rushed forward to see the contest. It was with a feeling of mortification that I perceived,

my hero of the white jacket was one of the principals. He was in a state of violent excitement, and collaring his antagonist with furious gestures, who had a handkerchief tied over his eyes. I called aloud, "For shame!" Some one said, "He is not to blame,— he was sitting quietly on the steps, when this tipsy fellow came up and attacked him without any provocation." The tipsy fellow resisted with wonderful strength. All at once I saw my hero's countenance change from furious passion to the most playful gayety; his antagonist tore the handkerchief from his eyes, and we discovered that it was a mere frolic or trick he had been playing upon his friend; probably prompted by the same weariness and *ennui* that we all endured. The beauty of White Jacket's countenance struck me more than ever; the sudden change, from ferocious passion to playful surprise and gayety, produced a wonderful effect. By degrees all became calm again; the laugh ceased, and the same listlessness stole over the cabin passengers. White Jacket had thrown himself on a coil of rope, and sat whittling with his knife. I sauntered towards him. We talked about the trick that had been practised upon him; he said, as he pushed his friend back, he discovered who it was, and then he knew it was fun.

"Then you had confidence in him?" said I.

"Certainly," said he; "he is my wife's brother."

"You are then married?"

He replied in the affirmative.

"And is your wife as good looking as you are?"

“She is the best wife in the two Canadas.”

At that moment the brother-in-law approached us. I told him the question I had been asking.

“She is beautiful in Pierre’s eyes,” said he; “he loved her from a boy. She is not handsome,—but she is good, and sensible, though I say it, that shouldn’t, for she is my own sister. It has always been the taste of the family to mate with their opposites. The father of Pierre was called ‘Jaques le Laid,’ he was so remarkably ugly, and Jeanette, his wife, ‘the Rose of Canada,’ she was so remarkably handsome; and now Pierre, his son, has mated in the same way, for my sister Annette, though the very best girl in the world, is deuced plain. Pierre looks as if he would collar me again for saying so,” added he, with a laugh.

“No,” said Pierre, good humoredly, “it makes no odds to me, whether people think Annette ugly or handsome,—I never think about it myself,—I only know that I don’t want a better friend or wife.”

Here then I heard again of Jaques le Laid, the bateau-man! I shook hands with the handsome Pierre, and told my story of thirty years since. The day did not seem long after this *dénouement*. I talked with the two brothers, learned their prospects, inquired of Pierre after his uncle, for whom he was named, and who came so near being drowned in the Lake of St. Peter.

“I have often heard of that,” said Pierre, “and many people thought it was the intercession of St. Peter that saved him.”

“Do you think so, Pierre?” said I.

“I do not know,” replied he, thoughtfully. “I remember my mother said, we ought to thank God, for he moved the hearts of the Saints.”

When the two brothers landed near Machese, I sent my Canton segar-case, filled with segars, to Jaques le Laid.

Since my return, my friends tell me I am certainly in love, for I am no longer seen joining every handsome girl that walks in Washington or Beacon Street. The truth is, that I begin to think women may be good and excellent, without being handsome,—that the qualities of heart and mind are more important than external appearance; and, though I am determined to marry before I enter my sixty-sixth year (I am now but sixty-four), and, though I have all my life been an adorer of handsome women, I have come to the resolution not to marry for beauty.

THE SOFT SUMMER RAIN.

BY M. E. LEE.

FROM hill and from valley
I hear a glad strain,
And down the green alley
'Tis echoed again ;
What step falling lightly
Makes all appear brightly ?
'Tis the soft summer rain.

It comes, and a quiver
Of joy shakes the fane
Of woods, while the river
Bounds quick to the main ;
And each leaf, caressing
Its spray, pours a blessing
On the soft summer rain.

The wild forest singer,
That weary had lain,
No longer doth linger,
But hastens to gain
A spot in the dingle,
Where the sweet notes mingle,
Of the soft summer rain.

And flowers, that in sadness
Did pine 'neath the reign
Of the day-god, in gladness
Their brows bare again,
New beauties revealing
To the presence, all-healing,
Of the soft summer rain.

Each frame parched with fever,
And languid with pain,
Can never, oh! never,
One moment refrain
From the fond wish of tasting
The fresh draught, that's wasting
In the soft summer rain.

SPRING.

BY F. W. P. GREENWOOD.

“Thou blessest the springing thereof.”

PSALM LXV. 10.

THE name of the season in which the sun returns to us from his cold recess, rising higher and higher above our heads, and bringing warmth and verdure with him for his welcome, is most expressively denominated by the pure English word *Spring*. For it is now that every thing in nature, to which life or motion belongs, the herbs and plants and trees, the fountains, the beasts and birds, the reptile and the insect tribes, are springing up from the bonds of frost, and stillness, and sleep, and death. It is now that a fresh impulse seems to be communicated to the whole creation, and a spirit of youth to be infused throughout all the works of God. Spring is come ; the springing of the earth ; the spring-time of the year. And so great and manifest is the joy which we feel at this general renovation, and so vivid the delight which appears to possess even senseless and material creatures in this the springing and bounding season of their existence, that the blessing of the Creator may be said to rest upon it peculiarly ; and we are reminded of the time when that blessing first came

down upon the springing things of our young world, pronouncing them very good.

It is only in the temperate zones that the word *Spring*, as denoting a season of the year, can have any significance. Within the tropics, and near them, Summer holds a constant and oftentimes an oppressive sceptre. Growth and vegetation are indeed perpetual, but they have no spring, because they have no rest ; they have no awakening, because they have no sleep ; they do not burst forth in the gladness of an annual jubilee, because they have never been bound or restrained.

In our own climate the signs of Spring do not appear so early as they do in some others. Even the month of May is not generally to be recognised, in this part of our country, as the same which poetry has loved to draw with its brightest colors. And yet the three months which are called the spring months, deserve their name here as truly as in any other part of the world ; for it is within their term that the real springing of the year takes place. Our breezes are not so soft and balmy, nor do our flowers bloom so soon or so profusely, as in some other climes ; but the winds are sensibly changed from the blasts of winter, and the rudiments of flowers and fruits are sprouting and budding everywhere around us. Our Spring is really the opening and leading season ; that season of preparation and renewed growth and activity, which tells of the commencement of nature's year, and speaks the newly-uttered blessing of nature's God.

Let us contemplate, for a few moments, the animated scene which is presented by our Spring.

The earth, loosened by the victorious sun, springs from the hard dominion of winter's frost, and, no longer offering a bound-up, repulsive surface to the husbandman, invites his cultivating labors. The streams are released from their icy fetters, and spring forward on their unobstructed way, full of sparkling waters, which sing and rejoice as they run on. "The trees of the Lord are full of sap," which now springs up into their before shrunk and empty vessels, causing the buds to swell, and the yet unclothed branches and twigs to lose their rigid appearance, and assume a fresher hue, and a more rounded form. Beneath them, and in every warm and sheltered spot, the wild plants are springing. Some of these are just pushing up their tender, crisp, and yet vigorous sprouts, thrusting aside the dead leaves with their folded heads, and finding their sure way out into the light; while others have sent forth their delicate foliage, and hung out their buds on slender stems; and others still have unfolded their flowers, which look up into the air unsuspectingly and gayly, like innocence upon an untried world. The grass is springing for the scythe, and the grain for the sickle; for they grow, by commandment, for the service of man, and death is everywhere the fate and issue of life.

But it is not only senseless things, which are thus visibly springing at this their appointed season. The various tribes of animated nature show that it is Spring also with them. The birds rise up on elastic wing, and make a joyous music for the growing plants to spring to. Animals, that have lain torpid through the numbing winter, spring up from their secret beds and

dormitories, and resume their habits of activity once more. Innumerable insects spring up from the cells which they had formed beyond the reach of frost, and in new attire commence their winged existence. The hum of happy life is heard from myriads of little creatures, who, born in the morning, will die ere night. In that short term, however, they will have accomplished the purposes of their living; and, if brought to this test, there are many human lives which are shorter and vainer than theirs; and what is any life, when past, but a day?

Let us go abroad amidst this general springing of the earth and nature, and we shall see and feel that God's blessing is there. The joy of recovery, the gladness of escape, the buoyancy of youth, the exultation of commencing or renewed existence, these are the happiness and blessing which are given from above, and the praise and the hymn which ascend from beneath. Another and a milder order of things seems to be beginning. The gales, though not the warm breathings of Summer, flow to us as if they came from some distant summer clime, and were cooled and moderated on their way; while, at no distant intervals, the skies, in their genial ministry, baptize the offspring of earth with their softest and holiest showers. "*Thou visitest the earth and waterest it; thou makest it soft with showers; thou blessest the springing thereof.*"

Surely we cannot stand still in such a scene, and, when every thing else is springing, let it be winter in our souls. Let us rather open our hearts to the renovating influences of Heaven, and sympathize with universal

nature. If our love to God has been chilled by any of the wintry aspects of the world, it is time, it is time, that it should be resuscitated, and that it should spring up in ardent adoration to the Source of light and life. It is time, that our gratitude should be waked from its sleep, and our devotion aroused, and that all our pious affections, shaking off their torpor, should come out into the beams of God's presence, and receive new powers from their invigorating warmth. It is time, too, that our social charities, if any "killing frost" has visited them, should be cured of their numbness and apathy, and go forth among the children and brethren of the great family, and feel, as they rise and move, that the blessing of the Almighty Father is upon their springing.

We should be reminded, also, at this vivifying season, of that Spring which succeeded the spiritual winter of the world, when Jesus Christ, the Sun of righteousness, burst from the cold, dark tomb. The resurrection of our Saviour took place, as we know, during the term of the Jewish feast of the Passover, which was celebrated at this time. It was then, at the advancing of that immortal Spring, that the seeds of hope and of life, which had slept deep in the earth, or been checked by the freezing air, if they dared to rise above the surface, sprang up greenly and put forth blossoms, and promised much fruit. It was then, that the divine part of man gathered to itself increased force, and sprang with a new consciousness of its origin, toward its native skies. It was then that the cold mists of doubt were dissipated, and the frosts of infidelity were dissolved, and

the ice of death was melted, which had encased and stiffened the poor human heart.

Let us then enjoy the season spiritually. Let it be Spring in our bosoms; the spring of generous faith which looks up confidently to God, even as the flowers do to the sun; of hope which is warmed and animated by gales from the heavenly plains; of desires and aspirations which rise up like odors into the holy air. This, the spiritual, is the only eternal Spring. The buds, which are filling the atmosphere with their delicate fragrance, will presently burst forth into leaves and flowers; and presently those flowers and leaves will fall and wither. The seasons move round obediently in their circle, and the Summer will soon be here with its maturing heat, and the Autumn with its sweet and foreboding melancholy,—and then Winter will come and shut the scene again. But the Spring, which is produced within us by the influences of Christian faith and piety, knows no such changes as these. The Sun which gives to it its light and warmth never recedes or sets. It will continue to send forth its fragrant hopes and verdant promises, the harbinger of that Spring which is the perpetual climate of the Eden of God.

AUTUMN.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

“HAS it come, the time to fade?” —
And with a murmuring sigh
The Maple, in his motley robe,
Was the first to make reply ;
And the queenly Dahlias drooped
Upon their thrones of state ;
For the frost-king, with his baleful kiss,
Had well forestalled their fate.

Hydrangia, on her telegraph,
A hurried signal traced
Of treason dark, that fain would lay
Bright Summer's region waste.
Then quick the proud exotic peers
In consternation fled,
And refuge in their greenhouse sought,
Before the day of dread.

The Vine that o'er my casement climbed,
And clustered day by day,
I count its leaflets every morn ;
See, how they fade away !

And as they, withering, one by one
 Forsake their parent tree,
 I call each sere and yellow leaf
 A buried friend to me.

“Put on thy mourning,” said my soul,
 “And, with a tearful eye,
 Walk softly ’mid the many graves
 Where thy companions lie ;—
 The Violet, like a loving babe,
 When vernal suns were new,
 That met thee with a soft, blue eye,
 And lip all bathed in dew ;—

“The Lily, as a timid bride,
 While summer suns were fair,
 That put her snowy hand in thine,
 To bless thee for thy care ;—
 The trim and proud Anemone ;—
 The Daisy from the vale ;—
 The purple Lilac towering high,
 To guard her sister pale ;—

“The ripened Rose,—where are they now ?”
 But from the rifled bower
 There came a voice, — “Take heed to note
 Thine own receding hour ;
 And let the strange and silver hair,
 That o’er thy temple strays,
 Be as a monitor to tell
 The Autumn of thy days.”

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS.*

THERE'S a flower that grows by the greenwood tree,
In its desolate beauty more dear to me
Than all that are glancing by fountain and stream
In the glory of midsummer's golden gleam.
'Tis the first sweet blossom that drinks the dew,
Or borrows a tint from the rainbow's hue,
With a timid look from the gray moss peeping,
'Mid the cold, dank leaves that around it are sleeping.
Like a pure hope fostered by sorrow's wing,
Seems this earliest child of the western spring;
Its delicate hue like the pink sea-shell,
Or the shaded blush of the hyacinth's bell;
Its breath more sweet than the faint perfume
That steals from the bridal orange-bloom.

It is not found by the garden wall,
It wreathes no brow in the festive hall,
But it dwells in the depths of the shadowy wood,
And shines like a star in the solitude.

* Among the sweetest flowers of our native woods, is the *Epigea repens*, commonly called the Trailing Arbutus, or Spring Flower. It blossoms early in April, and is so fair and fragrant, that I have often wondered at its having been almost unnoticed by American poets.

Poets have hallowed the hare-bell blue,
Cowslip and violet spangled with dew,
The crimson daisy, the primrose pale,
And the pearly lily that loves the vale ;
While thou, sweet blossom, though fair as these,
Must fade unknown 'neath the forest trees.

Never did numbers thy name prolong,
Ne'er hath it floated on wings of song ;
Bard and minstrel have passed thee by,
And left thee in silence and shade to die.

Yet with joy to thy banquet the butterflies come,
And the wild bees praise thee with drony hum,
And children love in the season of spring
To watch for thy earliest blossoming.

In the dewy morn of an April day,
When the traveller lingers along the way,
When the sod is sprinkled with tender green,
Where rivulets water the earth unseen,
When the floating fringe on the maple's crest
Rivals the tulip's crimson vest,
And the tawny leaves of the birch-tree throw
A trembling shade on the turf below,
When the flowerets start from their dreamy rest,
Woke by the kiss of the sweet south-west ;—
Then, in those beautiful days of spring,
With hearts as light as the wild bird's wing,
Flinging their tasks and their toys aside,
Gay little groups through the woodpaths glide,

Peeping and peering among the trees
As they scent thy breath on the passing breeze,
Hunting about among lichens gray
And the tangled mosses beside the way,
Till they catch the glance of thy quiet eye,
Like light that breaks through a cloudy sky.

Blithe is the sound of their laughter then,
As its tones are echoed o'er grotto and glen,
While the branching boughs of the forest tree
Are stirred with their shouts of revelry.

For me, sweet blossom ! thy tendrils cling
Round many a vision of early spring ;
And thy breath, as it floats o'er the chords of thought,
Seems with a dreamy enchantment fraught.

Thou recallest the time, when, a fearless child,
I roamed all day through the woodland's wild,
Seeking thy blossoms by bank and brae,
Wherever the snowdrifts had melted away.

Now that my heart is oppressed with care,
Wasting with sorrows that none may share,
As I wander on among crowds alone,
Haunted by echoes of music flown,
While the shadows deepen around my way,
And the light of reason but leads astray,
And affections, fostered with fondest care
In the trusting heart, become traitors there ;

Now, that, weary of all that the world bestows,
I turn to nature for calm repose,
How sweet to revisit thy haunts again,
And to fold my wings in that greenwood glen!

EGERIA.

THE DEAD OAK.

BY MRS. HALE.

WHY should the forest monarch die,
In seeming, strong and sound?
Was there a blight upon the sky?
A worm beneath the ground?

The buds, those breathings of the Spring,
Like bubbles pass away;
And flowers, that Summer's smile doth bring,
Must with her smile decay.

These yield their pleasures bright, though brief;
And bud and flower may fall,
Yet fragrant cup and tinted leaf
Their memory will recall.

The healing herb, the faithful grass,
Like household joys they come,
And leave a blessing, as they pass,
To cheer our winter home.

Not transient thus the Oak's proud form ;
It rears its head on high,
And battles with the raging storm,
Like giant of the sky.

A thousand seasons o'er it roll ;
States rise and cease to be ;
Yet there 's no record on man's soul
To mark its history.

It stands alone like despot's power ;
And, when its doom is wrought,
It has no bond, like bud or flower,
To link with tender thought.

And therefore doth it mouldering lie,
Nor hope, nor joy recall,
Bearing this lesson,—“Pride must die,
And none will mourn its fall.”

TO SCOTLAND.

BY R. C. WATERSTON.

LAND of my fathers ! in my heart
I cherish fervent love for thee ;
Land, where the good have borne their part,
And struggled to be free !
Land of the mountain lake, and rocky hill,
I ever loved thee much, and much I love thee still.

Here Solway spreads its sheet of blue,
And Lomond's wave in beauty lies ;
And Bracklin's torrent thunders through,
Where shadowy forests rise ;
Here peaceful lakes are sleeping in the sun,
And rivers through the glens, like threads of silver, run.

Here patriots lived and dared to die,
Ay, die, they could not live as slaves,
And now beneath the arching sky,
A nation venerates their graves ;
And ages yet to come shall proudly tell
Where Bruce so bravely fought, and noble Wallace fell.

And here the Covenanters stood,
 And died upon the soil they trod,
 For what they deemed their country's good,
 And for the cause of God ;
 Here, in deep caves and in lone vale and glen,
 They lived as martyrs live, and died as Christian men.

And here have poets sweetly sung
 The softest strains of Scottish song ;
 Here was King James's wild harp strung,
 And his rare music borne along ;
 While Michael Bruce, and Allan Ramsay, still
 Live in those ancient songs that ring o'er lake and hill.

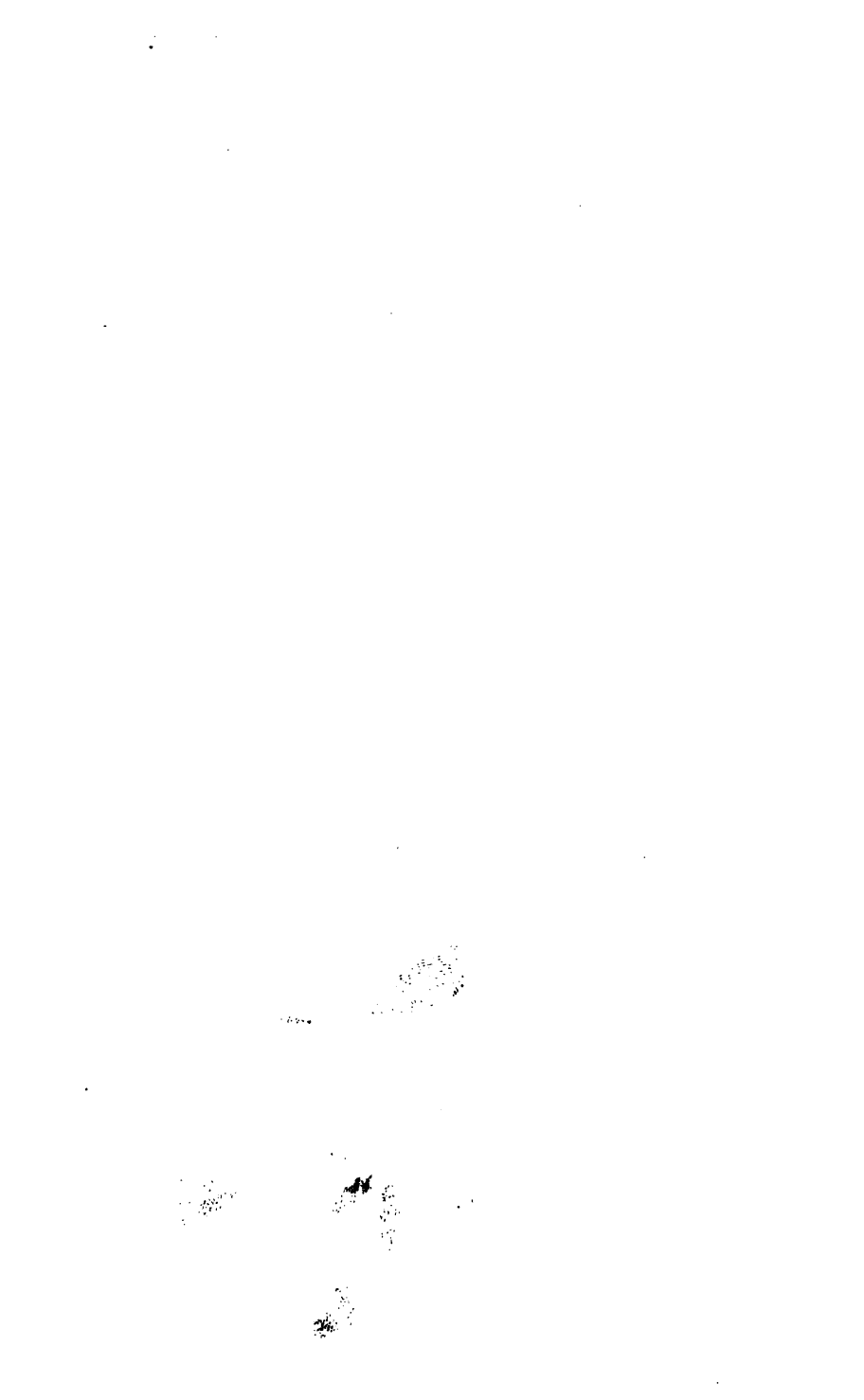
And Burns, — ay, Burns, whose touching notes
 Are now on every nation's tongue,
 Where'er the voice of music floats,
 Or " Auld Lang Syne " is sung ; —
 Here breathed sweet Nature's bard such words of love,
 As moved the heart to tears, and raised its thoughts
 above.

Here the Last Minstrel tuned his lay,
 Here Branksome's towering turrets stood,
 Here warriors met in border fray,
 Here rose Melrose and Holyrood ;
 Here lived Fitz-James ; and here, 'mid mountain brake,
 Floated, in her light skiff, the Lady of the Lake.

Here lived those mighty heirs of fame,
 Whose minds will never be forgot,

Long as thy sons can breathe the name
Of Burns and Walter Scott.
They loved thee ; and made dear thy hills and vales
By their heroic songs and legendary tales.

Thus, honored land, within my heart,
I cherish fervent love for thee ;
Land where the good have borne their part,
And struggled to be free ;
Land of the mountain lake, and rocky hill,
I ever loved thee much, and much I love thee still.





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Handwritten text, possibly a signature or title, written vertically in cursive script.

THE CHIEFTAIN ETLAH'S CRY.

Ye warriors of the North, who have
Lamented the death of the noble
Who has fallen in the hands of the
The warriors of the South, who have
Lamented the death of the noble
Who has fallen in the hands of the
The warriors of the North, who have
Lamented the death of the noble
Who has fallen in the hands of the
The warriors of the South, who have
Lamented the death of the noble
Who has fallen in the hands of the

worth.

Ye warriors of the North, who men burst upon the vale,
And the South, who was a desolation!
The warriors of the North are met in council:
Who shall be the first, the indignant tear-drop fills?
Whom shall the best forces of eloquent appeal,
Whom shall the South, shake a thousand hearts,
And with a thousand echoes to his cry?

'Tis the Chieftain Etlah's;
He is armed for fight,
And his cry is vengeance
As he lifts his spear.

THE LAST OF HIS TRIBE.

A SUNNY slope upon a mountain's side!
Green fields of waving corn and purple woods
Look down upon the Indians' birchen tents!
The young men of the tribe are at their sports:
Who is the fleetest hunter of them all?
Whose arrow floats the surest to the mark?
Who is in council wise, in battle brave?

'T is the youthful Etlah;
On his breast is hung
Many a shining trophy,
Which proclaims his worth.

Years passed. The white men burst upon the vale,
And the green hamlet was a desolation!
The warriors of the tribe are met in council:
Whose kindling eye, the indignant tear-drop fills?
Whose matchless tones of eloquent appeal,
With one vibration, shake a thousand hearts,
And wake a thousand echoes to his cry?

'T is the Chieftain Etlah's;
He is armed for fight,
And his cry is vengeance
As he lifts his spear.

The battle-field, the clangor, and the smoke !
 The white man's trumpet, and the Indian's yell !
 The flying steed, with fetlocks clogged with gore,
 The trampled rider, and the dying foe !
 Whose rallying shout is loudest 'mid the fray ?
 In whose right hand has Havoc placed the axe ?
 Who, meteor-like, streams through the ranks in blood ?
 'T is the avenging Etlah ;
 Though his little band
 Fall in heaps around him,
 Yet he does not quail.

Night ends the combat ; and the dabbled grass
 Is silvered with the moonshine, while the stars
 Quiver within their orbs serenely bright.
 Beside a rushing stream some dusky forms
 Lie couched in slumber ; but one stands apart,
 Leans on his spear, and gazes o'er the field.
 What lonely watcher gazes o'er the field ?
 'T is the undaunted Etlah,
 Calm in his despair ;
 Lo ! his best and bravest
 Lifeless strew the plain !

Beneath a tree scathed by the lightning's stroke,
 Meet emblem of his fate, a warrior rests.
 No living heart beats tenderly for him !
 Brothers and kinsmen, sister, wife, and mother,
 All are no more, — his heart is desolate !
 And for the shadowy hunting-grounds he sighs,
 And prays to the Great Spirit for release !

'T is the aged Etlah,
Last of all his tribe !
Who remains to cheer him ?
Who remains to mourn ?

E. S.

T

THE MONOMANIAC.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

THE passions and propensities of our nature seem to require a balance so exact, that the least preponderance given to the exercise of one faculty results in the disturbance of the whole system. Even the cultivation of an exclusive taste, or the maintenance of a particular doctrine, will too often make, of the individual, a pedant or a bigot. What then must be the result, when perfect license is given to an absorbing passion, which, being frequently called into exercise by circumstances, at length becomes paramount, and reduces the unhappy victim to the partial condition of a lunatic?

Many of my readers may be familiar with the facts contained in the subjoined narrative. Some living witnesses to their truth may question the propriety of my details; but I give them merely as a curious chapter in the history of the human character, suppressing real names out of regard to the surviving actors in the scenes.

The Chevalier de Montbar was the last scion of a noble French family, which, for centuries, had been distinguished by many marks of royal favor and con-

sideration. Inheriting at an early age vast estates in Louisiana, he established himself at New Orleans,—added to his immense wealth by marriage,—and soon beheld in the person of a son the heir to his name and fortune. De Montbar, as far as outward appearances are concerned, was a gentleman of the old school, courteous in his demeanor, dignified in his address, and strict in his observance of social etiquette. His stature and personal carriage conveyed the idea of energy rather than of grace and gentleness; but his face was fashioned in the mould of severe beauty. His eyes were dark, and when the deep current of his soul was ruffled by a pleasurable or a tender emotion, they beamed with a soft and earnest lustre, which imparted a sort of fascination to his gaze. But, excited by different sensations, they lighted up with a lurid, terrific expression, worthy of the arch-fiend himself, when breathing defiance against the heavenly powers. De Montbar was a monomaniac in the fervor and implacability with which he pursued his resentments. When under the operation of these influences, he became the incarnated spirit of revenge. No obstacle was disheartening, no bar was insurmountable in the way of this predominant and tremendous passion. Neither threats nor entreaties, neither flight nor concealment, could avail the devoted individual, who had incurred his anger. The invariable penalty was death; and the state of society at the time was such, that private feuds were often conducted to a disastrous and bloody conclusion, without the attempted interference of any civil authority.

In eleven duels did De Montbar come off the sole survivor. Some of these were of an aggravated nature; but he was never known to manifest the least compunction at the result. On one occasion, some young men were assembled in a coffee-room, when their conversation turned upon the atrocities of this wholesale duellist. One young man, of fine personal appearance, with an Apollo-like figure, was particularly eloquent in his denunciations.

"Be temperate, St. Clair," said a companion, "or De Montbar will chance to hear of your vituperative expressions."

"I wish he *might* hear them," was the reply, "that I might meet him, and rid the world of a monster."

"Hush, St. Clair! Is it you, the *affiancé* of Mary Leroy, who are so infatuated, as to give utterance to words so rash, so fatal?"

"My wedding evening," replied St. Clair, "is fixed for to-morrow, when Mary Leroy, beautiful, high-born, beloved, and wealthy, will be mine. My parents and her own are busy in preparation for an event, which is looked forward to with equal joy by both parties. But, could I, before my nuptials, encounter this enemy of my race in honorable warfare, I would do it with as much alacrity as I would place the wedding ring upon the finger of my bride."

"You shall have the opportunity!" said a sepulchral voice.

The young men started, and, looking in the direction of the table, on which the newspapers of the day lay scattered, they saw an individual, somewhat beyond the

prime of life, rise, and throwing down a copy of "Le Moniteur," deliberately take off his spectacles, wipe and return them to their case, and then advance to the place where the group stood collected.

"You shall hear from me, Monsieur St. Clair." The individual uttered these words, and bowing, quitted the apartment.

"De Montbar himself! Who would have thought him so near!"

Such were the exclamations of the young men, after the departure of the man, who had struck an icy chill to their hearts. But, whatever may have been the surprise of St. Clair, he did not lose his self-possession, manifesting the utmost gallantry and intrepidity. That very afternoon he met De Montbar; and, at the first fire of his antagonist, the heroic youth sprang five feet into the air, and fell mortally wounded. The distress and desolation produced in his family by his unexpected doom, can be pictured only by the imagination.

After this event, many years elapsed before De Montbar was again involved in a hostile rencontre. His son grew up to manhood, and the father began to form the project of uniting him by marriage with some family of wealth and importance. He fixed upon a maiden of Spanish descent, of great wealth and surpassing beauty; and directed his son to pay to her his addresses. The son complied not reluctantly. But De Montbar ascertained that a friend of the lady, Monsieur Bougainville, vehemently opposed the projected union, upon the ground, that the infernal passions of the father were doubtless inherited by the son. No sooner did

the elder De Montbar become apprized of the opposition of Monsieur Bougainville, than his appetite for revenge became perfectly ungovernable. The object of his anger, to escape its terrible effects, fled from New Orleans. De Montbar followed, and finally tracked his victim to New York ; but, before he could reach him, he learned that he had sailed for Martinique. With a perseverance worthy of a better cause, the old man immediately embarked in pursuit ; and at Martinique he came up with the individual, on whom he thirsted to wreak his hoarded vengeance. A meeting was resolved upon, Bougainville finally consenting to fight him with the small sword. They met in a hall, where they might be secure from interruption, and fought for some minutes with mutual desperation. Bougainville was evidently the more expert swordsman, and he possessed the advantages of superior skill, strength, and agility. He parried the hurried thrusts of his antagonist with consummate dexterity ; and at last, taking advantage of an involuntary motion, he run him through the back, and De Montbar fell ! Bougainville dropped his weapon, and rushed to assist him ; but his wounded foe, with a convulsive effort, grasped the cast-off sword of his antagonist, rose instantly to his full height, and with a demoniac laugh, shook the blade till it rattled in the hilt. Then, turning towards the confounded Bougainville, he heightened the tortures of his situation, by uttering against him the most dreadful imprecations, and telling him that his death-hour was at hand.

“Vile asperser of my honor,” said De Montbar, “you are now fairly in my power, and you shall surely pay

with death the penalty of your wrong. When knew you my vengeance to fail in overtaking its devoted object ? ”

After expending a variety of taunts upon his victim, De Montbar rushed upon him, and pierced him to the heart. The odium attached to the too successful duelist, in consequence of this cold-blooded deed, was so great, that he did not venture to return to New Orleans ; and, as he began to be advanced in life, he determined to take up his abode in one of his ancestral chateaux, about twenty miles from Paris, whither he accordingly removed.

In the mean time, the younger De Montbar, who, in disposition, was the reverse of his father, had succeeded in overcoming the scruples of the Spanish maiden, and had duly made her his wife. After enjoying a bright career in the fashionable circles of the principal cities of the United States, they departed for Europe, and soon afterwards made their first appearance in the gay saloons of Paris. Several years were spent in this brilliant metropolis. Madame De Montbar was, for a time, diverted from her course of dissipation by the birth of two sons ; but the interruption was but transient. She was fond of admiration, and devoted to fashionable society, among which she was a star of the first magnitude ; and she soon launched into the vortex of Parisian gayety. It was not long, before reports prejudicial to her honor were freely circulated. These came to the ears of the elder De Montbar, who, upon examination, was not disposed to discredit their truth. Having arrived at his own conclusions, he instantly compelled his son to sue for a divorce, which was granted.

The children of Madame De Montbar had been sent to England for their education. Here one of them became involved in a transaction, which rendered it advisable for him to quit the country. He was sent back to Paris, and returned to the care of his mother. She, wishing to consult the father with regard to the future destination of the boy, left Paris with her son for the chateau of the De Montbars. Arriving there, she was received with cold civility; arrangements were agreed upon, and the object of her visit was accomplished. Being informed that her carriage was at the door, she fairly stated her disinclination to return to Paris that night, the weather being dreary, and the ride a wearisome one. After a slight hesitation, the elder De Montbar assured her that apartments should be prepared for herself and son, and, ordering away her carriage, it was decided that she should remain at the chateau during the night.

Early the next morning, the lady received a message through a servant, that Monsieur De Montbar desired an interview with her in the library. Not knowing whether it was the father or the son, that was meant, she hastily arrayed herself, and made her appearance in the apartment. No sooner had she entered and closed the door, than she beheld the elder Montbar upon the sofa, with a pistol grasped in each hand. He immediately discharged the two at the unhappy woman. They both took effect. She tottered into the entry, and fell upon the stairs. Her cries, and the noise of the discharge, alarmed the house. She was borne into an adjoining room,—a surgeon was sent for,—and,

for a while, the attention of every one was given to the wounded lady. At last inquiries began to be made for the elder De Montbar. The servants were told to seek him in the library. They returned with the announcement, that the door was closed, and they could not obtain an entrance. De Montbar the younger gave directions, that the door should be forced. His orders were obeyed,—an entrance was opened to the library, —and the agitated group, collected at the door, rushed in. A sight to suspend the functions of life for an instant met their view as they entered. The old man sat erect in his arm-chair, with his cheek calmly leaning upon one hand, while with the other he held the muzzle of a pistol to his ear. With a smile of derision, he avowed the deed of retribution inflicted upon his daughter-in-law, expressed his satisfaction at the result, and, touching the trigger of his pistol, coolly blew out his brains.

Perhaps not the least extraordinary part of this horrid, but true narrative, is the fact, that Madame De Montbar recovered entirely from the effects of her wounds. She again became a leader in the fashionable society of Paris; and five years have not passed since she was seen in the United States, apparently in the bloom and heyday of her beauty.

A DRAMATIC SCENE.

FROM VICTOR HUGO. BY CHARLES SHERRY.

Scene, a chamber. Present, DONA JOSEFA DUARTE, duenna, in black, with a bodice of jet, after the fashion of Isabella the Catholic. Enters DONA SOL, in a white robe.

DONA SOL.

Josefa !

DONA JOSEFA.

Madam !

DONA SOL.

Ah, I fear some evil.

Why doth Hernani tarry ? Hark, — his footstep !

Open before he knocks, — prithee, be quick.

[*JOSEFA opens the door. HERNANI enters, — in a hat and mantle ; beneath, the gray costume of a mountaineer of Aragon ; with a leather cuirass, a sword, a dagger, and a horn at his girdle.*]

DONA SOL.

Hernani !

HERNANI.

Dona Sol ! and do I hear

Your voice at last, and gaze upon your face ?

Why is my lot cast so remote from yours ?
I've need of you, — I've double need of you, —
Since I would willingly forget all others !

DONA SOL. (*Handling his garments.*)

Your cloak is wet, Hernani, — does it rain ?

HERNANI.

I know not.

DONA SOL.

You are cold.

HERNANI.

It matters not.

DONA SOL.

Throw off the cloak.

HERNANI.

Ah, tell me, Dona Sol,
My dearest, tell me, when you sleep at night,
Calm, innocent, and pure, when joyous slumber
Rests on your eyelids and your half-closed lips,
Does not an angel whisper of your kindness
To one the world abandons and rejects ?

DONA SOL.

Ah, you have tarried late, — but tell me now, —
Are you not cold ?

HERNANI.

Cold ! By your side I burn.
When passionate love courses through every vein,
When swells and mighty tempests vex the heart,
What matters it, that, in the outward world,
Lightnings may flash, and storms encompass us ?

DONA SOL. (*Taking his cloak.*)

Come, I must have your cloak, and the sword with it.

HERNANI.

Nay! 'Tis my other friend, — well tried and true!

The duke, then, Dona Sol, your future husband,—
Your uncle, — he is absent?

DONA SOL.

Yes, — this hour

Belongs to us.

HERNANI.

This hour, — and here it ends!

One hour for us, — one little hour alone,
And then come what come may! Forget or die!
Angel, — an hour with you, — one hour, in sooth,
Were worth a life, an age of other hours!

DONA SOL.

Hernani!

HERNANI. (*Bitterly.*)

Happy am I, that the duke
Is absent! Like a mean and trembling thief
I visit you by stealth; robbing a dotard
Of your sweet music, and your kindly glances,
And I am happy; — stealing but an hour, —
One jealous hour, — while he robs me of life!

DONA SOL.

[*She gives HERNANI'S cloak to the duenna, who leaves the chamber. DONA SOL sits and beckons HERNANI to her side.*]

Why think we of the duke?

HERNANI.

Think of him, madam!

The graybeard loves you; he will marry you.

What then? The other day he dared to kiss you.
Not think of him!

DONA SOL. (*Laughing.*)

And is it that, Hernani,
Which vexes you? A kiss upon the forehead,
From an old uncle,—a paternal kiss!

HERNANI.

It was a lover's and a husband's kiss,
Ay, you must wed him. Can you think of him?
The mad old man, with a head bent by years,
Must take a wife, to keep him company
In his last journey; and the bloodless spectre
Must take a young wife! Oh, the mad old man!
Does he not feel, with one hand laid in yours,
Death grasps the other with an icy hold!
He dares then to forbid and crush our loves!
Old man, be measured for the grave-digger.
Who bids this marriage? 'Tis against your will.

DONA SOL.

'Tis the king's will, they say.

HERNANI.

The king's! My father,
Condemned by his, perished upon the scaffold.
Years have rolled by since then. The wrong is old.
Still for the dead king's ghost, his son, his widow,
All that was his, my hate is fresh and young.
He, dead, counts nothing. While a child, I took
The oath to avenge my father on the son.
King of Castile! I've sought thee everywhere,—
Hatred of thee my sole inheritance!
Through thirty years of a remorseless feud

Our fathers struggled. What though they are dead?
 Revenge survives. For them there is no peace;
 While the sons live, for them there is no peace!
 Then it is thou who will'st this cursed marriage!
 So be it then. My prey will cross my path.

DONA SOL.

You frighten me.

HERNANI.

I well might fright myself;
 Banished, proscribed, and excommunicate.
 Listen. The man for whom your youth is destined,—
 Your uncle, Ruy de Silva, is the Duke
 Of Pastrana; Count of Castile and Aragon.
 For lack of youth, he brings you, dearest girl,
 Treasures of gold, jewels, and precious gems,
 With which your brow might outshine royalty;
 And for rank, pride, splendor, and opulence,
 Might many a queen be envious of his duchess!
 Here is one picture. I am poor; my youth
 I passed i' the woods, a barefoot fugitive.
 My shield, perchance, may bear some noble blazon,
 Spotted with blood,—defaced, though not dishonored.
 Perchance I too have rights, now veiled in darkness,—
 Rights, which the heavy drapery of the scaffold
 Now hides beneath its black and ample folds;
 Rights, which, if my intent deceive me not,
 My sword shall one day rescue. To be brief,—
 I have received from jealous Fortune nothing
 But air, light, water,—Nature's general boon.
 Choose then between the two, for you must choose;—
 Say, will you wed the duke, or follow me?

DONA SOL.

I'll follow you.

HERNANI.

What, with my rude companions,
Whose names are registered in the hangman's books?
Whose hearts are ever eager as their swords,—
Edged by a personal impulse of revenge?
Will you become the leader of my band?
Will you become a hunted outlaw's bride?
When all Spain else pursued and banished me,—
In her proud forests, and air-piercing mountains,
And rocks the lordly eagle only knew,
Old Catalonia took me to her bosom.
Among her mountaineers, free, poor, and brave,
I ripened into manhood, and, to-morrow,
One blast upon my horn, among her hills,
Would draw three thousand of her sons around me.
You shudder,—think upon it. Will you tread
The shores, woods, mountains, with me, among men
Like the dark spirits of your haunted dreams,—
Suspect all eyes, all voices, every footstep,—
Sleep on the grass, drink of the torrent, hear
By night the sharp hiss of the musket-ball
Whistling athwart your ear,—a fugitive,
Proscribed, and doomed perchance to follow me
In the path leading to my father's scaffold?

DONA SOL.

I'll follow you.

HERNANI.

The duke is rich, great, prosperous;
No blot attaches to his ancient name.

He is all-powerful. He offers you
His treasures, titles, honors, with his hand.

DONA SOL.

We will depart to-morrow. Do not blame
What may appear a most unwomanly boldness.
Be you my demon, or my better angel,
I only know myself your slave, Hernani.
Go where you will, I go. Remain, depart,
I follow you. Why do I so? I know not.
I would be with you always; look upon you,
And listen ever to you. When the fall
Of your last footstep faints upon mine ear,—
My heart forgets its pulses, and is dead.
But when I hear the first, light, distant step
That tells me of your coming, once again
I breathe, and feel my soul revive in me!

HERNANI. (*Embracing her.*)

Angel!

DONA SOL.

At twelve to-morrow night, appear
Under my window with a chosen escort,
Clap your hands thrice. I will be firm and brave.

HERNANI.

Know you me now?

DONA SOL.

My lord, what matters it?

I'll follow you.

“ PASSING AWAY.” — A DREAM.

BY J. PIERPONT.

WAS it the chime of a tiny bell,
That came so sweet to my dreaming ear, —
Like the silvery tones of a fairy's shell
That he winds on the beach, so mellow and
clear,
When the winds and the waves lie together asleep,
And the Moon and the Fairy are watching the deep,
She dispensing her silvery light,
And he, his notes as silvery quite,
While the boatman listens and ships his oar,
To catch the music that comes from the shore? —
Hark! the notes, on my ear that play,
Are set to words: — as they float, they say,
“ Passing away! passing away! ”

But no; it was not a fairy's shell,
Blown on the beach, so mellow and clear;
Nor was it the tongue of a silver bell,
Striking the hour, that filled my ear,
As I lay in my dream; yet was it a chime
That told of the flow of the stream of time.

For a beautiful clock from the ceiling hung,
 And a plump little girl, for a pendulum, swung,
 (As you've sometimes seen, in a little ring
 That hangs in his cage, a Canary bird swing ;)
 And she held to her bosom a budding bouquet,
 And, as she enjoyed it, she seemed to say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

O how bright were the wheels, that told
 Of the lapse of time, as they moved round
 slow !

And the hands, as they swept o'er the dial of gold,
 Seemed to point to the girl below.
 And lo ! she had changed : — in a few short hours
 Her bouquet had become a garland of flowers,
 That she held in her outstretched hands, and flung
 This way and that, as she, dancing, swung
 In the fulness of grace and of womanly pride,
 That told me she soon was to be a bride ; —
 Yet then, when expecting her happiest day,
 In the same sweet voice I heard her say,
 " Passing away ! passing away ! "

While I gazed at that fair one's cheek, a shade
 Of thought, or care, stole softly over,
 Like that by a cloud in a summer's day made,
 Looking down on a field of blossoming clover.
 The rose yet lay on her cheek, but its flush
 Had something lost of its brilliant blush ;
 And the light in her eye, and the light on the wheels,
 That marched so calmly round above her,

Was a little dimmed,—as when Evening steals
Upon Noon's hot face.— Yet one could n't but
love her,

For she looked like a mother whose first babe lay
Rocked on her breast, as she swung all day ;—
And she seemed, in the same silver tone to say,
“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

While yet I looked, what a change there came !
Her eye was quenched, and her cheek was wan :
Stooping and staffed was her withered frame,
Yet, just as busily, swung she on ;
The garland beneath her had fallen to dust ;
The wheels above her were eaten with rust ;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shrivelled lips of the toothless crone,—
(Let me never forget till my dying day
The tone or the burden of her lay,)—
“ Passing away ! passing away ! ”

COMPARISONS.

BY J. H. CLINCH.

I.

SOFT and fair the flush of morn,
 Gleaming o'er the eastern sea,—
Soft the rose tints which adorn
 Tower and hill, and rock and tree ;
Softer, fairer far to me,
 Blush of truth and changing hue
O'er the cheek from falsehood free,
 Called by feelings fresh and new
From the heart's deep founts of truth,—
From the guileless breast of youth.

II.

Sweet the gales, that blow from lands
 Where the spice groves bud and bloom,
Breathing joy to sailor bands
 Long harassed by toil and gloom ;
Sweeter, when the word of doom
 Calls the good man to his rest,
Simple flowers which grace the tomb,
 Strewn by hands which loved him best,
Telling with their perfumed breath
Tales of love surviving death.

III.

Bright the glorious eye of day,
When the summer noon-tide glows,
And the stream goes sparkling by
Where the wild rose buds and blows ;
Brighter still the look which throws
Rapture o'er the paling cheek,
When the Christian seeks repose
In that home that all should seek,
And his faith-lit eye grows bright
With a flash of Heaven's own light.

IV.

Calm the scene, when twilight draws
Curtains round the setting sun,
And the vapory mists, like gauze,
O'er the mountain summits run ;
Far more calm, when, victory won,
Sinks in soft and quiet rest
He, whose holy race is run,
To the mansions of the blest,
Passing cloudlessly away,
Soon to rise to brighter day.

MOSLEM WORSHIP.

BY J. PIERPONT.

THIS is a very pleasant sight, —
The Moslems thronging to the square
That lies before their house of prayer!
Through narrow streets, that lead away,
Some to the plain, some to the bay,
And others towards the castled height
Where frowning walls and portals rent,
Turret and towering battlement,
Tell of Venetian power, — the work
Is now neglected by the Turk,
And flocks of quiet sheep are fed
Within the walls where hosts have bled,
And fig-trees strike their roots between
The stones that arched the magazine, —
Through all these narrow streets, the throng,
Long-robed and turbaned, move along,
And, gathering round a marble fountain
Whose columns, slight and writhed, and old,
A Saracenic roof uphold,
Airy, and decked with paint and gold,
They bathe, in water from the mountain,
That, on all sides, from many a spout
Upon the pavement gushes out,

Their feet and arms, their beards and brows;—
 Then, to the Mosque these men of prayer,—
 There are no women with them there,—
 Proceed, to offer up their vows.

Within the porch, without the door
 That opens to the "Mercy-seat,"
 As if the words were whispered round,
 "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
 Thou standest upon holy ground!"
 They leave their slippers on the floor,
 And enter.— There, beneath a dome
 Less lofty than is that at Rome,
 Which, o'er a host of saints in stone,
 And virgins in Mosaic, swells
 To cover one who, on a throne,
 Round which are clouds of incense curled,
 And organs pealed, and trumpets blown,
 And tides of vocal music poured,
 Sits, to adore, or be adored
 By more than half the Christian world,
 — And "plenary indulgence" sells,—
 Less lofty than is that, St. Peter,
 Lifted, *they say*, above thy bones,
 Certainly o'er thy form in bronze,
 That near the Baldacchino stands,—
 Where, having wiped and kissed its toes,
 (Jove's, whilom, as the story goes,*)

* "Some christened Jove St. Peter's keys adorn."

POPE.

For myself, notwithstanding the authority of this line of Pope,

I've seen men kneel, and clasp their hands,
 And lift their eyes, with all the air
 Of men engaged in fervent prayer :—
 I say not that, while kneeling thus,
 Howe'er it may appear to us,
 They're worshipping,—that, till they get up,
 That molten image they adore,
 Which o'er St. Peter's bones of yore
 The piety of popes hath set up :—
 Deeming it on this subject meeter,
 Since we're not under his dominion,
 To let each form his own opinion.

There, as I said, beneath a dome
 Less lofty than is that at Rome,

himself a Catholic, and in opposition to the popular opinion in Protestant countries, — an opinion favored at least by Middleton, — I do not believe that the statue in question is the same that once stood, as Jove, under the dome of the Pantheon. The right hand which, as Jove's, must have grasped a thunderbolt, cannot be the same that is now raised, with its fingers set in the attitude of episcopal, archiepiscopal, or papal benediction, (my readers will, I hope, excuse my lack of exact knowledge, whether it be episcopal, archiepiscopal, or papal;) and the left hand, as well as the keys that it holds, is equally out of the question :—for what had Jove to do with keys, for letting people into Heaven, or keeping them out?

But it is asked, Though the hands and arms are spurious, may not the rest of the statue be a genuine Jove? I answer, I examined as closely as I could, "with all my eyes," and by the ring of the metal. I could detect no other junction of the parts than that which must have been made by the founder. I am, therefore, satisfied that this "molten image" never had any thing to do with Jove; except, as may have been the case, an old Jove was melted down and recast. But I do not see that this should operate to the prejudice of St. Peter. I think the whole a piece of Protestant scandal.

But fitter for a worship true,
 Since underneath its ample swell
 "No God but God" appears to dwell:—
 No "graven image" of a saint,
 No martyr in his grated cell,
 Tortured by grinning imps of hell;
 No demigod in stone or paint;
 No virgin with her eyes of blue,
 And circlet o'er her auburn hair,
 Holding her baby in a chair;
 No prophet in a lion's den;
 No loose-haired, prostrate Magdalen,
 With book and death's-head lying by her,
 To tell how quenched is all the fire
 That raged, like Hell's own flames, within her,
 While yet she walked the streets "a sinner";—
 No angels, soaring towards the dim
 And distant heavens;—no cherubim
 With chubby cheeks and little wings
 That smile as St. Cecilia sings;
 No gilded pannel lifting high
This picture to Devotion's eye,—
 Two young men, standing in a stream
 (Doubtless the Jordan's sacred bed),
 Of whom the junior seems to bow,
 Towards the clear wave, his thoughtful brow,
 From which a light appears to beam;
 While, with a reverent air, the other,—
 You'd take him for an elder brother,—
 Clasped "with a leathern girdle" stoops,
 And, with a shell, the water scoops,

And pours it on his kinsman's head ;—
 And, o'er them both, a downward dove,
 Emblem of innocence and love,
 On silver wings is seen to hover
 In a strong gush of light, that breaks
 Forth from the mouth of one above her,
 Robed in a mantle of sky blue,
 Whose hoary locks, and beard down flowing,
 Look like a fall of feathery flakes,
 When, for the last time, it is snowing,
 As spring is coming on anew,
 And scarce a breath of wind is blowing.

There worship they :— that total dearth
 Of likenesses of things that breathe
 In heaven above, or earth beneath,
 Or waters underneath the earth,
 Is witness for them, that they find
 A SPIRIT in those walls enshrined.
 As, underneath the dome of blue
 That holds the stars, but drops the dew,
 And as, within the horizon's rim,
 We see God, and no God but him,
 So is it in the temple, where
 These Moslems bow themselves in prayer.

But, lo ! by mounted horsemen led,
 The soldiery comes ! rank following rank,
 Dressed in the fashion of the Frank,
 Except that, on their shaven head,
 With tassel blue, the cap of red
 (Called, in these climes, the Grecian *fez*.)

Shows that, in this part of the globe,
FASHION, who has, for ages, kept her
 Turban untouched, and fur-fringed robe,
 Must veil hers to a stronger sceptre ;
 For that, howe'er she may protest,
 The court and army shall be dressed
 Exactly as the Sultan says.

But not to worship moves this band,
 As in my own, a Christian land,
 The current towards the temple sets :—
 There, clattering scabbards charged with steel,
 Helmets and plumes and spur-armed heel,
 Muskets with bristling bayonets,
 Gleam in the ranks of those who call
 The Prince of life and peace their Lord,
 Who taught that they who take the sword
 For slaughter, by the sword shall fall.
 Yes ; they, whose only hope to inherit
 A crown of glory lies in this,
 That, having caught his peaceful spirit,
 They're fitted to partake his bliss,
 When to their "chief" a guard they prove,
 And, marshalled, to the temple move,
 To worship Him whose name is Love,
 And to his praise to chant again
 The hymn that, at their Saviour's birth,
 Was sung by angels,— "Peace on earth !
 Glory to God ! Good will to men !" —
 Move in the spirit of the camp,
 To martial airs with martial tramp,

And even into the "PRESENCE" come
With bugle's blast and "tuck of drum."

See, now, in what a different manner
Come *they* before the King of kings,
Whom, as they mount their Arab steeds
For martial show, or martial deeds,
The Sultan's broad, bright scarlet banner
Waves over :— for, although the shade
Of that red banner,—like the sun
That burns above it,— falls upon
Faces that never blanched with fear,
And hands familiar with the spear
And scimeter's elastic blade,—
Warriors, like those,— (for in their sons
Máhoméd's blood and Omar's runs,)—
Whose squadrons, by their Prophet led,
Looked at the Crescent o'er their head,
Gave and received the battle shock,
And onward, like a torrent, poured,
Carrying the Koran on the sword,
From Tigris' bank to Tarik's Rock,—
Yet, when these servants of a lord,
Whose faith was planted with the sword,
Move to the place where prayer is made,
They put their arms off, to a man,—
Pistols and sword and yataghan,—
And all the host, without parade,
Flows on, with movement calm and grave,
As does their own Caÿster's wave.

Move on, young men! 'tis not in vain
 That ye before Jehovah bow;
 I never more shall see your train
 As I, with reverence, see it now;
 But there is One who e'er will see,
 And to your prayer his ear will bend;—
 The One who has been good to me
 Ye worship, and he is your Friend.
 I would, indeed, that ye could hear
 The Word our Holy Book enshrines;
 I would, indeed, that ye could rear
 The Cross where now the Crescent shines!
 But, till ye can, I will not close
 My eyes against the proofs I see
 That, in your hearts, the feeling glows
 Of reverence for the Deity.
 For, as I climb the hill that swells
 From this, your Smyrna's, blooming plain,
 And listen to the camels' bells,
 And see their slowly winding train,
 There seems a spirit in the air,
 Inviting me to thought and prayer.

I look down on the cypress groves
 That darken o'er the crowded dead,
 And muse on all the hopes and loves
 Of those who there have made their bed,
 And ask myself if all that host,
 Whose turbaned marbles o'er them nod,*

* No one who has seen, and mused by the side of, a Turkish burying-ground, like those of Smyrna, Constantinople, and Scutari,

Were doomed, when giving up the ghost,
 To die as those who have no God!
 No, no, my God! They worshipped Thee;
 Then let not doubts my spirit darken,
 That thou, who always hearest me,
 To these, thy children too, didst hearken.

On Asia's ancient hills I tread;
 There's something in the air that's holy.
 Here have my brethren made their bed,
 And soon my sleep will be as lowly.
 But hark! what is that mellow call,
 That comes as from the bending sky,
 And o'er the listening city swells
 Sweeter than all our Christian bells,
 And seems upon the ear to fall
 Like angel voices from on high?
 'Tis the Muëzzin's monotone,
 That, ere the stooping sun has set,
 Is heard from yon tall minaret
 Breaking out, solemn and alone,
 And dying on the quiet air,—
 "Lo, God is great! To prayer! To prayer!"

will charge me with using this word merely for the sake of the rhyme. The slender marble shaft, surmounted with a head heavily turbaned, often inclining over the grave that it marks, particularly when seen by moonlight, needs but little aid from the imagination to become a white-robed friend "standing guard" over the dead, till, overcome by the drowsiness of the place, as well as by the length of his vigils, he seems about to fall, in a profound sleep, upon the bosom of the sleeper at his feet.

Is it thus holy, all around,
 Because the hill I stand upon,
 One of *our* earliest churches crowned,—
 The church of the Apostle John?
 O no! Where'er the people pray,
 Bowing upon their hills around,
 To Him who clothes those hills with day,
 There, there, for me, is holy ground!
 Let me recall,—it is the last,—
This grateful vision of the past.

The Euxine's breath was fresh and cool,
 As down the Bosphorus it flowed;
 I was returning to Stamboul,
 From our *Chargé's* retired abode.—
 The golden sun was not yet down,
 But in the 'west was hanging low,
 And gilding with a richer glow
 The Crescents of the distant town.
 Far, far without its triple wall,
 O'er which the mantling ivies fall,
 There stood forth a young *Tactico**
 Before his hut; and to the sky
 Now calmly raising his dark eye,
 Now looking down, with both hands pressed
 Across each other on his breast,
 Now falling on his bended knees
 Before Him who in secret sees,
 Then bowing lowly towards the south,
 With both hands covering his mouth

* *Regular*, i. e. one of the regular army. Gr. *τακτικός*.

And resting on the fresh green sod,
 Was offering, all alone, to God
 His sacrifice of evening prayer.—
 He knew not that I saw him there ;
 And never, never, have I seen,
 In Christian temple, high or low,
 A worshipper that moved *me* so
 As did that Turkish Tactico,
 Bowing beneath the arch of blue,—
 That, to refresh that sacred sod,
 Was just then dropping down its dew,—
 And offering on that altar green
 His evening sacrifice to God !

O thus, ye Moslems, bow for ever,
 And put the Christian world to shame !
 But, brethren, brethren, will ye never
 Your practice from your faith dissever,
 And worship in another name ?
 Still let devotion's incense burn,
 And mingle with your dying breath,
 But from Arabia's Prophet turn,
 And look to Him of Nazareth !

Whether within the gay kiosk
 Ye offer up your daily prayer,
 Or in the silence of the mosque,
 When, voiceless, ye are bowing there,
 Or in the hum of the bazaar,—
 Think not of your Apostle's urn,

Nor to your holy Kebla turn,
But turn, O turn towards Bethlehem's Star!

Long has your Crescent's light been waning;
'Tis waning, and yet more must wane;
While that bright Star new strength is gaining,
And must go on new strength to gain.
O turn, then, to its growing light!
The Moon nor rules nor leads the day;
Her power is only felt at night,
But fades before the morning's ray.
Your faith, beneath the eye of Truth
Must blench, and at her touch will fail;
While ours must e'er renew her youth,
As knowledge shall o'er earth prevail:—
For earth, with its all-clasping seas,
Is weighed by her anointed ones,
And Science hath revealed to these
The heavens with all their hosts of suns.
Then, from your Crescent's face so pale,
Whene'er ye worship, turn away;
And, as ye see our Day-Star burn
With broader splendor, to it turn;
And, kneeling in its radiance, say,
"Hail! rising Star of Bethlehem, hail!"

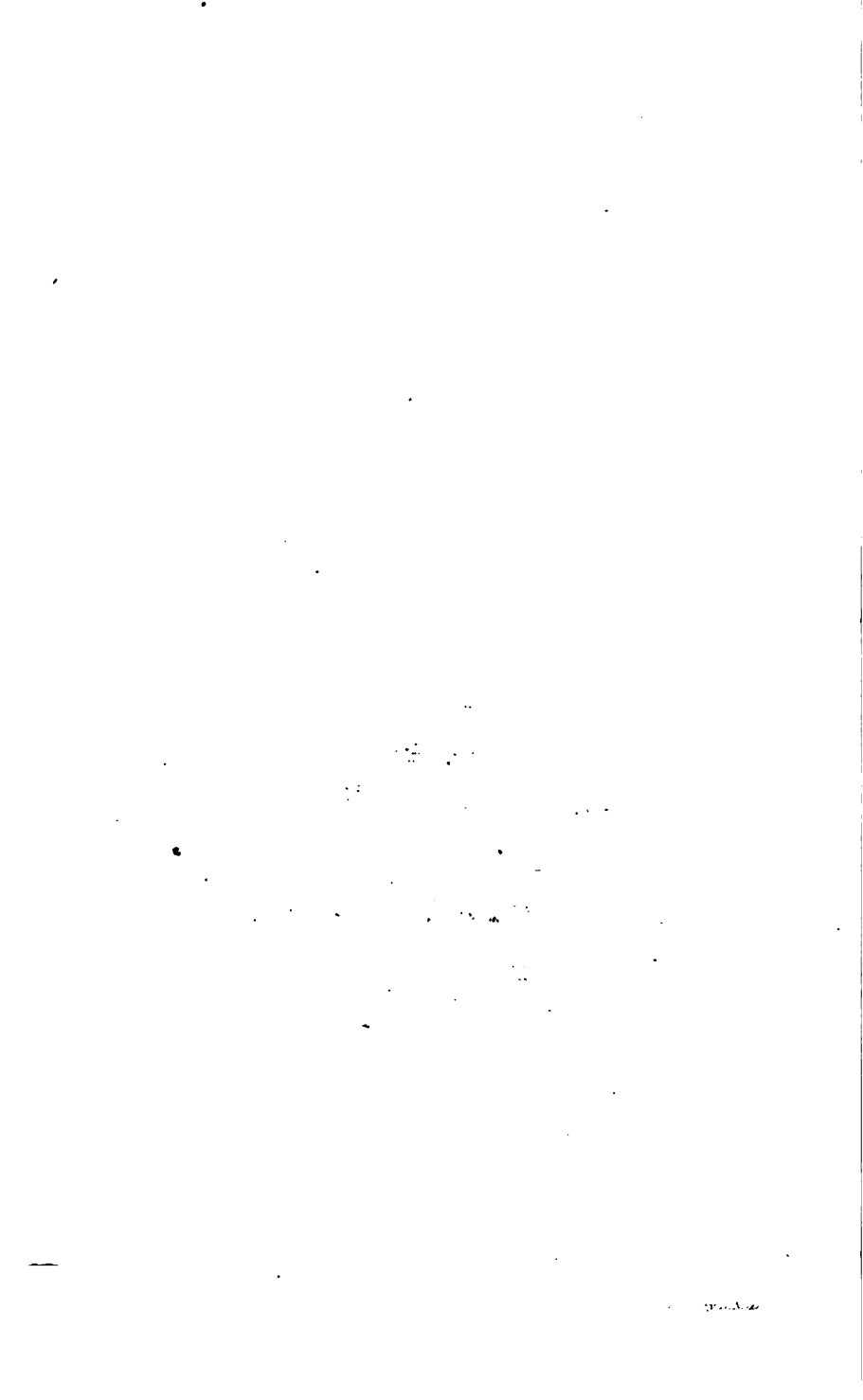
WRITTEN BENEATH A YOUTHFUL
PORTRAIT OF BYRON.

AND such was Byron! On this youthful brow
Sit Hope, Love, Fancy. What is Byron now?
What expectation beameth in this gaze?
How soon will fortune quench its ardent blaze!
A few brief days he wishes and he weeps,
And all is over. Byron, mouldering, sleeps!
Ay, side by side, with other crumbling clay,
Beneath the Abbey's dome his limbs decay.
And he who spurned, as sporting with a ball,
This rolling planet, slumbers in the thrall
Of death,—nor can his mighty spirit start
The sod away, that presses on his heart.
How short the feverish day 'twixt morn and night!
How dark the gloom that drinks the meteor's light!

A F R A G M E N T .

OUR hoar, primeval forests! The old trunks,
Knotted and moss-grown, heaving up their broad
And massive branches, laden with the growth
Of a rich summer,—gorgeous with the dyes
Of many-tinted autumn! Down the steep
Thunders the crested cataract, sweeping on
In its original glory. Human hands
Have reared no pile to mar its majesty,
Or break the sacredness of solitude.





THE FAIRIES' VISIT TO AMERICA.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEEN.

I.

'T WAS in our Fathers' time, —
When dim and ringing wood,
And the resounding shore,
Of all their pilgrim home and wildering clime,
The enamoured stars hung o'er, —
When the dark and strong man stood
By the mirror of the wave,
And a great and holy band
Poured from our father-land,
Around the brave, —
Stern warriors of the mount and vale,
Who swept them, far and free,
As trampling cloud or bounding gale
Walks the green sea !

II.

'T was when hearts bowed and bled
O'er desolate and nameless graves,
And Conscience bared her brow
To meet the Faith that saves,
And bide the doom that waits upon her vow, —
For Glory with the martyr-dead
Was banded now !

'T was when Religion, in her shield and helm,
 Trode the lone path
 Of forest freedom,—and o'er them
 That sought man's wilderness, but fled his wrath,
 Held high
 Unnumbered signs of promise in the sky !
 'T was then, that round his bold and billowy way,
 As pilgrim's pointing star,
 Were seen to sweep, on moonlight path afar,
 As to deep dirge,
 To song of forest leaf and ocean surge,
 The spirit beautiful and bright-eyed fay !
 Then, as the dim ship bent
 Under the night-wind's voice,
 And lights, as summoned on the firmament,
 Seemed clustering to rejoice,—
 These beings from the cloudy land,
 Leaned through the peopled air,— a dreamy band,—
 As marshalling
 Undying spirits to another home,
 Where they might chainless roam,
 As 'neath the shadow of an angel's wing,
 And free as the deep sea-roar sounding there,
 With swelling hymn, and brave, unfettered prayer !

III.

The round moon marched in glory,— and each hill,
 From its cold and silvery crown,
 In light unveiled and still,
 On stream and lake looked down.

There was beauty in the unfathomed blue,—
 And a silence in the sky,
 Where o'er New England's vales there flew
 Forms of the flashing eye!
 With quivering wing and noiseless tread
 They swept around,—
 While pine and cypress waved and sighed
 O'er consecrated ground
 Of the great dead,
 Who gave their land to glory as they died!

IV.

But lo!—beneath that moonlight now,
 On yonder hill,
 Gaze on that gleaming eye,—that brazen brow,
 Lifted in converse with the wind and cloud,—
 Yet both with wonder still!
 There is a shroud,
 Like a broad banner, on the air,—
 Mingling with the spirit's hair,
 And floating through that glorious night,
 With stripes of unimaginable light!
 The red man to his cliff
 Has chased his panting deer,—
 And over the lake waters, sharp and clear,
 Beneath, and far, as seen through dreams, appear
 His flaring fire and skiff.
 But not to things of earth is bowed
 His spirit now,—
 He sees the shapes of other lands,—
 Beings who come in shadowy bands,

And breathe, in prophet tones, and proud,
Of fadeless hope and deathless vow !
Forth from his riven crag,
He looks up through that drapery of mist and star,
And there, 'mid faery robes afar,
Traces a nation's hallowed flag,
In folds upon the illimitable sky
Of that immensity !
He gazes from his mountain tower
Into the founts of night,
Till his o'ermastered sight
Seems tranced by lines of loveliness and power !
He sees the gentle spirits there,
That bide within the flower, —
That ride the unseen chariots of the air,
And give a magic beauty to the hour !
He sees them through the bending bow,
That spans the mount and vale.
Where, beckoning with fingers slim and pale,
In weary march they go ! —
He listens for a sound,
As they sail upward, cold and wan, —
But silence only is around their way,
Beneath the moon's white ray,
Where, o'er those azure fields that know no bound,
They point their path to empire on !

V.

The warrior's eye with wonder fills,
His arms, as if in prayer,
Or ecstasy, are lifted there,

While his fleet chase, whose hoof had rung,
Alike, deep dells among,
And pointed hills,
Now bounds unknown, unheard, unseen,
The moon-touched crags between!
The bow, whose twanging string
Oft bade the hurtling missile shivering fly,
Swift as the eagle's sounding wing,
Now sleeps, with stainless arrow by,
As some forgotten thing!
His brow is in communion with a world
Of which his fathers told,—
He sees its golden mysteries unfurled,
As if, from off that blue profound,
To the last trumpet's sound,
The inner cloud were rolled!
Strange spirits breathe around,—
And his great heart is stirred,
As with some far-off voice, and mighty word!
His soul is bent in worship; and on high,
His thoughts go up in glory,— while
Into his visioned home, his Fathers' storied Isle,
Bright Fairies wave him onward through the sky!

THE LOVE MARRIAGE.

BY MRS. HALE.

“DEAR, dear Henry! how glad I am to see you. Oh! you cannot tell how weary the hours seem when you are gone,” exclaimed Mrs. Harrison, as she ran with extended hands to welcome her husband’s entrance. He fondly returned the caress of his young and lovely wife, while she continued to speak of her joy at seeing him, and of her lonely feelings during his absence.

“Do you think, Ellen, that I would leave you, if it were not absolutely necessary?” inquired he, soothingly. “Can you believe I would stay thus long from you by design?”

“Oh! no, no, I do not think you would; and yet it does sometimes appear strange that you can stay so long from me; and in the evening too. I am sure that no business could detain me thus from you.”

“Not if it were necessary to secure my happiness, Ellen?”

“I cannot understand how that would be secured by a course which was rendering you miserable.”

He smiled sadly as he replied, “If our home were in Eden, my love, where our only occupation would be

tending flowers and gathering fruits, on which we could banquet the year round, then we might consult our present feelings only, giving all cares for the future to the winds. But we do not live in Eden."

"And therefore must be miserable. Is that what you wish me to understand?"

"No, no; we need not be miserable because we do not dwell in Paradise; but we shall be disappointed, if we expect to find its perfect bliss in our cold, barren world. We are too apt to forget that life, for fallen man, has no real, lasting, virtuous enjoyments, which are not earned by toil, or obtained by self-sacrifice of some sort. Every pleasure has its price. I could not enjoy this happiness of folding you to my heart, and feeling that you are my own, and that you are so provided with comforts as not to regret that you have united your lot with mine for ever, if I did not practise the self-denial of leaving you to pursue the business and studies of my profession, many hours each day. Can you understand this?"

The young wife looked up to her husband, and the tear that moistened her soft, blue eye, added the lustre of feeling to a glance of love that sunk into his soul. He knew that he was comprehended, was absolved. He had never told her of the difficulties with which he had to struggle; accustomed, as she had been from her birth, to every luxury and indulgence that wealth could command, he had thought that the details of anxieties, labors, and disappointments, which those who are born poor must encounter in the stern strife of their worldly career, would sound too harshly, would make her

unhappy. He could not bear to see the shadow of a cloud on her brow. He dreaded, more than any worldly evil, that she should feel the pressure of care. His whole soul had been engrossed, since the first certainty that she would be his wife, with devising the means of supporting her in that style, which he fancied was absolutely necessary to her happiness. Men seldom form romantic ideas of "love in a cottage," if they have had to struggle with the realities of poverty. Not that Henry Harrison was an avaricious or even a worldly man; he did not covet riches for himself; he was not ambitious of show or parade; but he did tremble lest his young wife should endure one privation,—lest even the winds of heaven should visit her too roughly.

The union of Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise was truly a love marriage; romance and adventure had marked their love from the beginning, and it seemed hardly probable that their married life would run on in the calm, canal-like current of common events. At least, they fancied that some peculiar bliss was and would continue to be theirs, because their first meeting had been so strange, and, in their estimation, so fortunate.

It happened that Henry Harrison, in the summer of 1818, made a pedestrian tour from New York to Canada. He had just completed his study of the law; and, before entering on the duties of his laborious profession in the "commercial emporium," determined that he would see a little of the great world, and, to make the most of the opportunity, that the greatest natural wonder in the world should be among the objects of his tour. So

he made Niagara the chief point of his movements. He visited it as he went, and on his homeward journey. And while on the Table Rock he minuted in his journal, that "his heart was so filled with awe and admiration for the sublime spectacle before him, that it would be impossible for a long, long time, to admit any other sentiment!"

That afternoon, he received a letter from a particular friend of his in Troy, urging him to visit him at his house on his way home. The wardrobe of Henry was, in the first instance, only graduated to his travelling convenience on foot, and it had borne the wear and tear of four weeks' travel; its soiled and dilapidated condition, therefore, was reason good for promptly deciding to refuse the invitation. But that night he had a dream, — a vision, as he always called it. He thought he saw a lady of majestic presence and serene countenance approach him. In her right hand she held a veiled picture, which she advanced towards him, with a smile of sweetness that filled his soul with rapture. He strove to raise himself, that he might lift the veil and examine the picture; but the stately lady motioned him to desist, and at the same time, addressing him in a sweet, but deeply impressive tone of voice, said, "Go, visit your friend, and the veil shall be raised."

Henry awoke in some perturbation; and, though of course he did not acknowledge to himself, nor do we pretend, that the dream influenced his conduct, yet so it happened, that before he had finished his breakfast, he had decided on visiting his friend at Troy.

Nothing particular occurred, however, during the day he passed in that city, and he was obliged to leave it

early the succeeding day. But his friend insisted, that he should, before setting out on his pilgrimage home, take a stroll with him to the top of Mount Ida, then a very celebrated spot in the estimation of all lovers of the picturesque in that neighbourhood. The spirit of improvement is now passing in triumph over the domain of romance, and has already laid low the pride of the mountain; but, when our hero, at early day, ascended the height, and saw the wide amphitheatre of green hills displayed around, gently sloping downwards, till they melted, as it were, into the rich vale, where rose the clustered dwellings of the city, each house made beautiful by the thought that it was the home of some happy family, — for to a wanderer every home seems a place of rest and happiness, — his heart rejoiced in the sight. The first rays of the morning sun were illuming the earth. The broad, bright Hudson in the distance shone like a line of flashing diamonds as its ripples caught the sunbeams. But the eastern sky was the object that most riveted Henry's gaze. There is something exalting to the spirit in watching from a mountain top the rising of the sun. Only the blue firmament seems to intervene between the spectator and Heaven, from which the clear light of the new day appears to issue, like a stream from an inexhaustible fountain.

As the two friends were about descending the hill, they observed a carriage approaching. Just as it reached the top of the height, the horses became frightened by the sudden flight of a hawk, which had been scared by their approach from its perch on the stump of a

blasted tree, that inclined over the road. It dashed directly in the face of the horses. The startled animals reared high, and then plunged forward so suddenly, that the driver was precipitated from his seat, and the carriage, forced against a projecting rock, was overturned and broken. But even this catastrophe did not effectually check the furious horses, and they seemed on the point of dragging the shattered vehicle over the precipice into the deep channel of rocks, where the mountain stream is seen rushing and throwing up its spray, as if chafed with rage at its confinement in that ravine. But at this critical moment, Harrison dashed forward at the peril of his own life, seized the reins, and with his strong grasp forced their heads against a large tree which grew on the brink of the ledge. Here he held them fast, till the two persons contained in the carriage were liberated by his friend, when, his strength being exhausted, they burst from him, and plunged down the bank.

The persons thus saved from, as it seemed, certain death, were the Honorable Mr. Wise and his daughter, of Philadelphia. The young lady, who had uttered no cry of terror, looked on her father and fainted, when she saw the horses take their fatal plunge over the precipice. He was slightly injured, and so much overcome, that Henry's friend had to support him; therefore none but Henry remained to succour the lady. He raised her up, and, as her head reclined on his arm, he gazed on her face, the loveliest he had ever seen. His dream now flashed upon his mind, and his willing fancy gave it the force of prophecy. "Yes," he mentally murmured; "yes, she is destined to be mine!" he looked

again in her face, and his heart affirmed the decree, "She shall be mine!" And that consummation he never doubted, though he could not then anticipate a very speedy union.

The progress of the acquaintance we will pass over. It was not, to the lovers, a halcyon period. Mr. Wise had held high offices, which conferred the title of Honorable on him, but the soul of honor had never been infused into his bosom. He was ambitious and ostentatious, and had resolved that his daughter should connect herself in marriage with a man whose wealth and family placed him in the first rank of fashion. The gentleman he had selected was the senior of Ellen by some thirty years or more, which time had not all been passed in improving his mind or morals. In short, though not exactly an infamous man, he had been so long hackneyed in fashionable follies,—that delicate phrase to soften the vices of the rich,—that he was as heartless as Chesterfield would have made his son, had his principles of politeness been fully acted out. And Mr. Kerney, the bridegroom elect of Ellen, had a head which could have computed, as shrewdly as the noble lord himself, the worldly benefit of those "principles." He had calculated closely the benefits to be derived from a union with Ellen Wise. He supposed her father to be a man of handsome property, though not among the nabobs of wealth. Ellen was an only child; her father had offered to enter into a written agreement, that all his estates should descend to Ellen at his decease, thereby cutting off the possibility of a second marriage (he was a widower), or, at least, the alienation

of his property from his daughter. Then she was lovely ; and though Mr. Kerney was not in love with her, in the holy sense of the term, yet he felt that she was a prize, which it would give him triumph to obtain. Then she was young, and he could mould and govern her as he chose. And so the affair had been settled between the father and the old beau bachelor. But Providence had not sanctioned the treaty.

Mr. Wise and his daughter remained about two weeks at New York, before proceeding to Philadelphia, and Harrison improved the time, to confirm, in the heart of Ellen, the tender impression which his gallant daring had made. And she promised to be his, if her father consented. She had never been apprized of the intended alliance with Mr. Kerney, as she was only eighteen, and just out of her boarding-school.

“ You had better not communicate the arrangement to Ellen till she is under your roof and control,” said Mr. Kerney to his intended father-in-law. “ The young ladies at school will rally her, and may induce her to dislike me, merely because you approve the match.”

Mr. Wise acquiesced ; and though, during his tour with his daughter he had thrown out sundry hints about matrimony, and the advantages it conferred on a young lady to become the bride of a rich and fashionable man, yet she had never applied one precept of this worldly wisdom to her own case. And so little did she understand the real character of her father, that she fancied the only objection he would make to the application of Henry for her hand, would be her youth, and the impossibility of parting with his only child. For was not

Henry a lawyer, one of her father's own profession? And had not Henry saved the life of her father and of herself? And had not her father wealth sufficient for them both? Henry had told her, that he had no fortune but his education and his own energies; and would not he, when he had always been so kind and indulgent, even lavish, in gratifying every want and wish of his daughter, be willing to make a small sacrifice, if it were a sacrifice to him that she should wed a poor man, when he had learned that her happiness, and the happiness of the man who had saved her life, was concerned? Oh, she knew he would consent!

But she was totally mistaken. She knew not the spirit of worldly men. She knew not how every gentle, generous feeling in the human breast may be blasted by selfishness, as the vegetation of the fairest spring may be withered by the scorching simoom of the desert.

Mr. Wise was not satisfied with giving a positive and irrevocable refusal to the lover's modest request of permission to hope that he might, if he proved himself worthy, be accepted; but he insulted Henry with bitter sarcasms on the folly of a young *débutant* in a profession, which required such a length of time for success, presuming to fall in love with, and raising his pretensions to, a lady of wealth, when he had not a dollar of his own. How the blood of the young man boiled in his veins at these taunts! But, for the daughter's sake, he suppressed his wrath against the father. As Aaron's rod, becoming a serpent, swallowed the other serpent-rods, so the feeling of love, when raised

to a passion, frequently absorbs all others ; and, when it does this, it cannot easily be overcome.

The lovers were separated, but not till they had pledged their troth to each other ; and, though Ellen would give Henry no promise to marry him till her father should consent to the union, yet she led him to hope, that that consent would be gained. So they parted ; and, as he was not in a situation to support a wife, perhaps the trial which her love was about to undergo was not without its secret satisfaction to him. He triumphed in the thought, that her affection would be stimulated by these obstacles ; his own, he felt, would be unchangeable.

The letters, which passed between them during the succeeding half year, were to both a source of intense interest and happiness. He gathered from hers, that, although surrounded by all the luxuries of wealth and blandishments of fashion, she was still his own Ellen, counting one letter of love from his hand more precious, a thousand fold, than all the gay pleasures of which she was rather a spectator than a participant. And she learned that his business was increasing, his hopes of success brightening, and his heart and purpose animated with the energy which a virtuous love inspires. His noble sentiments and just reasoning opened to her mind a world of new and profound thought ; and, in her turn, she imparted, by her pure feelings and brilliant fancies, a light to his path, and that delicate perception of the good and beautiful in nature and character, which refined his tastes, chastened his passions, and exalted his aims to be worthy of the innocent, ingenuous, and lovely

being, who was thus resting her hopes of earthly felicity on his truth and honor.

Mr. Wise, in the mean time, was managing with his deftest skill to bring about the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Kerney. Ellen was resolute in her refusal to admit him as a lover; yet she was so influenced by her desire to promote her father's happiness, that she treated his friend, as she always called Mr. Kerney, with becoming respect; and Mr. Wise would not believe it possible, that she would forego the advantages of wealth and station, which the union with a rich man promised. How he loved the world! It seemed as if its treasures and pleasures were growing dearer to him every day he lived; and he planned to live long, while Death was shaking the few last sands from his glass. Mr. Wise had been conversing with his intended son-in-law on the subject of the marriage; and, when the latter expressed some doubts that Ellen would not, for a long time, consent to the marriage, the father, suddenly rising, exclaimed, "I assure you, Mr. Kerney, that Ellen shall be yours,—yes, in one month, if I live, she shall consent to marry you,—or——." What he would have added was never known. Perhaps a malediction against his only child, if she resisted his arbitrary command to sell herself for gold, was rising in his heart. But he was spared the sin of giving expression to his thought. He uttered a groan, fell backward, and immediately expired.

Ellen wept over him in deep and sincere sorrow; and the world soon allowed that she had cause of grief. It was found, on examining the affairs of Mr. Wise, that

he was a bankrupt to a large amount. The creditors seized every thing, even Ellen's harp was not spared ; and Mr. Kerney, like a prudent man, as he really was in pecuniary matters, fearing he might be appealed to in her behalf, took passage in the first Havre packet, with the avowed intention of passing several years abroad.

"Poor Ellen! What will become of her?" exclaimed Miss Rickett, in a soft, sentimental tone, that she intended should pass for compassion towards the destitute orphan. "Oh, I do so pity her!" The malicious sparkle of her eye told of a different feeling.

"You may spare your sympathy, for Miss Wise needs it not," replied Mrs. Alden, with that calm but deep expression, which tells the pretender to kind feelings, that her dissimulation is perfectly understood. "The orphan has a true friend."

"Yourself, my dear madam?" inquired the spinster, with an admiring smile.

"She will remain with me a few weeks longer; then she is to be married."

"Married! indeed! Why, Mr. Kerney has left the country."

"True; but Miss Wise was never engaged to him, and never would have married such a man. She has happier prospects."

"Some sentimental love affair, I presume," said Miss Rickett, with a sneer. "I think you are the advocate of love marriages."

"I am the advocate of truth in all the relations of life; and, till the marriage contract sanctions the union

of husband and wife for purposes of mere convenience, I shall consider that those, who, at the altar, pledge their love to each other, are guilty of perjury, unless they feel what they profess."

"Pray, who is the favored swain?"

"A young lawyer of New York."

"Ah, some Yankee speculator, I presume," said Miss Rickett, scornfully. "But I hope Miss Wise will be cautious. This Strephon may enact the second part of the 'Mercenary Lover,' and be off like the old beau."

Mrs. Alden gave her a look! How emphatic may be the language of a look! Miss Rickett felt that she was an object of utter contempt to the good matron, and, for once, the silent rebuke was effectual; not another word of slander or satire did she utter. What a poor, mean figure detected envy and malice display!

* * * * *

They were married, Henry Harrison and Ellen Wise; and they were happy, for their love was of that deep and tender nature, which perfect sympathy of feeling and congeniality of mind and taste inspire. It was exalted too, for it was based on perfect faith in the worth and truth of each other. Yet Henry had not ventured to open all his heart to his young bride. Had he felt himself free to obey the dictates of prudence, he would hardly have dared to indulge his desire for so early a marriage, as his profession had hitherto afforded him but little more income than sufficed for his own support. It was a time, too, of great depression in

business, and the prospects of the country were gloomy. But Ellen was destitute of a home and protector, and he could no longer endure the severe calculations of prudence, which had forbade their union. He married; and, after all the expenses attending the event were settled, his lodgings furnished, and his bride seated in her genteel parlour, arranged in a pretty though not expensive style, he found he had barely sufficient cash left to pay the first month's board. True, he had debts due from several clients, but he knew it was very uncertain when he should obtain his pay. How could he enter into these vexing details to his young and utterly inexperienced wife?

Mr. Wise had always destined his daughter for a rich husband. She was, he well knew, exceedingly beautiful; he had studied to educate her in the manner which would make her natural graces most attractive. Holding in the most sovereign contempt the Bentham philosophy, which inculcates the "greatest happiness of the greatest number," his efforts had only selfish indulgence for their object; and he had trained Ellen in his own luxurious habits and expensive tastes. But the pure diamond will glow in the dark mine as brightly as on the coronet of a king. Ellen had a disposition which prosperity could not corrupt. Her mind was naturally upright, or, as a phrenologist would say, she had large *conscientiousness*. And this simple integrity of heart had always resisted the blandishments, which her father's vanity had drawn around her. Yet she had had no practical experience in lessons of self-denial, and could not, therefore, know the little methods of management

and daily sacrifices of taste to necessity, which real poverty imposes. She was aware that Henry had no fortune ; yet his profession was, in her estimation, one of the first in the world ; and she had never doubted his ability to maintain her according to her station. But those few words, that sad, loving expression in her husband's eye, as he gazed so tenderly on her, told the struggle of his soul. She now felt, that she was the wife of a poor man ; that, to shield her from suffering, he was sacrificing himself. The whole depth of that adversity, from which he had rescued her, at the peril of his own peace, was, in a moment, unsealed ; and that night, during which she scarcely closed her eyes, there was opened before her aroused faculties a new world of thoughts, hopes, and resolutions. The next morning her manner towards her husband evinced more than usual tenderness ; and, when he went out, her parting kiss was given with that heart-devoted affection, which to him was a recompense for every care.

As soon as he was gone, Ellen hastened to a shop, where she knew fancy work was sold. She could devise no way of earning money except by her needle. Her education, though it had cost more money than it requires to carry half a dozen economical young men through college, had been unsystematical. Her masters had taught her the result of sciences, and the show of accomplishments ; but the principles, which must be comprehended and made clear to the mind before one is qualified to communicate knowledge to other minds, she had never acquired. She played the harp and piano divinely, but could not have given a lesson on either,

or, at least, she dared not attempt it. She could draw and paint beautifully, yet knew not the principles of either art. But in needlework she excelled, and had a natural ingenuity and taste, which had often excited the admiration of her companions. And, as melancholy reflections on the waste of precious time and money, which she felt was the result of her superficial mode of education, passed through her mind, she turned with something of exultation to the thought, that she had loved needlework, and could execute almost every kind with great skill. "Oh, I will employ every moment, I will earn enough to pay my own board! Dear Henry shall not feel distress on my account!" were her mental exclamations, as she entered the shop of Mrs. Millet.

These bright dreams were soon dispersed. Mrs. Millet wanted no muslin nor fancy work; and, when she did give out work of the kind, the prices she paid were so inadequate to the time required for such nice performances, that Ellen found she could not hope to earn half enough to pay her board. While she lingered, in doubt what next to attempt, a young lady entered, and inquired for daisy buttons and frogs. Mrs. Millet had none of the color wanted.

"I thought you always kept a variety. I can nowhere find any," said the young lady.

"I have had the best assortment in the city," remarked the shop-woman; "but the girl that made them for me is dying with the consumption, and I can find nobody ingenious enough to make the nice kind. Needlework is sadly neglected now-a-days."

The thought struck Ellen, "Here is a chance for me." She asked to look at the buttons.

"Can you make such as those, Miss?" asked the woman, thinking, from Ellen's blushing face, that she was a diffident school-girl, and, from her earnest manner, that perhaps she would try to make them well; "'cause, if you can, I will pay you a high price, three sixpences a dozen."

Three sixpences! Ellen Wise seeking employment by sixpences! were the first thoughts that flashed over her mind. But she recovered her calmness in a moment. "I will try, if you will let me have the materials."

"Oh, certainly; but you must pay for the silk and moulds; you need only take a few skeins of silk, for you may waste it all, and I cannot afford to lose it. I will give you the price I named for good buttons; and four shillings a dozen for frogs."

Ellen took materials sufficient for an experiment, a few buttons for models, and, after paying for her purchase, found she had only one sixpence in her purse. "Well," thought she, "if the old proverb be correct, that 'necessity is the mother of invention,' I shall succeed. I have need enough to arouse my ingenuity."

And she did succeed "wonderfully," Mrs. Millet said, "and would soon earn a fortune." And Ellen felt that she was indeed rich, when in a week from her first essay she found herself able to earn from six to nine shillings per day. Never, never had she been so rich, so happy. The hours passed away like moments; the days were over before she had time to think of wear-

ness. She only worked while her husband was absent, for she wished to surprise him, at the end of the month, with the sight of her wealth; when his heart was heavy with care, how blessed it would be to find that she had sympathized with him. They had just entered on the third month of their married life, when Ellen commenced her button-making business. The first day of the fourth month the landlady served up, as usual, her bill with the tea equipage. "She made it a principle," she very modestly observed, "never to disturb a boarder with a bill except when his mind was at leisure, which it must be over the tea-table."

Ellen watched her husband's countenance, when, after tea, he opened the paper. As he raised his eyes to hers, she could not forbear smiling. "I am glad you are so happy, my love," said he.

"Are you not happy, Henry?"

"Yes, yes; I shall always be happy while I can make you so. But I have sometimes feared——"

"That we should be poor, and then that I should be miserable."

Henry looked earnestly on his wife. She continued; "I know, my dear husband, that you have suffered deep concern on my account, — but never fear. I have engaged a fairy to supply me with all I want. I do not intend, like Cinderella, to tax her for a coach-and-six, as I have no notion of going to a ball to gain the favor of a prince, while I can see you at home; nor do I expect garments the 'color of the sun,' but only the modest kind that pleases you; these she has promised me."

He looked more and more puzzled. At last she rose, and, going to her cabinet, brought forth a little box containing her hoarded treasure, and placed it before him. "Take it, my dear Henry; I have earned it for you!" And the gush of joy that thrilled through her heart melted to a flood of those sweet tears, which only spring from the very fulness of pleasure.

That evening, as they sat together, she told him every thing; all her feelings, thoughts, plans, and performances. And he confided to her every doubt, fear, and perplexity, that had shadowed his path. "But these are all removed now, dearest," said he. "We now understand each other, we are now one; one in purpose, plan, pursuit. We shall succeed. God will bless those who try and trust."

And they did succeed. Henry Harrison is now one of the brightest ornaments of his profession in the great State of New York. He is also one of the most estimable men in private life, rich enough to gratify his refined tastes and benevolent feelings;—and his wife is still the cherished object of his affection, his confidant, counsellor, and helper.

The same devoted and faithful love, that first awakened Ellen's spirit to exertion, has animated her in acquiring the requisite knowledge of all her domestic duties. These she has performed, not as tasks, but as pleasures. And she often alludes to her first experiment in the use of her own faculties, to gain an independent support, or rather, to prevent herself from being a burden to her husband, as the period when her judgment was really exercised, her mind enlightened

to discern the moral relations of woman in her social and domestic character, and her heart strengthened to endure, and refined to enjoy, the lot assigned her. "I have," she remarked to a young friend who was about to be married, "never regretted that I was compelled to resort to button-making. The man you are to marry is rich; but, should any reverse occur, never lament for yourself, but strive to assist him. The effort will make you happy; and there is no grace, no perfection, that will so surely gain the esteem and love of your husband."

S T A N Z A S
PRESENTED TO A BRIDE ON THE MORNING OF
HER MARRIAGE.

BY GRENVILLE MELLEN.

I.

BEAUTIFUL bride ! 'tis thine
Of opening years of joyfulness to dream,
Like morning breaking with a golden gleam, —
To weep, alas ! is mine.

II.

For I, in other years,
The mountain path with footstep free,
And gorge, and green glen trod, *with thee*,
In joy ! — *alone*, in tears !

III.

With thee, the shadowy vales,
Where the hushed voice of waters broke around,
In a mysterious symphony of sound,
Like that, which to the gales

IV.

The mighty trees give back,
When their great music in the stirring leaves,
Like waves upon the sea-rocks, wakes and heaves
On its unmeasured track !

V.

As some immortal tone,
That we have dreamt of, in those golden hours
When we have wandered through unearthly bowers,
With chorus all its own !

VI.

Beautiful bride ! 't was thine
To pour a living lustre round those days,
When thine eye kindled with a seraph's gaze !—
To dream of them is mine !

VII.

But go !—and on thy brow
Meet in a band, that time nor change shall sever,
Those lights of Love that beam anew for ever,
Radiant and warm as *now* !

THE FIRESIDE.

“WHAT gift have you brought to our own fireside?”

’T was a mother’s voice that spake, —
“Without, the tempest doth fiercely chide,
But peace and joy shall within abide;
Oh cherish them for my sake.

A common stock is our happiness here;
Each heart must contribute its mite,
The bliss to swell, or the pain to cheer;
Son and daughter and husband dear,
What will you add to-night?”

Then the student-boy from the lettered page
Raised a bright, thought-speaking eye;
That knowledge was there which doth gird the sage,
And kindle a flame ’mid the frost of age
With light and majesty.

A blooming girl, like a rose on its stem,
Her bird-like carol poured;
Beauty and music their radiant gem
Shook from her sparkling diadem,
To swell the treasure-hoard.

Then a pale, sick child her guerdon brought,
'T was the smile of patient trust,
For stern disease had a moral wrought,
And patient and pure was her chastened thought,
As a pearl by the rude sea nursed.

A fair babe woke in its cradle-bed,
And clung to the mother's breast,
But soon to the knee of its sire it sped;
Love was its gift, and the angels said,
That the baby's gift was best.

Then the father spake with a grateful air
Of the God whom his youth had known;
And the mother's sigh of tender care
Went up in the shape of a winged prayer,
And was heard before the Throne.

TO-MORROW.

To-morrow will these glowing skies
In the cold ocean mist be shrouded ;
To-morrow, and thy sparkling eyes
Will be, perhaps, as darkly clouded.

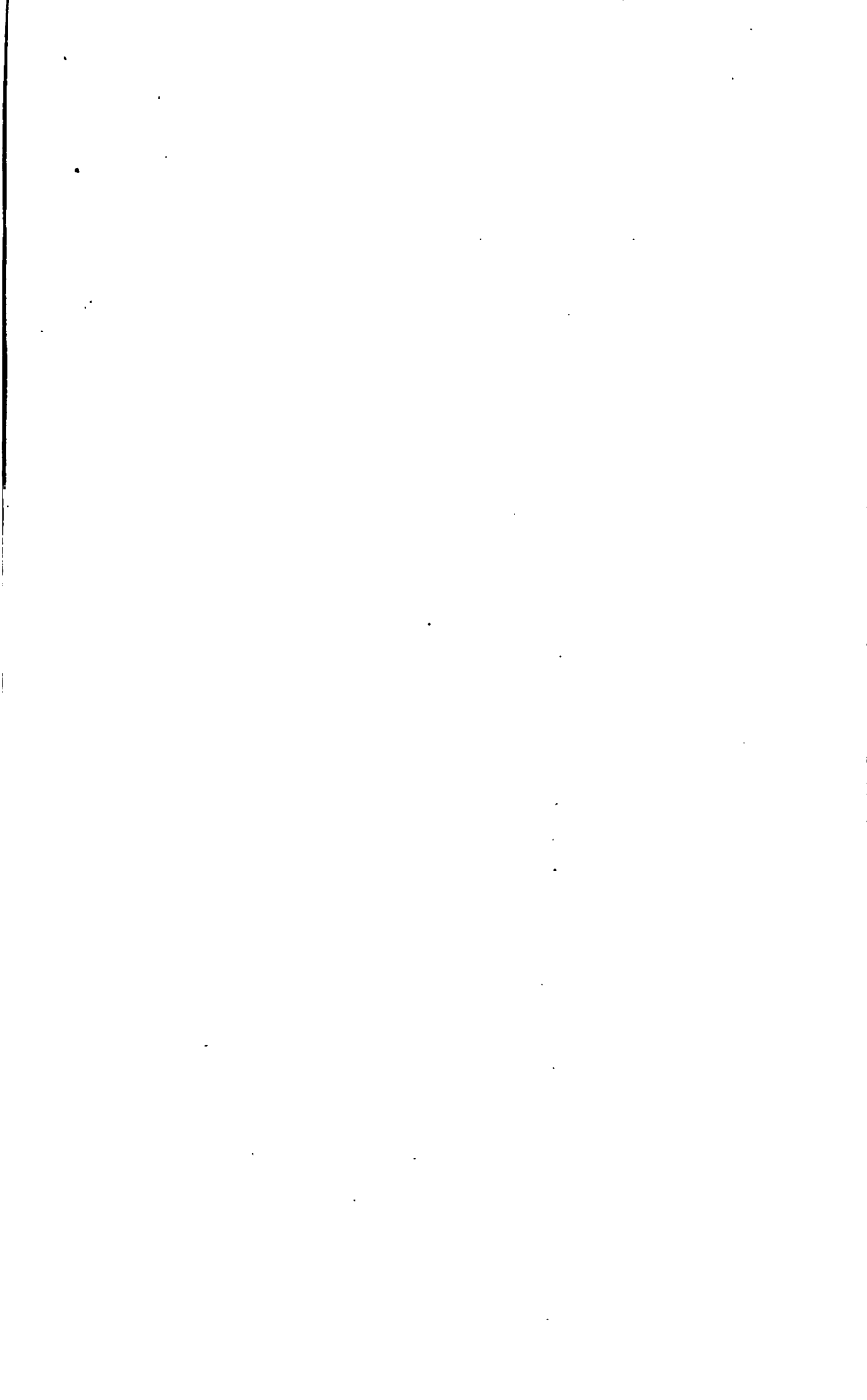
Go to thy garden now, and seek
The fairest, brightest rose it beareth ;
Then tell me if thy youthful cheek
A warmer blush of beauty weareth.

And yet to-morrow's wind and rain
Will spoil the blooming of thy roses ;
And I may not behold again
The blush that on thy cheek reposes.

Thy gentle heart is bounding high ;—
But hath thy heart a lighter motion
Than yonder bark, that cometh by
Swift as the breezes of the ocean ?

Yet listen,— ah, it is the note
Of the wild storm-bird and her daughters ;
To-morrow, and that bark may float,
A lonely wreck upon the waters.

There is a change for things of earth,
From light to gloom, from joy to sorrow ;
Oh, what would life's dark day be worth,
Were there no brighter, better morrow ?





MARTHA WASHINGTON.

Engraved by J. Goussier & J. G. Smith

MARTHA WASHINGTON.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

THE state of society in Virginia, a century since, was unique and imposing. The "Ancient Dominion" retained stronger features of resemblance to the Father Land, than any of its sisters. The manners of the nobility of England had been transplanted with little radical change, to the territory of Powhatan. A kind of feudal magnificence, a high and quick sense of honor, a generous and lordly hospitality, early characterized a State, which has given to this Western Empire so many of its mightiest and noblest names.

Traces of these lineaments still exist in that sunny clime. Yet our severance from the parent country, while it marred her likeness among all the colonies, obscured it, though somewhat less palpably, in the countenance of the eldest-born. One of the most immediate changes, was the breaking down of that courtly and almost solemn etiquette which had marked the intercourse of the higher classes. "I know your age by the *edition of your manners*," said a lady of discernment, to a gentleman distinguished for politeness. "I am certain that you were educated before the

Revolution." But the republicanism which may have possibly swept with too full a tide over our national manners, had, at the period of which we speak, no existence in Virginia. The levees of her royal governors, though stripped of monarchical pomp, displayed a remnant of those "stately steppings of chivalry," with which the titled and the valiant, of a still earlier age, were accustomed, in European courts, to pay homage to beauty and to rank.

It was early in the winter of 1748, that the levees of Governor Gooch opened with unwonted splendor at Williamsburg. Many of the members of the Assembly took thither with them a part of their families, and this session was graced by the presence of several young and high-born maidens, who had never before been presented at court. One among them was evidently the theme of general admiration. Some of the statelier matrons criticized her, as deficient in height. But, though somewhat beneath the middle stature, she possessed that rounded and exquisite symmetry, which the early historians have ascribed to the fascinating Ann Boleyn. A pure complexion and clear eye were finely contrasted with dark, glossy, and redundant hair. Still it was found difficult, by common observers, to analyze her beauty; for it rested not on any predominant gift, but on the consent of the whole person in loveliness. Grace of movement and melody of voice were confessed to be among its elements. More of animation was hers, than is wont to distinguish the modern southern beauty. The slight rose-leaf tinge upon her cheek and lip usually heightened when she

spoke, or, if the subject embodied feeling, deepened to a flush of carmine, disappearing as rapidly as it came. But what chiefly won old and young, was a bland cheerfulness, the silent history of the soul's happiness, and an expressive smile, inspiring every beholder with confidence, like a beam from the temple of Truth. Though she had scarcely numbered twice eight summers, there was about her a womanly dignity, which chastened the most forward admiration into respect.

Among those who paid their *devoirs* to this lovely young creature, was Colonel Custis, one of the most accomplished cavaliers of his time. His tall and elegant form, though adapted to athletic exercises, to the control of the spirited charger, or the show of military evolutions, appeared to fine advantage in the minuet, which was executed among the higher circles in the "Ancient Dominion," with all that precision and grace, which once embellished it at the court of Louis the Fourteenth. Yet it was observed, that this favorite dance, when shared with the lady whom he most admired, was far less prized by the enthusiastic young man, than the conversations which followed; when, with eyes intensely fixed, as if to read the soul, he regarded each fragment of a word, or the slightest suffusion of countenance, as a precious thing.

His father, the Honorable John Custis of Arlington, held the office of King's Counsellor, and was a man of wealth and distinction. His attendance at Williamsburg, during the present session, had been somewhat interrupted by ill health; and, while there, the graver duties of the statesman had so far absorbed him, as to

leave him ignorant what reigning beauties had produced sensation at court. Not long after the suspension of the levees, and the return of the burgesses to their homes, the Counsellor requested a conversation, in his private cabinet, with his son, Colonel Daniel Parke Custis. There was a singular mixture of gravity and condescension in his manner, as he desired him to be seated, and thus opened the discourse.

“I have for some time wished to see you on an interesting subject. Though still young, I consider you to have arrived at years of discretion.” The Colonel bowed.

“I trust I have always shown that regard for your welfare, which is due from an affectionate father to an only son. I am about to give another proof of it. In short, I wish you to turn your attention to a suitable marriage.” The Colonel bowed.

“You know Colonel Byrd of Westever, to be my very particular friend. His daughter is one of the most beautiful and accomplished ladies in Virginia. It is my desire that you form with her a matrimonial alliance.”

“My dear Sir, I have not the vanity of supposing that I could render myself acceptable to Miss Byrd.”

“No objection on that head. Her father and myself have settled it. Indeed, I may as well tell you, that we have had numberless conversations on this business, and that you have both been as good as betrothed from the cradle. Think, my son, of the advantages of such a connexion, the contiguity of our estates, the amount of wealth and power that will ultimately pass into your hands.”

“Affection, Sir, seems to me, the only bond that can hallow so intimate a union. Not even my reverence for the best of fathers could induce me to enter into it from mercenary motives.”

“Mercenary, Sir! *mercenary!* Who ever, before, dared to couple that word with my name?” exclaimed the Counsellor, raising himself to his full height, and fixing a kindling eye upon his son. Then, pacing the apartment a few turns, he stopped opposite to him, and added, “You speak of the affection that should precede marriage. Have the goodness to understand, that the misplacing of yours may materially affect your patrimonial inheritance.” He seemed to wait for a reply, but in vain. “May I inquire, if you have thought fit, thus early, to decide seriously on the preference of any young lady as a companion for life?”

“I have, Sir.”

“May I be favored with a knowledge of her name?”

“Miss Martha Dandridge.”

The high-spirited gentlemen parted in mutual resentment. But the reflection of a night restored them to better feelings. The father began to excuse the son, by recalling the warmth of his own early attachment; while the son referred the testiness of the father to the harrowing disappointment of a long-cherished plan, and to the querulousness of feeble health. Still, as it usually happens with proud men, neither opened his heart to the other; and a slight, though almost imperceptible shade of coldness gathered over their intercourse. But this interview served as a stimulant to the

progress of matrimony. The temporary reserve of the father, throwing something like gloom over the paternal mansion, heightened the frequency and fervor of the visits of the lover. The gentle object of his preference imagined no barrier to an alliance, where there existed no obvious inequality; and he forbore to communicate what would only occasion perplexity, and what he trusted would soon vanish like the "baseless fabric of a vision." According to his happy prescience, the lofty Counsellor gave his consent to the nuptials, and the flower of the court of Williamsburg became a bride, in the blush of her seventeenth summer.

Their residence was a retired and romantic mansion on the banks of the Pamunkey. It reared its snowy walls amid a profusion of vines and flowering trees. Broad plantations, and the wealth of Virginian forests, variegated the grounds. Rural occupation, and the delight of each other's society, prepared for them, what they deemed a Paradise. In visits to their favored dwelling, the Counsellor learned to appreciate the treasure of his new daughter. Her excellence in the responsible sphere to which she was introduced won his regard; and, with the ingenuousness of an honorable mind, when convinced of error, he sought every opportunity of distinguishing that merit, which he had once been reluctant to admit. When he saw the grace and courteousness with which she maintained a generous hospitality; the judgment far beyond her years, displayed in the management of her servants; the energy, the early rising, the cheerful alacrity with which she regulated and beautified the internal mechanism of her

family; the disinterestedness with which she forgot herself, and sought the good of others; but, above all, her untiring devotion to her husband, and to the little ones who sprung up around her; he gloried in the sentiment of his son, which indeed he had always believed, though he was once in danger of swerving from it, that strong personal affection is essential to the basis of matrimonial happiness.

But this scene of exquisite felicity was not long to last. The death of her two oldest children prepared the way for the deeper loss of her beloved and estimable husband. In the trying situation of a young, beautiful, and wealthy widow and mother, she was still enabled to conduct herself with unvarying discretion, and faithfully to discharge every important duty.

It was in the spring of 1758, that two gentlemen, attended by a servant, were seen riding through the luxuriant scenery with which the county of New Kent, in Virginia, abounds. The most striking figure of the group was tall, graceful, and commanding, in a rich military undress, and apparently twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He would have been held a model for the statuary when Rome was in her best days. His companion was an elderly man, in a plain garb, who, by the familiarity with which he pointed out surrounding objects, would seem to be taking his daily round upon his own estate. As they approached the avenue to an antique mansion, he placed his hand upon the rein of his companion;

“Nay, Colonel Washington, let it never be said, that you passed the house of your father’s friend, without

dismounting. I must insist on the honor of detaining you as my guest."

"Thanks to you, my dear Sir, but I ride in haste, the bearer of despatches to our Governor in Williamsburg, which may not brook delay."

"Is this the noble steed which was given you by the dying Braddock, on the fatal field of Monongahela? and this the servant which he bequeathed you at the same time?"

Washington answered in the affirmative.

"Then, my dear Colonel, thus mounted and attended, you may well dine with me, and by borrowing somewhat of this fine moonlight, reach Williamsburg ere his Excellency shall have shaken off his morning slumbers."

"Do I understand, that I may be excused immediately after dinner?"

"Immediately, with all the promptness of military discipline."

"Then, Sir, I accept your hospitality;" and gracefully throwing himself from his spirited charger, he resigned the reins to his English servant, giving, at the same time, strict orders as to the hour when he must be ready with the horses to pursue their journey.

"I am rejoiced, Colonel Washington," said the hospitable old gentleman, "thus fortunately to have met you on my morning ride; and the more so, as I have some guests, who may make the repast pass pleasantly, and will not fail to appreciate our young and valiant soldier."

Washington bowed his thanks, and was introduced to the company. Virginia's far-famed hospitality was

well set forth in that spacious baronial hall. Precise in his household regulations, the social feast was closed at the time the host had predicted. The servant also was punctual. He knew the habits of his master. At the appointed moment, he stood with the horses caparisoned at the gate. Long did the proud steed champ his bit, and curve his arching neck, and paw the broken turf. And much did the menial marvel, as, listening to every footstep that paced down the avenue, he saw the sun sink in the west, and yet no master appear. When was he ever before known to fail in an appointment. The evening air breathed cool and damp, and soothed the impatience of the chafing courser. At length, orders came, that the horses should be put up for the night. Wonder upon wonder! when his business with the Governor was so urgent! The sun rode high in the heavens the next day, ere Washington mounted for his journey. No explanation was given. But it was rumored, that among the guests was a beautiful and youthful widow, to whose charms his heart had responded. This was further confirmed, by his tarrying but a brief space at Williamsburg, and retracing his route with unusual celerity, and becoming a frequent visiter at the house of the late Colonel Custis, in that vicinity, where, the following year, his nuptials were celebrated. "And rare and high," says G. W. P. Custis, Esq., the descendant and biographer of the lady, "rare and high was the revelry, at that palmy period of Virginia's festal age; for many were gathered to that marriage, of the good, the great, the gifted, and the gay; while Virginia, with joyful acclamation,

hailed in the prosperous and happy bridegroom her favorite hero."

Henceforth, the life of the lady of Mount Vernon, is a part of the history of her country. In that hallowed retreat, she was found entering into the plans of Washington, sharing his confidence, and making his household happy. There, her only daughter, Martha Custis, died in the bloom of youth; and a few years after, when the troubles of the country drew her husband to the post of Commander-in-chief of her armies, she accompanied him to Boston, and witnessed its siege and evacuation. For eight years he returned no more to enjoy his beloved residence on the banks of the Potomac. During his absence she made the most strenuous efforts to discharge the added weight of care, and to endure, with changeless trust in Heaven, continual anxiety for the safety of one so inexpressibly dear. At the close of each campaign, she repaired, in compliance with his wishes, to head-quarters, where the ladies of the general officers joined her in forming such a society, as diffused a cheering influence over even the gloom of the winter at Valley-Forge and Morristown. The opening of every campaign was the signal of the return of Lady Washington (as she was called in the army) to her domestic cares at Mount Vernon. "I heard," said she, "the *first* and the *last* cannon of the revolutionary war." The rejoicings which attended the surrender of Cornwallis, in the autumn of 1781, marked, for her, a season of the deepest private sorrow. Her only remaining child, Colonel John Custis, the aid-de-camp of Washington,

became, during his arduous duties at the siege of Yorktown, the victim of an epidemic fever, and died at the age of twenty-seven. He was but a boy of five years, at the time of her second marriage, and had drawn forth strongly the affection and regard of her illustrious husband, who shared her affliction for his loss, and by the tenderest sympathy strove to alleviate it.

After the close of the war, a few years were devoted to the enjoyment and embellishment of their favorite Mount Vernon. The peace and returning prosperity of their country gave pure and bright ingredients to their cup of happiness. Their mansion was thronged with guests of distinction, all of whom remarked, with admiration, the energy of Mrs. Washington, in the complicated duties of a Virginia housewife, and the elegance and grace with which she presided at her noble board.

The voice of a free nation, conferring on General Washington the highest honor in its power to bestow, was not obeyed without a sacrifice of feeling. It was in the spring of 1789, that, with his lady, he bade adieu to his tranquil abode, to assume the responsibilities of the first presidency. In forming his domestic establishment, he mingled the simplicity of a republic with that degree of dignity, which he felt was necessary to secure the respect of older governments. The furniture of his house, the livery of his servants, the entertainment of his guests, displayed elegance, while they rejected ostentation. In all these arrangements, Mrs. Washington was as a second self. Her Friday evening levees, at which he was always present, exhibited that perfect etiquette which marks the intercourse of the dignified

and high-bred. Commencing at seven, and closing at ten, they lent no more sanction to late hours than to levity. The first lady of the nation still preserved the habits of early life. Indulging in no indolence, she left her pillow at dawn, and, after breakfast, retired to her chamber an hour, for the study of the Scriptures and devotion. This practice, it is said, during the long period of half a century, she never omitted. The duties of the Sabbath were dear to her. The President and herself attended public worship with regularity, and in the evening he read to her, in her chamber, the Scriptures, and a sermon.

The spring of 1797, opened for them with the most pleasing anticipations. The cares of high office were resigned, and they were about to retire, for the remainder of their days, to the beloved shades of Mount Vernon. The new turf, springing into fresh greenness wherever they trod, the vernal blossoms opening to receive them, the warbled welcome of the birds, were never more dear, as, wearied with the toils of public life, and satiated with its honors, they returned to their rural retreat, hallowed by the recollections of earlier years, and by the consciousness of virtue.

But in two years Washington was no more. The shock of his death, after an illness of only twenty-four hours, fell like a thunderbolt upon the bereaved widow. The piety which had long been her strength, continued its support, but her heart drooped; and, though her cheerfulness did not utterly forsake her, she discharged her habitual round of duties, as one who felt that the "glory had departed."

How beautiful and characteristic was her reply to the solicitation of the highest authority of the nation, that the remains of her illustrious husband might be removed to the seat of government, and a marble monument erected to mark the spot of their repose.

“ Taught, by the great example which I have had so long before me, never to oppose my private wishes to the will of the country, I consent to the request made by Congress ; and, in doing this, I need not, *I cannot*, say what a sacrifice of individual feeling I make to a sense of public duty.”

The intention of the Congress of 1799 has never been executed, nor the proposed monument erected. The enthusiasm of the time passed away, and the many and conflicting cares of a great nation turned its thoughts from thus perpetuating his memory, whose image, it trusted, would be for ever enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people.

Scarcely two years of her lonely widowhood were accomplished, ere the lady of Mount Vernon found death approaching. Gathering her family around her, she impressed on them the value of that religion which she had tested from her youth onward to hoary hairs. Then calmly resigning her soul into the hands of Him who gave it, at the age of seventy, full of years and full of honors, she was laid in the tomb of Washington.

In this outline of the lineaments of Martha Washington, we perceive, that it was neither the beauty with which she was endowed, nor the high station which she attained, that gave enduring lustre to her character, but her Christian fidelity in those duties which devolve

upon her sex. These fitted her to irradiate the home, to lighten the cares, to cheer the anxieties, to sublimate the enjoyments of him, who, in the expressive language of Chief Justice Marshall, was "so favored of Heaven, as to depart without exhibiting the weakness of humanity."

THE FAIRIES' TRIP.*

BY H. HASTINGS WELD.

'T WAS such a night as fairies love ;
No creeping wind disturbed the brook,
No lofty gusts the forest shook,
And scarce a leaf did move,—
Save it might gently lift and fall
Beneath its dewy coronal.
Like lovely pearls in emerald set,
Sparkled and glanced those jewels wet,
Like gems on beauty in repose.
The fays were met in fairy dell,
By many a watchful sentinel
Aguard from their foes.
The fairy queen held there her court ;
In *fête*, and dance, and airy sport
The lightsome hours flew by ;
Belles pledged the beaux, the beaux the belles,
For they have both, the legend tells,
And drank right merrily.
Not theirs such bouts as mortals pass,
When circulates the maddening glass ;

* Suggested by Chapman's picture, entitled "The Fairies' Visit to America."

Rose leaves, in acorn cups expressed,
Furnished the nectar for each guest.

The cricket, who at the western hill,
Impressed, lent willing service still,
Gave sharp alarm, in his chirping note,
Announcing approach to the fairy grot
Of unexpected guest.

The weaker fay *instantly* fled,
The valiant bestrode his beetle steed,
And set his lance in rest.

So brave a troop may not, I ween,
By sinful mortal eye be seen,
As guarded that night the fairy queen,
And, answering the challenge keen,
Rode to the outer post.

The glowworm-lights no longer glance ; —
The music was hushed, and, save the trace
Left on the grass by the fairy dance,
All sign of revel had left the place,
All mark of *fête* was lost.
The dell was quiet, and dead its mirth ;
Cold looked the moon, and cold the earth.

Soon prancing back, the cavalcade
Brought from all fear release ;
No longer was the court dismayed,
The wanderers came in peace.
The fairies were right glad, I trow,
The travellers as old friends to know ;

State messengers, who, long before,
Had sailed the mighty ocean o'er,
On secret service, loyal bent,
By Mab's imperial mandate sent.

A mushroom pulpit straight was placed,
And, for a sounding-board, was graced
 With pendent lily's bell.
A fay, ascending then the stage,
 Did to the courtiers tell
What, in their recent pilgrimage,
 The embassy befell.

“ Scarce had we reached the mighty tide,
Whose waters the two worlds divide,
 Ere it was found the oak-leaf barque,
In which, for pleasure and for state,
We fays are wont to navigate,
 For ocean was too frail an ark ;
But Nautilus his service pressed,
And thus was done the queen's behest.
How mermen sought our maids to woo,
How fay gallants wooed mermaids too,
How, in our very pathway, ran
The gambolling leviathan,
How monstrous whales, in well-meant play,
Nigh drowned us with their sportive spray,
And other perils that befell,
It is not fitting now to tell ;

Ten times as awful had they been,
We had endured them for our queen."

The orator sipped nectar here,
To give the courtiers space to cheer.

"It was of summer night the noon.

We sailed within a beauteous bay,
In wavelets small its waters lay,
Ten thousand mirrors of the moon ;
Ruffled by gentle western gales,
They glanced like fiery dragon scales.
The islands, scattered here and there,

Dark green spots in the water's glow,
Seemed tufts of floating verdure fair,

One half above, one half below
The surface of the bay.

Our pilot, Nautilus, forbore
To tempt the dangers of the shore ;
Trying his courtesy no more,
We spread our wings and soared away.

"Before us lay as fair a creek
As wandering Nereïds might seek.
Slowly its ripples laved the shore ;

How faintly sweet and sad their sound !
(No fairy music could be more)

It waked not nature's sleep profound.
Such stilly music silence mocks.

How smooth that inlet's placid face !

Adown the blue, transparent deep,
We saw the water myriads sleep,
And the huge sea plants interlace
Their tendons with the giant rocks.

“ A moment more of easy flight
Brought the fair inlet's end in sight.
And in that silent solitude,
A chieftain of the forest stood
All wrapped in thought, as on his breast
Visions unhappy sorely pressed.
A mortal eye may not espy
Ethereal beings as they fly,
But Puck, that frolic-loving sprite,
Would not the chief should lose the sight ;
From fluttering pinions shaking dew,
A shower upon his eyes he threw,
And while the lids were damp, I ween
His vision was, as fairy's, keen.
His hand across his brow he passed ;
Then, starting back, stood all aghast ;
' No more may hope the red man find, —
The pale face floats here on the wind !'
And then, in melancholy mood,
The chieftain sullen sought the wood.

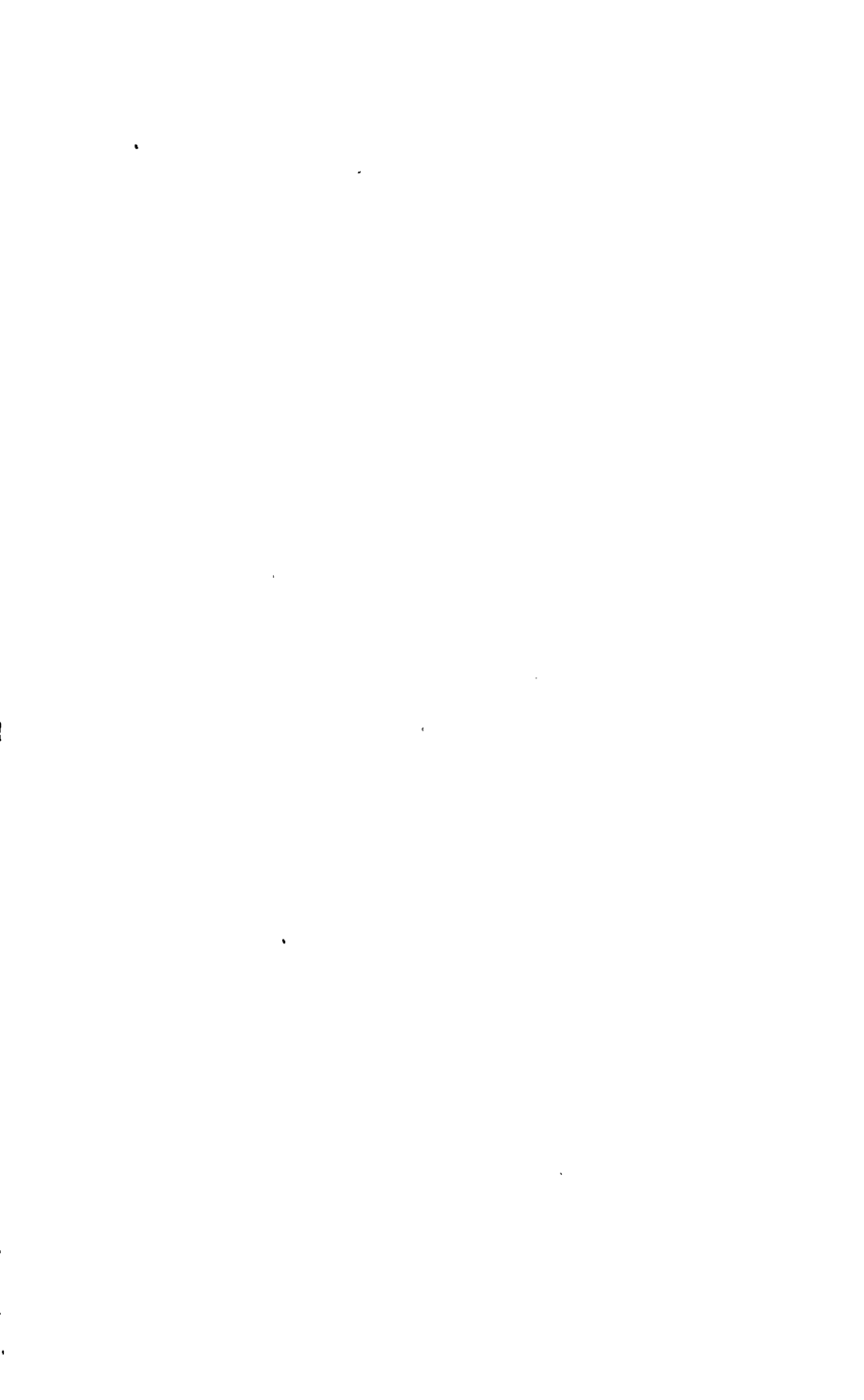
“ No fays we found, no sprites we met ;
So to the towns our course we set,
And the dull time away to wile,
And restless *ennui* to beguile,

We dropped a fairy cap.
A woman found the potent charm,
And oh, it wrought her woful harm,—
Right mournful was her hap!
Short time she waved her magic switch,—
Her townsmen hanged her for a witch!

“Terrific scenes did thus begin;—
The hangman’s hand was fairly in;
Folk suffered by the score;
Such welcome we could not abide;
Again we launched upon the tide;
And, having reached our own hill-side,
Would royal favor be denied,
Rather than wander more.”

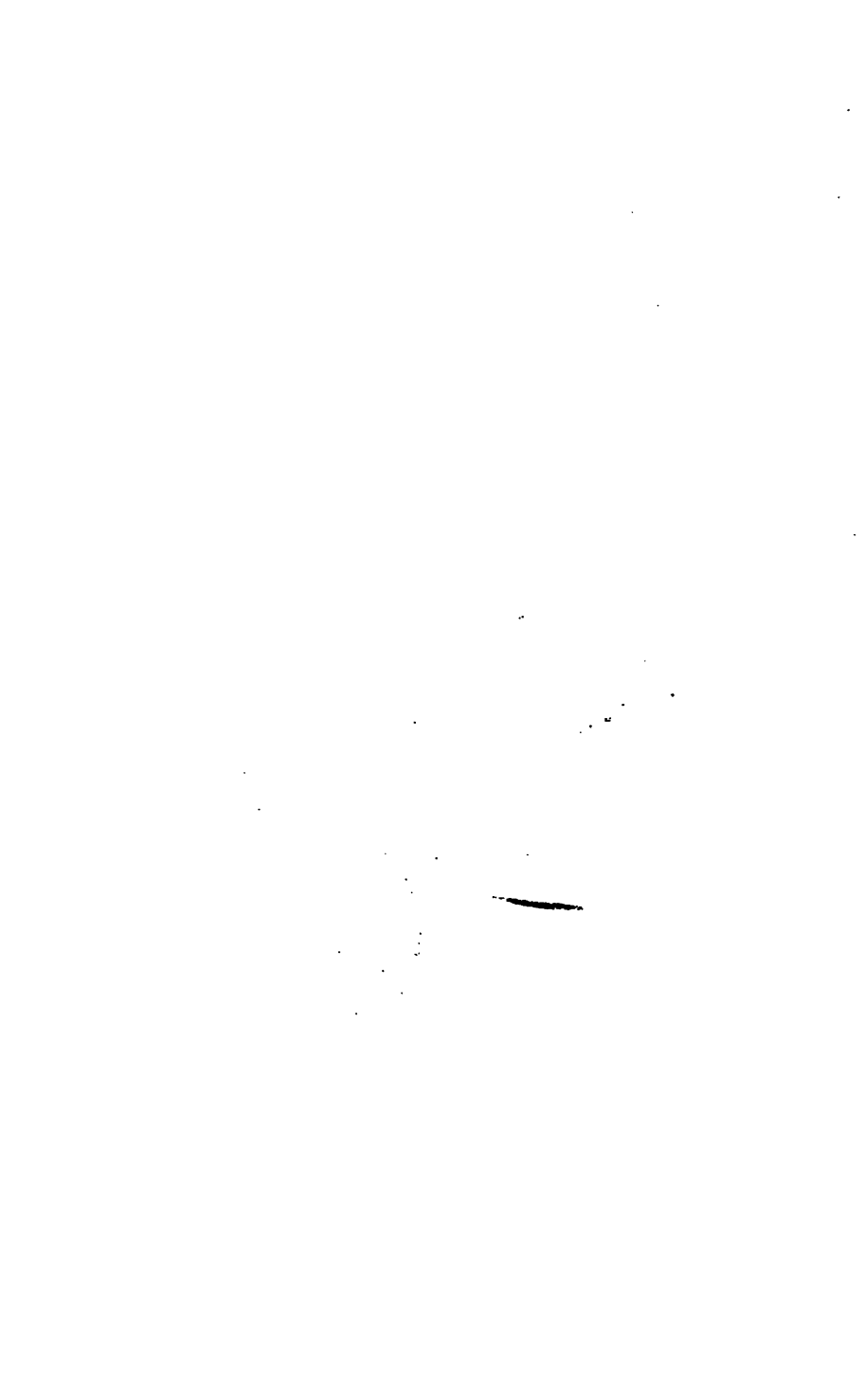
“But where is Puck?”
“He stayed behind,
Among the Dutch new sport to find;
And while we here bewail his loss,
Ranges Manhattan with Santa Claus.”

THE END.











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