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THE GREAT EASTERN



NATURE'S GEMS.



DRAWN & COL. FROM NATURE BY E. WHITEFIELD.

LITH. OF LEWIS & BROWN, NEW YORK.

D. APPLETON & CO. NEW-YORK.

AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS



MARIE HAYES

NEW YORK

BY A. HENNING

NEW YORK

THE GARDEN OF EDEN AND THE BIBLE

AND A HISTORY OF

THE GARDEN OF EDEN

NEW YORK

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1845



AMERICAN WILD FLOWERS

IN THEIR

NATIVE HAUNTS,



BY



EMMA C. EMBURY.

WITH TWENTY PLATES OF PLANTS, CAREFULLY COLORED AFTER NATURE; AND LANDSCAPE VIEWS OF
THEIR LOCALITIES, FROM DRAWINGS ON THE SPOT,

BY E. WHITEFIELD.

NEW YORK:
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P R E F A C E.

IN offering to the public, this volume of American Wild Flowers, the author cannot but feel, that, while every apology ought to be made for the imperfect manner in which she has executed her not unpleasant task, no excuse is necessary for the subject she has chosen. Every one hears of our towering mountains, our mighty rivers, our dense forests, our ocean-like lakes and our boundless prairies. The grand features of nature are so imposing that we forget the lesser beauties, which amid gentler scenery would claim our chief interest; and therefore it is that the blossoms which fringe our rushing streams and enamel our sunny vallies are rarely noted among the characteristics of American scenery. Yet why should our wild flowers lack the poetic association which lends such a charm to the "pied daisy," and the "primrose pale?" Why should the tiny blossom whose life is nurtured by the spray of the mightiest of cataracts, and whose hues are brightened by the circling rainbows which gird Niagara as with a cestus of beauty,—why should it be less suggestive to the imagination than the ivy gathering over a ruined turret, or the wall-flower nodding from a crumbling buttress?

It is not pretended that the present work can do more than afford a feeble idea of the wealth of our wood-land haunts. The flowers here given, bear the smallest possible proportion to the many which

could be gathered from Nature's treasures. Nor have they been selected for their superior beauty, since many equally worthy of note have been necessarily excluded in order to bring the work within its prescribed limits. Should its success prove that an American public can be interested in a purely American subject, other volumes may succeed it, which will give completeness to the design.

The botanical and local descriptions accompanying the plates, have been furnished by the artist, Mr. E. WHITEFIELD. The verses, beginning "She sleeps," inserted in "Love beyond the Grave," were presented for publication by a friend. With these exceptions, the author is alone responsible for every thing in the volume which has not the name of its writer affixed.

To the friends who have assisted her in this undertaking, she would fain offer her heart-warm thanks. Of the high value of their aid, every intelligent reader can judge, but of the spontaneous kindness with which that aid was afforded, this is not the place to speak, since it would be invading the rights and encroaching upon the privileges of that friendship which claims to belong to social, even more than to literary life.

It is only necessary to add that every thing contained in the volume was written expressly for it, with the exception of a few short poems, selected from the author's early writings, which after appearing under other signatures, are now for the first time claimed.

BROOKLYN, SEPTEMBER 15, 1844.

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A CHAPTER ON FLOWERS.

“WITH what a glory comes and goes the year!
The buds of spring, those beautiful harbingers
Of sunny skies and cloudless times, enjoy
Life’s newness, and earth’s garniture spread out;
And when the silver habit of the clouds
Comes down upon the autumn sun, and with
A sober gladness the old year takes up
His bright inheritance of golden fruits,
A pomp and pageant fill the splendid scene.”

LONGFELLOW.

FLOWERS! Wild Flowers! how full of association is the very name! How fraught with reminiscences of the breezy hill—how redolent of woodland odors,—how musical with the dash of the waterfall—the rushing of the mountain stream—the rustling of the sedgy rivulet! The blossoms which reward our patient care within the garden’s bounds, are beautiful beyond compare,—they have grown up beneath our guardianship, and they recompense us, as only nature can recompense the heart that values her gifts. They are beautiful, and we watch their development, we dwell upon their loveliness, we drink their per-

fumed breath with a sense of pleasure and of pride. But the Wild Flowers,—the gems which God's own hand has scattered abroad in the wilderness,—blossoms sown by the wind, nursed by the shower, peering from their covert on the hill-side, smiling upon us from the cleft of some dark ravine, looking down tenderly from the face of some rugged cliff,—these bring to our souls those surprises of sudden joy which keep the heart forever awake to a blessedness like that of innocent childhood.

Nature ne'er betrays

The heart that loves her. Other joys may fail,
 And other hopes may wither; blight may fall
 On Love's fair blossom, and dark mildew steal
 O'er wealth's rich gifts; the laurel crown may drop
 Its shining leaves, and all that men most prize
 May cheat their souls with promises untrue;
 But nature's gifts are boundless, she doth show
 Ever a loving face to those who come
 In lowliness of spirit to her shrine.

Of all remedies for a world-wearied spirit, commend me to a day in the woods. The feeling of freedom, the consciousness of having left turmoil and disquiet behind, becomes the first element of repose to the heart. Then come the thousand new delights—new, even if enjoyed a myriad of times before—which nature offers to our acceptance. The soul and the sense alike are gratified. Beneath our feet is spread a carpet of moss and fallen leaves, whose elastic fabric gives buoyancy to our step. We inhale the spicy fragrance of the woodland air; we gaze upward and behold the towering majesty of the forest

king,—we look beside us, and the meek beauty of the wild-flower greets the eye; while the ear, pained so long by the confused murmur of a crowd, is now soothed by a stillness unbroken save by nature's voices.

Let us forth, and wander, in memory or in fancy, through such a scene, in the soft balmy days of early summer, or beneath the lingering influences of departing spring. The sun beats with too fierce a heat on the upland walk, but lo! a green and sheltered vale invites our steps, and leads to the cool forest shade. We seek no path, for we would fain wind as we list through the leafy labyrinth, and look on nature in her most secluded bowers. The interlacing branches have shut out every ray of sunshine, and the shadows lie in heavy blackness upon the thick turf. A pleasant shiver runs through the heated frame, and we pause a moment to enjoy the grateful coolness. A little onward lies a discrowned monarch of the woods; he has fallen beneath the weight of years, and moss and wild-vines are wreathing the upturned roots, while from the spot where he once flourished are already springing other trees and of a totally different race.

How beautifully the sunshine breaks into the glade through the opening left by the ruined tree! See how it flickers through the maple's spreading branches; glancing with arrowy beams between the pagoda-like boughs of the hemlock, and touching with gold the dark leaves of the gnarled oak, while it falls like network upon the greensward, bringing out a thousand beauties before unseen. Look how the red berries of the serpent's eye

moss gleam out from their velvet sheaths, mark the pale beauty of yon clump of violets, whose perfume would betray their presence, even though we saw them not. Behold the gorgeous garb of that glowing woodlily, lifting its head, as if in wonder at this sudden intrusion of sunlight upon its royal retiracy.

Let us seat ourselves at the root of this rough old oak. The short grass lies thick beneath our feet, while a cushion of rich velvet moss is spread over the rustic couch we have chosen. Oh! we have driven a tiny snake from his covert, and he glides rapidly away from his woman-born enemy. The squirrel—the harlequin of the woods—bounds in antic mirth above our heads, and as he looks down upon us with a sort of ludicrous gravity in his little black eyes, seems disposed to test our good humor by showering his nutshells in the midst of us. The rabbit gazes out from his hiding place, and then, pointing his long ears in terror, leaps away to find some more secure retreat. Nor are there wanting sweet sounds in this sylvan hall. High on the topmost bough of the tallest tree, (for he is the most ambitious of warblers,) is poised the bluebird, making the clear air echo with his rich notes. The gushing melody of the wood-robin comes at intervals like the bubbling over of a musical fountain, while blended in sweet concord come the voices of an undistinguishable throng of lesser songsters. And when, beneath the midday sun, the birds cease their carols, then we have the vague music of leafy harps, the distant murmur of a mountain stream, the quiet ripple of a woodland brook.

Earth speaks in many voices : from the roar
Of the wild cataract, whose ceaseless din
Shakes the far forest and resounding shore,
To the meek rivulet, which seems to win
Its modest way amid spring's pleasant bowers,
Singing its quiet tune to charm earth's perfumed flowers.

Earth speaks in many voices : from the song
Of the free bird which soars to Heaven's high porch,
As if on joy's full tide it swept along,
To the low hum which wakens when the torch
Summons the insect myriads of the night
To sport their little hour and perish in the light.

Earth speaks in many voices : music breathes
In the sweet murmur of the summer breeze
That plays around the wildflower's pendant wreaths,
Or swells its diapason 'mid the trees
When eve's cold shadow steals o'er lawn and lea,
And day's glad sounds give place to twilight minstrelsy.

Reader, did you ever spend a day in the woods, loitering the hours away amid sights and sounds like these, and wending your course homeward at nightfall, with a handfull of flowers, a bunch of moss, or a curiously knotted stick, as your only visible reward ; while the wise and practical notabilities who call themselves your friends, would shake their heads, half in scorn half in pity, of your idleness and folly ? And did you not feel that the patience with which you listened to the lessons of narrow-minded worldliness, was gained from the quiet teachings of Nature in her woodland temple ?

Oh! it is good for the heart to give itself up to such pure and genial influences. Refreshing to the soul are these frequent draughts from the well-spring of truth. We learn prudence and circumspection, and self-concealment, in our intercourse with the world; but it is only in the presence of the works of God that we learn to commune with the living soul which he has breathed into our frail and perishing body. In the thronged marts of our busy cities so much is done by man,—so many wonderful things are achieved by his enterprise and genius, that we are apt to forget the Creator who gave him power over all things earthly. But when we see around us the rich garniture of the fields—the hills clothed in verdure—the trees lifting their crowned heads to Heaven—the flowers opening their many-colored urns of incense to the breeze—when we hear no sounds but the voices of God’s humbler creatures, then do we feel ourselves alone in the presence of the Most High. Then do we find that within the recesses of our hearts is a sanctuary where only God is worshipped; then do we learn the mystery of Faith and the peace of Hope.

“To him who recognises not the presence of a God, creation is but an illuminated missal,—he knows not that is a book of prayer.”*

Who will not recognise the truth as well as the beauty of this remark? Alas! to how many is the Book of Nature but a volume in an unknown tongue, instead of being a wide

* Dr. Dewey.

scroll written over with blessings and promises by the finger of God !

It was Wordsworth, was it not ? who thanked God for the mountains,—feeling in his utmost heart how much the sublimity of external life aided the soul in its lofty soarings to the infinite. May we not also thank the Creator in the same spirit for the lowly blossom which spangles the wayside, as if to show that the Being whose omnipotent hand could fix the mountain on its rocky base, had yet the omniscient goodness to foresee and provide for the humblest wants of his creatures. As if to make us feel that the Almighty Creator was also our “Father in Heaven.”

Beautiful indeed are the wild flowers of our own dear land. They grow not in hedge-rows and beside the tiny cottage, but they hide within the forest, they climb the lofty mountain, they enamel our wide expanse of wilderness. Listen to the sweet utterance of “Eva the sinless” :—

“They tremble on the mountain height
The fissured rock they press,
The desert wild with heat and sand,
Shares too their blessedness ;
And wheresoe'er the weary heart
Turns in its dim despair,
The meek-eyed blossom upward looks
Inviting it to prayer.

“Each tiny leaf becomes a scroll
Inscribed with holy truth,
A lesson that around the soul
Should keep the dew of youth.
Bright missals from angelic throngs
In every wayside left :
How were the earth of glory shorn
Were it of flowers bereft !”

THE AMERICAN RIVER.

It rusheth on with fearful might,
That river of the west,
Through forests dense, where seldom light
Of sunbeam gilds its breast ;
Anon it dashes wildly past
The wide-spread prairie lone and vast,
Without a shadow on its tide
Save where the long grass skirts its side ;
Again its angry currents sweep
Beneath the tall and rocky steep
Which frowns above the darkened stream,
While doubly deep its waters seem.
No rugged cliff may check its way,
No gentle mead invite its stay,
Still with resistless, maddened force,
Following its wild and devious course
The river rusheth on.

It rusheth on,—the rocks are stirred,
And echoing far and wide
Through the dim forest aisles is heard
The thunder of its tide ;

THE AMERICAN RIVER.

No other sound strikes on the ear,
 Save when, beside its waters clear,
 Crashing o'er branches dry and sear ;
 Comes bounding forth the antlered deer ;
 Or when, perchance, the woods give back
 The arrow whizzing on its track,
 Or deadlier rifle's vengeful crack.
 No hum of city life is near,
 And still uncurb'd in its career

The river rusheth on.

It rusheth on,—no firebark leaves
 Its dark and smoking trail
 O'er the pure wave, which only heaves
 The batteau light and frail ;
 Long, long ago the rude canoe
 Across its sparkling waters flew.
 Long, long ago the Indian Brave
 In the clear stream his brow might lave ;
 But seldom has the white-man stood
 Within this trackless solitude.
 Yet onward, onward dashing still,
 With all the force of untamed will,

The river rusheth on.

It rusheth on,—no changes mark
 How many years have sped
 Since to its banks, through forests dark,
 Some chance the hunter led ;
 Though many a season has pass'd o'er
 The giant trees that gird its shore,

Though the soft limestone mass, unprest
By naked footstep on its breast,
Now hardened into rock appears
By work of indurating years,
Yet 'tis by grander strength alone
That Nature's age is ever known.
While crumbling turrets tell the tale
Of man's vain pomp and projects frail,
Time, in the wilderness displays
Th' ennobling power of length of days
And mid the forest's trackless bound,
Type of Eternity, is found,
The river rushing on.

THE SLEEP OF PLANTS.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

THE leaves of plants are observed to take a peculiar position during the night season; being folded over the germ, and the whole presenting the appearance of *rest*. The common Locust is a beautiful example of this, whence a child very prettily said, "It is'nt time to go to bed till the Acacia goes to sleep." Linnæus elegantly terms this property of vegetables, "The Sleep of Plants."

AWAY, pretty zephyr, away, away,
The flowrets all are sleeping,
The moon is out with her silver ray,
The stars, too, watch are keeping—
It is all in vain, thou silly thing,
To lavish the incense from thy wing.

They will not awake from love of thee,
Gay truant from sunny skies—
Who dippest thy wing in the glassy sea,
Stealing along with quiet surprise,
Bending the grass, and bowing the grain,
A moment here and away again.

Nay toss not the leaves, it is useless all.
For closed is each dewy eye,
The insect hum, and the waterfall
Are singing their lullaby,
And each, in folding its mantle up,
The incense crushed from its perfume cup.

The blushing bud is but lightly stirred—
The pendant leaf is at rest ;
And all will sleep till the little bird
Springs up from its downy nest,
And then the blossom its leaf will raise
To greet the morn with a look of praise.

THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

NAY, hold, sweet Lady, thy cruel hand,
Oh sever not thus our kindred band,
And look not upon us with pitiless eye
As flowerets born but to blossom and die.

Together we drank the morning dew,
And basked in the glances the sunbeams threw,
And together our sweets we were wont to fling
When zephyr swept by on his radiant wing.

When the purple shadows of evening fell
'Twas sweet to murmur our low farewell,
And together, with fragrant sighs to close
Our perfumed blossoms in calm repose.

But now, with none to respond our sigh,
In a foreign home we must droop and die,
The bonds of kindred we once have known,
And how can we live in the world alone ?

AZALIA NUDIFLORA—WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

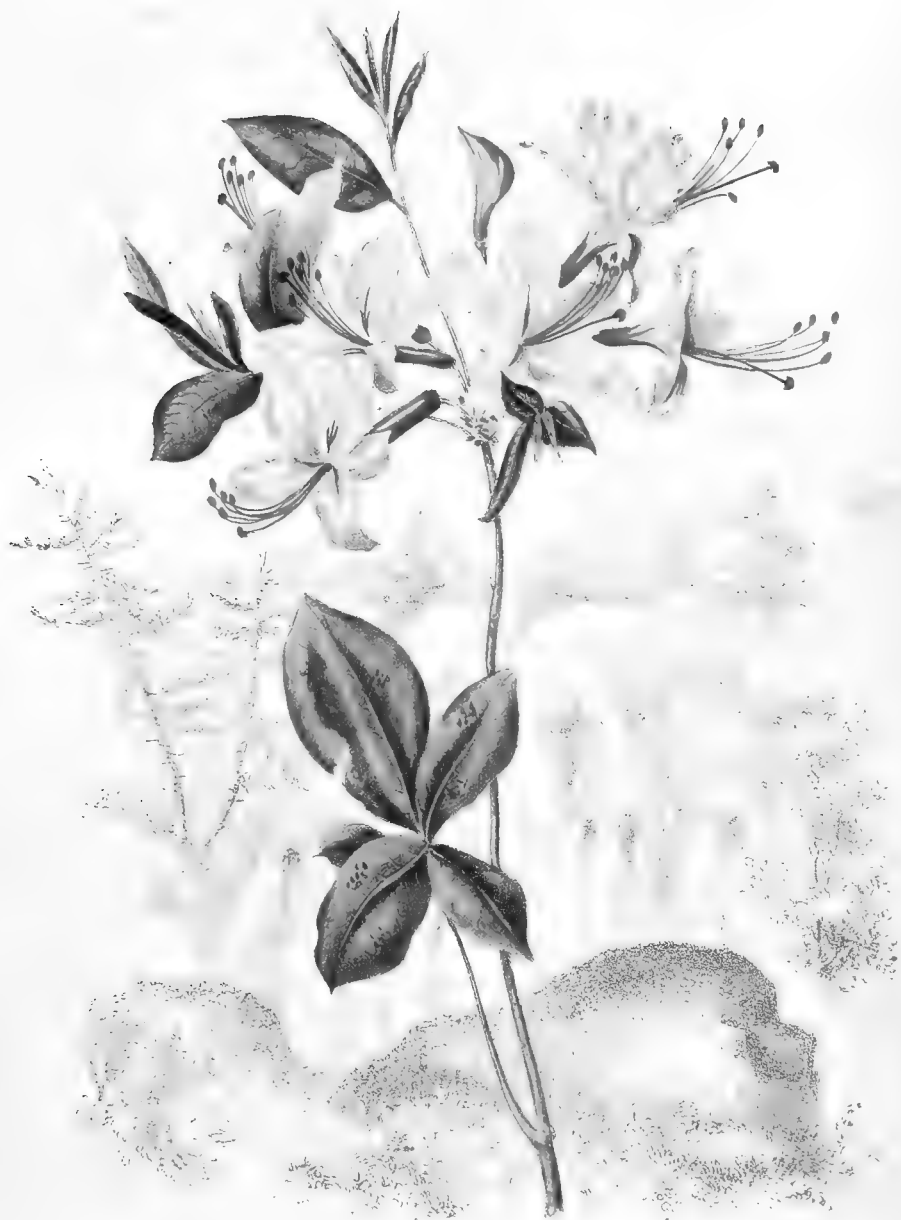
LINN. CLASS, PENTANDRIA ; ORDER MONOGYRIA.—NATURAL ORDER, RHODORACEA.

THIS is one of the most beautiful flowers to be found in American woods, and though generally termed the Wild Honeysuckle, is well known by its Dutch name of the “Pinxter Blumache.” It is a shrub, and grows sometimes to the height of five and six feet, though seldom exceeding two or three. It delights in dry, sandy situations near the margin of woods, and may be seen in full flower early in the month of May. There are many varieties of this plant, some flowering as late as the month of July. Nearly all of them are more or less fragrant, though the *Azalia Nitida*, or Swamp Honeysuckle, exceeds in sweetness all others of the species.

The *Azalia* has a calyx five parted ; corolla tubular, half five-cleft ; stamens on the receptacle ; stigma declined obtuse ; capsule five-celled ; five-valved, opening at the top ; leaves lanceolate-oblong or oval, smooth or pubescent ; flowers abun-

dant, viscous ; their stamens longer than their divisions ; teeth of the calyx short, sub-rounded ; stamens very much exsert.

The view attached to this plate, is one of the Upper Fall on the Buttermilk Creek, a small stream which issues from a mountain-lake about four miles east of the Susquehannah, into which it falls, about ten miles below Tunkhannok, Wyoming County, Pennsylvania. The country around is wild and but thinly settled. A small village stands at the mouth of the creek, containing some flour mills and a factory, but it is in rather a depressed condition.





THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

BONDS OF LOVE.

A STRAIN of the heart's music ! yet one more,
Though it be low and broken in its tone,
And feeble as an infant's dying moan,
For thee, beloved, I pour.

A strain of the heart's music, full of love,
Tender and grateful,—love the tried and true,
Yet mingled with a touch of sadness too,
Like voice of pining dove.

For past is now life's glad and joyous spring,
When every breeze my busy pulses stirred,
And my heart carolled, like a forest-bird
Rising on new-fledged wing.

Now through life's summer-time we journey on,
Bearing the heat and burden of the day,
Finding, at every footstep of the way,
Some loved companion gone.

THE WILD HONEYSUCKLE.

Hope weaves no more her wild fantastic measure,
But wraps herself in memory's mantle gray,
And chaunts with quiet voice, truth's simple lay
Of mingled pain and pleasure.

Yet in my bosom joy doth still abide,
Aye, joy as pure as ever earth has proved,
For am I not still loving and beloved?
Still, dear one, at thy side?

The happiness we have together known,
The bitter tears we have together shed,
The gentle memories of our blessed dead,
Cherished by us alone:

These are the links that bind our wedded hearts,
These are the bonds that make me love thee more,
As years, like spent waves, die upon life's shore
And youth departs.



BERTHA.

Men are ever
A mystery to themselves, and 'tis their doom
To err through their own fantasies, and make
A life-long anguish of some fancied good.
Our passions are the minsters of fate.

MUCH, very much of the unhappiness of daily life is caused by a want of self-knowledge,—an ignorance of our own nature with its capacities and exigencies. The joyous spirit of youth looks not into the depths of life; the sunshine of a happy heart is shed over all things present and future, and what marvel, therefore, that the eye should be dazzled by excess of light? But how terrible is the late awakening of the soul to a perception of its own wants,—to a certainty of its own lifelong thirst for that which is unattained and unattainable!

My early friend, Bertha Woodford, was one of those lovely impersonations of joyousness which sometimes cross our path in life, and which always come like a human sunbeam to the

hearts of the careworn and the world-wearied. She was as delicate as a sylph, with eyes of that deep clear blue, so rarely seen except in infancy, and a profusion of pale, golden locks which she arranged in a singularly picturesque manner, around her small and beautifully formed head. But the exceeding brightness of her expression, the joy which seemed to radiate from her whole countenance, and the extreme grace of her lithe form, with its quick agile movements, were beyond any cold description. Ardent and impetuous in her feelings, full of strong emotion, but without a single awakened passion, she was the creature of every impulse, and though her instincts were noble and good, yet there was a degree of inconsistency and indiscretion about her which excited the interest as well as the fears of those who loved her. She was light and volatile in her tastes, thoughtless and whimsical in many fancies, yet her manners were characterized by a delicate and maidenly gentleness which was perfectly lovely; and though she was too much of the child to claim the respect due to womanhood, she was too much the woman to be trifled and toyed with as a child.

Living in the pleasant seclusion of a country residence, yet finding in a large circle of family friends and relatives, all the society which her gay spirit required, Bertha had grown up amid all those pleasant influences which make youth the season of enjoyment, but afford it no discipline for future sorrows. One of the sweetest traits of the German character, is a deep love for childhood, and one of the noblest teachings of German wisdom is the art of keeping the young heart fresh amid the simplicity of innocent pleasures. Those with whom Bertha

claimed kindred, were among the earliest settlers of Pennsylvania ; but the reminiscences of their distant land were handed down as traditions to another generation, and the tender home affections, which form almost a national trait in Germany, were not chilled by the atmosphere of freedom and repose. There are perhaps no people in the world who devote so much thought to the daily happiness of children as do our Teutonic brethren ; and the consequence is, that the impatience to escape from the limits of childhood, which is so strongly marked a trait of American youth, is rarely seen among the descendants of those who have early learned to respect the claims of "little people." Among such hearts, Bertha was allowed to remain a child as long as she would. Sure of meeting with kindness and affection on every side, sure of finding her whims tolerated, her fancies considered, and even her follies forgiven, Bertha led a gay and happy life. She had no motive for self-examination—no innate perception of the heart's hidden things.

The only point which seemed really a decided one in Bertha's character, was her love for flowers. Never was there a creature so wild in her fondness for these beautiful creations. She was never without a bud or blossom, entwined in her hair, or reposing upon her bosom. Like the enchantress, Namouna, she seemed to live upon their fragrance, and it would not have been difficult to believe that her delicate beauty was nurtured by no more material food.

From her earliest childhood Bertha was accustomed to range the woods and wilds. Many a gay nutting party, many a search

after wildflowers, many an aimless ramble in the forest glades, many a scramble after mountain berries and frost grapes had given joy to Bertha's heart, and health to her elastic frame. But in all these frolic wanderings, she was always entrusted to the care of one, whose distant relationship, (for he was a sort of second cousin,) whose worthy parentage, (for he was the only son of the 'Dominie,') and above all whose superior age and prudence, rendered him a most proper guardian for the merry heedless child.

Elbert Von L * * * * was a student both from love of knowledge and from ambition. He had early resolved to win a name that should not die, and all his energies from his very boyhood had been devoted to this end. But his was no cold passionless desire of aggrandizement. Every man must set before him some prize in life; there must be some fixed aim, or existence becomes a series of vain experiments and transient pursuits. Therefore had Elbert determined to pursue fame, as the most ennobling of all motives for thought and action, which can present itself to the fancy of an ardent boy. The occasional presence of a being like Bertha was as a gleam of childhood's sunniness to the abstracted student, and he was never happier than when he was holding her hand, while she climbed the mountain side, or bearing her delicate form in his arms across the swollen and angry brook.

Every morning, as the sun rose, Elbert might be seen alone among the foldings of the hills, or threading the labyrinths of the forests; and every morning, during the season of blossoms,

a bunch of fresh wildflowers adorned Bertha's table. Was it strange that the image of that fair girl bending with parted lip above those dewy flowers, should go with the student to his lonely room, and too often cross his mental vision in the hour of intellectual toil? Was Elbert in love with Bertha? Who can say? He was verging towards manhood, full of ambition, full of energy, while she was only a merry child who had scarce counted her fourteenth summer. But when another year had passed, and again another glided on, then Elbert *knew* that in the secret temple of his heart, her name was inscribed in characters which time could not efface;—he *knew* that he loved her. But Bertha had no such perceptions. As childlike at sweet sixteen as she had been years before, she still bore within her bosom an unawakened heart. Her birds, her flowers, her friends, were all loved with an affection differing only in degree, but not in character. Whether this apparent want of depth in her feelings disheartened Elbert, or whether he looked upon his love as hopeless from other causes, and therefore resolved to root it out from his strong nature, I know not, but about this period he resolved to leave his native land, and finish his studies at the university of Gottingen. He accordingly sailed for Europe,—his last parting gift to Bertha being a cluster of the sweet blossoms of the wild Honeysuckle, gathered on the mountain-top at sunrise on the morning of his departure. Her grief at his absence was so frankly expressed, and she shed tears so unrestrainedly over the faded flowers which day after day were allowed to linger in the vase where his hand had placed them, that it needed no great skill in human nature to decide upon the character of her affection. She

loved him with a sister's love, but there was none of the maidenly reserve which would have betrayed a deeper feeling.

At eighteen Bertha was a beauty and a belle. Gay, careless and thoughtless as ever, she found only amusement in society, and still 'fancy-free' she flutter'd amid life's flowers like a butterfly which could scarce bear even the touch of tenderness without losing some of its bright plumage. But the time came when suitors pressed around her, and when officious friends began to assure her of the absolute necessity of deciding her future position in life. One of the axioms of those who influenced her opinions was that a woman's destiny could only be accomplished by marriage; and that therefore she must make a choice, even if she still pined for something beyond what was within her reach. Bertha had heard these things so often, that she unconsciously imbibed them as truths, and although quite content with her free and unfettered condition, she began to think that she must marry from the fear of a lonely and useless future.

Among her many admirers was a man some twenty years her senior, whose great wealth, and undoubted respectability won the immediate suffrages of all Bertha's prudential friends. Mr. Aulen Van Aulen, (he was very proud of his name,) was the descendant of an old Dutch family, and along with the fine estate which he derived from his grandfather he inherited no small portion of the phlegmatic temper of his ancestors. There was nothing remarkable about him. He looked younger than he really was, because there had been no wear and

tear of feeling to leave a wrinkle on his brow. His smiles were rare, but, few as they were, they never 'formed the furrows of a future tear,' for the simple reason that he never shed one. A quiet, courteous, gentlemanly bearing, the result of an habitual consciousness of defined and superior position in society, made him a favorite with all, while there was no assumption or pretension to alarm the pride of any. He had vegetated on his own domain during half his life, and wandered with aimless purposes through society during the other half. He was a great devourer of books, but his digestive powers were by no means equal to his appetite. The grave dignity of his deportment awakened a degree of respect for him which, on closer acquaintance, was sure to be diminished by the indefiniteness of his character and the vague indolence of his temper. Yet there was also a provoking degree of petty industry about him; for no one was more exact in all the small detail of life. Indeed he had a real Chinese mind,—he saw every thing 'in little,' and, like the artificer of the Celestial Empire, who carves a pagoda as delicately as a snuff-box, his limited range of intellect only allowed him to elaborate the minute ideas which came immediately within its scope, without suffering him to take a grand and enlarged view of any subject.

Such was the person who now appeared as the lover of Bertha, proffering her exactly the kind of quiet unpretending attentions which were least calculated to disturb her feelings, and which seemed the result of perfect taste and tact on his part, while they were in fact only exponents of his really cold

temper. There was nothing to alarm a young girl's heart in such a suitor, and Bertha, who shrunk timidly from more violent demonstrations of affection in others, found repose and not disquiet in the placid kindness of her good-natured admirer. But Mr. Van Aulen was not destitute of a certain degree of perception in the more trivial traits of character, while he possessed a sort of Dutch doggedness which always led him straight to the fulfilment of his designs. He knew Bertha's passion for flowers, and he counted upon this taste as a means of determining the liking which he believed she felt for him. The result showed that he was not deficient in craft and tact.

Not far from the simple and unpretending abode in which Bertha's early years had been spent, was the magnificent domain of her wealthy lover. On a certain day in the early summer, he proposed a party to visit his grounds and view the improvements which had been made during the past winter. Bertha was like a happy child among them, and after a gay stroll through wooded lawns and amid luxurious shrubbery, the company found themselves in a close walk, which opened upon a superb conservatory filled with the rarest exotics from all parts of the world. Others might admire the architectural beauty of the building, the art with which it had been reared against, and almost within, the lofty hill which kept off the chill air from the river, and the mechanical skill of its whole arrangement. But Bertha saw nothing of all these ; she plunged among the flowers like a humming-bird, for never had she seen such quantities and of such exquisite varieties. Long after the others had wandered off to some new object of interest, she

was still buried in this wilderness of beauty and sweetness. Her eyes became wearied with gorgeous tints, her brain was bewildered by the rich and mingled perfumes which she had been inhaling, and a sort of dreamy languor stole over her senses. She retreated to a grotto, which opened from the conservatory, and was scooped into the very heart of the hill. The soft and tender light diffused through this moss-lined cave; the tinkling of a fountain which played in the midst; the shadowy presence of a water-nymph carved in Parian marble; the vista of flowering shrubs which guarded the entrance, and the faint odor of the blossoms which came blended with the freshness of the musical waters, all combined to attune her whole soul to tenderness. She felt as she had never done before. A vague want had been created; and her heart seemed to be in a mood of sweet expectancy, when she was suddenly joined by the master of all this fair domain. It was the precise moment for a declaration; and though the calm lover could form no idea of the full power of the spell he had used, yet he saw enough to satisfy him that he had gained his point. Ere Bertha recovered from her intoxication of feeling, she had plighted her faith, and was an affianced bride.

No after misgivings troubled Bertha's heart. The matter once decided, she gave it no further thought; for the unwonted excitement she had felt at the moment when her lover proffered his heart and hand, was so painful to her joyous temper, that she shrunk almost with terror from any thing which could renew such emotion. She mistook the bewilderment of her senses for the influence of first love; and she cared not to

experience again the troubled and vague feelings which had once overpowered her.

I saw Bertha arrayed as a bride, and I thought I had never seen any thing so graceful, so ethereal in loveliness as the delicate and fairy-like creature. The sunniness of innocent girlhood still illumined her face ; and the sweet gravity which settled on her fair open brow, was like the pretty thoughtfulness which dwells for a brief moment on the glad countenance of a child.

But changes now took place in my own fate, which led me far from my native land, and years elapsed ere I again beheld the friend of my youth. I had never ceased to think of her with affection, however, and on my return, I hastened to visit her in her stately home. How was I startled at the change in her appearance ! Time had not touched her with defacing finger ; she was still beautiful, but a change had come over the character of her loveliness. As delicate and fragile in her proportions, as she had been in girlhood, she was now spiritual, not sylphlike. The joyousness of a happy heart no longer lighted up her face ; the ennobling touch of grief had been there. She was no longer a "fairy creature of the elements," but a being who had tasted the cup of human sorrow. Gentle, sweet, but subdued in her demeanor, she was like one whose thoughts dwelt in another sphere. I observed, with deep regret, the weakness of her nerves, the frequent tears that filled her eyes, and the unquiet pain which seemed ever stirring within her bosom.

I asked her of her greenhouse, and of her love for flowers.

“It is all gone from me;” was her reply, “I scarcely ever enter the conservatory, and the perfume of flowers produces faintness, and even spasmodic attacks of pain and nervous debility. I believe I have been a sort of floral epicure, and have cloyed my appetite forever with a surfeit of my favorite food. Once I could live on flowers, and now I turn with loathing from their sweetness.”

“Strange that so simple and natural a taste should lead to such a result!”

“It has taught me that even the purest affections of our nature may be sinful in excess, and that even the simplest pleasures may be bought too dearly.” Her eyes filled, as she spoke, and she was silent for a moment. I stepped out upon the verandah and she followed me. “Look at this honeysuckle,” said she, pointing to one which entwined a column beside us, “it is a wild flower, brought from beyond that distant hill. It has little beauty, and yet it is dearer to me than all the rare treasures of nature which have been gathered in that lofty conservatory. I believe that, at one period of my life, I was under the influence of lunacy; the ‘Moon of Flowers,’ to use the beautiful Indian fancy, must have had full power over me. But I am quite cured now,” she added, and a sigh followed the words as she changed the subject of conversation.

Poor Bertha! she had awakened too late to the knowledge of her soul’s true exigencies. She had led so thoughtless a life in girlhood, that she knew not her own capacity for happiness

she suspected not her need of sympathy and support. But gradually the truth dawned upon her. There was something in her nature which called for utterance. She was a creature of lofty impulses, and, as her intellect expanded, these demanded expression and appreciation. Her mind had remained folded like a flower within its sheath, but suddenly it had unclosed, like the evening primrose whose buds burst into blossoms beneath the gazer's eye. Her husband was a man of commonplace ideas, without one elevated thought or one refined fancy. He could love her in his own way, and lavish his money upon her; but he could not understand her character. He had found her a child, he had married her as a child, and as such he continued to regard her. She was his pet, a creature to be fondled in his own cold manner;—to be patted under the chin, and coolly kissed, as a matter of right, with about as much feeling as would have induced him to stroke the head of his favorite pointer.

Bertha had nothing of which to complain, nothing that the world would recognize as a source of unhappiness; for the world see only the surface of things. But there was such a total incongruity of character, such a wide difference between the tender and imaginative woman, and the cold, narrow-minded, matter-of-fact man, that it was utterly impossible happiness should grow up beneath such influences. Mr. Van Aulen was exact in all the minute observances of duty and attention; but his obtuse mind was incapable of discovering the pining thirst which might be felt by a woman's soul for something grander and nobler. He dreamed not that his wife could be other than

a happy woman, when he kept the best horses, drove the finest equipage, lived in the largest house, and, above all, possessed the most extensive collection of flowers in the state. But Bertha awoke too late ; she awoke to learn that she respected her husband, admired his homely virtues, but had no sympathy with his narrow soul. She was like a child who has been dreaming of all things bright and beautiful, and is suddenly awakened to find itself in darkness and solitude.

But other influences were brought to act upon her morbid feelings. She had heard of the rising fame of Elbert Von L * * * *, the companion of her early youth. She knew that he was occupying a post of honor and usefulness in the counsels of the country which was proud of such a son ; and in the sweet vagueness of her dreams, his image was often present with her. But she knew not the whole truth,—she suspected not the real nature of her lingering remembrances ; until Death had set the seal of unchangeableness upon the heart of the aspiring scholar. She had been ten years a wife, leading an aimless weary life, finding solace in deeds of charity, but shutting up within her heart untold treasures of tenderness, when she received the tidings of Elbert's death. With the melancholy news came a letter to herself. It had been written at intervals during his fatal illness. He had not sufficient heroism to go down to the grave with his secret undisclosed and his memory unwept. His last moments had been spent in giving utterance to the passionate love, the vain longings, the bitter sufferings of his unsatisfied heart ; and in that letter from the dead, Bertha read the first love-vows to which her feelings had ever responded.

It needed only something like this to give a definite form to Bertha's vague and troubled fantasies. That letter,—the breathing of a soul on the very threshold of eternity, mingling so strangely the aspirations after a better world with the wild yearnings of an earthly passion,—was the key-note to the broken melody which echoed within her heart. She had now discovered the true tendency of her nature ; but its unsatisfied thirst could only be slaked in the waters of the “River of Life.”

Meek, gentle, and uncomplaining, she went through her duties mechanically, for her thoughts were among higher things. Her husband was content ; for so long as outward observances were not neglected, he questioned nothing of the inmost soul. But she gradually faded away, until health, and beauty, and energy, all were lost.

“I shall never see it bloom again,” said she, one day, as she plucked the last lingering blossom of the wild Honeysuckle, which was so dear to her as a memento of past days ; “I shall never see it bloom again ; yet I would fain think that it may drop its delicate leaflets upon my grave.”

Her wish was heard by one who could sympathise with the mournful fancy. Ere the autumn leaves fell thick in the forest paths, Bertha was laid to rest in the village churchyard ; and when May-buds opened again their eyelids to the sun, a wild Honeysuckle was wreathing the stately monument which her husband's love or pride, had erected to her memory.

STANZAS.

TO * * * * *

I WILL not love thee : I have ever cast
Too many passion-flowers on life's dark tide,
Then, like a truant schoolboy, idly passed
My vacant hours to see them onward glide.

I will not love thee : why should I re-ope
My bosom's secret treasury for thee,
And cull its richest gems, without one hope
To see them shine amid thy blazonry.

I will not love thee : thou shalt never find
My hopes to thee, like incense, offered up ;
I will not fling sweet odors to the wind,
Or melt another pearl in passion's cup.

HOUSTONIA CÆRULEA—INNOCENCE OR FAIRY FLAX.

LINN. CLASS, TETRANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, GENTIANÆ.

THE calyx is half-superior, four-toothed or four-parted, corolla salver-formed, four-cleft ; capsule two-celled, many-seeded ; stem erect, setaceous, dichotomous ; radical leaves, spatulate ; cauline ones oblanceolate, opposite ; peduncles, one-flowered, elongated.

This sweet flower must be a general favorite, if we may judge from the multiplicity of names which its admirers have given it, for in addition to the two, given above, it is also called "Venus' Pride," "Dwarf Pink," etc. It flowers during the months of May and June, and is found in great profusion in Connecticut, Rhode Island, and Massachusetts. It is occasionally seen in New York and New Jersey, but does not grow in such abundance as in the New England States.

GERANIUM MACULATUM—SPOTTED CRANE'S-BILL OR
CROW-FOOT GERANIUM.

LINN. CLASS, MONADELPHIA ; ORDER, DECANDRIA.

NATURAL ORDER, GERANIACEÆ.

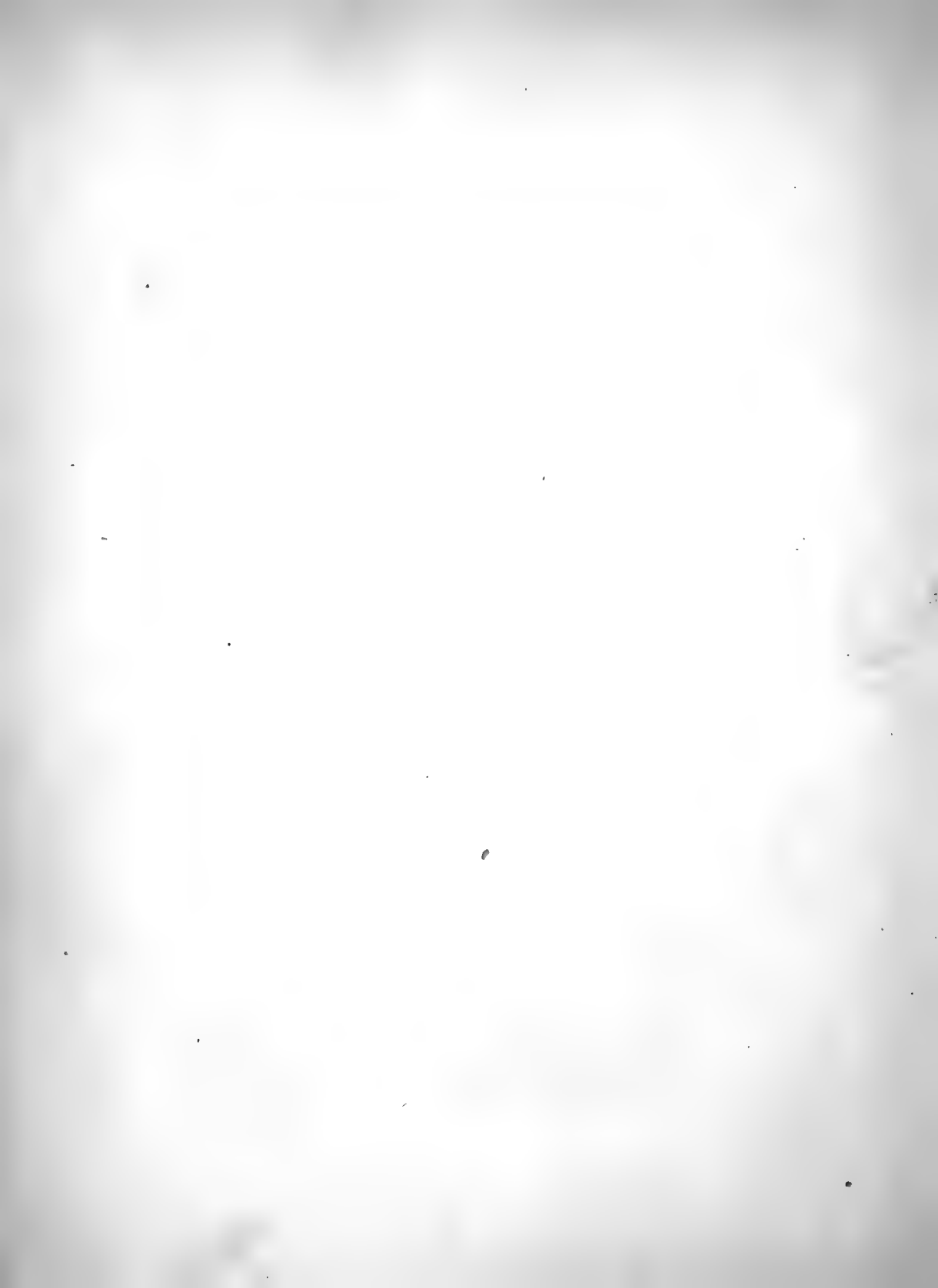
The generic term *Geranium* is derived from a Greek word signifying 'a crane,' from the fancied resemblance of its permanent style to a crane's bill. This extremely pretty plant is a very common wild flower, though it is really much more worthy of cultivation than many of the exotic species so universally nurtured in our green-houses. It grows in fields and woods, wherever the soil is light and moderately dry. It blooms early in May, and is sometimes found as late as July. Its common height is from twelve to eighteen inches, though in very favorable situations it sometimes exceeds two feet. Its root is medicinal as a powerful astringent.

PASSAIC FALLS, NEW JERSEY.

These Falls, long known and celebrated for their picturesque beauty, are in the immediate vicinity of Paterson, a flourishing manufacturing village in Essex county, New Jersey, about sixteen miles distant from the city of New York. The scenery around the falls is exceedingly wild and romantic. The rocks around them are bare and rugged, forming perpendicular pre-

cipices, varying in height from eighty to one hundred feet. A large portion of the river is diverted from its original channel for manufacturing purposes, and the body of water which formerly fell over three different ledges of rock, is now materially diminished. The appearance of these falls is continually changing, owing to the rapid wearing away of the cliffs. The waters now plunge into a deep and narrow gorge, and then rush on their course, confined between steep and lofty walls of granite, against which they lash themselves in wild fury, while the spray of the "vexed cauldron," rising high in air, reflects the sunbeam in rainbow hues. Just below the fall is a bridge, connecting the two sides of the chasm, from whence a fine view may be obtained.





THE FAIRY FLAX, OR FLOWER OF INNOCENCE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

It comes when wakes the pleasant spring,
When first the earth is green,—
Four white or pale blue leaves it hath,
With yellow heart between.

It grows about a heap of stones,
For there the dew will stay—
It springs beside the dusty road,
Where children are at play.

It dots with stars the grassy bank
That slopes adown the brook,—
And there it takes a deeper blue,
And there a fresher look.

On upland sod when doomed to bloom,
Its leaves are small and white,
As if it shrank within itself
And paled amid the light.

THE FAIRY FLAX.

A dweller in a common path,
With myriads of its kind,
Yet doth its unpretending grace
A oneness bring to mind ;

Like household charities that seem
So native to the heart,
That we forget, in seeing all,
That each is fair apart.

We call thee Innocence, sweet one,
And well it thee beseems,
For thou art cherished in the heart,
With childhood's sinless dreams.

THE ELFIN EXILE.

'Tis but a fancy, born 'mid woodland dells,
Nurtured within the sound of tinkling brooks,
And fed from flowery chalices with dew
Perfumed and honey-sweet.

YOU say we have no Fairies in America—it is true the race are not found here, but did you never hear the story of the gentle Mimosa? Let us sit down on this mossy old root, and while the brook tinkles pleasantly at our feet, I will tell you what befel the Elfin Exile.

The Fairy Mimosa was one of the sweetest and tenderest of creatures;—not beautiful, if bloom and radiance are essential to beauty, but so gentle, so full of kindly affections, so exquisitely sensitive to all tender and good impulses that her face beamed with a loveliness far better than mere beauty. Simple in all her tastes, she never decked herself in the gay colors which her sisters often assumed. A vesture of dark green, bound to her slender waist by a girdle of silver thread drawn

from the web which the wood-spider weaves beneath the moonlight, was her usual garb; but the sinless purity of her nature was her chief ornament, while she was always decked with the ever-changing but ever-precious gems of good and kindly thoughts. Though one of the most sensitive of the fairy tribe, she had yet guarded her heart from elfin love. A vague terror took possession of her when she looked upon the affection of others; and, with trembling haste, she closed her sympathies, even as a flower shuts its petals from the fervid sunbeam.

Now the fairies, though a gentle, are also a most freakish race, and Titania, their queen, the loveliest and the noblest, is also the chiefest in elvish whim. Long before the time when she quarrelled with her petulant lord for the little Indian changeling, (the story is told in the veritable pages of one William Shakspeare,) she had troubled his repose by a jealousy, which, sooth to say, was not always causeless. King Oberon, like most other monarchs, loved sometimes to lay aside his dew-gemmed crown, and rest his head upon a lowly pillow. The stately beauty of his regal bride did not always suffice for the happiness of a spirit which shared some of the weaknesses of that humanity to which it was linked by invisible bonds.

One midsummer night, the fairies had met to celebrate an elfin marriage, and gaily was the dance kept up in the charmed ring, while sweetly did the harebells chime their soft music to the tiny feet of the merry troop. Oberon, wearied with the gayety, withdrew from the midst of the joyous fays, and as he

wandered listlessly away, he espied Mimosa, half hidden beneath the shadow of a cowslip leaf. Believing herself safe from the eyes of her gay companions, she had loosed the clasps of her dark robe, and the rich soft moonlight fell full upon her upturned brow, while it seemed to nestle tenderly upon her half-veiled bosom. Oberon was in one of those moods of idlesse which always leave the heart or the senses dangerously free. He gazed upon the loveliness of the half-sad, half-dreaming fairy, until a sweet bewilderment took possession of him, and with a sudden impulse he glided like a ray of light to the feet of Mimosa. Starting from her reverie, and hastily folding her robe around her shrinking form, the fairy sprang from her graceful repose, but she escaped not until Oberon had tasted the sweets of a kiss stolen from unsullied lips.

It happened, most unluckily, that a cross, gnarled-looking old fairy, who had never, in her whole life, been pretty enough to tempt a lover, or good enough to win one, had, just at that moment, peered out from her covert in the poisonous foxglove's bell. Her keen eyes beheld the whole affair, and with the speed of malice, she had flown to the queen with the tale. Titania was in a particularly ungracious mood, for one of the stateliest of the fays, whom she would fain have kept at her feet until he had won some favor, flew off at the precise moment when she had decided that it would not be inconsistent with propriety to allow him to kiss her hand. Under such circumstances, the tale of Oberon's misconduct was received with double indignation. The elfin monarch obtained timely notice of the gathering storm from his faithful Puck, and spreading his winglets on the night-

breeze he was soon beyond the reach of conjugal anger. The gentle Mimosa, conscious of her innocence, but outraged and degraded by the insolence of the king, appeared with down-cast eyes before her enraged mistress. All the gossips of the fairy court gathered round her to witness her disgrace, and they who would have given their crowns to win one kiss from their monarch, now turned up their eyes in holy horror, and fluttered their wings with virtuous indignation. The end of the matter was, that Mimosa was tried and convicted of *lèse majesté*; but the queen, who now affected magnanimity, commuted the punishment of banishment into imprisonment for three moons in the green-leaf of a primrose, which the skill of the mason-caterpillar soon converted into a prison house.

It may be that Titania would have relented when she recovered from her fit of ill humor, but, unhappily, she was deprived of the opportunity of showing mercy, by a strange freak of human affection. There was a certain young and lovely lady, who had wedded the object of her heart's best love, and now, forsaking parents, and friends, and country, she was about to embark on the broad sea, to find a new home in the wilds of America. But with that caprice of human will, which, while it makes great sacrifices, yet pines over small wants, she who had willingly resigned all the blessings of kindred, now sought to bear with her to a strange land some blossoms from the soil which her infant feet had trod. A sister's care, therefore, sought out a clump of English primroses, and placing them, together with the earth to which they clung, in a garden vase, she enclosed them beneath a crystal canopy, to protect them from

the blighting sea-breeze, until they should reach the land of promise. Strange to say, out of all the vast field of flowers that makes England a garden, the girl unconsciously selected those in which Mimosa was immured.

Enclosed in her narrow cell, with the light coming dimly to her eyes through the green walls of her prison-house, Mimosa was weeping over her unmerited punishment, when suddenly she felt the earth convulsed around her. The slender limbs of the plant swayed as if a mighty tempest had burst upon them, and the timid fairy swung at the mercy of the blast, without power to discover the cause of this unwonted disquiet. Every fibre of her tender frame felt the vibration of this sudden disruption of deeply rooted attachments, and though unconscious of the fate that awaited her, Mimosa trembled with vague fear.

A long and weary tossing on the restless sea now ensued. But of this Mimosa knew nothing, for, imprisoned in her dungeon, which was now in total darkness, since the plant had been shut up in a close and ill-lighted cabin, she could see nothing of the terrors which surrounded her. But she thirsted for the fresh dew of the morning, she pined for the honey that lies hidden in the perfumed chalice of the flower, and she grew wild with longing for the pure air and the bright sunshine. Still her gentle influences were not unfelt, for the plant, as if conscious of her presence, grew and thrived as luxuriantly as if it still bloomed on its mossy bank, and the sweet lady, who loved it for the sake of her native land, rejoiced in its vigorous life.

Weeks passed on ; the long voyage was ended, and the term of Mimosa's imprisonment at length was fulfilled. One evening she felt the gradual unclosing of the leaf which had been her cell, and beneath the broad light of a clear winter's moon, Mimosa suddenly found herself once more at liberty. But how strange was the scene into which she now emerged ! Instead of the fairy dell and charmed ring, upon which she had last looked, she now found herself in a large but close apartment, where books and music, needlework and flowers were gathered together by feminine taste. A bright fire blazed in the ample hearth, and as Mimosa peered out of the casement which admitted the frosty moonlight, she perceived that a mantle of snow covered the green earth. Forlorn and disconsolate, the poor fairy felt as if she had gained little by exchanging a narrow cell for a wider and more desolate prison. So she returned to her primrose leaf and crept once more into its covert with a sensation of utter despair.

But the cheerful tenderness of the gentle creature soon found a ministry with which to solace her weary hours. The vase of English flowers had been placed amid many rich and rare exotics which graced the lady's chamber, and Mimosa soon discovered that the delicate strangers were pining in the close atmosphere. To freshen their drooping hearts by her sweet breath, to revive their fading blossoms by her dewy touch, and to give them back the glory of their summer prime by her kindly influences, became now her duty and her delight. Thus did the elfin exile pass the long and dreary winter, until the genial airs of spring had unlocked the frozen earth, and given

liberty to the imprisoned flowers, which now revelled in the light and dew of heaven.

It was on a moonlit evening in early spring, that Mimosa ventured to leave her narrow home to learn something of the strange land in which she now found herself. The spot in which she had been set down, was a lovely domain on the banks of the noble Hudson, which sweeps proudly and majestically through a country of unrivalled beauty. But Mimosa had been accustomed to sheltered dells, and little cosy retreats, to green glades and tiny thread-like streams. The lofty Highlands, the dense forests, the broad and rushing river, all combined to form a scene of sublime grandeur which overpowered and disheartened her. It needed little wisdom to discover that there could be no fairy dells in these mighty forests. The spirits of this mountain land, if such there were, must be, she thought, of a sterner and harder race than the gentle sprites of Albion's green isle.

In the course of many after wanderings around her solitary home, Mimosa found one sweet spot which, save that it was lone and unpeopled, was even lovelier than the fairy haunts of her own dear land. From a narrow ravine at the top of a lofty cliff, rushed a full deep stream, which breaking over the up-piled rocks, flashed and sparkled into an oval basin, that seemed hollowed by the hand of nature to be the mirror and the bath of beauty. Large trees bordered and shut in this beautiful glen, while flowering shrubs of every variety interlaced their branches. A narrow strip of greensward edged the clear but shallow lakelet, whose waters found their way out in

a narrow thread-like rivulet, winding far off amid the brush-wood, until lost in the distant Hudson. Beautiful indeed was the spot—beautiful is it even now; for while men have left their footprints on every rock, and have levied tribute from every tributary of that noblest of rivers, the “Indian Fall,” is still as lovely in its simple and sublime loneliness, as when none but the red hunter had climbed its steep sides to bathe his heated brow in its crystal waters.

To this sweet spot Mimosa unconsciously directed her flight on a calm still evening in the glad summer-time. Entranced with delight when she found herself amid so much beauty, the pale and drooping fairy folded her gossamer wings, and, gliding like a ray of moonlight amid the dark foliage, at length threw herself upon a bed of soft velvet moss, which had felt the freshness of the waterfall until its hue was like the emerald, and its touch like the lip of beauty. Suddenly there arose upon the still air a faint sweet music, like the chime of the fairy harebell, only clearer, more distinct, more wildly sweet. The heart of Mimosa thrilled with delight; it was the elfin signal; some gentle sprite was near, and the lonely fay felt a new hope spring up within her bosom. Anon the strain was repeated from the other side; then it resounded from beneath her feet; and as she looked down she perceived the delicate blossoms of the blue harebell, swinging gently in the breeze, and giving out their melodious chimes. Delighted to find that which reminded her so sweetly of home, she raised her eyes in rapture, when they encountered a figure which rivetted their gaze.

Standing on the quivering branch of a *Kalmia*, with his tiny form half hidden by the clustering blossoms, and his little brown face peering curiously down upon her, was a creature evidently of elfin race, but of some strange nation and tribe. His swarthy skin, his glittering black eyes, and the straight raven locks which hung down to his slender waist, were unlike any thing *Mimosa* had ever seen, while his moccasined feet, his mantle of silvery down, his crown of feathery scarlet blossoms, and the bow and arrows which he bore in his hand, excited her utmost wonder. Timid, yet half rejoiced, *Mimosa* drew her green robe closely around her, and gazed half in expectancy half in fear, upon the stranger. It was the gentle *Manitto* of Flowers; and with strange delight did the red spirit gaze upon the pale fair beauty of the elfin exile, as with golden tresses glistening in the moonlight, and blue eyes swimming in tender tears, she lay on the mossy turf, looking upward towards him.

There is a language which all can understand, a tone of sympathy which appeals to all, an instant recognition of kindred which is felt even by human nature amid all its bonds; and oh! how much more keenly in the sweet intercourse of spirit-life. Heretofore the *Manitto* had been content to reign and rule alone. He had breathed the fragrance of flowers, and fed his sense of beauty upon their loveliness, but he had never known the power nor the need of sympathy. Now a sudden and delicious thrill pervaded his delicate frame. He leapt from his high eminence, and, with the bewitching tender-

ness of a loftier and bolder nature, he wooed the gentle fairy to trustfulness and happiness.

Mimosa had shrunk from the feeble and freakish love of her own people ; she had shut up her heart from the influences of the mystic passion ; but the bold bearing, the proud tenderness, the gentle, yet lofty courtesy of the woodland spirit, won her admiring affection. Alone and exiled from the sweet but enervating influences of fairy frolics, she learned the high, free pleasures of forest life. Ere the moon had waned, Mimosa had learned the happiness of loving ; and the delicate English fairy became the bride of the Indian Manitto of Flowers.

No longer pining after her distant home, she yet delighted to exhibit some of its beauties to her lover, and many a wildflower until then unknown in our forest glades, did her sweet breath call into life to adorn the enchanted glen where the pair had found their home.

“ And is this the reason why so many English wildflowers are found in our woodlands, while the richest and most gorgeous of our wildflowers refuse to spring spontaneous in the fair garden of Albion’s lovely isle ?”

“ Precisely—the wildflowers which the fairy strewed in her lover’s pathway, though changed by atmosphere and soil, are yet of the same race as those of her own far land.”

“ And where is now the Manitto and his fairy bride ?”

“Wend your way toward the setting sun, whither the red men are fast retiring before the hurrying footsteps of the pale faces. Where dwells the Indian hunter in the fastnesses of inaccessible,—wilds where the wide prairie spreads its ocean of flowers unrifled by the bee, whose busy hum is so sure a herald of civilization, that it is known among the Indians as ‘the white man’s fly,’—where the deer and the buffalo roam amid forests unprofaned by the axe of the settler,—where the dweller in cities has never come with his poisonous ‘fire-water,’ and his ill-taught creed,—there may still be found the abode of the Elfin Exile, and her dusky lord.”

STANZAS.

ON FINDING A PRESSED VIOLET BETWEEN THE LEAVES OF A VOLUME WHICH THE AUTHOR WAS READING.

BY D. M. BURGH.

SOME gentle hand has treasured thee, pale flower,
 Within the foldings of this storied leaf;
Art thou the record of some fleeting hour
 Of faded joys, like thine own life, too brief?

Wert thou not gathered at soft eventide,
 When by sweet nature's harmonies attuned,
In the lone walk or by the green hill-side,
 Two souls in mystic sympathy communed?

Bearest thou, unprinted on thy fragrant leaves,
 A tale of Love, with all its hopes and fears,
O'er whose sad dreams some heart still fondly grieves,
 While memory's hand unseals the fount of tears?

Of gentle feelings, of emotions sweet,
 Of fantasies by Love or Friendship framed,
Thou art, in sooth, crushed flower, an emblem meet,
 And thou, "Forget-me-not," art fitly named.

UVULARIA PERFOLIATA—BELLWORT.

LINN. CLASS, HEXANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, SMILACEÆ.

THE Bellwort is an unpretending and modest flower, growing in shady and sequestered spots, where, sheltered from the fervid beams of the sun by the thick foliage of some giant oak, it blooms in modest retirement. Its delicate bells droop gracefully amid the dark green leaves, as if it shrunk even from the wooing of the bird and bee, whose music alone stirs the air of its secluded retreat.

It grows from eight to twelve inches in height, and flowers during the month of May.

The corolla is inferior, six-petalled, with a nectariferous hollow at the base of each petal ; filaments very short, growing to the anther ; stigmas reflexed ; capsule three-cornered, three-celled, three-valved, with transverse partitions ; seeds many, sub-globose, arilled at the hilum ; leaves perfoliate,

oval, obtuse; corol-bell liliaceous, scabrous or granular within; anthers cuspidate.

VIEW NEAR THE CITY OF HUDSON, NEW YORK.

The sketch given in the plate was taken from the foot of Merino Hill, about one mile south of the city of Hudson. This hill forms a conspicuous and picturesque object, rising nearly to the height of three hundred feet, and presenting a beautiful outline from whatever point it may be viewed, while its surface is finely diversified with woods, cornfields and pasture lands. On the north-western side stands the fine mansion of W. Wiswall, Esq., commanding magnificent views of the surrounding country, the winding river, and the noble range of the Kaatskill mountains.

The city of Hudson occupies a bluff on the eastern bank of the river, about one hundred and twenty miles from the city of New York, and is a place of considerable size, containing about five thousand inhabitants. It is the prettiest town lying on the river between New York and Albany, and from various points in its vicinity, may be seen some of the finest views in the State.



BELLWORT.

HOPELESSNESS.

THE OMEN.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

FOR fifty years the old man's feet
Have crossed the oaken sill,
And never an eye his own to greet,
Nor lip with smiles to fill.
Silent he comes and silent goes
With a cold and covert air,
Around a searching look he throws,
Then mounts the creaking stair.

He's a sallow man with narrow heart
And feelings all of self—
And thoughts he may to none impart—
They all are thoughts of self.
But now he enters not the door ;
He stands on the threshold stone—
What think you has come his spirit o'er
That he loiters in the sun ?

"Come hither child,"—he stretched his hand
 And held a boy from play,—
 "The old green woods throughout the land
 I fear will pass away ;
 I remember now 'tis a bye-gone joy
 Since birds were singing here—
 'Twas a merry time and I a boy
 To list their spring-time cheer."

He loosed his hold of the wondering child
 And fiercely closed the door,
 For there was something new and wild
 That came his nature o'er,
 A crowding of unwonted thought
 That would not be repressed,
 An inward pang that aching sought
 A sympathising breast.

The long lost years of sullen life
 Apart from human kind,
 Long torpid powers awaked to strife
 Are struggling in his mind ;
 The child still near the threshold stays
 And ponders o'er and o'er
 With a perplexed and dull amaze,
 The words of him of yore.

A stealthy foot beneath the sill—
 A dry hand, pale and thin—
 And that old man all hushed and still,
 Has drawn the boy within,
 "How long is't, child, since that cross-road
 The green wood severed wide?

There was a ditch—'twas dark and broad—
With black and sluggish tide.

“It seems but yesterday that I
Was hunting bird's eggs there—
To-day it chanced to meet mine eye
A dusty thoroughfare.”
Breathed freely once again the child—
“That road was alway so—
With wains of hay and wagons piled
Thus passing to and fro.”

“Nay, once a goodly wood was there
With blossoms in the spring—
Where darted out the crouching hare
And bird upon the wing,—
But now a lengthened dusty way—
A cross-road—mile-stone too—
Things that to you have been alway,
To me are strange and new.

“I have not slept these long blank years
For store of gold is here—
Apart from joy—apart from tears
With neither grief nor cheer,
And never on my conscience left
The stain of any wrong—
Why should I feel as one bereft,
With yearnings new and strong ?

“Why hear a voice forever cry,—
‘Unfaithful steward thou ?’—

“Come, tell me, child, the sun is high—
 Do chills oppress thee now?”
 The boy glanced wistfully about
 The damp and gloomy place,
 Then at the warm bright sun without,
 Then in the old man’s face.

A moment shook his wasted frame
 As by a palsy touch—
 The boy, half-whispering, nearer came—
 “I’ve often heard of such ;
 ’Tis said that when a foot is press’d
 On grave that we must fill,
 Recoils the living human breast,
 Recoils with sudden chill.”

“Now get thee hence,” the old man cried
 “Thou bringest little cheer”—
 And then he thrust the boy aside
 As with a deadly fear,
 Who wondering cast his eyes about
 To drink in life and air—
 Then burst his lips in one wild shout
 That both were buoyant there.

Three days from thence a mound of earth
 The cross-road marked anew—
 And children staid their voice of mirth
 When they beside it drew ;
 Unhallowed though the sleeper’s rest,
 Where men pass to and fro—
 Yet e’en the rudest foot is press’d
 Aside from him below.

ASCLEPIAS QUADRIFOLIA.

LINN. CLASS GYNANDRIA ; ORDER, PENTANDRIA.

NATURAL ORDER, ASCLEPIDÆ.

THE genus to which this beautiful wildflower belongs derives its name from Esculapius, the god of medicine. The *Asclepias Tuberosa*, known also as the "Butterfly Weed," "Pleurisy Root" etc., is often used medicinally in pleuritic and catarrhal affections, but the *Early Asclepias*, which is given in the plate, has no such virtue.

This variety of the plant is found much earlier in the season than any other, being seldom in bloom later than the month of May. Its flowers, though less showy than many of its race, are very delicate and odoriferous. It is fond of shady places in dry situations, and grows from twelve to eighteen inches in height.

The petals are five, reflexed ; nectaries five, concave, erect, containing little horns ; each stamen with a pair of pendulous

masses of pollen, suspended from the top of the stigma ; follicles smooth ; stem erect, simple, smooth ; leaves ovate, acute, petioled ; those in the middle of the stem are largest, and mostly in fours ; umbels two to four, terminal, lax-flowered ; pedicles filiform.

Several varieties of the *Asclepidæ* are noted for secreting a white milk-like fluid, which on being injured they discharge freely from every pore. This juice is very poisonous. The specimen here presented, however, has no such property.

VIEW OF OTSEGO LAKE, NEW YORK.

Otsego Lake, a partial view of which is represented in this plate, is a small though exceedingly beautiful sheet of water, lying in the county of Otsego, New York. It is about nine miles in length, and varies from half a mile to one mile and a half in breadth. At the foot of the lake lies the pretty village of Cooperstown, a small but thriving place, containing about two thousand inhabitants. Nearly in the centre of the village stands Otsego Hall, the residence of James Fennimore Cooper, Esq. From the windows of this mansion charming views of the Lake and surrounding country may be obtained. The residence of Mr. Keese, standing as it does on the margin of the Lake, commands one of the finest views in the neighborhood.



EARLY ASCLEPIAS.

SORROWFUL REMEMBRANCE.

NEVER forget the hour of our first meeting,
When, 'mid the sounds of revelry and song,
Only thy soul could know that mine was greeting
Its idol, wished for, waited for, so long.
Never forget !

Never forget the joy of that revelation,
Centring an age of bliss in one sweet hour,
When Love broke forth from friendship's frail concealment,
And stood confest to us in godlike power ;
Never forget

Never forget my heart's intense devotion,
Its wealth of freshness at thy feet flung free,
Its golden hopes, whelmed in that boundless ocean,
Which merged all wishes, all desires, save thee :
Never forget !

Never forget the moment when we parted
When from life's summer-cloud, the bolt was hurled
That drove us, scathed in soul, and broken hearted,
Alone to wander through this desert world!
Never forget !

LOVE BEYOND THE GRAVE.

“LILIAN! sweet Lilian! how shall we do without thee? How shall we bear a life from which has been taken all the music and the sunshine?”

Such was the half-despairing cry of the hearts that loved thee, thou gentlest of earth's children, when thou wert summoned to the shadowy-peopled realm of death. How much of hope and promise died with thee, lovely one! Years have gone by since we gave thee to the keeping of the grave, yet do we find ourselves listening for thy light footstep on the stair, waiting for thy gay laughter in the hall, looking out wistfully for thy bright face in the vacant chamber. Thou wert of those whom God lends to earth for a season, as if to show us what human nature may be in its purest, and highest, and holiest state of being; then gathers to Himself ere the dust of wordly care should settle on the spirit's snowy wings, to stain their spotless plumage.

Let no one talk of disappointment in schemes of earthly aggrandizement,—of failing hopes,—of blighted prospects. This only is utter disappointment,—this only is entire crushing of earthly hope,—to look upon the face of one whom we love, and know—aye—*know*, that the shadow of the grave already darkens over it;—to watch beside the pillow of the beautiful and the good while death keeps sentry at the threshold; or, worse far worse : to part from the beloved and cherished, with smiles on her lip, gladness in her heart, and health in every vein, and to meet her again, only when the fearful stroke of an unlooked-for and awful calamity has crushed that fragile form into dust and ashes !

Beautiful wert thou in thy calm maidenhood, sweet Lilian !
Lofty wert thou in thy aspirations, yet meek in the holiness of thy saint-like spirit ! Thou wert indeed meet for the kingdom of Heaven ; yet would we fain have kept thee to minister in all pure and good influences to the hearts that were ever swayed at thy mild bidding.

Yet it is better thus ; for art thou not ever nigh to those whom thou didst love so well upon earth ? When the evil thought dies within the soul ere it frames to itself a voice,—when the evil deed remains only in the tempted fancy,—when the foot is withdrawn unconsciously, and the single step which remained between us and ruin is still untrodden,—when the hand falls powerless at the very instant when it would fain have set its seal to the soul's destruction,—when such things are, and we know not why, may we not trace them to the invisible

agency of the angel whom we have given back to Heaven, and who is now permitted to watch over those that garner up a tender and unidolizing affection for the good and the true?

Yet do we miss thee, sweet one; and there are kindly and gentle hearts to sympathise with our grief. It was a nature, worthy to mate with thine own, which breathed out its sweet moanings over thy grave, when time had brought the day once so welcomed and so hallowed,—the day which first ushered thee into a world made brighter by thy brief, bright life. Kindly, and gentle, and full of sweet thoughts was the soul which poured forth this wail over the birthday of the loved and lost.

“ She sleeps—she sleeps, but oh! she hath been won
 To a green pillow that ye cannot share,
 She hath gone down to that green rest alone,
 And Death, the mighty one, hath laid her there;
 Meekly she rose his summons to obey,
 And while he clothed her with celestial light,
 Cherished and cherishing she passed away,
 And softly bade your loving hearts ‘Good Night.’
 And now ye can but weep and bow the head
 To meet the birthday of the early Dead!

“ She sleeps—she sleeps—and where she lieth low
 The stars of Heaven their quiet watch may keep;
 Th’ immortal yew may stand, the willow bough,
 Perpetual mourner, for your sakes may weep,
 There the wild bee may hum its lullaby,
 The night-bird join the music of the river,

But ye,—alas ! beneath God's spreading sky
 Your hearts and hers may meet no more forever !
 So dimly and with grief ye bow the head
 To meet the birthday of the early dead !

“ She sleeps—she sleeps—and ye are bent in gloom,
 Cheerless your home and desolate your hearth,
 Listless ye wander on from room to room,
 Missing the loveliest smile in all the earth ;
 Music is silent, for ye could not bear
 Her keys should waken at another's touch,
 Her flowers are tended, but the white rose there
 Speaks of her purity—too much—too much.

 And ye must weep, and bow the grief worn head
 To meet the birth-day of the early dead !

“ She sleeps—she sleeps—when she hath slept before
 A tear would tremble 'neath her eye's dark fringe ;
 On that soft cheek, whose color comes no more,
 Some restless dream would throw a fever tinge ;
 Now her high heart is still—her earnest soul
 Is dim no more with shadows of the past,
 But with the breaking of that ' golden bowl,'
 Your hopes were shivered, and their radiance cast.

 So dimly and with grief ye bow the head
 To meet the birth day of the early dead !

“ She sleeps—she sleeps—but let the grateful air
 Come freshly to each dim and aching brow,
 'Tis borne from her low grave whose slumber there
 Hath wakened in your hearts this anguish now,

It hath just waved the grass above her rest,
And from tear-watered flowers drawn fragrant breath,
The flowers ye planted o'er the loved and blest
Lend you their freshness from the home of Death,
 To comfort you and raise the drooping head
 To meet the birth day of the early dead !

“ She sleeps—she sleeps—her heavenly rest is won,
And her immortal waking hath been bright,
A little longer yet, and one by one,
Ye too shall bid the earth a sweet ‘ Good night.’
The earth was kind, but ever had been given
A yearning to her heart for other spheres,
And now the Angels sing her birth in Heaven,
And God himself hath wiped away her tears,
 Then calmly, gratefully, lift up the head
 To meet the Birthday of the Sainted Dead !”

NOTE.—The foregoing touching lines were written by one unknown to fame, but whose heart evidently possesses genuine poetic sensibilities. They were suggested by the first anniversary of a friend's birthday, which occurred after her decease.

AQUILEGIA CANADENSIS—WILD COLUMBINE.

LINN. CLASS, POLYANDRIA ; ORDER PENTAGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, RANUNCULACEÆ.

THIS flower has no calyx ; petals five, caducous ; nectaries five, alternating with the petals and terminating downwards in a spur-like nectary ; carpels five, erect, acuminate with the permanent styles ; many seeded ; horns straight ; stamens exsert ; leaves decompose.

The wild Columbine is one of the earliest flowers of spring, being found in bloom in the month of April. It chooses dry rocky situations, gleaming from ravines, and nodding over precipices where there is scarcely footing for a blade of grass. Its brilliant red blossoms form a beautiful contrast to the grey lichens and brown mosses, which are its only companions on the bare and rugged cliff. To see it in perfection, it must be viewed in its native home, for the free and fearless beauty with which it peers over lofty steeps and looks down into the dark crevices of the rock, is exchanged for a dull, drooping, half

withered appearance, almost on the instant that it is gathered from the parent stem. It is a perennial plant, and seldom exceeds nine or ten inches in height. The members of the family to which it belongs are noted for being acrid, caustic and poisonous.

VIEW OF MATANGA FALL

NEAR WYALUSING, PENNSYLVANIA.

The view here given, represents one of the many pretty waterfalls which pour down the precipitous banks of the Susquehanna. Between Tioga Point and Lackawanna, there are frequently seen small streams hurrying over rocks, sometimes an hundred feet in height, to unite their waters with those of the Susquehanna. Matanga Fall is about eight or ten miles below the village of Wyalusing, on the eastern side of the Susquehanna, and descends over a steep rocky precipice from a height of nearly one hundred and fifty feet. It is a stream of considerable size, issuing from a lake lying among the mountains about two miles distant from the river. The country around is mountainous and extremely picturesque. Not far to the north of Matanga Fall, on the western side, is a precipitous rock, which is said to contain a vast amount of treasure. Many attempts have been made to obtain it, but without success. The Indian Manitto seems to possess something of the freakish spirit of his fairy brethren in the old world, and seldom rewards the toil of sordid intruders into his wild domains.





WILD COLUMBINE.

INCONSTANCY.

—

SONNET.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

—————

AND why, O why didst thou so quickly turn
From love that never faltered? Could'st thou find
No lasting peace in that exhaustless urn?
No sanction meet thy woman's heart to bind?
Perchance thy fancy o'er me threw a light
That dazzled e'en a vision clear as thine,
And after-knowledge, like a fatal blight,
Withered each garland on the humble shrine;
Yet hadst thou patience, time might still restore
Thy soul's creation,—love new traits can mould;
We ever grow like that which we adore,
And promise fills all hearts that are not cold;
Teach me my errors, prove my faith awhile,
Then send me if thou canst, an exile from thy smile.

MODERN CONSTANCY.

Would you seek Constancy ? 'Tis out of date,
Laid by, with the brocades, the three-piled velvets,
That decked our grand-dames for the festival ;
And maidens now wear with their lighter robes,
A faith as easily put on and off
As an old glove.

“ To love one lover or more is constancy,—not to be able to love at all is inconstancy.” The sentiment is not mine, gentle reader ; it issued from the oracular lips of a renowned German lady, who has lately been enshrined as a modern goddess of reason, by a certain class of philosophers ; and certainly a more convenient doctrine to extenuate fickleness could scarcely be desired by a coquette. The remark struck me, however, not so much for its frank effrontery, as for its whimsical coincidence with the practice, if not the theory of little Fanny Gay, our minister’s daughter.

Fanny was a pretty little creature, with the bluest of eyes, the rosiest of lips, and the merriest of faces. But unfortunately

for her own comfort, Fanny had read novels, old fashioned Minerva-press novels, until her brain was half turned with that excitement which Byron has so well styled “the opium-dream of too much youth and reading.” Long before she arrived at womanhood, Fanny decided that she would be a heroine ; but as the heroines of her favorite volumes were pale, delicate, sylph-like creatures with hair always curling without the aid of *Papillotes*,—wearing white dresses which retained their snowy hue even amid the vapors of a dungeon,—playing on certain ubiquitous harps, and writing verses to sunset, moonlight and other equally unusual natural occurrences,—the poor girl felt all the difficulties of her determination. Fanny was most unromantically healthy, and her plump little figure was anything but sentimentally proportioned. Her cheeks had much more of the damask than of the white rose tint, and any emotion, instead of paling their hue, was sure to deepen it to a fever tinge. Then she had no musical taste, and scarcely knew one tune from another ; but even if she had, there was no harp in the whole village. As for poetry, she could write with great facility the verses of other people, and had several albums filled with sentimental poems from newspapers and magazines. She was once sufficiently under lunar influences to attempt a sonnet to the moon, and actually commenced her apostrophe: “Thou lovely moon ! thou lovely moon !” but here the inspiration failed, and the unwritten sonnet must be placed on the same list with that vast amount of unuttered poetry, which, like the bubble on a boiling spring, comes warm and effervescing from the depths of the heart, but breaks into empty air when it reaches the surface.

There was one part, however, in the heroi-romantico line which Fanny could play to perfection. She could fall in love with as much facility as any Ethelinda or Celestina recorded in the pages of romance. Her first sentimental essay was directed towards a handsome young stripling of sixteen, (Fanny was about a year his junior,) who thought infinitely more of his dog and gun than he did of ladies' looks. Of course his indifference afforded a fine opportunity for the display of the many variations on the theme of hopeless affection. So Fanny sighed, and looked doleful, and tried to go without food, and hoped she was growing pale. But it would not do; the claims of a healthy appetite made her continually forget her fasting, her cheeks retained their roses, and her well-rounded figure was as plump as ever. It was certainly provoking, but there was no help for it. At length, after moping through a whole summer, she came to the conclusion that she had mistaken her own feelings, and for a time, she was once more natural and agreeable.

But this was only the beginning of a series of similar errors; for Fanny was always fancying herself in love with somebody, and, as tears and sighs were, in her mind, the only food of love, she was always pining after some unattainable object. At one time she was on the brink of despair for the village school-master, a long, gaunt yankee, in blue spectacles, who read mathematics, and studied the main chance, but who had no more sentiment than his own ferule. At another time she was all gentle sadness for the sake of a young shop-keeper, who had recently removed to the village, and who displayed his white

hands and city graces to the admiring damsels of Millville. She was once greatly endangered by the moving discourse of a middle-aged clergyman, who, soon after the death of his wife, officiated in her father's pulpit. The grave demeanor of this worthy man excited Fanny's deepest sympathy, and she would fain have condoled with him and comforted him, when she accidentally discovered that he had already found consolation in the favor of her mature maiden aunt.

So time passed on, while Fanny grew prettier, and plumper than ever, in spite of her many sorrows and disappointments, until at eighteen she was decidedly the loveliest girl in Millville. But her assumed air of sentimentality sat as ill upon her as her grandmother's tab-cap might have done. In spite of herself, smiles would dimple her round cheek, or flit over her pouting lip; and a merry light would dance in her blue eyes, just when she most wished to exhibit their humid lustre. Poor Fanny! what trouble it cost her to resist her own cheerful and mirthful impulses!

So thought and so said her cousin Frank Hartwell, but Fanny only regarded him with a half-angry feeling.

"You do not understand me, Frank," she would say "nobody does comprehend me; I shall go down to my early grave unappreciated."

"Pshaw, Fanny: every body would love you if you would only lay aside your mopish notions, and as for an early grave,

you will live as long as I shall, if you will only stop drinking vinegar to make yourself thin. I can't see why a pretty girl should try to spoil her good looks. You are always sighing like a broken bellows, and throwing down your eyes as if they had a squinting fancy towards your nose. Why the deuce don't you act out your own glad and happy nature?"

Frank Hartwell was a shrewd, sensible, warm-hearted sailor, who had loved Fanny ever since she was a little teasing baby, whose humors nobody could quiet so well as cousin Frank. He had all the genial qualities belonging to his profession, with no small share of its hearty roughness and honesty. He saw clearly enough all Fanny's foibles, but he saw also many excellent traits beneath the overlaying of this foolish affectation of sentiment. He loved her dearly, and he knew that her affection for him had become so much a habitude of her very being that she was utterly unconscious of its real strength. He looked upon her frequent fits of romance as the safety-valves of that curious machine, a heart, and he was certain all would go right, as soon as her various experiments had been fairly tried.

Fanny was provoked by his plainly expressed contempt of her favorite studies, and pained by his ridicule of her sentimentality; yet some how or other, there was a lurking regard for him in her nature, which made her tolerate all these things. Besides, he was so often absent on the perilous duties of his profession, that she could not cherish any other but kindly affections for him. One thing was certain, all Fanny's attacks of *fancy fever* occurred during Frank's absence, and, if they did

not disappear before his return, they usually subsided in violence very soon after.

On a very sultry day in August, a stranger arrived at the Millville Tavern, and after making sundry enquiries respecting stage-routes, etc., declared his intention of remaining some weeks in so beautiful a spot. He accordingly hired the best room in the inn, and it was not long before it was generally rumored that "the foreign gentleman with black whiskers" was a stranger of distinction, travelling incog. to view the country. Of course this was enough to rouse the lionizing spirit, which prevails so generally in our country, and in less than a week every man, woman, and child in the place had peeped at "the Count." He was invited to visit the churches, (Millville had a church for every hundred inhabitants,) he was honored with a free ticket to the Lyceum lectures, he was requested to allow a cast of his head to be taken by an itinerant Phrenologist, and he was waited upon in person by every male in the village, from the parson down to the fisherman's boy, who proffered all needful assistance in the way of boating and baiting.

There was nothing very remarkable about "the Count," except his huge whiskers and moustache, which completely concealed the lower half of his face. He wore a damask silk dressing gown when in his own apartment, sat much at the open window, played a little on a cracked flute belonging to his host, and spent part of every day on the river bank, in the society of the fisherman's boy, who seemed to be his favorite among all those who had honored him with a call. He declined all the

proffered civilities of the kindly villagers, and visited no one excepting old parson Gay, from whom he had borrowed a set of fishing tackle. The worthy clergyman who had not escaped a slight touch of the Mania-Americana, or lion-hunting insanity which is so prevalent in the United States, was exceedingly flattered by the deference of the polite stranger. He was pleased to listen to his descriptions of life in foreign lands; and though the Count seemed to know little of the scenes hallowed by historic or romantic associations, yet he could talk of pomps and princes, of pageants and princesses, as glibly as a court-parrot. It was wonderful to find a denizen of courts bending his high thoughts down to enquire into the state of the crops, the prospects of the farmer, and especially studying with so much care the map of the roads and by-ways across the country. It was evident that the Count was no common traveller; he did not mean to fly through the country at a rail-road pace, and see nothing but the spittoons in our steamboats, or like another celebrated traveller, mistake the feathery down of the silver maple tree, which fills the air, at a certain season of the year, for the "*ptyalations*" of his fellow passengers. No, this enlightened nobleman meant to view the internal resources of the country, and shunning the broad high-ways, it was his purpose to tread the less frequented paths of inland towns and villages.

From his first appearance in the village, however, Fanny Gay had been persuaded that there was some romantic mystery connected with him. His pale and swarthy visage, his black eyes and heavy brows, his tall thin figure, and above all, his wealth of

raven locks and whiskers, made him a fit subject for Fanny's vivid imaginings. The day after his arrival he had seen Fanny, as she was tying up some pinks in the garden. He had spoken to her in his broken English, and though he had only enquired the road, yet she fancied that there was a peculiar melancholy in his tone. When therefore he selected Mr. Gay as his only acquaintance, Fanny had little doubt as to the reason of this preference. She was now almost at the summit of her wishes. A nobleman, a real live Count was near,—he was evidently pleased with her, and she could scarcely believe in the good fortune which thus afforded the opportunity of becoming a heroine of romance.

The Count evidently knew something of women, for he seemed to understand Fanny at a glance, and he found little difficulty in satisfying her taste for the sublime and the sentimental. He walked with her at sunset, and by moonlight,—he wrote French verses to her, which she could not understand, and which he could not translate,—he played the tenderest of airs on the old flute, and although little mindful of mere decoration, Fanny could not help noticing the splendid diamond which sparkled on his finger, as he ran over the stops of the melodious instrument. He made love too, like a veritable Mortimer. He knew how to drop on one knee with infinite grace, and he took her hand with such tender respect, or pressed the fringe of her scarf to his lips with such a gallant air of chivalric devotion, that Fanny had nothing to desire. Her ideal was fully satisfied—she had found a real lover far exceeding the fancied adorer for whom she had so long sighed.

How did her heart thrill when the Count imparted to her the real secret of his seclusion, and when she saw in him not only the accomplished nobleman, but also the persecuted and proscribed patriot! A moving tale of his sufferings in the cause of freedom, an avowal of his most unpronounceable name, and a declaration that he was in reality a banished Pole, completed his conquest over the heart of the romantic girl. When at length he avowed his passion, and besought her to cherish in secret the love which he dared not claim openly, she yielded to the dictates of her bewildered fancy, and promised all he asked. In pledge of faith he drew from her finger a slender circlet of gold, which Cousin Frank had given her, and placed in its stead a rich ruby ring, which, not daring to exhibit, she attached to a ribbon, and concealed within her bosom.

Matters had just reached this crisis, when cousin Frank returned from sea. Fanny had never before shrunk from his presence; but now she had a vague fear, an indefinite sense of something which seemed half remorse, half regret.

“What will you say to me, Fanny, when I tell you I have brought home a wife?” was his first question.

A sort of suffocating sensation rose in Fanny’s throat as she struggled to reply,

“A wife, Frank! where did you find her?”

“In Liverpool,—she wanted to find a husband, and I was kind enough to assist her.”

“ Frank !”

“ Its true, Fanny.”

Fanny was half vexed, and yet half relieved. She was a little mortified that Frank should have anticipated her when she was just beginning to feel conscience-stricken at her desertion of him.

“ You look grave, coz, are you sorry I should find a wife ? Well, don't be alarmed, I didn't say she was *my* wife. Come, it is a story in your own line, Fanny, full of romance.”

And the hardy sailor drew Fanny towards him, and held both her hands, while he told her, how he had found an “ outlandish body,” waiting for a passage to America, where she expected to meet her husband,—how he had taken care of the poor pining creature on her passage,—how he had saved her from being swept overboard during a gale of wind,—how she had found in New York a letter from her husband directing her to repair to Millville, where he would join her,—and how Frank had escorted her to the village. “ So you see, cousin Fan, I have brought home a wife, but not for myself ;” and Frank, mistaking the cause of Fanny's disquieted look, kissed her fondly ere he released her hands.

Poor Fanny ! she little knew how completely Frank's story was destined to annihilate her fairy fabric of hope. While the gay seaman was recounting his tale in the quiet parlor of the

old parsonage, a very different scene occurred at the inn, where he had left the poor woman. Scarcely had Frank turned his back, when the "outlandish body," who could not speak a word of English, espied the Count, sitting at his window—uttered a wild cry, and rushed directly into his apartment. A tender scene ensued,—tender, at least, on the part of the lady, who had found in the secluded nobleman, the husband she had come so far to seek. What explanation he might have found it necessary to make to Fanny, cannot now be known, for his interview with the true claimant on his affections, was suddenly and disagreeably interrupted by the entrance of two police officers.

The story is soon told. Some months previous, a certain Princess in Europe had been robbed of jewels to a large amount by one of her valets. The robber had been traced to America, but there all track of him was lost, until an agent of police who was keeping watch over his wife, discovered that she was preparing to join him. Disguising himself and assuming a feigned name, the myrmidon of the law took passage in the same ship, and following closely in her footsteps, discovered him in his village retreat. It was hard that Love should have thus turned traitor; but the unhappy woman did all she could to atone for her unconscious error. She determined to share her husband's misfortune and disgrace, and when he was carried back to his native land, with the brand of shame stamped deeply upon him, she was the companion of his long dreary voyage.

Fanny would fain have kept her own counsel, but she knew not how to return the jewel which the quondam Count had bestowed upon her. So she confided in cousin Frank, and told him the whole story. He was in a towering passion, and swore like an "old salt," at her folly, but ended by forgiving her, and helping her out of her difficulty. He managed the affair so well, that no one ever knew how long the princess's ring had lain upon the bosom of the village maiden, or how deeply she had risked her happiness in the acquisition of the jewel.

This adventure cured Fanny of her romance and of her inconstancy. She has now been for some years the plump, rosy, happy wife of cousin Frank. Some persons might have been fastidious about the waste of her fresh feelings in all these fanciful attachments, but Frank had no such ideas. Instead of flinging away a rose because others had inhaled its perfume, he determined to pluck it and hide it within his own bosom, so that in future it should bloom only for him. Fanny had been a foolish fantastic girl, and I doubt whether she ever became a very wise and prudent woman, but she became a less fickle one. To use Frank's own words :

"When she was once moored, and especially when there were two or three little kedge-anchors out to hold her, she was as steady as a seventy-four."

TO _____

Thou art amid the festive halls,
Where Beauty wakes her spells for thee,
Where Music on thy spirit falls
Like moonlight on the sea ;
But now while fairer brows are smiling,
And brighter lips thy heart beguiling,
Think'st thou of me ?

Young forms and faces pass thee by,
Like bright creations of a dream,
And lovelit eyes, when thou art nigh,
With softer splendors beam ;
Life's gayest witcheries are round thee,
But now, while mirth and joy surround thee
Think'st thou of me ?

GERARDIA TENUIFOLIA—SLENDER-LEAVED GERARDIA.

LINN. CLASS DIDYNAMIA ; ORDER, AGIOSPERMIA,
NATURAL ORDER, SCROPHULARIACEÆ.

THIS is an exceedingly delicate and graceful flower, blooming in the month of September, and delighting in a dry soil, being found in abundance on the sides of rocks among the Highlands, where there would scarcely appear to be sufficient earth to afford it a foothold. It seldom exceeds eight or nine inches in height, and is one of the most graceful varieties of its species.

Its calyx is five-cleft, or five-toothed ; corolla sub-campulate, unequally five-lobed ; segments rounded ; capsule, two-celled, dehiscent at the top ; leaves linear, acute, scabrous ; peduncles axillary, longer than the flowers ; teeth of the calyx acute.

VIEW NEAR FORT MONTGOMERY.

The view accompanying this plate was taken from Fort Montgomery, looking towards the north-east. The most

prominent object in the distance is sugar-loaf mountain, rising nearly eight hundred feet in height. At the foot of this mountain within a short distance from the river, stands the Beverly House, celebrated for having been the head-quarters of the traitor Arnold, during the revolutionary war. Its appearance is much the same as it was at that time; very few alterations having since been made. The property is now owned by Mr. Arden, who resides about one mile north of the Beverly House; and from whose grounds one of the finest views among the Highlands may be obtained. West Point lies on the opposite side, about two miles above, and about ten miles distant from Fort Montgomery, from which it cannot be seen. During the Revolutionary War Fort Montgomery, as well as Fort Clinton, on the opposite side of Fort Montgomery Creek, which here falls into the Hudson, was taken, after a severe struggle, by the British, and the works were never afterwards repaired. Although many of the outworks can still be traced, they are mostly overgrown with trees, and nearly level with the surrounding surface.

SLENDER-LEAVED GERARDIA.

SYMPATHY.

LIKE the sweet melody which faintly lingers
Upon the windharp's strings at close of day,
When gently touched by evening's dewy fingers
It breathes a low and melancholy lay ;

So the calm voice of sympathy meseemeth ;
And while its magic spell is round me cast,
My spirit in its cloistered silence dreameth,
And vaguely blends the future with the past.

But vain such dreams while pain my bosom thrilleth,
And mournful memories around me move ;
E'en friendship's alchemy no balm distilleth,
To soothe th' immedicable wound of love.

Alas ! alas ! passion too soon exhaleth
The dewy freshness of the heart's young flowers ;
We water them with tears, but nought availeth,
They wither on through all life's later hours.

FAITH AND LOVE.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

“The soul is the essence of a man ; and you cannot have the true man against his inclination.”—SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

ONE of the most agreeable companions I ever knew, was Edward Gilbert. Thoroughly well-bred, he was of course punctiliously considerate where the individuality of another was concerned ; exempt from cavilling, curiosity, and interference in every shape. His own address was free even to carelessness ; yet beneath this external manifestation dwelt a vein of deep and thorough reserve, an under-current that might be felt but never penetrated.

There was nothing like gloom or mystery it would seem in this ; on the contrary, it was a holy and beautiful light emanating from an inward shrine, revealing a benign radiance, yet veiled and indistinct. In the midst of others he was one ever possessing his spirit in peace, one sustained by an invisible ministry. Some called him a Devotee, but whether in worship

of the Divine and the Infinite, or of an earthly Idol, none knew, so similar are each in their results.

I had known him for many years, had conceived the most devoted and reverential affection for him, and yet had never sought to penetrate this mystery of his character ; judge then of my surprise when he himself opened to me the secret of his life.

We had travelled much together, and our intercourse being of the most unconstrained and cordial kind, I was not long in learning that there were frequent occasions on which he was totally silent even for an hour, and that too in the midst of gayety, when circumstances rendered it impossible to separate himself from the group. One day in a year he always passed alone in his room. I learned this day to be the twelfth of August. After this period of seclusion he was not gloomy, as one might be led to suppose, instead, a gentle serenity was diffused over him, a hopefulness and trust that seemed to have received a higher impulse.

We were within one day's journey of Philadelphia, and business of some importance there claimed my attention, yet did I linger amid the gorgeous scenery of the Susquehanna, with its primeval woods hanging like an eternal canopy above me, for a new and solemn sense of beauty was entering my very soul. The conversation of Gilbert too, was instructive and ennobling in the highest degree ; and there was a vein of spirituality running through it rarely perceptible.

We were riding a sequestered road, where the branches of the trees often caused us to bend to the saddle-bow, when Gilbert after a long silence asked,

“ Did it ever occur to you, Ernest, that when one who is dear to us, whose existence is indeed a part of our own, has ceased to be a dweller upon the earth, we feel as it were a loosening of the senses, and the soul hears an utterance that saith ‘ Arise, let us go hence ? ’ ”

At this moment a butterfly alighted upon his forehead, paused an instant, and then floated lightly upward into the thin air. Gilbert followed it with his eyes, and to my amazement turned deadly pale.

“ Blessed Psyche, one moment stay,” he murmured, and but for my arm would have fallen from his saddle.

After this little incident we rode many hours in utter silence, Gilbert was very pale, and mechanically reined his horse beside my own; the most beautiful scenery, to which he was ever so keenly susceptible, failed to awaken his attention, or rouse him from an abstraction that seemed well nigh to suspend the powers of vitality.

At length we reached our inn, and I was giving orders to the groom that we might be in readiness for an early start in the morning, when Gilbert arrested me.

“Pardon me, Ernest, but I shall remain here the morrow.”

I was annoyed, and endeavored to deter him from his purpose; I hinted his depression as an urgent reason why he should resume his social intercourse; that nature became oppressive in our moments of despondency, that she forced upon us at such times the urgencies of the heart, and we need the conventionalism, and cold turmoil of restless humanity to recall us from egotism. Suddenly it flashed upon my mind —“the morrow is the twelfth of August;” and I was silent.

Every one is aware of the extreme dullness of a country Inn. The poverty of furniture, books, and all the little necessities of refined life. Then there is the dry dust upon the window-pane; the invariable slit at the corner of the dimity curtain, showing that listless travellers, again and again, have lifted it like yourself; the revolting soap-stains upon the pine stand, and about the table, all reminding you of prior use, which naturally is suggestive of unpleasant associations. Then time, after his hurry elsewhere, seems resting here; and the great bottle-flies that buzz slowly about the room and then bounce two or three times against the ceiling, seem created as express reminders of heat, and lassitude, and lingering time. To these annoyances are often superadded a barrenness of situation; as if nothing but flies, poultry, and swine half buried in the moist gravel, could find anything pleasurable in it.

That was a long wearisome day in the little Inn at ——. Despite all my efforts to the contrary, I found myself nervously

interested in the seclusion of Gilbert; I could not refrain frequently glancing at his windows, and pausing in the small entry to see if he were moving; and then I blushed and checked myself in this unmanly scrutiny; yet the total silence pervading his room grew appalling. Not a curtain was stirred, not a foot-fall heard. Through the long, long hours, a stillness like death was about him. Then the long, long night, with its lagging seconds made audible by the heavy tick of the old German clock, and the hours pealed out by its lengthened toll, as it would never cease—the breath grew labored in listening; and the brain counted as by necessity, one—two—three—and onward, with a vexed and yet mechanical curiosity. The senses acquired a painful intensity. I remember starting at the tramp of feet over my pillow, which proved only those of a fly—there was a confused sound at one time near my own breast, which gave a fearful dread of new and organic disease—it was a rising and falling as with my own breath; a guttural quiver that thrilled along my nerves, and seemed a part of them.—I opened my eyes and a large black cat was purring in the moonlight beside me. The senses had a distinct and preternatural activity, totally independent of the reason. That night was an eternity of hours to my mind; for apart from my interest in Gilbert, my own spirit had its sorrow, which the solitude, the night, and silence brought home to me with terrific energy. Life seemed a grey, hopeless blank, and even the spiritual aspirations, which rarely desert me, grew dim and vague, and a cold scepticism was settling upon me. Thank God I arose and prayed for deliverance from the subtle ingratitude, this violence done to the

utterance of the Holy Spirit within me, and then tears came to my relief, and I felt my child-nature return, and I slept—feeling the wings of the Eternal folding me as in a garment whose texture was Love.

Morning at length came, and with it I heard a mechanical step upon the stair. I hastened forward to meet the morning welcome of my friend, that friend hitherto so calm, so beautiful in his manliness, and I started involuntarily back at the changes of a single night. His cheek and eye were hollow, and his lips thin and rigid. His complexion had a greyness, that was cold and unearthly. I pressed his hand, for I could only look my sympathy.

“She is dead, dear Ernest, lead me wherever you list.”

For hours we rode on in utter silence—for days even—for weeks we kept aloof from the great thoroughfares of men, and dwelt amid the solitary pityings of nature, where her balm is so breathed into the soul that we are healed and yet are unconscious of the ministry. I made no attempts to console him—I would not worry him with unavailing sympathy. “Let me alone,” is the heart’s remonstrance, when words are thrust into its desolate chambers. Unconsciously I followed the example so pathetically beautiful in the friends of the man of Uz, when they sat beside him “seven days and seven nights and opened not their mouth, for they saw that his grief was great.”

At length we alighted beside a mountain stream, and

seated ourselves upon one of those rounded masses of stone that so frequently puzzle the unlearned, and are of such interest to the scientific. Gilbert was the first to break silence.

“Ernest, there is that in the human mind forbidding it to hold within itself a solitary secret. We are made for fellowship with our kind, and our instincts revolt at whatever is buried in silence. We are made to impart our joyfulness, and to divide our burdens with others. Pardon me, dear Ernest, if I confess that I seek your confidence from a necessity of our being, rather than from a desire of sympathy. One who must henceforth live above humanity should check his yearnings for companionship. I must tell you the one fact of my life, which for years has imparted its coloring to the rest.

“It is now fifteen years since I first met Agnes Gordon. She was then a widow of perhaps twenty-five, or she might have been older, for I never thought upon the subject, any more than I did upon her beauty, which must have been of a high order; but she was so free from all vanity that my mind was rarely drawn to the fact; and there is that about a nobly constituted woman, that at once divests a man of sensuality and makes him superior to the fascinations of mere external attractiveness. There was around her a radiance of soul, a halo as of an inner life, investing her with a glory. She seemed to breathe of devotedness, if such a sentiment may be embodied in a human form and dwell in the air of a human movement.

“ I need not tell where nor how we first met, for I will not dwell upon the common-placisms of events, momentous although to ourselves, and involving rare contingencies, yet apparently natural and of every-day occurrence. Neither will I dwell upon the progress of a love that soon absorbed the soul of each, for neither of us could tell when nor how it grew between us. It was as if two spirits, each with a single wing had met, and folding their arms together became one, and perfect in their power of flight heavenward.

“ When I first told my love Agnes listened with a sweet down-cast look, and then her clear eyes met mine, like soul answering to soul; her gentle lips trembled, and her cheek was pale, but so holy, so loving, was the whole expression of her child-like face, that I started as at a new and sublime revelation.

“ She placed her two hands within mine own, and I called her ‘ Wife.’

“ Agnes looked earnestly in my face, and burst into tears.

“ ‘Thine, Gilbert, one with thee, like unto the Angels of God,’ she replied; and then she spoke of those mysterious affinities of soul, by which two beings are imperceptibly blended into one; how love between such is a necessity of their being, an ordainment, a fact. They are conjoined by God although often put asunder by men. She told of that yearning for companionship felt by every human being, a

craving of the spirit, harder to be borne than any material necessity ; and to love, to be beloved became a conservation to the soul. She went on.

“ ‘ Can you love me Gilbert, and yet never seek to bind me other than by this strong bond of affinity !—Love me as thy spirit-wife only ?’

“ I smiled at a spiritualism I scarcely believed real. Her hands trembled, and I saw the blood steal through the transparency of her cheek, her eye-lids drooped, and the tears started from beneath them.

“ ‘ Gilbert, I must tell thee all, even at the hazard of losing thee in this life, although I solemnly believe, that in the sight of God we are one. Gilbert, I am bound by a solemn vow, never to give this hand in marriage bonds. I can never be thine in the face of the world.’

“ I sprang from my seat, and cast her blessed hand from me ; and then I caught her wildly to my breast. ‘ My God, you shall be mine, even if’—I was silent—for Agnes fell as one dead in my arms.

“ Never, never shall I forget the emotions that swayed me in that brief period of her unconsciousness. I held the beautiful material within my grasp, and a cold terror seized me, lest the finer essence had departed at my fearful threat, and I, but half awakened to a sublime sympathy, was to be at

once bereft as a penalty for my impious love. She revived, and the music of her voice, the sweet eloquence of her lips, the endearing pathos of her every word, and the subtle winningness of her gentle air, ere long won me to her noble creed, and made me her worshipper, devoted and spiritual.

“She had been married in her early girlhood, before the strength of her own nature had been revealed to her; while her heart was as a pearl, buried in its purity, sealed up, cold and tranquil. She was a child careless of the morrow, and unconscious of the fearful momentousness of the vows she assumed; and not till their weight pressed upon her as a doom; not till she found herself yearning wildly for companionship and sympathy, did she realize how totally she was forever bereft of these. Then came the long period of depression and hopeless despondency—life without aim or joy, existence borne as a dread necessity—days and months in which gloom was only relieved by a deeper gloom, and but for principle and duty, the thread of life might have been voluntarily severed.

“But she was trustful, dependent, spiritual, and soon these affections destined to be idly wasted in this world, were transferred to heaven. A depth of religious emotion soon absorbed all others. Duty, self-sacrifice, constancy, and devotion, filled up the waste places of life.

“Gently and forbearingly she spoke of the blind selfishness of Gordon—how the consciousness that he held a place in her

duty, but no place in her love, often goaded him to fury. He became distrustful, and the natural selfishness of his nature grew tenfold more exacting. Petty jealousy, and habitual discontent, took possession of the unhappy man. Fretful and morose, he was content only while she was in his presence, while her slightest gayety filled him with suspicion. A tenacity of power, an assertion of claims, an imperceptible legality of mind, so to say, usurped the place of love. She belonged to him by legal bonds, and these should be recognized to the utmost.

“As the religious impressions of Agnes deepened, she learned to compassionate the deluded man, who had made so fearful a wreck of his peace—who in the bewilderment of fancy, had conjoined his maturity of character to one inexperienced, undeveloped, and altogether unlike his own. She pitied him for having lavished his soul upon one who could not respond to the boon. She ceased to think upon the wrong done to herself; ceased to blame him who had availed himself of her gentleness and ignorance of life to bind her in the fearful bonds that await only the severance of death; and a nobleness of sacrifice grew upon her. She felt as if called upon to make an atonement for that perversity of nature, that failed to find content where the law directed.

“She sometimes grew bewildered in the study of herself—feared she might be peculiar; one too coldly intellectual, too abstractly spiritual for human sympathy—and the restless void of the heart, the wild craving for companionship that so

often oppressed her, might be only the strugglings for the Infinite.

“It was in this state of mind, that she was called to the dying pillow of Gordon. Even at the threshold of the grave, the fearful selfishness of his passion held its ascendancy. Even there he who had debarred her fine nature from its free exercise; had shackled its freedom of choice, dared to go further, and fetter his victim after death should have cancelled the former bond. Yes, he, he, to whom the vistas of this world were closing forever, took her hand, warm with health, and youth, and vitality, within his cold, dying grasp, and bound her by a perilous oath never to yield that hand to another. And then he died.

“Years passed away, and we met. My God! the gulf that his selfishness had cast between us and happiness! I would not willingly believe such an oath to be binding. I used all the subtleties of logic to convince her that a promise extorted under such circumstances must be a nullity. That her state of mind was unnatural; that the mind itself was weakened by the preponderance of compassion, and therefore she had become as it were, irresponsible for its doings. Heaven forgive me! even while uttering this, I trembled lest it should corrupt her sense of truth—I hoped, and feared, and shuddered, for the vehemence of my love was bewildering my own clearness of perception, and I was in danger of wresting truth from its legitimate bearing, to meet the wants of mine own blind will.

Alas! alas! what human enormity might not in this way find an apology.

“But the mind of Agnes was clear as a sunbeam where truth was involved. She had taken the oath voluntarily upon herself—coolly, dispassionately—from what she had conceived at the time duty. She had taken it in the maturity of her judgment; and understanding, in part, from her fearful craving for sympathy, the sacrifice it might involve. Yet had she taken it in her sound mind and clear judgment, and she dared not reverse its doom.

“Enough! enough! We parted to meet no more on this earth. The sacrifice to be a sacrifice must be entire, complete. The love, the devotedness of this noblest of beings, became super-human in its elevated purity. She lifted me above myself, and gave my soul an assertion of its high claims, such as I had never before conceived to be possible. Certain hours of the day we devoted to inter-communion. One day likewise in the year, was passed by each in solitude—the anniversary of our meeting. And so perfect has been our sympathy, that we are often apprised through our own consciousness each of the state of the other’s mind.

“Our letters were written and marked, when designed to be opened on this anniversary of our meetings. The letters of yesterday were of this character, and accompanied by one from her only female friend who shared her confidence

announcing the fatal news. Alas! I needed it not. Blessed spirit! I felt in my own frame the shiver of thy disseverance.

“Ernest, you have shared my joy and my grief. God bless you! For few know the holiness of such a trust.”

Gilbert lived on, a graver man, it may be. When the sacred twelfth arrived there were no sweet records of devoted affection to meet his eye; and when I waited the long day of silence for his re-appearance, my heart misgave me that all might not be well. The hour of breakfast arrived, and all was yet silent. Trembling with apprehension I entered his room. Gilbert was seated by the table with his two hands folded together and his head resting upon them. As I lifted up his face a miniature met my eye. Great God! it was that of my noble, my sainted mother, and Gilbert—he was dead.

REMEMBERED LOVE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

RECALL the past? and wouldst thou dash the cup
Thy sweet hand lifted, to the barren earth—
Now that my grateful prayer is offered up,
And love grows conscious of its angel birth?
Thy nature is too kindly thus to lure
A weary pilgrim unto Eden's gate,
Then bid him once again the world endure—
By that fair prospect rendered desolate:
Recall the past? thou canst not; it is mine!
That look, those tones I will forever hold,
Such momentary rapture makes divine
Years that were else all listless, vain and cold:
Passion, caprice and fancy pass away,
But when love dawns, eternal is her day.

SISYRINCHIUM ANCEPS:—BLUE-EYED GRASS.

LINN. CLASS, MONADELPHIA ; ORDER, TRIANDRIA.

NATURAL ORDER, IRIDEÆ.

THIS beautiful little flower is found growing in meadows, and, as it seldom exceeds eight inches in height, is generally lost to the eye of the unobservant, hiding its sweet treasures of purple buds and sapphire blossoms beneath the shade of the more aspiring, though unadorned varieties of the grass tribe. It prefers a soil that is moist, though by no means swampy ; and is found in perfection during the month of June. It has no qualities to recommend it, save its simple beauty, and as such may well be chosen the emblem of maiden modesty.

This flower belongs to the Natural Order, Irideæ ; the members of which are slightly stimulating, and some are poisonous. Its scape or culm is simple, two-edged ; spathe, two-leaved : corolla, superior, six-cleft, tubular ; stigma, three-cleft ; capsule, three-celled.

VIEW ON THE HUDSON NEAR VERPLANCK'S POINT.

The view attached to this plate was taken from a meadow about four miles below Caldwell's Landing, on the Hudson, about forty miles from New York, overlooking the western portion of Haverstraw Sea or Bay, and embracing within its limits Verplanck's Point on the left, Stony Point with its lighthouse, and Grassy Point on the right; while the Haverstraw or Rockland Hills close the view. The highest summit of this range is seen towering over Grassy Point, and is called the High Torr, rising about seven hundred feet above the level of the sea, and affording one of the finest and most extensive views from its summit in the United States of North America.





BLUE-EYED GRASS.

SENSIBILITY.

“The Joy Untasted.”

AY, it is ever thus;—in every heart

Some thirst unslaked has been a life-long pang ;
Some deep desire in every soul has part ;

Some want has pierced us all with serpent fang ;
For who from such a brimming cup has quaffed,
That not one drop was wanting to life's draught ?

It comes to us in youth, that pining thirst,—

And then we seek to quench it at Love's spring,
Cheating the soul with visions, that, at first,

Seem bright and glorious as an angel's wing,
Till time and change o'ershadow them, and leave
The heart in deeper loneliness to grieve.

'Tis with us in our later life;—in vain

We win the sweetest draught of wealth or fame ;

Still in the bosom dwells th' unquiet pain,
Still burns, unquenched, unquenchable, the flame ;
The "joy" is still "untasted," and we wear
Our lives away in hope which brings despair.

How often are such repinings breathed out from the weary spirit, which has sought again and again to slake its thirst at some wayside fountain, but found only the brackish waters of the desert! Alas, that such things should be! Alas, that the soul, on whom God has bestowed a gift like that of prophecy, should be especially doomed to wander wearily through the world, vainly seeking for that perfect sympathy which can alone satisfy its thirst!

To men of common minds, sympathy comes under such common forms, and they are so content with its homely and inefficient ministry, that they know little of the pining want which those must feel to whom a loftier mission has been entrusted. The friend who will enter into their schemes of worldly aggrandizement,—who will encourage their hopes of gain, and quiet their fears of disappointment,—who will share the mirthfulness of their hours of health, and offer the healing draught in the chamber of sickness, is sufficient for the man who lives in outward things. And is not this enough? Why should we sometimes turn, almost with loathing, from the kindly, commonplace charities of our narrow-minded but benevolent neighbor, while we yearn with vain longing for something which shall minister to the wants of the soul? Why should we find ever a vacant place even in the fullest

heart? Why look into the recesses of our own nature only to learn that there are chambers tenantless and lone, through which even the voice of joy must echo like a wail of sorrow?

Heart, weary Heart ! what means thy wild unrest ?
 Hast thou not tasted of earth's every pleasure ?
 With all that mortals seek thy lot is blest ;
 Yet dost thou ever chant in mournful measure :
 " Something beyond !"

Heart, weary Heart ! canst thou not find repose
 In the sweet calm of friendship's pure devotion ?
 Amid the peace which sympathy bestows,
 Still dost thou murmur with repressed emotion,
 " Something beyond !"

Heart, weary Heart ! too idly hast thou poured
 Thy music and thy perfume on the blast ;
 Now, beggared in affection's treasured hoard,
 Thy cry is still,—thy saddest and thy last,—
 " Something beyond !"

Heart, weary Heart ! oh ! cease thy wild unrest,—
 Earth cannot satisfy thy bitter yearning ;
 Then onward, upward speed thy lonely quest,
 And hope to find, where Heaven's pure stars are burning,
 " Something beyond !"

Ay, this is the reply ;—it is because we must look beyond and above this world, that we are not permitted to find the communion of heart, which would make earth another

Eden. The poet has a prophet voice, and from the teachings of the oracles within him, does he learn to enkindle to nobler life the hearts of others. It is his duty and his privilege to awaken perceptions of the good, the beautiful, and the true ; and if he find no sympathy—if the dream of his life be unfulfilled,—the “joy” be still “untasted,”—yet may he trust that his spirit-tones will be heard in the far-off Heaven, where he shall at length “know as he is known.” Let him not faint beneath the heat and burden of the day. The wave that woos his thirsting lip may flow from the fountain of Marah ; but, in the blossoming almond rod of Christian hope, he may find the branch of healing for the bitter waters.

KALMIA LATIFOLIA—BROAD-LEAVED LAUREL.

LINN. CLASS, DICANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, ERICÆÆ.

THE calyx of the *Kalmia* is five-parted; corolla, wheel-salver form, with ten horns without and ten cavities within, containing the anthers until the pollen is mature; capsule five-celled, many seeded; leaves long-petioled, scattered, oval, smooth on both sides; corymbs terminal, with viscid hairs.

This unquestionably equals, if it does not surpass in beauty, any flower to be found on the continent of North America. There are two varieties of this species; one nearly white, and the other a pale rose color; the latter of which is represented in the accompanying plate. It is in full bloom during the months of June and July, and is found growing in woods, preferring a rather moist soil. It is an evergreen, and its leaves are very poisonous, while the fruit is narcotic and astringent. It forms a bush of considerable size, varying from three to fifteen feet in height.

FALL OF THE YANTIC, NORWICH, CONNECTICUT.

The Yantic is a small, though very picturesque river, rising in the eastern part of the State of Connecticut, and uniting at the city of Norwich with the Shetucket: their united waters form the Thames, which, after passing New London, enters the Atlantic ocean.

The fall here represented, is situated about half a mile above the junction of the two rivers; and although the volume of water is not large, as compared with some other falls, yet few exceed it in beauty. The wildness of the rocks, the rich masses of overhanging foliage; the transparent bay below, with a pretty island reposing on its bosom, altogether present a scene rarely to be equalled.

Not far from this fall, on the eastern side of the river, the tomb of Uncas, the well-known Indian Sachem, may be seen. It is a neat monument, enclosed from the public road near which it stands, and kept in good repair by the gentleman who resides a few yards from the spot.

No city or village in Connecticut, probably, can boast of so many wild and romantic scenes as Norwich. Two charming rivers hold it in their embrace, while the lofty hills on every side that surround it, afford some of the most extensive, varied, and delightful prospects that can well be conceived.





THE WILD LAUREL.

UNTAUGHT GENIUS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

BELIEVE him not, that rhyming, rakish Roman,
Who swore so roundly that a lover's quarrel
Between one Phœbus and some thick-shod woman,
First caused to sprout the leaflets of the laurel!

Why, long ago,—ere his Deucalion floated
Upon that freshet, which was so surprising
In that small world where every rill is noted,
As if it were a Mississippi rising—

Yes, long ere then, on Apalachia's* mountains,
Nannabozho† had seen the laurel growing,

* Washington Irving has done the young writers of this country a service, that should at least be appreciated by every versifier, in suggesting that this characteristic name for the United States, should be used in song, instead of the misapplied epithet of "Columbia."

† For the aboriginal myth of *Nannabozho*, see Schoolcraft's works. Also, "Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie."

With berries glassed in Adirondach fountains,
Or cup mist-filled near Niagara's flowing :

A crimped and dainty cup, whose timid flushing
Tinted the creamy hue of lips so shrinking,
He thought, at first, some sentient thing was blushing,
To be thus caught from such a cauldron drinking.

Plants then had tongues,—if we believe old story,
As told by red-men under forest branches,—
(Who still insist they hear that language hoary,
Ere mountain-woods descend in avalanches:*)

Plants then had tongues, and in their careless tattle,—
Each painted creature on its footstalk swaying,
Beguiled the loitering hunter with their prattle,
Secrets of Nature and old Earth betraying.

And once, they said, when Earth seemed fully freighted
With pearly cup, and star, and tufted blossom,
An Indian youth, with spirit all unmated,
On old Ta-ha-wus† flung his weary bosom.

He knew not, could not comprehend the feeling
That kept him mute, oppressed with thought unuttered,
That wild, wild sense of loveliness o'erstealing
Which urged his pent soul forth on wing unfettered.

* Forest Avalanches, or "Mountain Slides," as they are called in the language of our north country, are said to be preceded by a strange groaning of the trees. It is most probably, however, only the *grinding* of the loosened ground beneath them.

† The high peak of the Adirondachs.

Despairing and bewildered in his sorrow,
 He pressed with quivering lip the hollow mountain,
 As he its giant hardihood would borrow,
 Its free-voiced rushing wind and chainless fountain.

This for a savage to be sure was tender,—
 Whose hottest passion chiefly for the chace is :—
 And when his native soil refused to render
 Aught of response to her own child's embraces,—

He breathed into the ground vague thoughts of power,
 The yearnings of a soul in silence hidden ;
 Beneath the midnight sky, in that lone hour,
 Thought found a language by itself unbidden.

Then, with no human eye its birth beholding,
 No fostering plaudit human hands bestowing,
 First to the dew its glossy leaves unfolding,
 Sprouted the Laurel, from its own heart growing.

And still that type of native genius telleth,
 On barren rock, or lonely woodland bower,
 Not in *approval*, but in *utterance* dwelleth
 The Poet's craving, and the Poet's power.

THE VENGEANCE OF UNCAS.

“ For thou wert monarch born : Tradition’s pages
Tell not the planting of thy parent tree,
But that the forest tribes have bent for ages
To thee, and to thy sires, the subject knee.”—HALLECK.

AMONG the many beautiful pictures which adorn the chambers of my remembrance, there are few equalling in loveliness, that of the environs of Norwich, in Connecticut. Three beautiful rivers, the Shetucket, the Quinebaug and the Yantic, (the inhabitants of that part of our country have had the good taste to retain many Indian names,) unite to form the Thames, which sweeps with a short and rapid course into the ocean ; and at the junction of two of these rivers stands the city of Norwich. The approach to this place is exceedingly lovely. A bend in the river shuts off all view of its continuous course towards the sea, and the voyager finds himself, as he nears the city, on what seems to be the bosom of a large and tranquil lake. Cliffs clothed with the verdure of the hardier evergreens, tower above the level of the river, while every variety of forest

tree skirts their precipitous sides. The city, built on what, at first sight, appear terraces cut in the steep acclivities, has a most picturesque appearance. When the rosy light of early dawn has driven the mist from the wooded hills, while the tall warehouses at the brink of the river are illumined by the beams of the rising sun, and the strange irregular piles of houses are so strongly marked against the sky that one can distinctly trace the roofs of one line of buildings almost on a level with the foundations of another, the effect is beautiful beyond description. But on entering the place, the enchantment is speedily dissolved, and there is little beauty to compensate for the irregularity of a city built on a hill-side. The traveller who should be set down in that part of Norwich which is devoted to trade and commerce, and who should content himself with what he could behold from his Hotel window, would know little of a place which actually contains a greater variety of beautiful scenery than almost any domain of the same extent in our country.

About two miles northward of Norwich city is what is now styled Norwich Town ; and never was a lovelier spot hallowed by the affections and virtues of human hearts. A beautiful section of table-land lying just without the city, and bearing the humble title of "The Plain," is filled with villas and homesteads of tasteful and elegant appearance ; while many a massive looking mansion, seated in the midst of a fine green lawn, and surrounded by trees a century old, still remains to prove the antiquity of the place. I have one such now in my mind's eye,—a fine old building, not mounted up in the air like the modern houselings of our great city, but planted with

deep and firm foundations upon the earth, occupying *place* and not filling empty space ; with a wide hospitable-looking hall, and a broad richly carved staircase, the very sight of which brings one back to the days of the revolution, when the owner of this fair domain was the honored friend of Washington.

The country around abounds in fine views. Every variety of scenery, from the rugged pile of lofty rocks clothed in gray moss and covered with a scanty vegetation, to the soft greensward of the low-lying and sunny valley, is there found. But perhaps the peculiar charm which belongs to the environs of Norwich, may be found in the windings of its many rivers. It is scarcely possible to look out upon any point of view without beholding the flashing of water in the distance, or its glittering flow beside you. Other places may have hills and valleys, woodlands and meadows, but few spots can be found which combine with these such exceeding picturesqueness of rock and cliff, and such wealth of rushing waters, as the neighborhood of Norwich.

About a mile above the mouth of the Yantic is a scene of surpassing beauty. The river which has heretofore glided on in a quiet course through green meadows fringed with aquatic plants and moisture-loving trees, suddenly pitches over a rocky ledge into a narrow but deep ravine, that seems to have been cleft by some convulsion of nature. Huge masses are piled up directly in the path of the turbulent river ; and as the waters strike and divide on all sides, the narrow bounds within which they are confined compel them to go on flashing and

fretting against the broken sides and rifted fragments of the cliff, until they reach the outlet, which instantly widens into a broad smooth stream, so mirror-like that one would suppose nothing but the forest leaf had ever rested on its bosom. On one side of this ravine, the rocks descend so gradually that one may approach very near to the foaming waters ; but, on the other, a high precipitous rock, as perpendicular as if cut by line and plummet, rises to a great height just at that point where the river finds its outlet from this rugged pass.

It was while standing in face of that lofty precipice, with the rushing cataract making wild music in my ears, and the perfume of a thousand odoriferous shrubs mingling with the freshness of the spray-filled air, that I listened to the tale of human suffering which had hallowed that hard, cold rock.

In the year 1643, soon after the general confederation of the New England colonies, which subsisted until the abrogation of their charters by James the Second, and, for more than forty years, formed the chief security of the colonists, the Indians became so formidable and hostile that it was scarcely possible to prevent a general war. The chief instigator of this disquiet was Miantonimoh, chief sachem of the Narragansetts. He had attempted to place himself at the head of all the Indians in New England, and, failing in this, chiefly through the energy and courage of Uncas, sachem of the Pequods and Mohegans, he vowed deadly hatred against him. Uncas was, both by his father and mother's side, lineally descended from the royal line ; and his wife was the daughter of a distinguished Pequod

chief. At the time of the arrival of the English in the country, he was in rebellion against Sassacus, prince of the nation, and this circumstance no doubt contributed to make him the early friend and ally of the whites.

Miantonimoh, in the prosecution of his ambitious schemes, had hired a Pequod, one of the warriors of Uncas, to murder his chief. The traitor succeeded in shooting Uncas through the arm, and then taking refuge among the Narragansetts, proclaimed, through all the Indian towns, the death of Uncas. But when it was discovered that the sachem was only wounded, Miantonimoh, to screen himself, contrived a story by which it was made to appear that Uncas had cut his arm with a flint, with the insidious design of unjustly accusing the Pequod warrior. The suspected Indian, however, having soon after visited Boston in company with the Narragansett chief, was subjected to so severe an examination by the magistrates that no doubt remained of his guilt. Miantonimoh, pretending to be convinced of his treachery, pleaded hard to have the assassin delivered up to him, promising to send him to Uncas immediately upon his return. The Governor accordingly confiding in this promise, suffered him to go unmolested, and two days after, while on their homeward journey, Miantonimoh murdered the Pequod, in order to prevent his disclosure of the sachem's designs.

But little time elapsed before Miantonimoh, without proclaiming war, or affording Uncas the least intimation of his designs, raised an army of a thousand men, and set out

towards the country of his enemy. The spies of Uncas, however, perceived their approach, and though the chief was totally unprepared for such an attack, he suddenly gathered a body of four or five hundred warriors and determined to meet Miantonimoh before he should enter the settlement. The two armies met upon a large plain about three miles distant from the town. When they had advanced within bow-shot of each other, Uncas demanded a parley. Advancing in front of his band, he proposed to Miantonimoh that they should settle their dispute by single combat. Whether he was really actuated by a sort of chivalric spirit, and wished to avoid risking the lives of so many brave warriors in a personal quarrel, is still a matter of doubt. But with true Indian craft, he had concerted with his men a scheme of vengeance in case his proffer was rejected. No sooner did Miantonimoh utter a bold and fierce refusal, than Uncas fell flat to the ground, and his warriors discharging a shower of arrows over his prostrate body, rushed upon the Narragansetts with such fury that they were instantly put to flight.

Behind the retreating army rose the rugged cliffs of the Yantic falls, and as their enemies pressed them with savage fierceness, they were hunted down the rocks and precipices like wild beasts. In this terrible straight they had to choose between the tomahawk of their ruthless enemies glittering behind them, and the yawning abyss of greedy waters raging before them. At the foot of the rock which has been already described, is said to be an awful pit hidden beneath the rushing stream, whose depths have never yet been

fathomed. Into this frightful "hell of waters," the hunted Indians leapt. The waters flashed as one and another and another sprang into the chasm. A moment their dusky forms were seen struggling in the whirling mass, and then, drawn down by the strong under-current, they were swept beneath the tide.

Thus perished the last of Miantonimoh's warriors; but the sachem was reserved for a more cruel fate. As he was hastening to join his devoted band, two of the enemy, who were swifter of foot, passed him, and turned him back into the path of his pursuing foe. Uncas, who was a man of gigantic strength, sprang forward and grasped him by the shoulder. Miantonimoh saw that all was lost, and with the sullen pride of his race he calmly seated himself upon the ground, in perfect silence. He uttered not one word of remonstrance or entreaty; and, though compelled to witness the merciless butchery of his warriors, and the murder of his own brother, he scorned to uncloset his lips. Uncas, elated by his victory, spared his life for the present, and conducted him in triumph to Mohegan.

Some dispute occurring, soon after, between Uncas and a portion of the colonists, who, having purchased lands of the Narragansetts, were disposed to protect their sachem, the victor determined to carry his prisoner to Hartford, and ask counsel of the whites. The proud savage who had refused to employ entreaty towards his conquerors, now broke silence, and begged to be left in the hands of the English. To this Uncas consented upon condition that Miantonimoh should be held as *his*

prisoner, and the unfortunate chief was accordingly left under guard in Hartford.

Upon the annual meeting of the Commissioners of the Colonies, the whole affair of Uncas and Miantonimoh was laid before them. The treachery and evil designs of the latter being fully proved, it was decided that Uncas should be delegated to put him to death. But with a remarkable degree of squeamishness, they ordered that the murder (for it was little else,) should not be committed in any of the English plantations; and they *'advised'* that no torture or cruelty should be exercised towards the victim. Uncas was therefore directed to repair to Hartford with a band of trusty warriors to carry into effect the decision of the judges. The haughty sachem obeyed the welcome summons. He received the prisoner, and, accompanied by his warriors and also by "two Englishmen who were sent to witness the execution, and to prevent all unnecessary torture," (I use the words of the chronicler,) he silently marched his enemy to the spot where he had captured him. The instant they arrived at the ground, one of the warriors coming up behind Miantonimoh split his head with a hatchet, killing him with a single blow. In the quaint language of the same historian: "he was probably unacquainted with his fate, and knew not by what means he fell." The vindictive Uncas cut a large piece of the dead sachem's shoulder, and ate it in savage triumph, declaring it to be "*the sweetest meat he had ever tasted, for it made his heart strong !*"

The place of Miantonimoh's execution is about a mile and

a-half northeast of Yantic Falls, and is still known by the name of "Sachem's Plain." The Mohegans, by command of Uncas, buried Miantonimoh in the spot where he fell, and erected a rude pillar upon his grave, a memorial of which still exists.

On the summit of a hill which commands a lovely view of the lake-like outlet of Yantic Falls, is the burial ground of the Mohegans, and in that beautiful spot lie the remains of Uncas, the last powerful sachem of that once powerful tribe. A narrow ravine, which seems to have been originally the bed of a little mountain stream, leads from the brow of the hill directly to the river ; and up this defile the Indians always bore their dead to the place of tombs. The footsteps of white men have marked every rood of ground in the neighborhood, but with a spirit of forbearance, too unusual in the annals of civilization, the Indian death road and the Indian burial ground are still left free to the poor remnant of the red race which exists in the land. A small enclosure, within which has been erected a monument to the memory of Uncas, is still appropriated as the place of graves, and occasionally there may still be seen the melancholy spectacle of a few squalid miserable Indians, pacing with slow step the mountain pass, as they bear to its last resting place the body of some wretched degraded being, in whose veins ran the blood of the inheritors of the soil.

As I stood upon that green and tree-crowned hill, looking down upon the cove which puts in at its foot, it needed little imagination to picture such a scene. I could fancy the bark canoes sweeping over the tranquil waters,—the silent disem-

barkation of the funeral train,—their solemn tread up the dark and narrow ravine,—their dusky forms now lost in the gloom of the overhanging trees, now seen gradually emerging, until the waving plumes upon their stern brows, rose above the sides of the chasm, and they stood gathered in stoic calmness beside the grave of a brother.

Alas, for the poor Indian ! that small green spot is all he now can claim in a land once his by birthright and possession. Of all his wide domains, his hunting grounds and camps, his range of forests and his sweep of hills, nothing remains but the grave which he soon must fill, while his very name will exist only in the prejudiced records of the white man's history.

TRUE GREATNESS.

AYE, men may boast of conquerors, and tell
Of trophies that adorned a Cæsar's car,
Spreading his glory to the world afar,
Until his name becomes a mighty spell
To wake the hearts of nations :—it is well
That souls should thus be roused ; but, are there not
Far nobler triumphs in the humble lot
Of him who turns, when passion's hosts rebel,
Undaunted to the conflict ? then the heart
Against itself in warfare must arise,
While, one by one, the joys of life depart,
And e'en the hope that nerved the spirit dies :
Yet not to him are earthly honors given,
Enough if conquest win th' approving smile of Heaven.

CHIMAPHILA UMBELLATA—PRINCE'S PINE.

LINN. CLASS, DECANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, PYROLACEÆ.

THE Prince's Pine or Bitter Wintergreen, as it is sometimes called, flowers in July, remaining in bloom but a short time. Its petals are of a delicate white wax-like hue, which contrast beautifully with its richly variegated stamens and pistil, and its deep green shining leaves make it one of the prettiest flowers to be found in the wild woods. It delights in a dry and wooded situation, and is found in abundance in the neighborhood of the Hudson River. It grows from six to eight inches in height, and is an evergreen plant.

The calyx is five-parted ; petals five ; anthers beaked, with two pores at the base before and at the top after the opening of the flower ; style immersed ; stigma thick, orbiculate ; capsule five-celled, dehiscent at the angles near the summit ; leaves serrate, uniformly green, wedge lanceolate, with an acute base ; scape corymbed ; filaments glabrous.

VIEW NEAR POUGHKEEPSIE.

The view was taken near Crum Elbow Point, between Hyde Park and Poughkeepsie. This Point is a low rocky projection causing the river to describe a sudden curve, about a mile below the village of Hyde Park. The hills on the opposite side are quite high, and in some places precipitous, and from their summit very extensive and charming views may be obtained whether the spectator cast his eyes to the North or the South. The variety of sail seen coming up the river with a fair wind will be recognized as a familiar sight to any one at all conversant with the Hudson River.



PRINCE'S PINE, OR BITTER WINTER-GREEN.

HOPE IN SORROW.

THE MOURNER'S APPEAL.

FLOWERS, happy flowers ! methinks your tender eyes
Look kindly on me in my deep distress ;
Dwells there no healing virtue in your sighs ?
Have ye no balm the weary heart to bless ?
Can ye not give, from out your glowing hearts,
A freshness like the joy of childhood's hours ?
Or must I sadly feel, as youth departs,
Life's dial only once is wreathed with flowers ?

Stars, holy stars ! pure watchers of the night !
Is there no beam that points the way to hope ?
Amid a world of so much gladsome light,
Must I forever in thick darkness grope ?
Oh ! chase this vague wild horror from my thought,
Let me but feel Heaven pities my deep woe ;

My future years are with such anguish fraught
I would look upward,—peace dwells not below.

Since first my soul took cognizance of life,
I've looked on nature with a lover's eye ;
Amid the world's vain toil and bitter strife
I still have felt her gentle influence nigh :
Yet now, when in my agony I come,
Fleeing to her in refuge from despair,
Her shrine is cold,—her oracles are dumb,—
No sympathy nor solace wait me there.

'Tis that mine eyes are dimmed with frequent tears,
Else would I see a balm in every flower,
And find a light to chase my gloomy fears
In every star that gems the evening hour ;
'Tis that my soul is dark with sinful doubt,
And finds no promise in a world so fair,
Else would each star and fragrant bud give out
Its pledge that God,—our Hope, is everywhere.

PEACE.

OH ! seek her not in marble halls of pride,
Where gushing fountains fling their silver tide,
 Their wealth of freshness, to the summer sky ;
The echoes of a palace are too loud,
They but give back the footsteps of the crowd
 That throng about some idol throned on high,
Whose ermined robe, and pomp of rich array
But serve to hide the false one's feet of clay.

Look not for her in poverty's low vale,
Where, touched by want, the bright cheek waxes pale,
 And the heart faints with sordid cares oppress'd,
Where pining discontent has left its trace
Deep and abiding, in each haggard face ;
 Not there,—not there Peace builds her halcyon nest :
Wild revel scares her from wealth's towering dome,
And misery frights her from a lowly home.

Nor dwells she in the cloister, where the sage
Ponders the mystery of some time-stained page,
 Delving with feeble hand the classic mine ;

Oh! who can tell the restless hope of fame,
 The bitter yearnings for a deathless name,
 That round the student's heart like serpents twine!
 Ambition's fever burns within his breast,
 Can Peace, sweet Peace, abide with such a guest?

Search not within the city's crowded mart,
 Where the low-whispered music of the heart
 Is all unheard amid the clang of gold;
 Oh never yet did Peace her chaplet twine
 To lay upon base mammon's sordid shrine,
 Where earth's most precious things are bought and sold;
 Thrown on *that* pile the "pearl of price" would be
 Despised, because unfit for merchantry.

Go! hie thee to God's altar,—kneeling there,
 List to the mingled voice of fervent prayer
 That swells around thee in the sacred fane;
 Or catch the solemn organ's pealing note,
 When grateful praises on the still air float,
 And the freed soul forgets earth's heavy chain,
 And learn the seraph peace is always found
 In her eternal home on *holy* ground.

ERYTHRONIUM AMERICANUM—ADDER'S TONGUE VIOLET.

LINN. CLASS, HEXANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, LILIACEÆ.

THE corolla of this flower is liliaceous, inferior, six-petalled ; petals oblong-lanceolate, obtuse at the point, reflexed, having two pores and two tubercle-form nectaries at the base of the three inner alternate petals ; capsule somewhat stiped ; seeds ovate ; leaves lance-oval, maculate ; style clavate ; stigma three-lobed.

This is one of the earliest gifts of spring, being rarely found later in the season than the month of April, and delighting in low wet meadow lands. Its bright yellow petals, and its leaves ornamented with crimson spots, make it altogether one of the prettiest flowers to be found at this season of the year. Its height generally reaches from six to eight inches.

VIEW NEAR TIOGA POINT, PENNSYLVANIA.

This view was taken a few miles below Athens, Pennsylvania, on the Susquehanna river. Tioga Point, on the neck of which

the village of Athens stands, is a peninsular tract of land, formed by two rivers, the Chemung and the Susquehanna, which unite their waters about a mile below the village. Athens is a small, though rather pretty village, promising to become, however, a place of considerable importance, should the North Branch Canal and its continuation, the Chemung, ever be completed. The country around is broken, and on each side of the Susquehanna hills rise to the height of five or six hundred feet. From the summit of the highest, on the eastern side of the Susquehanna, the prospect is a glorious one. The courses of the two rivers can be traced for miles, winding among the hills and forests, sometimes lost apparently for ever, and then again appearing in the dim distance, at intervals brief yet beautiful. Below the spectator's feet the two streams unite their clear and rapid waters, while every house in the village of Athens, and every tree on the farm of Mr. Welles, the owner of the beautiful peninsula, can be distinctly seen. Away to the north stretches a beautiful undulating country, with here a village and there a farm-house, while in the middle distance is noticed an isolated hill of a nearly square shape, rising some two hundred feet above the general level, and said to have once been fortified. It is known by the name of Spanish Hill, though whence this term is derived is now impossible to decide.

From the spot whence this view was taken, the hills around Tioga Point are conspicuous in the distance.



THE ADDER'S TONGUE VIOLET.

JEALOUSY.

SONNET.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN

ALAS ! for he who loves, too oft may be
Like one who hath a precious treasure sealed
Whereto another hath obtained the key :
And he, poor soul, who there his all concealed,
Lives blindly on, nor knows that, mite by mite,
It dwindleth from his grasp ; or, if a thought
That something hath been lost, his mind affright,
He puts it by, as evil fancy-wrought,
Yet will there sometimes come a ghostly dread,
From which the soul recoils, and he will sleep—
Aye, sleep, and when he wakes, all, all is fled.
Thus we may garner up our hearts, and keep
A more than human trust, and yet be left
Despoiled of all. Of hope—of faith—of love bereft.

MA·MA·TWA AND MO·NA·WING.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.

“ Call not up
Amid thy fresh and virgin solitudes,
The faded fancies of an elder world.”

BRYANT.

MO·NA·WING was one of the loveliest of Indian maidens, but she was as timid as a young fawn, and no warrior of the tribe had ever ventured to approach her with the words of love, or dared to interpret the language of her tender eyes. She was yet a child, for she had only counted the blossomings of fifteen springs, and she dwelt in her father's lodge, exempt from toil and as free from care as a forest bird.

Not far from her home was a green dell, so hidden by surrounding rocks and interlacing trees, that it was difficult to discover the narrow pathway which led into its recesses. This spot was the favorite resort of the Manitto of flowers, and therefore it was that its soft green turf was always enamelled





with the loveliest blossoms of the changing year. But Mo-na-wing knew nothing of this. She only knew that it was a fair and secluded spot, where she could be alone in the presence of nature, and the timid girl loved it for its quiet beauty.

One summer day Mo-na-wing had loitered long in the sweet glen, and as she lay upon the soft grass, beneath the shadow of a spreading tree, sleep fell upon her eye-lids. She dreamed, and beautiful was the vision that blessed her slumbering eyes. Before her stood a boy, graceful but delicate as the waving willow-branch. On his head he wore a crown of the rich crimson blossoms of the Indian-feather, while a mantle woven from the silken tufts of the thistle down covered his shoulders. He bore in his hand a bow and arrows, but the bow was unbent, and the arrows, though barbed with the sharp thorns of the wild rose were feathered with its fragrant blossoms. His eyes were full of light, and his lips were as bright as the scarlet berry of the mountain ash.

Mo-na-wing gazed with tender awe upon this beautiful apparition, and a new delight filled her soul. Suddenly a strain of music, so sweet, so faint, and so strangely blended with the perfume of flowers that she could scarce tell which sense was addressed, rose upon the air, and as it died away, she heard these words :

Mortal, who, with gentle feet,
Roamest through my lone retreat,

Maiden, who with tender eye,
Watchest where the flowrets die,
Blessed art thou, for thy heart
Scorns to seek a lowly part,
Human love may never win
Soul that knows not earthly sin,
Human love is born for weeping,
Rest thee then where flowers are sleeping.

As the melody floated off upon the breeze Mo-na-wing awoke. A tiny branch of the wild rose, with its sharp thorns and blossomed spray, was lying upon her bosom, and then the maiden knew that the gentle Manitto of flowers had appeared to her. From that moment she considered herself under the especial guardianship of the sweet spirit. The love of flowers which had been only a girlish fancy, became a passion with her, and while her simple offerings were daily presented to the good being who now watched over her, she rejoiced to behold the manifestations of his continual care in the blossoms which seemed ever to surround her path. Wherever she went, she still found herself amid flowers ; and beauty was imparted to every spot gladdened by her presence ; for where her foot fell, there were sure to be seen bright and fragrant flowers springing up in the tiny print of her beaded moccassin.

Mo-na-wing was very happy, for her heart was pure, and her pleasures were the most sinless of all earth's joys. She had but to think of a flower when it was laid at her feet, and when she sat in the lonely dell where she now passed many of her hours, a single heart-warm wish was sure to bring the

beautiful spirit in visible presence before her. A sort of half dreamy listlessness would steal over her senses; and as the honey-dews of slumber fell upon her eyelids, the musical chimes of the Manitto's voice would awaken the echoes of her heart. But it was only when she was alone that he appeared as the youth of her first vision. If the wish to behold him rose up in her heart, as it often did, when her youthful companions were around her, then the soft faint music would sound in her ear alone; and in the joyous humming-bird which quivered among the flowers beside her, or in the many-tinted butterfly which rested on her cheek as if mistaking it for a rose, she could recognize the presence of the gentle spirit.

One day Mo-na-wing was crossing one of those deep and rapid streams which the mountain gorges send down toward the great river, when she was overtaken by a sudden thunder-storm. Her frail bark was driving rapidly down the current, when the Manitto, who perceived, though he could not prevent her danger, sent to her aid a young hunter who was at that moment clambering down the cliff towards the river-bank. The hunter plunged boldly into the stream, and seizing the prow of the canoe with one hand, while he supported himself in the water with the other, he guided the bark safely to a little cove where it was sheltered from the fury of the storm. Fervent was the gratitude of Mo-na-wing both to the hunter and to the watchful spirit who had sent him; and she vowed to offer her richest bracelet to the good Manitto for his timely aid.

But the storm lasted long, and hours had passed away ere the young hunter would venture the maiden's life on the turbulent waters. In the mean time Mo-na-wing had discovered that the youth was tall and stately, and of noble presence, bearing too in his eagle eye that look of power which always subdues a woman's heart. It was sunset ere the hunter conducted the maiden to her father's lodge; and when they parted, it was with a mutual promise to meet again. On the morrow Mo-na-wing arrayed herself in her gayest garb, and gathering the freshest flowers for her brow and bosom, awaited the visit of her preserver. He failed not to come, but he almost forgot to go, and when he bade her farewell, the shades of night had fallen, and Mo-na-wing found she could not visit the dell of flowers with her promised offering to the Manitto. That night the spirit visited her dreams. His face was sorrowful and the blossoms of his arrow heads were faded. But he uttered no reproach to the sleeping maiden. The tones of his musical voice were hushed, for the gentle spirit could not speak through tears.

When the beams of morning had dispelled the mournful shadows Mo-na-wing arose, and taking a wampum bracelet of great beauty, she bound it with a silver chain from her neck, and wreathing both with fresh flowers, she went forth to present her offering in the Manitto's dell. But ere she reached the enchanted knoll, on which her gifts were always laid, a light step printed the dewy grass beside her, and the young hunter was at her feet. Together they entered the secluded glen, together they offered their sacrifice, and together

they prayed for the protection of the Manitto of flowers. A murmur, as of a rushing wind, was their only answer ; but Mo-na-wing filled with troubled happiness by the new feelings which now thrilled her heart, looked in her lover's eyes, and forgot to fear.

Time passed on ; and at length it was known that Ma-ma-twa, the young hunter, was preparing his lodge for the reception of his bride. Daily were rich presents laid at the door of Mo-na-wing's father—and the value of the gifts offered by Ma-ma-twa attested the bravery of the lover, no less than the value of his love. In the meantime Mo-na-wing, unconscious of the jealous affection of the Manitto, did not fail to visit the dell daily with her lover ; and though the spirit appeared not as he had been wont to do, she attributed this to the presence of another mortal. Her offerings were laid, as usual, upon the grassy knoll ; and she sat for hours beneath the shadow of the sycamore where the Manitto had first shown himself to her dreams ; but she no longer yearned for the visible presence of the spirit. An earthly love had taken possession of her heart ; and the vague tenderness which had mingled in her religious veneration, now found a defined object in her lover.

But Mo-na-wing was not suffered to escape the usual trials of awakened hearts. There was a beautiful maiden in the camp, whose vain soul sought for empire over all that came near her. She was full of guile ; and the wiliness of her nature aided by her exceeding beauty, gave her almost magical power over the passions of men. She saw Ma-ma-twa and

she determined to win him from his gentle mistress. But her arts were all in vain, she could not shake the constancy of the lover; and baffled in her schemes she determined to be revenged. She visited Mo-na-wing in secret, and showing various love-gifts which she said were presented to her by Ma-ma-twa, she besought Mo-na-wing to spurn the love which was so lightly given and so falsely reclaimed. Mo-na-wing was very wretched, for she was as truthful as the light of day; and she suspected not the guile of others. She was too proud to reproach Ma-ma-twa with his inconstancy, and too timid to bear the thought of losing him. So she withdrew to the flower-dell and wept in secret over the trouble which was so new to her young heart.

She was alone and very sorrowful, when suddenly she heard the low music which preceded the Manitto's presence; and, looking up, she perceived him indeed before her. But he came not now in all the pride of spirit life. Seated on the knoll in an attitude of deep dejection, with his head bowed down upon his breast, and his clasped hands hiding his averted face, he seemed overwhelmed with grief. At length his voice, musical as the chime of the harebell, was heard, and in tones of mournful sweetness he sung:

Maiden, thou art doomed to feel
Grief no human hand can heal,
For thy heart has given to earth
Thoughts which were of heavenly birth.

Maiden, let the shadow flee,
I will set thy spirit free;

Let the guileful love depart,
Give me all thy sinless heart.

“ Too late—too late,” murmured Mo-na-wing sadly, “ I cannot silence the voice within my heart ; while he lives I am his in body and soul.”

As she uttered these words the Manitto rose to his feet ; his robe of mourning fell back from his heaving breast, and a strange dark smile flitted over his red lip as he sung :

There are secrets hidden deep
Where the sylvan treasures sleep ;
There are spells of mighty power
Lurking in the greenwood bower ;
Come with me if thou wouldst find
Chains the untamed heart to bind.

“ Oh give me such a spell” cried the impassioned girl ; “ give me a spell to bind Ma-ma-twa to me forever.” The cheek of the Manitto flushed, and the plumes of his flower-crown waved proudly, as he replied :

Where the hemlock’s branches dark
Overhang its caverned bark,
Hid from all, is safely laid
Honey by the wild-bee made,
Gathered in the moon of flowers,
Where old Cro’-nest proudly towers.

Flowers by spirit hands imbued
In that far-off solitude.
Gave the dews, which, mingle well
Love's resistless, maddening spell.

Wouldst thou win a charm of might,
Seek that honied store to-night ;
To thy lover's lip impart
Sweetness from the flowret's heart :
And his latest thought shall be
Fraught with tenderness for thee.

Mo-na-wing's heart grew light as she listened to the Manitto's words, and she awoke from her pleasant dream only to go directly to the old hemlock which overhung the entrance to the Manitto's dell. Concealed in the cavity of the hollow trunk was a honey-comb as rich and luscious as if just gathered from the summer flowers. A green leaf, folded into a cup by her delicate fingers, served to bear the precious treasure, and with a beating heart she hurried to her home.

The shadows of the tall trees were flung in lengthened lines towards the eastern horizon, when Mo-na-wing approached the lodge, and her bosom thrilled as she beheld Ma-ma-twa sitting at the door awaiting her return. Her impatient love forbade any delay, and beckoning him to approach, she seated herself at the root of a gnarled tree, which bordered a marshy lake of flowers, and offered him the magical honey. Smiling gently at the earnestness of the girlish creature, who could find so much excitement in so small a success, and not dreaming

of any secret power in her simple offering, the hunter ate of the honey, and raising the folded leaf to the lips of his beloved, he bade her share the feast with him. A sweet interchange of love-language now followed,—gentle words almost meaningless, and tender looks far more expressive, until the lovers were in a sort of delirium of joy ; when suddenly a voice was heard as if rising from the earth beneath their feet :

Now his heart is thine forever,
By a bond no hand may sever,
In the laurel flowrets lie
Dews that dim the human eye,
And the honey-bee may sip
Sweets that seal the human lip.

Ere the words had ceased to vibrate in their ears, a strange and terrific change had come upon the maiden. Her feet grew rooted to the earth, her graceful form became attenuated in its fair proportions, the arms which she strove to raise toward her lover, retained their position while they lost all semblance to humanity, and as she bowed her head towards her bosom, her delicate features became as it were blurred by the deep yellow tint which overspread her face. The maiden was lost forever ; and in the place where she had sate appeared the flower which still bears her name. In vain did her lover call upon her ; in vain did he seek to clasp the rapidly changing form of his mistress. A transformation equally frightful was doing its work with him. The tones in which he pronounced her name grew plaintive and querulous, his outstretched arms were clothed

in soft and downy plumage, the feathers of his head-dress became blended with his thick black locks, and his robe of dressed skins seemed to clasp him more closely while it slowly changed into a vesture of feathers. Ere he had time to pour his heart's wail over his gentle mistress, a new sense of freedom and bouyancy led him to rise from the earth. Poised on a branch of the old tree which overhung the new-born flower, he carolled his delicious and heaven-piercing strains, while the mingled emotions of a soul once human, gave a variety to his notes which still ranks the Ma-ma-twa among the sweetest of all songsters.*

* The Adder's Tongue Violet bears the name of Mo-na-wing in one of the Algonquin dialects, while the Ma-ma-twa is well known to all urchins under the luckless *soubriquet* of "Cat-Bird."

CAMPANULA ROTUNDIFOLIA—HARE-BELL.

LINN. CLASS, PENTANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, CAMPANULACEÆ.

THE calyx of this flower is five-parted ; corolla bell-form, five-cleft, closed at the bottom by valves bearing the flattened stamens ; radical leaves heart-renaliform crenate ; cauline ones, linear, entire ; panicle, lax, few-flowered ; flowers nodding. Radical leaves wither as soon as the flower expands.

It delights in a rocky soil, and blooms during the months of July and August.

LESPEDEZA PROCUMBENS—CREEPING LESPEDEZA.

LINN. CLASS, DIADELPHIA ; ORDER, DECANDRIA.

NATURAL ORDER, LEGUMINOSÆ.

THE calyx is five-parted, two-bracted, minute ; divisions nearly equal, keel of the corolla transversely obtuse ; leaves

ternate, oval ; peduncles very long ; flowers in setaceous spikes ; legumes naked.

This variety of the *Lespedeza* family is found in the months of July and August, preferring a light and rocky soil to any other. It seldom attains a greater length than eighteen inches, and although sometimes found growing nearly upright, is more generally seen lying near the surface of the ground.

VIEW ON THE HUDSON—UPPER ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS.

In this view the Hudson is seen entering the gorge of the Highlands on its way to the ocean. To the right appear the bold and precipitous sides of Butter Hill, while receding in the distance may be noticed Crow-Nest, and the mountains around West Point, though the Point itself is concealed by the projection on the left. Bull Hill and Break-neck Hill are seen on the left, and the small rocky island called Pollipell's island, occupies nearly the centre of the river.

The sketch was taken from a spot about six miles below Fishkill Landing, which is a small village opposite Newburg, on the eastern side of the Hudson.



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H A R E - B E L L .

LOVE'S MUSIC.

ANSWERED LOVE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN,

LIFE'S chalice sparkles to the brim once more !
Such pure endearments vital good impart,
How blest this glimpse of a celestial shore !
How god-like this o'erflowing of the heart !
It is no dream ;—her pale, impassioned face,
Her answering glance so liquid, warm and deep,
Those fervent tones, that long and hushed embrace,
Were not the offspring of enchanted sleep ;
Yet, yet I hear each soul-endearing word,
My ravished ear those strains delicious fill,
And every pulse that joy tumultuous stirred,
With a remembered transport vibrates still :
This hour absolves me from time's hopeless reign,
And with one golden link redeems his wasting chain.

POLLIPELL'S ISLAND.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

“I tell over these reputed tales, be it for nothing else than in favor of our Poets, but will not recount the year lest I should be vainly curious about the circumstances of the things whereof the substance is so much in the dark.”

MILTON.

THE learned Mr. Schoolcraft in noticing the *Weendigoes*, and other fabled races of Giants among our aborigines, alludes no where to the miraculous performances of the famous Giant POLLIPELL. His memory belongs indeed to a school of traditions entirely distinct from those which characterize the favorite Algonquin family of that able Ethnographer; still the omission is not unworthy of note when coupled with the fact that the early Jesuit writers upon this country who are so minute in describing the marvels of the New York and Canadian wilderness, have in the same unaccountable manner utterly suppressed his name. It is a mystery, worthy of much closer enquiry than we have the leisure to bestow, how these last faithful chroniclers—who have transmitted such careful

accounts of strangely formed beasts and monstrosly endowed men, supposed in their time to exist upon this new continent—how they could possibly pass over in silence the Herculean feats of that remarkable individual whose very name alone has made famous throughout the earth one of the smallest possible islets in the whole course of the majestic Hudson. For who has ever heard of the HUDSON without hearing of THE ISLAND OF POLLIPPELL? and who—though dying with curiosity to know “who was Pollipell”—who would be willing to betray his ignorance of a name so familiar? Surely no one! The *greenest* tourist over that storied wave would not blush more dunce-ishly if compelled to ask “who was Hendrich Hudson.”

We will not insult the reader by presuming that we could enlighten him by a direct reply to so ignorant a question; knowing at the same time that he will absolve us from all intentional impertinence if it should be necessary hereafter to allude incidentally to the personage who gave name to the island while pursuing the present cursory enquiry in relation to the peculiarities and history of this celebrated spot.

Pollipell's Island then—in shape like a cloven-cone, tufted here and there with scrub-oaks and evergreens—will, to the eye of many a gazer, often change its position when viewed from the adjacent head-lands. These changes, as some of the most learned professors of the neighboring National Academy have not disputed—these apparent changes of position are not explainable by any new law of optics as yet discovered. They are called “*apparent*” because each fresh observation that has

been taken with the improved instruments of that institution determine the latitude and longitude of the island to be very nearly if not exactly the same as we find it laid down in the earliest charts of the river. *But*—and moreover—though the island is always found, by those who actually land upon it—yes we may say invariably found to be near the *Eastern* shore of the Hudson, and (to the natural vision) almost upon a direct imaginary line that might be drawn between the bases of Break-Neck Hill and the mouth of the Mateawan, yet, viewed at a distance it often presents itself as dividing the channel of the river into two equal parts; seeming then to lift its crest from the very centre of the broad waters of Newburgh Bay! While, again, when the last rays of sun-set are streaming against the sides of the Fishkill mountains it will appear to have passed *across* the jaws of the Highlands and lie so closely under the shadowy western shore—springing, as it were from the very base of Butter Hill, that a geologist would swear it was only some huge boulder detached from the well seamed sides of that craggy mountain.

Now to suppose that the granite rock of Pollipell thus changes its position from being lifted or moved indeed in any way by the tides, which rush so forcibly through the narrow pass below it, to make this supposition we say seems preposterous in the extreme; and none but the most ignorant and credulous can for a moment admit such an hypothesis. Yet the phenomenon of a *floating island* is by no means unknown among the myriad lakes and countless streams of the state of New York. “Adams’ Pond,” or Cawaynoot, in Washington

county and lake Igoma, or "Superior," in Sullivan, were both in former times, visited by the curious who would witness a natural curiosity of the kind. We ourselves saw the latter some years since; at a season of the year indeed most unpropitious for bearing personal testimony to the fact of its solitary islet being buoyed up upon the waters, for the lake, frozen over at the time, was covered with a deep snow, yet we had the best circumstantial evidence that such a freak of nature did exist or rather had existed within a very brief period.

We had stopped at a saw-mill in company with the proprietor of a large timber tract, in the heart of which the lake is situated, when our attention was drawn to the more interesting feature of the locality, by the incidental remark of one of his woodmen.

"I don't think the island will give us any more trouble, sir," said the man, "but last fall when it drifted into the outlet of the lake here it choked the stream so that we had to stop the saw-mill for a week."

A little wooded peninsula, now rigidly imbedded in ice, being pointed out to us as the once vagrant islet, naturally suggested an enquiry as to its intermediate travels.

"A storm *druv* it out into the lake," said the forester, "and then we went to work to *fix* it, so that it will hardly trouble us more."

Upon subsequent enquiry, we learned from the owner of the tract, that the miller and his men had gone with boats and, by the aid of ropes made fast to the trees, had towed the island from the centre to the side of the lake, and by felling trees upon the main so that their branches should fall upon and interlace with those growing upon the island, secured it permanently to one of the shores between which it must have vibrated for ages before becoming thus moored by artificial means.

Meditative Reader, does not such a wild freak of nature as the production of that island and such a simple contrivance of human ingenuity for converting it into a peninsula, call forth a world of wholesome reflections in thee? Think of the delicate accident which must have brought the floating boughs together which probably formed the first germ of that little aquatic planet-ling! How silently and unobtrusively must the congeries have collected not to have awakened the suspicion of the storm-king, ever on the alert to disperse them! Only conceive then the mosses, the plants that must have grown and decayed to form the soil which produced those bushes which afterwards become like sails to move the islet. Think of the combinations of circumstances, through countless years, which permitted the mass of fibrous earth to hold together while drifting upon the storm-vexed lake until larger and tougher roots could lace it through and through, and bind it compactly enough in all its parts to support its present more lordly growth. And then think of the birds of Heaven building safely in that forest, while it still toppled on the waves, and the beasts of those wilds making their lair upon a spot where they would be literally "rocked" in their slumbers.

They say that in summer it abounds in flowers of every description. Alack, alack, dear lady reader, how, with thee "fair spirit, for a minister," (and a small carpet bag,) we would like to step aboard of that enchanted island, and float away to some clime where those flowers would bloom forever! Shall we not unite in quarrelling with the man by whose agency it was bound as now to common earth? That fairy islet! *Earth-bound* by human expediency, how many a bright and floating creation in the world of thought does it typify!

The fate of this captured and manacled islet, which has detained us too long from more serious disquisition, is, however, common to the whole class of beautiful monstrosities to which it belongs. For these floating bogs, or submerged rafts, (such being generally the original formation of these amphibious acres of verdure,) seem always sooner or later to get stranded on some shoal, where if unmolested by violent storms they will after a season or two become permanent fixtures. Sometimes indeed they get wedged among rocks, over which they gradually extend their vegetation and which thus incorporated with themselves as it were, give them the aspect of having been anchored there since Time began. Two such islands, formed probably in this way originally, are said to have crowned a reef and a shoal in the bay of New York, which are still visible at low water: and tradition, which gives *five* as the original number of islets in that beautiful harbor, yet preserves a vague memory of the storm by which two of those were broken up, swept away, and obliterated. The immense quantity of drift wood for which the Hudson was once noted, with the position

of this shoal and reef, immediately opposite the mouth of the river, and nearly in the rear of an islet still existing, with the attending fact that some of the early voyagers mention five, and even six as the number of islands in the bay, establish this tradition as perfectly reliable.

Not so, however, with that old legend which would make us believe that the solid granite of Pollipell's island once floated about Newburgh bay, thumping and grinding against its iron headlands, and that even now, anchored by a huge grape vine, it swings to and fro in the jaws of the Highlands, threatening at times to close them up completely. Yet the story, absurd as it is, has that in its very extravagance which may recommend it to some minds ; and now that the grave attention of Geologists has been turned to the well known, but still inexplicable phenomenon of what are called "creeping rocks," observable in some of our northern lakes, and of which Sebago pond in Maine is popularly noted for so remarkable a specimen, a new interest attaches to the ingenious fancies of our aborigines when conceiving or explaining these mysteries of nature.

These geologists too, are raising some queer questions about former feats of this mighty river, which have no slight bearing upon the dignity of our present subject. An enormous boulder of granite for instance, a rock nearly one fourth the size of Pollipell's island, is found sixty miles from the Hudson Highlands, upon the flat shores of Long Island. Drawings and measurements are made of it : a broken cliff in the Highlands is also measured, examined, and every line in its profile minutely

ascertained, until the learned have no hesitation in deciding that the mysterious Long Island boulder originally belonged near West Point; and, if human *power* could carry back this truant mountain fragment, human *ingenuity* would be in no way taxed to piece it on to its parent cliff as neatly as one could fit a bit of china clipped from the edge of a tea-cup yesterday. We know not whether these learned gentlemen make ice or fire the motive power, or rely only upon the improved water carriage of a deluge for their agent in this long conveyance of a naked crag to the ocean border: one thing is certain, however, we have now no traces of how or where this unwonted tourist passed over the country. Not so, however, with Pollipell's Island! originally, a crest of one of the Highlands there is not only a mountain lake, (into which by the way it will be found, by measurement, to fit as nicely as a peanut in its shell,) there is not only this mountain tarn on the summit of the hill from which it was plucked, but its *rasped* pathway down the mountain, which from its barren yawning aspect, bears the name of "Hungry Hollow," is plainly visible to this day.

The Physiologist must determine the period at which that vast lake, once dammed in by these Highlands—traces of whose western border are still plainly visible along the terraced edges of the Shawungunk mountains—the Physiologist must trace the period when it burst its southern barrier, and swept through the pass of West Point to meet and commingle with the ocean tides. The Poet, mindful only of so grand a convulsion, surveys the enormous remains of gigantic animals, dug out from

its ancient bed,* and passes at once in imagination from the dry contemplation of dates to the scene once presented by the inland sea from which they drank, diversified by the myriads of islands which now form mountain-tops around.

Mr. Jefferson, in his "notes upon Virginia," referring to a similar convulsion, and change in the aspect of nature, when the Potomac burst its way through the famous pass at Harper's Ferry, incidentally alludes, in the same connection, if we recollect aright, to an aboriginal tradition which accounts for the disappearance of the mammoth upon our atlantic border by making him retire with such trepidation from that wild commotion of matter, that he bounded over the Ohio in his fright! The Iroquois legend of New York strikes us as much finer. The *Ot-ne-yar-heh*, or stonish giants, † whose power was so terrible in the land at that day, at this point it seems first encountered the wrath of CHEMANITOU, who ultimately destroyed them for their crimes. Those strange flinty men, it is said, built their lodges like beavers, partly under the water. The bed of this great lake was covered with their habitations, and when a power stronger than theirs pierced the firm hills, and by draining the lake, would expose their dwellings to his thunderbolts, the stonish giants drove vast herds of the mammoth into the greedy sluice, in their first frantic effort to close up the chasm! striding

* The famous skeleton of the Mammoth, in Peale's Museum, Philadelphia, was exhumed from the "drowned lands," in this valley, near the base of the Shawungunk mountains.

† See "Wild Scenes of the Forest and Prairie."

then over the rocky ramparts of the Highlands, they tore off the mountain peaks, and succeeded so well in their first efforts to block up "the crevasse in their dam" that the reflux wave swept back those monstrous carcasses to the ancient banks, where their bones are found to this day.

It was in this fearful conflict, it is said, that the huge rock, known ever since as Pollipell's Island, was wrested from its position, where cresting one of the mountains near, and pinacled with pines that seemed to pierce the skies, it offered itself to the furious grasp of one of the most powerful of the *Ot-ne-yar-heh*; who, hurling it into the roaring gulph below, bade his unearthly comrades anchor the rock where it fell, to prevent its sweeping through the jaws of the pass, which it proved not large enough to choke up entirely. It may be proper to say here, however, that this version of the legend is disputed by some, who insist that as another mountain (Break-neck) intervenes between the island and Hungry Hollow, where its descent can be so plainly traced, Pollipell's could clearly not have been thus summarily transplanted by the single act of an individual. The almost resistless strength of the giant POLLIPPELL, the leader of the *Ot-ne-yar-heh*, (whom some would absurdly identify with the classic Poliphemus,) might indeed, say they, have borne it from its original seat and given an impetus which would have sent it, like the celebrated *slide* of the White Mountains in our day, cleaving its terrible path into the valley; but there his confederates must have taken it in charge, and towed it a mile or more up the river before they could anchor it in its present position. If this supposition be the true one we must be permitted to

surmise that no beings, unless endowed with the strength that is claimed for those aboriginal giants, could have worked such a craft up the current that must have been running at the time the Hudson broke its way through the Highlands.

In conclusion, it may be said, that as for the grape vine by which these primitive navigators moored the island, that must have been somewhat stronger than the chain cable, which, at the period of the Revolution spanned the river a few miles below. This is, however, a region of wonders, and that Pollipell's island does actually change its position is proven by the fact that for the last hundred years every land surveyor who has run his lines over property adjacent, on either side of the river, has managed to bring it within his plot; until now there are so many claimants to the rock that a yacht club, who would make it their head quarters, can find no one to give a good title. The remains of an old powder magazine in a natural hollow of the rock, would indicate that either the State or the General government are the true owners of this queer, knotty, marvellous, and storied little cock-boat, changeling, and hermit of an island.

ROSA PARVIFLORA—WILD ROSE.

LINN. CLASS, ICOSANDRIA ; ORDER, POLYGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, ROSACEÆ.

THE Calyx of the rose is urn-form, inferior, five-cleft, fleshy ; petals five ; carpels numerous, bristly, fixed to the side of the calyx within ; tube of the calyx depressed, globose, and with the peduncles hispid ; petioles pubescent, sub-aculeate ; stem glabrous ; prickles stipular ; leaflets lance-oval, simply serrate, glabrous ; flowers sometimes in pairs.

This variety of the Wild Rose is generally found of a bright crimson color, and delights in dry and rather sandy soils, attaining a height varying from one to three feet. It is fond of growing among bushes and low shrubbery, amid whose deep-green foliage its blushing petals and ruby buds glow with gem-like beauty. In tangled brake, and wood-land dell the wild rose is always found ; and although many more brilliant wild flowers adorn our forests, there are few which find such universal favor.

VIEW ON STATEN ISLAND, NEAR THE TELEGRAPH STATION.

This view was taken about two miles south of the Quarantine, and embraces within its range Fort Tompkins on the right, the Telegraph on the point of high ground near the centre of the picture, while below it, near the water's edge, may be seen the half-moon Fort, and in the distance lies Coney Island, beyond which the waters of the broad Atlantic terminate the view.

Fort Tompkins, as well as the Half-moon Fort, was erected during the second war with Great Britain, by the state of New York, although now in the possession of the United States.

Not far from the spot where this view was taken, were the head quarters of General Knyphausen, commander of the Hessians, during the revolutionary war ; and in the year 1841 there was excavated near the Telegraph, at about ten feet below the surface, a large quantity of bullets, bayonets, sword blades, and other military weapons.

This Telegraph is the connecting link between the one on Sandy Hook, and that on the Merchants' Exchange in the city of New York.

The views from this part of Staten Island are extensive and highly picturesque.



THE WILD ROSE.

SIMPLICITY.

THE ROSE LEAF.

TO * * *

THERE is an academy at Amadan whose statutes are : “ we think much, write little, talk less.” When Dr. Zeb applied for admission, his rejection and its cause were typified by placing before him a cup, so exactly filled with water that the slightest increase must make it overflow. The Doctor replied in the same symbolic language, by placing a rose-leaf upon the top of the water, without displacing a drop. The silent assembly departed for once from their wonted habits, and received the ingenious candidate among them by acclamation.

Not in thy heart, where Love has reared alone
His watch-tower to the skies would I abide ;
Nor would I be the worthless foam-wreath, thrown
For one brief hour, on Passion's rushing tide.

THE ROSE LEAF.

I would be numbered with each gentler feeling,
 Treasured with memories of thy by-gone years,
Loved with vague, dreamy tenderness, concealing
 Nought to disturb the heart, or waken tears.

Be mine the sage's meek, unuttered prayer,—
 I would not make thy brimming cup run o'er,
But let me be the rose-leaf resting there
 To drink new freshness, and I ask no more.

THE VILLAGE GIRL.

ONE of the wildest and loveliest of hoydens was Kate Lisbourne. Her dark complexion, her glittering black eyes, and the thick masses of her short curling hair, gave her a very gipsey-like look, while she seemed to have imbibed no small portion of the spirit of those free and lawless people. From her childhood she had been a sad romp, and she could not be brought to feel that at seventeen she was bound by any more restrictions than she had been at seven. Her merry laugh rang through the house from morning till night, and the sound of her dancing footsteps, (for she never walked demurely, and properly as a young lady should,) inspired every one with cheerfulness. She was like an embodied sunbeam, for her presence diffused light and joy wherever it appeared.

Yet, sooth to say, pretty Kate was not one of the utilities of a household. Books she regarded with a cordial hatred; needlework was her detestation, for she could never master the mysteries of side-stitching, gaging, overhanding and hemming; and music was a perfectly stupid affair when she was compelled

to sit down before a piano to discover the sympathy between ivory keys and black-headed notes. But she had those quick perceptions which make a person wiser than mere book-learning; and if she did not know much about feminine employments, she had delicate womanly instincts, and an inherent sense of order and neatness; while her voice was perfect melody, and her untaught songs, like the carol of the forest-bird, seemed to gush forth from the overflowing of a joyous and thankful heart.

Poor Kate! she had lost her mother when she was too young to feel the bereavement; and the fond love of an indulgent father had been her only guide. No wonder she knew so little of the decorum of young-ladyism. She had always dwelt too in a little country village, where her father's moderate fortune was comparative wealth; and happy in her own joyous impulses, she had never known a want or felt a sorrow.

Once, and once only, had Kate been made sensible of her own defects. Her cousin, Harry Leighton had once spent some weeks with her father, and during his visit, she felt most painfully the difference between her own manners and those of the polished and refined youth. Yet he was so kind, so gentle, and so good, that although she was daily mortified by some ebullition of her own irrepressible gayety, yet she could not but regret the moment of his departure, and cherish a tender recollection of him long after she fancied he had forgotten her.

Kate had counted her eighteenth summer when the sudden death of her father first acquainted her with real grief. Her only living relatives were the Leightons ; and when her cousin Harry hurried to share her sorrow, he bore with him a request from his mother that Kate should hereafter take up her abode with them in the city of ——. The orphan gladly accepted this proffered kindness ; and looking forward with the buoyancy of youth to the pleasures of a city life, left her home with little regret.

Mrs. Leighton, who had so kindly offered Kate a home, (which, by the way she did not actually need, as her father's pretty cottage was now her own,) was one of those persons who are "content to dwell in decencies forever," and who find, in the respect of society, ample reward for all sacrifices of feeling and affection. Possessing much practical good sense, she was yet incapable of enlarged or original views. She saw every thing through the distorted medium of worldly opinion, and she had fixed certain theories in her own mind, to which she wished all within her influence to agree. There was no softness, no tenderness about her, and she could make no distinction between a violation of the rules of etiquette and a breach of the moral law. She might be described, in a few words, as one of those *cast-iron* women, whom time may rust and corrode, but can never soften.

This pattern lady had five daughters, who had been moulded in her own image, mentally as well as bodily. They looked like her, walked like her, talked like her and thought like her ;

while they regarded her with a species of blind reverence very flattering to her vanity. But her only son, the "cousin Harry" of Kate's early reminiscences, was far more impracticable than his sisters. He had fine talents and studious habits ; but there had always been so many restrictions on his freedom of will in boyhood, that he learned to look with perfect hatred upon every thing which seemed like a fetter to his spirit. His mother was ambitious, and the wish to see Harry occupying a conspicuous station in society, either as the wisest or the richest of his associates, had been cherished ever since his infancy. But Harry had imbibed so thorough a dislike of all unnecessary restraints, and had learned so well to love the liberty of thought and action which he now enjoyed, that he had no idea of putting himself into the trammels either of a professional or mercantile life. The decided bent of his genius was artistic ; he had the eye and hand which could embody visions of beauty upon the glowing canvass ; and as his competent fortune enabled him to consult his own wishes in the matter, he resolved to devote himself to the art which he loved. His mother, however, had no sympathy with such tastes. To her a painter was a painter, whether he daubed signs, or depicted forms of breathing loveliness, and she was mortified beyond measure.

Kate Lisbourne was not likely to be very happy in such a household. At first her grief so subdued her natural vivacity that there was little to blame except her ignorance and her disregard of etiquette ; but these were great grievances to Mrs. Leighton, and she determined to educate the untamed girl to suit her own standard of propriety. She first undertook to

teach her needle-work, and it was surprising to see how soon Kate caught all the necessary knowledge of that which had once seemed so mysterious to her. Perhaps the wearisome monotony of her present existence tended to give a new charm to the occupation, but, certain it is, that the poor child acquired in a month what had been to her five cousins the labor of a life, and found in the quiet toils of the needle a resource for many a heavy hour.

But vain were all her aunt's endeavors to bend her pliant mind into the constrained attitudes of fashion and frivolity. Kate would sing her plaintive songs in the solitude of her chamber, but she would not sit for six hours a day perked up before the grand piano in the drawing-room. She had a fairy-like step, and the most perfect grace was evident in every free motion of her delicate form; but she would not learn contortion from a French dancing-master, nor would she adopt the straitened garb of fashion. Then too she was continually offending against propriety. She had been known to laugh outright at the platitudes of one of the richest young men in society,—had yawned almost in the face of a prosy old gentleman when he talked to her of his lonely widowhood,—nay, she had even ventured, upon more than one occasion, to blurt out her own crude opinions upon some mooted point of etiquette, in such a manner as to disconcert, most effectually, the upholders of fashion's despotism.

Poor Kate! she was like a forest-bird, suddenly caught and caged. Her cousin Harry looked calmly on, never interfering

except to save her from positive oppression. He knew exactly the degree of discipline her wild temper needed, and he restrained his own impetuous feelings, for the sake of her future welfare. So he read, and studied, and painted, and lounged in the drawing-room with his sisters and cousin, but seemed to be gifted with one of those happy, *poco-curante* tempers which nothing can ruffle or disconcert.

* * * * *

Two years had nearly passed away since her father's death, when Kate, one morning, entered unannounced into her cousin's painting-room.

“Cousin Harry, I am going home ;” says she.

“What do you mean Kate ?”

“I am going back to my own dear home ;” said she, bursting into tears. “I cannot bear this kind of life any longer. I am tired of being snubbed and scolded. I am sick of hearing how often I mortify the pride of your mother and sisters. I am not fit for a city life, and no one here cares any thing about me. The very dogs and cats in my native village know me better than rational beings ever will here.”

“But Kate, dear Kate !”

“There 's no use in talking, Harry ; I have written to old

Mr. Lee who now occupies the house, that I shall be home in a month, and that will give him time to remove his family.”

“ And do you really think of living there quite alone, Kate ?”

The poor girl’s tears fell like rain as she leaned her head upon the table: “I feel alone in the world, cousin Harry; there is no one to love me, no one to understand me. I know I am a wild, ignorant creature; but I have warm affections and I might be happy if people would let me; so I will go back and try if I cannot forget every thing and every body.”

“ Not every body, dear Kate—do not strive to forget every body; for when you go I must be your companion, sweet.”

“ You, Harry !”

“ Aye, even I, dear Kate; look up and I will show you the scene of my long-cherished dream of happiness.”

Kate did look up, and upon the easel before her, rested a picture of her own sweet cottage, with its spreading elms, and the silver brook winding round the foot of the hill.

“ Look again, cousin, and see the object of my long-silent love.”

The girl’s eye-lids trembled, but she raised them not, for the weight of consciousness was upon them.

“ Look, sweet one, and confirm my hopes.”

Her dark eyes flashed for an instant from beneath her long lashes as her glance fell upon her own portrait, and then her head sunk upon her cousin's shoulder.

Kate went back to her village home, but not alone. There were cold looks and stern remonstrances to be encountered, but these were trifles. Love had awakened in her a more enlightened sense of enjoyment, and during after years of peaceful happiness, when, as the honored wife of Harry Leighton, she won the love of all who knew her, she often recurred to her sorrowful discipline as the beginning of all her usefulness and all her bliss.

VERONICA BECCABUNGA—BROOK-LIME.

LINN. CLASS, DIANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, SCROPHULARIÆ.

THIS simple and pretty flower is found growing near the margin of small brooks ; it blossoms early in June, and continues in bloom until late in August. It seldom exceeds twelve inches in length, and is generally found growing in clusters. It is sometimes mistaken for the Forget-me-not ; and indeed in many places it is termed the “ Wild” or “ False Forget-me-not.”

Its racemes are opposite, long ; leaves oval, obtuse, sub-seriate, glabrous ; calyx four-parted ; corolla cleft into four lobes ; capsule obcordate, few seeded, two-celled.

This plant belongs to the Natural Order, Scrophulariæ, the members of which are distinguished for being *acrid poisonous*, and *anti-scorbutic*.

DISTANT VIEW OF ALBANY.

This view was taken from the east side of the Hudson, about two miles north of Albany. It embraces all the prominent buildings of the city, comprising, as they range from right to left, the Academy, the Capitol, the State House, the City Hall, the Episcopal, Catholic, Lutheran, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, together with the dome of Stanwix Hall. The Catskill mountains, about twenty-five miles distant from the city, are seen stretching from east to west. Amid the variety of beautiful scenes which succeed each other to the eye of the voyager as he floats upon the bosom of this magnificent river, it is difficult to select for graphic delineation any *one*, while so many claim the artist's attention. Those who have ever approached the city of Albany when sunset had flung its veil of rosy light above and around it, or when the beams of early morning were reflected from its domes, will not easily forget the exceeding beauty of the view which has been selected as the background to the delicate flower given in the plate.



BROOK-LIME.

POESY.

HAST thou ne'er marked a fount from earth upspringing,
Within the shelter of some green-wood glade,
Scarce seen by human eye, yet gladly flinging
Its wealth of freshness in that sylvan shade ?

The very herbage that its waters nourish
Serves to conceal it from the passer by ;
Only the flowrets on its brink that flourish
Reveal its windings to the thoughtful eye.

Oh ! thus be poesy within my bosom,—
A bubbling fountain ever pure and bright,
Known only by the charities that blossom
Beneath its influence into life and light !

Within my heart unchecked, that sweet stream gushes,
As fresh and pure as in my girlhood's day ;
No beam from glory's sun its surface flushes,
Love only marks its solitary way.

What though its early freshness has been wasted
On many a way-side herb and lowly flower?
It floweth on, and one beloved hath tasted
Its cooling wave in many a weary hour.

Full well I know that silently it wendeth,
In seeming idlesse, to oblivion's sea,
And yet to daily life its presence lendeth
A beauty and a bliss enough for me.

RECORDS OF A HEART.

THERE are few things more painful than the task of reading and arranging the papers of one who has passed away from earth, with the light of genius, or at least that which seemed like genius, yet undimmed in the soul. The duty is a sad one, for it makes us fearfully sensible of the indefiniteness of human designs, the vanity of human hopes. It admits us into the laboratory of genius, where we behold, in the shattered crucible and wasted elixir, all that remains of a life-long dream. It is like entering the work-shop of the sculptor, where, amid chippings from the rough marble and fragments of broken tools and casts, we may find the delicately-moulded hand, the superb bust, the noble statue, all beautiful and full of promise, but attesting by their incompleteness the need of the artist's finishing touch.

But doubly painful is such research, when it leads us to look into the heart as well as the mind of the departed,—to see not only the strivings of the soaring intellect, but also to note the struggles of the soul yearning for sympathy and love. And

when those aspirings have been vague and undirected ;—when those yearnings have been vain and unappreciated ;—when the genius which would have led its possessor into the sublime mysteries of ideal life, and the affections which would have bestowed a blessing on the realities of existence, have been alike wasted, how full of sorrow are the thoughts which such a contemplation awakens.

A casket of papers belonging to one who died a few years since, has recently come into my possession ; and seldom have I felt so profound a sadness as has crept over me while looking into the manuscripts, whose faded ink and time-stained paper showed in strange contrast with the glowing words. When I was a child, I used to hear much of the talents and accomplishments of Marguerite H*****, and my earliest ambition was excited by the fame of her elegant scholarship and classical attainments. She was then an impulsive, high-minded woman, with a mind that grasped at universal knowledge ; and when, with the vague fantasies of childhood, I ventured to frame pictures of the future, my highest hopes were centered in the thought that I might, at some distant day, attain to the wisdom and celebrity of this brilliant woman.

Long before I grew old enough however to enter society, Marguerite H***** had withdrawn almost entirely from its lists. She had lost her parents, her brothers had married, and people said she had grown “*queer*.” This dreaded epithet, together with my fortunate discovery that learned women were regarded as a species of monster, cured me of my ambition to attain the

position she had once held, and I had almost forgotten the unknown idol of my childish fancy, when I accidentally met her, some years later, at a remote watering place.

The impression she made upon me was any thing but favorable. I beheld a tall, thin, pale woman, with features delicately fashioned, but immobile and almost destitute of any expression except cold intellectuality. Her manners were chilling and unsocial, while her habitual moodiness struck me as the result of her inordinate and purposeless devotion to metaphysical studies. Perhaps a young, glad heart, in all its early freshness, was neither a competent nor an impartial judge of such a person. Certain it is that I rather disliked and feared her, as a learned, sensible but decidedly unamiable woman. I was however thrown into her society afterwards, and learned to modify my first opinions, though I never understood her, nor ever cordially sympathised with her apparently cold nature.

She died ere she attained middle age, yet her brown hair was thickly mingled with silver threads; and the furrows on her brow showed how surely painful thought may anticipate the work of time. Why she should have directed her papers to be given to me I cannot imagine, unless indeed her knowledge of her own heart enabled her to discover a secret sympathy between us, which, though unacknowledged by me, was gratifying to her. The casket, I am ashamed to say, remained unopened for several years, as I felt little disposition to pore over the metaphysical essays and philosophical specula-

tions which were supposed to form its contents. At length, one day, in idle mood, I bethought me of the papers of poor Marguerite H*****, and with feelings but little in unison with sorrowful reminiscence I commenced my research.

How did my heart thrill with “late remorse” as I looked upon these silent records of a wasted heart! From the disjointed fragments of her poetic fancy I framed the truthful tale of her life; and the sorrows which she had never breathed in human ear were uttered in the oratory of her own soul.

I am not going to tell that history,—let me give thee some of these unspoken confessions, gentle reader, and tell me whether thine own experience and thine own dear-bought knowledge will not lead thee to divine the tale. We will not select at random; let us mark the dates, and fix the chronology of love and sorrow in a single heart.

Oh! knowest thou, dearest, the love of youth,
 With its wayward fancies, its untried truth,
 All cloudless and warm as the sunny ray
 That opens the flowers of a summer's day,
 Unfolding the passionate thoughts that lie
 'Mid feelings pure as an angel's sigh,
 Till the loftiest strength of our nature wakes,
 And the soul from its slumber of childhood breaks;
 Oh! knowest thou, dear, what such love may be?—
 Since my earlier days, such was mine for thee.

Oh! knowest thou, dearest, of woman's love,
 With its faith that sorrow alone can prove,

Its fondness as wide as the limitless wave,
 And chilled by nought but the cold dark grave ;
 In devotion, as humble as that which brings
 To his idol the Indian's offerings,
 Yet proud as that which the priestess feels,
 When feeding the flame of the shrine where she kneels ;—
 Oh ! knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
 Such ever has been in my heart for thee.

Oh ! knowest thou the love of the poet's soul,
 Of the mind that from Heaven one bright spark stole,—
 Where the gush of song, like the life-blood, springs
 Unchecked from the heart, while the spirit's wings
 Are nerved anew in a loftier flight,
 To seek for its idol a crown of light ;
 When the visions which wake beneath fancy's beam
 But serve to brighten an earthly dream ;—
 Oh ! knowest thou, dear, what this love may be ?
 Such long has been in my heart for thee.

Oh ! tell me, then, can such love decay,
 Like the sapless weed in the morning ray ?
 Can the love of earlier brighter years
 Be chased away like an infant's tears ?
 Can the long-tried faith of a woman's heart,
 Like a summer bird from its nest depart ?
 Can affection, nursed amid poesy's bowers,
 Find deadly herbs in those fragrant flowers ?—
 Oh no ! believe not such things can be,—
 Such end awaits not my love for thee.

Was there ever a more buoyant, joyous, yet deep and fervent
 tone of feeling, than rings out in these verses ? I speak not

of their poetic merit—that is slight, and the most careless eye may perceive defects which mar the smoothness of the lines ; but it is the passionate utterance of this girlish tenderness which makes its only charm.

About a year later was written one of different character :

No, dearest one,—not mine the hand
 To bind thy free and tameless heart
 In fetters, which thou canst not break
 When changeful fancy bids us part ;
 Be it my task alone to bear
 Affection's daily-strengthening chain,
 And thou mayest wreath its links with flowers
 But never feel its pain.

The slender fibre that unites
 The young peach-blossom to the bough,
 Is not more fragile than the tie
 Which binds our hearts together now ;
 Yet better to be thus, for when
 The tempest comes,—and come it will,—
 It can but rend the fading flower,
 The branch may flourish still.

Here is love, tender and true, yet self-sacrificing ; refusing even to be happy, while a doubt remains as to its power of conferring happiness on another. This forms the second epoch in the heart's history, and now comes a third and darker era. Some months after the date of the little poem just given I find the following :

Oh ! for one hour, one blissful hour,
 Like those my young heart knew
 When all my dreams of future joy
 From love their coloring drew ;
 I deemed affection then might be
 The very life of life to me,—
 Alas ! 'twas source of every ill,
 And yet,—“ the cure is bitterer still” !

Oh ! fearful is the untamed strength
 Of woman's love, combined
 With all the spirit's high-wrought powers,
 The energies of mind :
 Such deep devotedness as feels
 The Indian, when he humbly kneels
 Before his idol's car to meet
 A death of rapture at his feet,—
 Such love was mine ; though fraught with ill,
 The cure,—“ the cure is bitterer still.”

Oh ! grief beyond all other griefs !
 To feel the swift decay
 Of love and hope within the heart
 Ere youth be passed away ;—
 To know that life must henceforth be
 A voyage o'er a tideless sea,
 No ebb or flow of hopes or fears,
 To vary the dull waste of years ;—
 Oh ! Love may be life's chiefest ill,
 But ah ! “ the cure is bitterer still.”

Does not this breathe the intensity of sorrow and tenderness ?
 Poor Marguerite, her heart had awakened to the glad morning

of love,—it had shrunk timidly from its noon-tide ray, and now she was doomed to watch the cold shadows of its evening deepen into the blackness of unbroken night.

I have selected but one from the many records which mark each epoch of her life. Let me give one more,—the saddest and the last :—

I have no heart,—I know not where
 The wild and wayward thing has fled ;
 It lives not in a mortal breast,
 Nor is it with the dead.

I have no heart,—too early chilled
 It slumbered, ne'er to wake again,
 E'en as the frozen traveller sleeps
 Through all life's parting pain.

I have no heart,—love, hope and joy
 Stir not the current of my life,
 Nor know I aught of rapture's thrill,
 Nor passion's fearful strife.

I have no heart,—no power can wake
 My spirit from its heavy trance ;
 Alike to me are love's sweet smile,
 Or hatred's withering glance.

I have no heart,—nor would I call
 The restless thing to life once more,
 E'en if a wish could give me all
 I sought in days of yore.

Poor Marguerite ! in vain researches after philosophic truth she sought refuge from the blighting sorrows of the heart. Her tale is told : we know not, nay, we care not who was the object of this deep affection ; it is enough for us that it was doomed to disappointment. It is enough for us to learn from these frail memorials that the life of a human heart was crushed out, and the light of a human soul almost extinguished, by the power of a passion, which the philosopher and the legislator, no less than the coarse-minded sensualist, regard as a weakness and an error. When will men learn that Love is as mighty as Death ?

THE EOLIAN HARP.

HARP of the winds ! how vainly art thou swelling
Thy diapason on the heedless blast ;
How idly too thy gentler chords are telling
A tale of sorrow as the breeze sweeps past ;
Why dost thou waste in loneliness the strain
Which were not heard by human ears in vain ?

And the Harp answered: "Though the winds are bearing
My soul of sweetness on their viewless wings,
Yet one faint tone may reach some soul despairing,
And rouse its energies to happier things ;
Oh ! not in vain my song if it but gives
One moment's joy to any thing that lives."

Oh heart of mine ! canst thou not, here discerning
An emblem of thyself, some solace find ?
Though earth may never quench thy life-long yearning
Yet give thyself like music to the wind :—
Thy wandering thought may teach thy love and trust,
And waken sympathy when thou art dust.

EUPHRASIA OFFICINALIS—EYE-BRIGHT.

LINN. CLASS, GYMNOSPERMIA ; ORDER, AGIOSPERMIA.

NATURAL ORDER, RHINANTHACEÆ.

THIS pretty flower, of which there are two varieties, differing only in color, is found growing in situations where the soil is light and dry. It is frequently seen on the borders of the travelled high road, and seems to smile upon the wayfarer as cheerfully from its dusty bed as it might from its more woodland haunts. It is one of the most delicate of our wild flowers, and the peculiar form of the bud, with its square foldings, like the envelope of a tiny billet-doux, might entitle it to the name of the "Fairy's Love-letter." It blooms during the months of July and August, and seldom exceeds eighteen inches in height.

The calyx is cylindrical; corolla two-lipped; the upper lip two-cleft; lower lip three-cleft, lobed, with the divisions two-cleft; lower anthers lobed, spinose; leaves ovate, obtusely toothed; lower division of the lip emarginate.

It derives its common name from its reputed virtue in relieving diseases of the eye.

VIEW FROM CONSTITUTION ISLAND, OPPOSITE WEST POINT.

THIS island derives its name from Fort Constitution, the remains of which are still to be seen on its highest ground. This spot commands a fine prospect of West Point, Fort Putnam, Crow-Nest, Cold-Spring and other well-known places on this part of the Hudson River.

In the view here presented are associated many of the most interesting objects in the neighborhood. Nearly in the centre stands Kosciusko's Monument ; farther to the right is seen the Hotel, above which are the remains of Fort Putnam. The new and most prominent buildings on the Point lie too far back to be seen from this position. In the distance the bold promontory known by the whimsical name of "Anthony's Nose," forms a very conspicuous feature, while on the left stands "Sugar-loaf Mountain," so called, probably from the "lucus a non lucendo" principle, as from this point its outline bears no possible resemblance to a sugar-loaf.



EYE-BRIGHT.

CHEERFULNESS.

A gentle heritage is mine,
A life of quiet pleasure ;
My heaviest cares are but to twine
Fresh votive garlands for the shrine
Where 'bides my bosom's treasure ;
I am not merry, nor yet sad,
My thoughts are more serene than glad.

I have outlived youth's feverish mirth,
And all its causeless sorrow ;
My joys are now of nobler worth,
My sorrows too have holier birth
And heavenly solace borrow ;
So, from my green and shady nook,
Back on my by-past life I look.

The past has memories sad and sweet,
Memories still fondly cherished,
Of love that blossomed at my feet,
Whose odors still my senses greet,

EYE-BRIGHT.

E'en though the flowers have perished ;
Visions of pleasures past away
That charmed me in life's earlier day.

The future, Isis-like, sits veiled,
And none her mystery learneth ;
Yet why should the bright cheek be paled,
For sorrows that may be bewailed
When time our hopes inurneth ?
Come when it will, grief comes too soon,—
Why dread the night at highest noon ?

I would not pierce the mist that hides
Life's coming joy or sorrow ;
If sweet content with me abides
While onward still the present glides,
I think not of the morrow ;
It may bring griefs,—enough for me
The quiet joy I feel and see.

N A · W Ì · Q U A .

A METOWAC LEGEND.—BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

“When Che-che-qua had finished his legend, I could not help asking him whence came the plants and animals which had sprung into existence since the days of this Chippewa Deucalion. These, he answered, have been subsequently created in various ways.”—HOFFMAN’S FOREST AND PRAIRIE.

EVERY student, in examining the materials which are hereafter to supply our American literature, must be impressed with the abundant resources to be found amongst the legends of the Aborigines. Innumerable as have been the books, through which is seen stalking the “stoic of the woods,” we rarely meet the red man, such as he really is. We find sketches of fancy, bold and graphic it is true, but not a portraiture of the primitive man.

In connection with this subject, the writer recalls with melancholy pleasure, since the object is no more, a brief acquaintance with one,* descended from the royalty of nature,

*The late Mrs. H. R. Schoolcraft.

a woman whose original graces of mind, and literary acquirements, might have well qualified her to present the characteristics of her people in a just light before the public. The accomplished Mrs. Jameson makes honorable mention of one, who never failed to awaken the sympathy and respect of all who approached her ; and none, who have ever listened to her simple and earnest recital of the traditions of the red man will fail of a sad tribute to her memory. Through her we beheld the aboriginal in his own domain. Her stories had life and soul, quaintness and humor, and a directness of detail akin to that of the Arabian Nights.

The Indian sages, especially those of the Algonquin race, (to which the METOWAC, or Long Island tribes belonged,) abound with stories and traditions, curious and interesting in themselves, and not the less so from betraying no far-fetched analogy to classical or inspired writings. Such is the story so often told amongst them of NA-WI-QUA, or the origin of Eye-Bright !

It is well known that CHEMANITOU is at the head, and is the ruler of all the lesser spirits, or Manittos : but these having power over different departments of his kingdom, are in some respects independent of him, and may in effect control his motions, by withholding that, over which they preside, and which may be necessary to his operations. This they not infrequently do ; and although they in return are exposed to discomfort and punishment, and are at length compelled to yield, yet such is their freakishness and ambition, they are often thwarting him in this way.

Chemanimou became weary of this continued contest for power, and longed for a creature who should be entirely dependent upon his will. He therefore went round to the different Manittos, and having spoken fairly to them all, they each gave him a small portion of that which belonged to themselves, and he went his way. He had fire, and air, and water, besides many smaller gifts which he picked up in various forms. He put these all by themselves, and for many days he sat apart, and in silence.

No one dared approach him. He sat as in a screen of fire.

After a while the flame cleared away, and the Master of Life led forth a new creature. It was a man.

The Manittos saw too late what they had done, for each beheld something taken from himself to make up the creation. While the form was that of the Great Being, who has all things within himself.

Chemanimou was filled with delight at his work, and he went on and made a great many more just like him. So these men, who were very large and very strong, moved about amid trees, and flowers, and fruits, and slept, and awoke, and for a while seemed quite content. Having the air as a part of themselves, they wrestled, and leaped, and danced as they would live in that element. Then the water attracted them and they played for a long time in its waves, and after sat in the warm light. But still the master of life saw they were not satisfied.

He had conceived a great affection for them, for they did not rebel against him as the Manittos did. So he began to make an immense number of creatures, to please them. He went on making, and making. The woods, and the air, and the water became filled. And then the men learned to hunt and fish, and for awhile did very well. But this state of things did not last. He saw he might create forever, and they would in the end, still tire of every thing.

Chemanitou began to tire himself—for this new creature seemed never able to rest. So he laid his hand over them while he thought what next to do.

He conceived if he could make some beings a little like the men themselves, to be with them at all times, they might be content. Here again he found a new difficulty. In making the men he had found little trouble, as he only wished to please himself, and had his own form for a model. But in this new being it was different. It was not to be made to please himself.

He thought a long time.

At length he raised his hand and the men looked about, and saw a number of very comely beings akin to themselves. They approached them, and although shy, they were pleased to find they did not, like the antelope, dart away for the woods, but might be secured without any very great trouble.

It soon appeared, however, that they were all deaf, for they were made very early in the morning, when there is no sound.

The men laughed at this, and thought it very good. Things went on very well for a considerable length of time : but at last the men began to feel as if the women ought not to talk if they could not hear. They found many other faults, but this was the chief.

The Master of Life laughed at an evil so easily cured, and he made more women like these, excepting that they were created at mid-day, when there are so many sounds to be heard. So these women were all dumb. They were much more intelligent than the others, and he thought his task must now be done. Sometimes the deaf and sometimes the dumb women pleased best, and matters went on very well.

But neither did this state of things last. The Great Spirit found man by far the most troublesome being in the universe. Yet he was resolved to try to the utmost to adapt things to his strange powers. He saw the husband of the deaf woman and the husband of the dumb woman were neither of them content.

So he made another woman.

This time he made but one. She was far more beautiful than the rest. She could both hear and speak. *But she was blind*, for she was created as the day was going out.

The men and women looked at her, and then they looked at each other ; and they all laughed.

The Master of Life was angry. He determined to do no more for them. He led the woman away to a fair lodge, and left her by herself.

NA-WI-QUA, (*Eve, or evening,**) or the blind, was very lonely. She often wept, but she did not complain. She had no companion but the Great Spirit, who learned to love her better than any thing he had ever made. And now he sent the birds to sing to her, and brought a stream of water from the hill-side that it might pass the door of her lodge and give her joy. She was very gentle, and the fawn came and laid its head upon her lap. The mocking bird learned many notes from the tones of her voice. The flowers gathered about her, and there was no other place so fair as that about the lodge of Na-wì-qua.

The men and women often came to look at her and then went away, for she seemed of no use in the world. She could neither plant corn, nor preserve venison, nor manage a canoe, look after the lodge or anything else. So she lived a long time. She was affectionate, but there was no one to love her. She was not unhappy, but she was very solitary.

One day GHA-NIEU, or *the War Eagle*, as he was called, thought he would go and see Na-wì-qua. He had often heard of her, but as she seemed so much worse off than other women, he had hitherto felt little curiosity to see her. Gha-Nieu was the handsomest man in the world, and as brave in war, and

*Literally "after mid-day."

as expert in the chace as he was handsome. He was swifter and stronger than any of his kind. Of course Gha-Nieu might have won the love of the fairest women. But he was indifferent to them all. He complained that those who were deaf could talk too well, and see too much, and those who were mute might just as well be deaf and blind. None pleased him.

So he came to the lodge of Na-wì-qua, who heard his footsteps, and she smiled and said,

“Netawis (my cousin) comes to talk with me?”

“Nee-Sheema (my younger sister) knows all things,” replied Gha-Nieu. But he did not approach, for her beauty was exceeding great. He sat down at the door of the lodge, and she being blind did not know how intently he looked at her, and so she talked with him a long time without fear. At length she arose, and he gave her his hand lest she should stumble, and they went out together talking all the time.

Gha-Nieu was enchanted. He forgot Na-wì-qua could neither dress venison, plant corn, nor look after the lodge. He only saw she was gentle, lovely, and very beautiful. They walked on for a very long time, and both grew silent.

Nha-ha! (oh dear!) at last suddenly exclaimed Na-wì-qua, as he attempted to take her hand, and she turned away. Gha-Nieu looked sorrowful. He was at a loss how to act. He had never known fear. Na-wì-qua moved on: but she was blind

and did not see a large stone that was in her path-way. Gha-Nieu sprang forward and saved her, or she would have fallen. She learned she could not go alone. She trembled and stood still. And now Gha-Nieu spoke that which no woman had ever before heard ; and it was pleasant, for it was new.

Na-wì-qua stood before Gha-Nieu, her head drooping, and she wept bitterly—for she loved him, and grieved that she could not see him. Her tears fell at the feet of the strong and the brave. They watered the earth. Gha-Nieu also wept that she was blind—and then he thought, perhaps Na-wì-qua would not love a chief she had seen weeping. And so he was content.

Now it was so, that where the tears of the lovers fell, and mingled on the earth, a cheerful, light-loving flower sprang up ; for it is the will of the Great Spirit that fruits should grow to satisfy every innocent desire, and flowers should spring from the earth as records of human emotions. They are the types of sentiments registered upon the earth, just as the sentiment itself is registered in the heart. The **EYE-BRIGHT** was thus the birth of tears ; but such tears as are the heralds of cheerfulness.

Na-wì-qua stood with her head drooping. She had never seen light, and knew not where to direct her eyes : thus she bent her head to listen to Gha-Nieu. Now as he told of his love, and tried to comfort her on account of her blindness, Na-wì-qua began to see. She was not surprised at this, for love was new to her, and that was a greater surprise. She

kept her eyes fixed upon the ground where the flowers were springing about her feet, and opening their blossoms, as if light had been imprisoned within their chalices and was now making its escape.

Na-wì-qua watched them a long time, and they looked up at her, as each became perfect. Then Na-wì-qua began to look up likewise. She lifted her head and saw the face of her lover. She did not speak. She looked into his eyes. Na-wì-qua next raised hers upward and she met the blue sky.

The Great Spirit then smiled upon them both, for Na-wì-qua had approached his seat. He had never been so pleased before. Love had perfected the creation of the Master of Life. It had given eyes to Na-wì-qua.

Na-wì-qua is still held in great reverence. All the graces of womanhood are supposed to have been derived from her. She is the ideal of the aboriginal creation. The beautiful instinct that caused her to raise her eyes upward from the blossom at her feet, to the face of her lover, and still in pursuit of the good and the true lifted them to the sky, first taught men the sentiment of love, and the sentiment of worship. Na-wì-qua became the embodiment of innocence, of love, and religion. Through her men first learned the worship of the Great Spirit.

Even now, when they speak of a woman remarkable for her virtues they say her mother was Na-wì-qua.

THE POETIC IMPULSE.

AWAY vain yearnings for a wild ideal !
Why tempt ye me like visions from above ?
Why throng round one who dwells amid things real,
Who quaffs the cup of earthly grief and love ?

Away,—away,—and leave me still to follow
The varied path God gives me to pursue ;
The joys of fancy are but false and hollow,
They shall not win me to forget the true.

Away,—nor tempt me with your bright revealings
Of poesy's sweet fairy-land of dreams ;
Better for me to nurse the gentler feelings
Which light my home with calm contentment's beams.

Away,—away—ye make my footsteps falter,
When o'er my lowly path your fair forms come
To her who serves at the Penates' altar
The Delphic oracle must still be dumb.

FRAGARIA VIRGINIANA—WILD STRAWBERRY.

LINN. CLASS, ICOSANDRIA ; ORDER, POLYGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, ROSACEÆ.

THE calyx is inferior, ten-cleft ; five alternate divisions smaller ; corolla five-petalled ; receptacle ovate, berry-like ; acines naked, immersed in the receptacle, caducous ; calyx of the fruit spreading, distinct ; hairs on the petioles erect, on the peduncles close-pressed ; leaves somewhat glabrous above ; pedicles generally few ; receptacles of the carpels conic-oblong, or ovate with carpels immersed.

The flowers of the wild strawberry are white, and are found in bloom during the month of June, and sometimes as early as May ; while the fruit seldom ripens before the middle of the former month. It is a perennial plant, found both in woods and fields, delighting in a moderately dry and sandy soil. Farther description of so well known a plant would undoubtedly be superfluous.

The members of the Natural Order Rosaceæ are noted for being astringent, febrifuge, and refrigerant.

DISTANT VIEW OF CATTAWISSA, PENNSYLVANIA.

This view was taken about a mile below the village of Cattawissa, on the Susquehanna. The country around is very broken and hilly, and as an almost inevitable consequence, highly picturesque. Cattawissa is a small straggling place, on the eastern bank of the Susquehanna, which is here crossed by a bridge of considerable length. The river both above and below is full of islands varying from half an acre to thirty or forty acres in extent, generally well wooded, and exceedingly pretty. The banks of the Susquehanna on the eastern side are here very bold and rugged, rising several hundred feet in height, and presenting from their summits the most extensive and varied prospects that can well be imagined. The country in the neighborhood of Cattawissa is well settled and in general very fertile; although agriculture is in a very backward condition compared with what it is in some other parts of the state.





THE WILD STRAWBERRY.

WASTED SWEETNESS.

SONNET.

No more,—no more, my heart ! give out no more
Thy solemn music to th' inconstant wind ;
Suffer not every careless hand to find
Thy hidden stops of harmony, nor pour,
As thou wert wont to do in days of yore,
Thy sweetest tones on ears that yield no heed :
Oh, be not thou like the responsive reed,
That, ever as the light air wandereth o'er,
Utters its wild and broken melody ;
For I would have thee like the ocean-shell,
Breathing a monotone of that deep sea
Whose moaning waves within my breast must swell,
Marking with ebb and flow my destiny,
Until death's icy touch the restless surge shall quell.

THE STRAWBERRY PARTY.

I HAVE less reason to remember it than some of my companions, but I shall certainly never forget that Strawberry party. It was a bright and beautiful morning when we set off, each bearing a basket to contain our expected spoils. We were rather an incongruous set, for there was Alice May, a city-bred belle, cold, proud, and beautiful, with a manner of such perfect repose that no one could tell whether she was indifferent or reserved; and little Fanny Wilson, a gay hoyden, fresh from boarding-school, as good-natured as she was ugly; and Louisa or, as we better loved to call her, Lily Bell, one of those pale, fair, gentle creatures, who seem so nun-like in the quietude of their own happy thoughts. Then we had two or three of those pleasant, cheerful, commonplace girls, who always seem designed to fill vacancies; chatty, good-tempered and obliging; just the sort of women who become, in after life, what Cowper styled "comfortable people." We were escorted as ladies-errant always should be, by loyal knights and true. Cousin Tom Harris, the young owner of the rich domain in which we were to forage, was as good a creature as ever hooked a fish or brought down a bird, though the highest reach of his intellect

seldom went beyond these or similar exploits in wood-craft. His old school-mate, Lionel Morton, was his very antipodes ; for he was an indolent, abstracted, dreamy sort of being, who would lie all day under a tree with a book ; and it really seemed a pity that such “thews and sinews” should be thrown away upon one who was so little disposed to manly exercises. Then we had young Charlie Walton, the handsomest boy I ever saw in my life, with his chestnut locks, his deep grey eyes, and superbly cut features. Two or three of those indescribable sort of men, who have nothing but youth and gay spirits to recommend them, but who make very good companions for the commonplace girls I have just mentioned, and five or six joyous children completed our merry company.

It was one of those delicious days in summer, when a cool breeze is stirring every leaf, and giving the charm of vivid life to the beauty of nature. The sky was flecked with a few light clouds, whose fleecy folds seemed to hang far below the lofty vault of Heaven, which looked so deeply blue beyond. The air was full of music from the gentle swaying of the forest branches, and the rustling of the leaves, as well as from the hum of insects and the song of birds :

'Twas one of those sweet days, when summer wakes
Her gentlest zephyrs and her softest light,
Wooing the wild flower in the wood-land brakes,
And winning the young bird to joyous flight.

We were all in holiday spirits, for this was none of those premeditated pic-nics, which lose half their charm in the

preparation necessary to their enjoyment. It was a sudden whim, a sort of improvised frolic, and a merry, gipsying feeling possessed us all. Even Lily was excited to something like gayety, and Alice scrambled over rocks and through thorn-bushes without the least attempt at ball-room graces. We plucked wild-flowers, and made nosegays and garlands, which scarce kept their freshness while we were weaving them together; for there is nothing so perishable as wood-land blossoms. They live in the soil of freedom, and if plucked, they perish; while our garden flowers, trained in servitude, will long give out their sweetness in the hand that gathers them.

Sometimes we would discover a curious bit of moss which we wanted for our cabinet; sometimes there was a peculiar leaf well worth placing in a herbarium; sometimes a squirrel would bound up a tree before us, and then cousin Tom would wish for his gun to stop the gambols of the saucy little grey man of the woods. Then too we had our mishaps; the children met with sundry bumps and scratches, while many were the rents which the envious branches made in frocks and aprons. But all added to the mirth of the party, and we went along delighted until we reached the place where the strawberries grew most abundantly, when we immediately scattered ourselves around to gather the rich fruit. Cousin Tom threw himself at the root of a tree, and pulling some twine out of his pocket, began to construct a new fashioned rabbit-snare. Our friend, Lazy Lionel, as we styled him, with a sort of half contemptuous smile upon his face, stretched himself upon a bed of moss and drew out a book from the basket which we had insisted

he should carry, while Alice May, gathering her shawl in graceful folds around her, reclined against a rock at a little distance, in a most picturesque and effective attitude. It was easy to see that both she and Lionel were acting a part, and as each already cordially disliked the affectation of the other, it was a little surprising that they should take so much pains to assume disagreeable characters towards each other. The rest of us went diligently to work among the strawberry-vines, and certainly we had little reason to complain of any stint in dame Nature's gifts.

It seemed to me that Alice had never been so full of whim as on that day. She talked grave nonsense with Cousin Tom, rallied the somewhat dull and heavy beaux who were puzzled to reply to her light jests, teased the children, and in short appeared like a wilful school-girl rather than the haughty belle. I rather think, though I never knew, that she and Lionel had fallen out by the way, for she seemed to take especial pleasure in annoying him by all sorts of things which her knowledge of his character led her to suppose would be disagreeable. There was one youth, who, delighted at the unwonted affability of the city lady, was seduced into making a perfect fool of himself. He was a shallow, good humored coxcomb, as vain as a peacock, and when he seated himself at the feet of Alice May, in the most approved pastoral attitude, she seemed to consider him a fair subject for her saucy humor. His new beaver hat and bright yellow gloves were the especial objects of her attention, and she set him upon all kinds of tasks, until she finally succeeded in effectually dimming the brilliancy of the gloves which

he dared not take off because he was ashamed of his hands, hardened by rural labor. Her last stroke of policy was directed against the hat, which in obedience to her commands he filled with water, to serve as a basin for the ablution of her taper fingers. Lionel lay quietly watching the movements of the spoiled beauty, until thoroughly disgusted with what he believed to be her selfish vanity, he rose and sauntered away.

No sooner had he gone than Alice instantly returned to her natural character, and rising from her seat, she came round the base of the rock, to join me in my labors. The rock formed a sort of barrier at the entrance of a narrow glen which looked so wild that we determined to explore it, and, forcing our way through the brush-wood, we found ourselves completely shut within one of the loveliest dells I have ever beheld. Strawberries were abundant and very large, in this sylvan retreat; and pleasing ourselves with the idea that we were the first visitants of this garden of sweets, we went on gathering the fruit. We were scarce conscious of the space we had traversed when we found the glen opening into a wild and rugged part of the forest. We were about to retrace our steps, when we saw, at a little distance before us, a child apparently engaged in the same pursuit with ourselves. Feeling in that mood when every thing seems like an adventure, we approached the little girl to ask questions. She had entered the wood from the other side for the purpose of gathering strawberries, but she had met with little success, for some one had been before her, and she dared not go very far into the recesses of the forest. The poor child was in great distress, for, as she

said ; “ father was very sick, and mother could not leave him, and the lady who lived on the hill wanted a great many quarts of strawberries for a dinner party, and she had got so few that she should not get money enough to pay for father’s doctor’s stuff.” The tears rolled down her cheeks, as she told her simple tale, and in an instant Alice and myself had emptied our baskets into her tin kettle. We then went to work to procure for her the “ great many quarts” she wanted, and Alice was as industrious as if she had been educated all her life for a strawberry-picker. When we had finished our task we found the kettle quite too heavy for the child to carry, so we took it between us, and the little girl guided us to a cottage at the edge of the wood, where we found her sick father and her patient, toil-worn mother. As we were coming away Alice stepped back to speak to the poor woman, and I saw her slip a bank-note into her hand. Ah ! thought I, Alice May is not as heartless as I supposed ; only give her a motive, and she can be natural and unselfish.

But I am spinning out my tale without coming to the chief adventure of the day, so I will say nothing of our delicious feast within the forest, where we sat beside a bubbling spring, with a leafy canopy over our heads and a mossy carpet beneath our feet, while our rustic board was spread with delicate condiments, better suited to the pampered tastes of the company, than to the simple beauty of our sylvan hall. It was near sundown ere we set out on our return, and though we were wearied yet we were scarcely less merry than when we went forth in the freshness of the morning.

Cousin Tom had undertaken to conduct us by a path which led near the "Devil's Chasm." This was a deep ravine, opening like a narrow cut between the cliffs, but expanding into a large oblong basin, with rocks and stones lying thickly strewn at the bottom, and looking like the dry bed of a lake. It was one of the wildest places I had ever seen. We stood on a flat table of rock and gazed over into a deep and gloomy hollow, with trees growing on its precipitous sides, and masses of stone projecting in all directions, while immediately opposite to us, was another table of rock, overhanging the yawning chasm, and so nearly approaching that on which we stood that it almost formed a natural bridge across the ravine. We were speculating upon the rifted appearance of the cliffs, and wondering where the waters had found an outlet from their former bed, when suddenly Charlie Walton exclaimed :

"Why it is only a stride,—come—who'll follow me ?"

Ere we could utter a remonstrance, the agile boy had leapt the chasm and stood on the opposite projection of rock, looking like a young Mercury, as the wind lifted his curls from his superb brow. For an instant we were struck dumb, and then Cousin Tom, in a tone, half of vexation and half of triumph, (for he was provoked at the boy's folly,) called out :

"Well, sir, you have given yourself a pleasant walk by this mad freak ; you will have to go seven miles round, in order to get home."

“I mean to travel back the same way I came,” said the boy with a merry laugh, and ere the words had left his lips we saw him leap lightly forward. His foot touched the rock on which we stood, but he missed the broad flat surface, and striking the sloping edge of the cliff, he was instantly precipitated into the abyss. A wild cry burst from his lips and then all was silent.

The excitement of the moment was terrific. Pressing to the verge of the cliff, with little regard to our own safety, we looked down, dreading to behold his mangled body lying among the rocks at the bottom. But he had been caught by a projecting ledge of rock about half way down the ravine, and there, apparently lifeless, he lay with his limbs hanging over the chasm below. The slightest movement would be sufficient to hurl him from his perilous resting-place, and, even if life were not yet extinct, we knew he must perish the very instant that his paralysed faculties began to revive.

Cousin Tom's practical wisdom at once decided that Charlie's only chance was in his continued unconsciousness until aid could be procured, and he immediately hurried off to the nearest farm-house for men and ropes, though how the poor boy was to be reached seemed impossible to imagine. Lionel Morton only waited until Cousin Tom had given his opinion and hastened away to obtain assistance, then turning to us ladies, he asked for a scarf. In an instant Alice had flung off her rich shawl and placed it in his hands. Carefully winding it about his body so as not to impede his movements, he bent over the face of the cliff, and deliberately began to descend.

Alice was beside me, she grasped my arm and her face grew deadly pale, but she did not speak. Slowly and cautiously fixing his feet in the patches of herbage, or projecting stones on the rugged sides of the chasm, Lionel descended. The rock sloped inwards, and at one moment, he was literally hanging, face upward, from the frightful precipice. As he approached the ledge upon which lay the helpless boy, the descent became still more difficult, until at length he reached a point from whence a perpendicular wall of stone went sheer down some fifteen feet, terminating on the table of rock where Charlie had been caught in his fall. For a moment Lionel paused, and looked upward, then seizing the tough branches of a wild grape-vine, which wound itself among the stones and trees above his head, he swung himself loose, and guarding himself with one hand from being dashed against the rock, he slid down, until with one bold leap he placed himself beside the unconscious boy.

“He lives! he breathes!” was the joyful exclamation that burst from the lips of the courageous climber as he placed his hand upon the extended body. The boy moved feebly as he spoke, and on the instant, we saw Lionel unwind the shawl from his own body, and bind it firmly around Charlie; then passing the ends around the trunk of a stunted tree which pushed itself forward between the masses of stone, he secured him from any further danger until help should arrive. To this forethought Charlie owed his life, for no sooner did he begin to revive than his convulsive struggles would certainly have precipitated him from the rock had he not been thus guarded.

An hour, a long and anxious hour passed on, while Lionel, pale and exhausted, could with difficulty retain his foot-hold on the narrow ledge beside the half-senseless boy. At length came Cousin Tom with two stout farmers and plenty of ropes. Charlie, bruised and bleeding, was drawn up from his perilous position, and then, with the assistance of the ropes, Lionel clambered up the frightful ascent. A carriage, which cousin Tom's providence had ordered, awaited them at the edge of the wood, and Charlie, borne on a sort of hammock made of Alice's cachemere, to which he owed so much, was safely deposited within it; while Lionel, notwithstanding his exhaustion insisted upon walking with us.

Upon our arrival at home, it was found that Charlie had broken his arm and was seriously bruised, but no fatal injury had been sustained. He was soon as well, though not quite as fool-hardy, as ever, and a deep scar on his beautiful forehead remained to remind him, for the rest of his life, of his debt of gratitude to Lionel Morton. But the most serious and lasting consequences of the adventure were experienced by the courageous student and the haughty belle. The undeveloped sensibility of Alice's nature had been suddenly awakened, and all her petty affectations had disappeared before true feeling; while Lionel had lost all his indolent dreaminess of mind in the strong excitement of self-sacrifice.

Before the next June they were married, and they have never yet found reason to regret the results of our Strawberry party.

S O N G .

“The remembrance of youth is a sigh.”

ARABIC PROVERB.

ALAS ! we must weep over moments departed
And look on the past with a sorrowful eye,
For who, roving on through the world weary hearted,
But feels “the remembrance of youth is a sigh?”

Though earth still may wear all its verdure and flowers,
Though our path-way may smile 'neath a bright summer sky,
Yet the serpent lies hid in life's sunniest bowers,
And still “the remembrance of youth is a sigh.”

Then surely the heart whose best pleasures have vanished,
As spring-birds depart ere the winter draws nigh,
The bosom whence hope's sweet illusions are banished,
Must know “the remembrance of youth is a sigh.”

ASTER LINARIFOLIUS—AZURE STAR FLOWER.

LINN. CLASS, SYNGENIA ; ORDER, POLYGAMIA SUPERFLUA.

NATURAL ORDER, ASTEREÆ.

THE involucre of this variety of the Aster is imbricate ; the inferior scales generally spreading ; egret simple, pilose ; leaves thick-set, nerveless, linear, mucronate, rough, stiff, those on the branches recurved ; stem sub-decumbent ; branches one-flowered ; involucre of the length of the disk ; rays about ten-flowered, reflexed ; stem rough and yellowish.

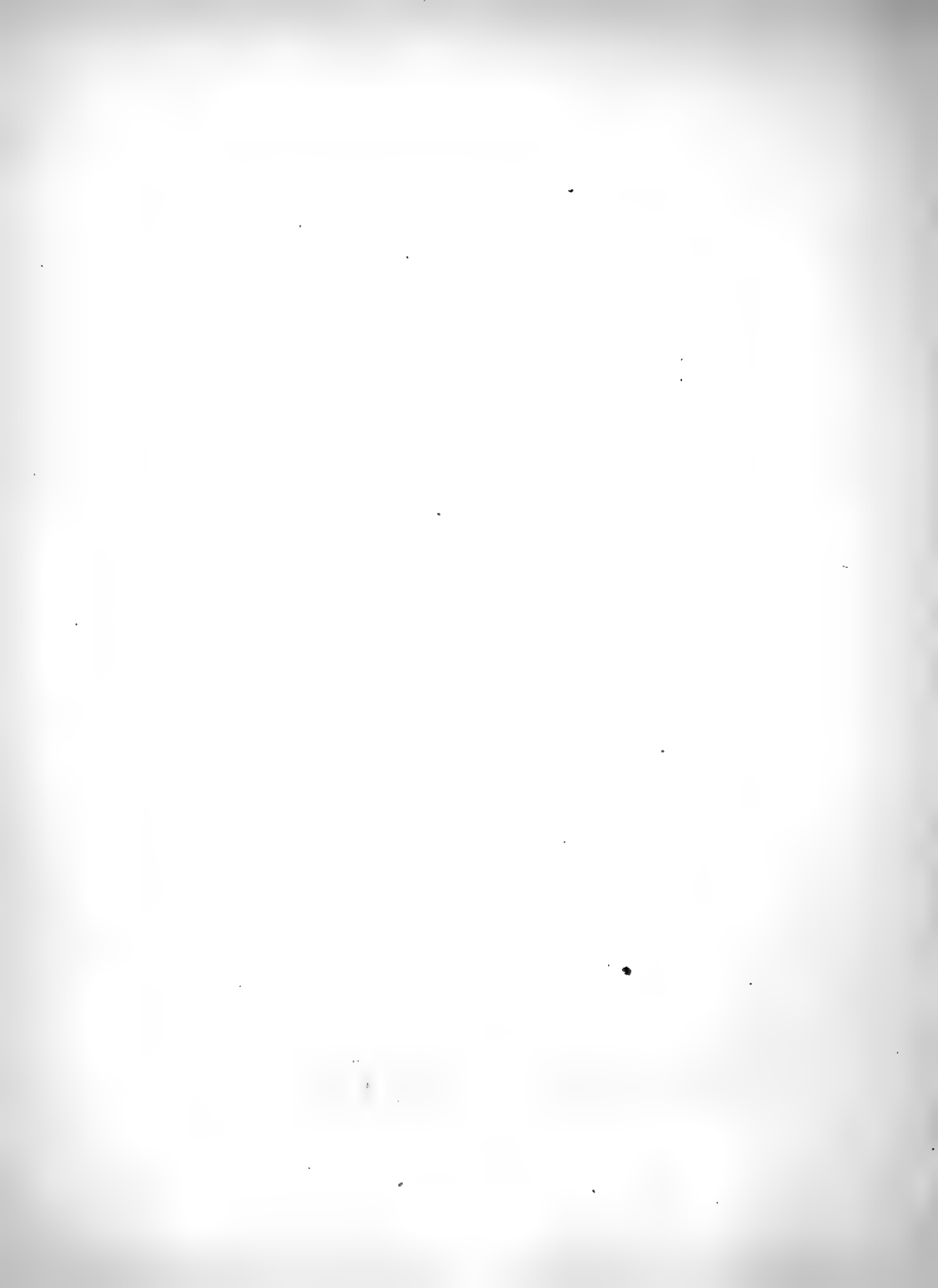
This pretty little flower blooms during the months of September and October, delighting in a dry, rocky soil. Its color is a delicate blue, sometimes inclining to a purple. In height it seldom exceeds eight or ten inches, and it is altogether one of the most graceful of all the varieties of the Aster tribe.

VIEW ON THE SUSQUEHANNA, NEAR NINEVEH.

The Susquehanna, the “winding river,” of the Indian, no longer re-echoes to his hunting cry or battle shout. Long

since has the red man forsaken its clear and rapid waters, whose surface will never again be broken by the stroke of his paddle or the dash of his sinewy arm. The pale faces have levelled his wigwam, and established themselves on the green banks of his favorite river. They have cut down the giant trees and built villages and cities along its margin. One of these represented in the picture, is a small, straggling place, not far from South Bainbridge, in the State of New York, and most stupidly christened "Nineveh;" in all probability the most inappropriate name that could have been given to it. Near the foreground is seen a brush dam crossing the river, built for the purpose of catching eels, which are said to be found of a large size and in great abundance. These eel-weirs, as they are generally termed, are very frequently met with on the Susquehanna during the first three hundred and fifty miles of its course. They are erected where the water is shoal, and are formed of stakes driven down to a sufficient depth, and then interwoven closely with brush and the smaller branches of trees.





THE STAR FLOWER.

A FOREST LEGEND.

Know you whence sprung this starry flower,
With golden heart and azure rays,
Which blooms in every woodland bower
When fades the glow of summer days ?

Then list the legend long since heard
Beside the red-man's winding river,
What time the wilds and forests lone
Were held by right of bow and quiver.

They tell of one,—a youthful brave,
(His name would far outrun my rhyme.)
Whose fame, in savage warfare won,
Would rival those of classic time.

They tell how, in the ambushed strife,
An arrow pierced his fearless breast.
And how, on Susquehanna's marge,
They laid him with his sires to rest.

THE STAR FLOWER.

But when the burial rites were done,
And he in forest glade was sleeping,
There came a gentle Indian maid,
Whose starry eyes were dim with weeping.

She built her lodge beside the grave,
And there, as passed each dreary morrow,
She still her faithful vigil held,
And dwelt alone with love and sorrow.

Full soon beneath Annunga's* care,
The turf was decked with many a flower,
Until Death's dreary home appeared
As fair as Love's own chosen bower.

There lingered last the buds of spring,
There first glowed forth the summer's bloom,
And autumn's gayest flowrets shed
Their glories round that wood-land tomb.

All day within her silent lodge
The mourner shrunk before the light,
For earth beneath the sun's glad ray
Seemed to her tearful eye too bright.

But when the shades of evening fell,
Deepening the tint of leaf and blossom,
And stars came looking meekly forth,
Glassed in the river's tranquil bosom,

*Annung, i. e., The Star.

Then knelt she by that hallowed spot,
And wept the live-long night away,
Until Heaven's sparkling crown grew dim
And faded in the morning ray.

When earth was wrapt in wintry shroud,
And leafless trees stood grim and gaunt,
Like giant spectres set to guard
The spot where grief had made her haunt,

Still dwelt she in her forest lair,
Which cowered beneath the branches low,
And seemed amid those dreary wilds,
A speck upon the waste of snow.

Thus came and went the changing times,
While still the maid her watch was keeping,
Till grief its weary task had done,
And life was worn with frequent weeping.

But in that season,* when the haze
With purple light the distance fills,
As if old autumn in his flight,
Had dropped his mantle on the hills ;

When forest trees with regal pomp
Their wealth of gem-like leaves display,
And earth in gayest garb puts on
The glory that precedes decay ;

*The Indian summer.

THE STAR FLOWER.

Then prostrate on her lover's grave,
With long black hair all lifeless spread,
Shrouding her in its pall-like gloom,
They found the gentle maiden, dead.

And where her quivering lip was pressed,
When breathing forth her life's last sigh,
They wondering saw a nameless flower
Look meekly upward to the sky.

Such blossom ne'er before was found
In wood-land brake or tangled dell;
It sprung beneath Annunga's sigh
Born from the heart that loved too well.

LOBELIA CARDINALIS,

INDIAN FEATHER, OR CARDINAL FLOWER.

LINN. CLASS, MONODELPHIA ; ORDER, PENTANDRIA.

NATURAL ORDER, LOBELIACEÆ.

THIS variety of the *Lobelia* is one of the richest of American wild-flowers, glowing as it does in the brightest crimson hues that Nature's pencil has ever portrayed. It is known by the name of Indian Feather, although more generally, perhaps, as the Cardinal Flower; the latter by no means an appropriate appellation.

It is erect, simple, pubescent; leaves lanceolate acuminate, denticulate; racemes somewhat one-sided, many-flowered; stamens longer than the corollas. It blooms during the months of July and August, is a perennial plant, found in swamps and wet grounds generally.

The *Lobeliaceæ* are much used in medicine, although the variety described above, less, I believe, than most others.

They are noted for being acrid, narcotic, astringent, emetic and expectorant.

OUTLET OF THE FISHKILL CREEK.

The Fishkill Creek is a small but pretty stream, rising nearly in the centre of Dutchess County, New York, and after flowing a distance of nearly thirty miles, in a south-western direction, falls into the Hudson River about two miles below Fishkill Landing, a small village on the Hudson, opposite to Newburg.

In the view may be seen, on the opposite side of the river, a portion of New Windsor, a small straggling place, three or four miles south of Newburg. In the blue distance the dim outline of a mountain presents itself: this is called Schonemock or Skoonemuck Mountain, a lofty spur of the Alleghanies, situated in the western part of Orange County, at a distance of more than twenty miles from the Hudson River.

On Fishkill Creek, about one mile from the Hudson, is the manufacturing village called Matteawan, where there are several factories in successful operation. It is a neat and pretty place at the foot of the Fishkill Mountains, containing a population of nearly two thousand inhabitants.



INDIAN FEATHER, OR CARDINAL FLOWER.

PRIDE.

OFFERED LOVE.

BY HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

In thy pride's harvest—ample though it be,
Suffer a few of love's meek flowers to spring,
They will not hush its richly-waving sea,
Nor o'er its golden sheaves a mildew fling :
Thou wert created for delights more fond
Than self e'er knows, though with high graces crowned,—
The melting gaze, the soul-entrancing bond,
The rosy dreams that mutual hope surround :
Deny it not ; those lips when silent, glow
With a heart's wealth too boundless for decay,
And the soft beams that from those calm eyes flow,
A mine of latent tenderness betray :
Why keep the fountain sealed when one is nigh,
To whom fate ever whispers—"drink or die."

THE PROUD "LADYE."

WHAT a fearful element in the heart of woman is pride! Like fire in the physical world, which, when allowed to become a ruling principle, can only ravage and destroy, while if confined within its natural limits, it serves to refine the gold and mature the gem within the bosom of the mountain; so pride within the soul may consume or create, according as it is the ruler or the slave of the spirit.

In one of the disused apartments in an old family mansion, which is allowed to occupy its time-honored position only because "city improvements" have not yet travelled so far, there still hangs an old portrait on which the eye of many a curious visitor has gazed with emotions of pleasure and surprise. Though painted before the revolution, the touch of time has mellowed, not defaced the tints of a work which is evidently the effort of no common skill. It is the portrait of a young and exceedingly lovely girl, attired in the stately but picturesque garb of an hundred years since, and bearing upon her fine features the impress of a high and noble nature. The curve of the sweet lips is exquisitely tender, but the flash of her

dark blue eye, the haughty arch of her superb brow, the lofty bend of her swan-like neck, nay her very attitude as she stands with one small hand grasping the folds of the rich mantle, which falls off from her ivory shoulder, are indicative of the pride of an untamed and untameable heart.

There are some pictures which awaken only a sense of the beautiful; we admire the painter's skill and remember his work only as something which charmed the outward eye. There are other efforts of the graphic art, which fasten upon the memory and the imagination,—which haunt us like half-remembered dreams, and leave upon our minds a consciousness that some unrecorded history is written in rainbow tints upon the canvass. Such an one is the portrait in the old mansion of the De Veres. There is a history in that face; for the predominant trait of character marked on its beautiful features, decided the destiny of the lovely original.

Never did a prouder or loftier nature inhabit mortal frame than that which lent its dignified grace to the exceeding beauty of Isabel De Vere. Her grandfather, the scion of a noble house, who had received from royalty a grant of broader lands in the new world than Albion's isle could afford, was still in possession of the fine estate which their adherence to Tory principles afterwards lost to his descendants. Isabel was proud of the blood which coursed in her veins, because it had flowed in an untainted current since the days of the Norman conquerors;—she was proud too of the wealth which secured to her the aristocratic position she deemed necessary to her happi-

ness ; but she was prouder of herself than of her advantages of birth or fortune. There was a degree of stern self-respect in her character which seemed to place her beyond the reach of weaknesses ; and her high principles were so beautifully blended with her haughty tone of feeling that the one could scarcely be lessened without impairing the value of the other.

Yet was Isabel full of tender as well as lofty impulses. Her affections were deep and earnest ; and though no trace of strong emotion ever deformed her fair face, yet those who knew her best, saw how readily the fervid feelings of her nature might ripen into passions, but for the atmosphere of pride in which they grew. No one was more regardless of the petty restraints of society than she ; for a consciousness of her own clearly defined position, enabled her to set at nought the rules made for those whose insecure footing over the threshold of good society required continual guidance. She was too proud to be afraid of stooping, and while she was full of calm dignity towards her equals, she was all gentleness and sweetness towards those whom she considered her inferiors.

It was, perhaps, this unlooked for gentleness in her whom the world called proud, which first encouraged the timid love of one, whom neither fortune nor birth had placed upon her level. Wilhelm Von —— could claim no higher descent than that of a good Dutch race, whose escutcheon bore no richer blazonry than that of the industrious hand and the honest heart. His fine talents and studious habits had induced his father to accord him all the advantages of education, and

he had just returned from one of the most renowned universities in Germany, when at a ball given by the Governor of the province, he first met with Isabel De Vere.

It would be an idle task to trace the progress of affection through its various phases in such hearts. To watch their love from its first chance-sown seedling, to note its upspringing, its slow and almost imperceptible growth, the putting forth of its tendrils, the gradual unfolding of its tender leaves, and finally the sudden expansion of the full-blown flower, would require a nicer eye, and a colder philosophy than belongs to the humble chronicler of this "ower true tale." It is enough to know that pride was put off, like an obsolete garment, and Isabel gave herself up to the enjoyment of a deep and fervent tenderness, while Wilhelm, grateful for her preference, yet conscious that he gave full equivalent in the devotion of a manly and true heart, thought little of the lady's wealth and far less of her rank. Both had strong and unfathomed natures; both possessed an almost terrific power of self-command; and each revered in the other that power of repression which was so fully equal to the violence of the emotion.

But there were some, who though they dared not openly oppose the wishes of the haughty Isabel, yet secretly determined that the blood of the De Veres should never mingle with the turbid stream which ran in the veins of a Dutch burgher. Isabel's brothers had pretended to acquiesce in her wishes only because they knew her temper too well to attempt any direct thwarting of her will. To the malicious and evil-minded

opportunities for mischief are never wanting, especially when their arts are directed against the frank and the unsuspecting. Wilhelm's every movement was watched by his enemies, his foreign correspondence was pried into with curious eyes, and at length, circumstances, innocent in themselves, but becoming noxious from their arrangement, were accumulated to form a plausible and well-concocted falsehood.

Isabel listened with cold incredulity to the tale of Wilhelm's baseness and selfishness, but when facts, which she well knew, were brought as testimony of these charges, she imbibed the poison of distrust into her noble nature. The pride which she had flung aside as useless beneath the safe-guard of affection, was now re-assumed to cloak her real sorrow, and to outward seeming, she was as cold and frigidly correct in feeling as the veriest prude could desire. By the insidious advice of a brother, in whom she implicitly relied, she wrote a calm letter of renunciation to Wilhelm, and then, little dreaming that he had pride equal to her own, she impatiently awaited the moment of explanation which she firmly believed he would seek.

Three days after he received that fatal letter, Wilhelm sailed for Europe. He uttered not one word of remonstrance, he breathed no farewell, silently he struggled with his agony, and in bitter but unuttered anguish he left his native shores forever. The ship in which he sailed was richly freighted with human virtues, and with human affections. Many a prayer had been wafted on the gale which bore her on her distant course, but the decree had gone forth, and not a man of all that goodly

company ever reached his destined port. But whether a storm had swept the ocean or whether she had gone down at sea when "skies were bright and tempests hushed," no one lived to tell. The sea kept its secret and the dead buried their dead in silence.

Isabel had never appeared so brilliantly gay as she did after the tidings of Wilhelm's departure had reached her. Her presence graced every festival, and never before had she decked herself so richly with the gems and gold befitting her wealth and station. Her whole nature seemed changed, and the cold concentrated woman, who had heretofore walked calmly in the light of her own loveliness, seemed suddenly to have imbibed the joyous spirit of a ball-room belle. Yet there were those who fancied they saw a troubled light gleaming in her proud eyes, and a speaking paleness settling on her rounded cheek.

One evening she was presiding at a brilliant party in her own magnificent dwelling, and well did she play the part of mistress of the fête. Never had she looked lovelier, for her costly robe of rose-colored brocade, embroidered in silver flowers, set off to advantage her stately figure, while the rich white plumes in her dark hair swayed lightly with every graceful motion of the dance. No one would have dreamed that aught but joy had ever dwelt within her heart, as with smiles on her lip, she acted the graceful and considerate hostess.

The night had waned, and the liveried slaves were wearied with bearing the ponderous trays of refreshments through the

many apartments. But the guests thought not yet of retiring, when suddenly it was whispered that the "ladye of the festival" had vanished. She had been seen an hour before, as she glided through the wide hall, and a servant declared that her face was ghastly pale as she flitted past him on the broad staircase. The door of her apartment was locked, and no answer was made to the repeated calls of the now alarmed friends. At length the door was forced, and then was discovered the proud and heart-broken Isabel, lying prostrate upon her couch.

They lifted her face from the pillow, but she was dead and cold. The roses were yet unfaded on her bosom, the plumes still waved as if in mockery over her rigid brow, and the sheen of her diamonds glittered fearfully upon her stony arms as the light of many torches flashed upon the ghastliness of death. Pride had done its work—it had crushed her heart within its iron grasp, and long ere the rumor of her lover's untimely fate reached the ears of those who watched for his return, the beautiful but mistaken girl had been consigned to darkness and the worm.

XYRIS CAROLINIANA—YELLOW STAR GRASS.

LINN. CLASS, TRIANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.

NATURAL ORDER, XYRIDEÆ.

THIS simple and unpretending plant, sometimes called the Yellow Flowering Rush, though more commonly the Yellow Star Grass, is found during the months of August and September. It prefers woods and grass-lands, choosing light and dry soils, and seldom growing more than from nine to twelve inches in height. Its delicate beauty is scarcely known, even to the dweller by field and forest, for it is so small, and so unobtrusive that the lover of nature might well be pardoned if, in the contemplation of the combined effect of her charms, he should sometimes neglect to observe the minute details which produce such results. Its name is very significant, for it resembles nothing so much as a golden star peering up from the soft green earth.

Its calyx is a cartilaginous glume, two or three-valved in a head ; corolla three-petalled, equal ; capsule three-valved, many seeded ; leaves linear, grass-like ; scape two-edged.

The members of the Natural Order Xyrideæ are noted for being anti-scorbutic.

VIEW ON THE JUNIATA, NEAR ITS MOUTH.

The accompanying view was taken on the banks of the Juniata river, near its junction with the Susquehanna at Green's Dam. It is here, a large and rather deep stream, and is crossed, near its mouth, by a long bridge. The scenery here is comparatively tame, but in the counties of Huntington and Mifflin, through which the Juniata runs in its early and middle course, the country is of a very different character. Indeed, there may be obtained, in the immediate vicinity of this beautiful river, some of the most picturesque views to be found in the country.



YELLOW STAR GRASS.

AIMLESS SENTIMENT.

—
STANZAS.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

— — — — —

“*Lady Bell.*—When I am sad I commune with the stars.”—OLD PLAY.

OH! tell not the stars, the free stars, of thy sadness,
If moments there be when the feeling steals o'er thee;
They may smile like the gay, o'er thy moments of gladness,
And gild each bright hope with a ray of their glory.

But their beams are too cold, and too far off, for sorrow
To awaken a sigh in their chorus of mirth,
And the heart that in sadness would sympathy borrow,
Must look for a *lender* much nearer the earth.

Then lavish no more on those chilly orbs yonder
The treasures of feeling they cannot return;
While yet on the planet from which thy thoughts wander,
There is one heart at least will with sympathy burn.

THE DREAMER'S MISSION.

Dare not to say he lived in vain :
The veriest wretch that crawls on earth,
And feels life's varied joy and pain,
Received some mission at his birth :
Is it for thee, blind Fool, to scan
God's purpose in the soul of man ?

“ How fresh and young is the face of nature in the glad spring-time ! how beautiful is the green earth with its garniture of early flowers ! Methinks it were hard to die in spring, when there is so much life stirring in every forest-leaf. If ever one could bear to reflect calmly upon death, it would be when the wearied frame was fainting beneath the sultriness of a summer sky, and pining for some cool, dark grotto, where peace might dwell. But in this sweet season of delight, when the genial air has awakened the joy of life anew within our hearts, the grave seems a horrid fantasy. Oh ! let me not die in the spring !”

The words were those of melancholy repining, for he who uttered them was one whose soul went forth yearningly towards

all things beautiful. But he knew that his days were numbered,—he knew that death had set his mark upon him,—and he felt too keenly the anguish of looking his last upon the material loveliness which had ministered to his soul's ideal.

Horace Lee was one of those dreamy, tender, fantastic beings, who are sometimes, though rarely, seen amid the thronged thoroughfares of life, and whose unsettled purposes and undefined position, show that they can never be other than "strangers and pilgrims in the land." They are like creatures of another sphere,—habitants of some gentler planet who have wandered from their home, and are vainly seeking to rise above the dense atmosphere of this nether world,—beings who need but wings to realize our idea of angelic ministers, and yet, wanting some outward evidence of power, seem, to our grosser sense, inferior even to the mass of mankind.

From infancy Horace had been one of the gentlest and tenderest of creatures. The heart of an invalid mother had yearned over the child who inherited so much of her own nature, and the sweet communion of maternal and filial affection had confirmed the softness of a character which needed rather to be nerved against the ills of life. The boy's delicately moulded features and slender form were exponents, to the eye, of his real character. Essentially feminine in so many traits, it seemed almost an error in nature to have given such a soul to the keeping of man. His loving and trusting nature, the sweet vagueness of a tenderness which went out upon all things beautiful, without passion yet with deep earnestness of feeling, the

dependent uplooking character of his affections, and the absence of all firm and self-sustaining power, would have formed an exquisite combination in the character of a woman. But to a man, whose whole life must either be a real conflict or a gladiatorial contest, such qualities are but as fetters. Like wild vines growing around a stately tree, they may add to its beauty, but they waste and exhaust its strength.

“ Many are poets who have never penned
Their inspiration”

and many a soul has been filled with poetry, unuttered, unexpressed, because the lips which should have breathed it have never been “ touched with a live coal from the altar.” The mind of Horace was deeply imbued with poetry ; many of the elements which commingle in the true poet were his, but they lacked arrangement and congruity. His fancy revelled in an ideal world, but he had no grasp of the real ; and his beautiful dreams faded into vagueness, because he lacked the power to clothe them in the garb of humanity. To lie beneath the shadow of a spreading tree, and listen to the murmur of a running stream, while his imagination drew around him images of loveliness, as evanescent as they were fair,—this was his happiness. In his love for his mother he seemed to have exhausted his capacity for mere human affection, and when her death left him alone in a world of strangers, he sought no sympathy, and indulged in no commune with another soul.

Years had passed away since death had deprived him of this only friend. He was now fast approaching the season of manhood, and yet he was as much a child in heart as when he was wont to rest his head on his mother's bosom, while he charmed her ear with his boyish dreams of poetic existence. Neither thought nor action characterized the life of the dreaming youth. Vague reverie, that sweet idlesse of the mind, had become a habitude of his being. To the commonplace and practical people by whom he was surrounded, he seemed an idle, fanciful, unsocial being, incapable alike of strong affections or of active usefulness. Even the wisest and most charitable saw in him only the morbid and feeble-minded dreamer, for whom it needed little skill in prophecy to predict a sorrowful doom.

“Let them not despise thy youth;” was the exhortation of St. Paul when he set Timothy as a teacher over the people. How often might a similar precept be given to those who contemn that which they cannot comprehend! If men would but remember that every human creature, however feeble, however humble, has an appointed mission,—a mission as various as the various minds to which it is intrusted,—they would have charity for all who live,—they would scorn nothing but baseness,—they would hate nothing but sinfulness,—they would despise nothing but falsehood. We cannot read the inscrutable decrees of Providence; we cannot see into the deep designs of that Power which watches alike “The crash of empires, and the sparrow's fall,” but if we look with the clear eye of Faith, we can behold much to satisfy the doubts and fears of

our feeble nature,—much to assure us that no human soul ever passed through an earthly pilgrimage without leaving the trace of its influence, either in the upspringing of some fresh wayside flower, or in the blight and desolation of that which was once green and beautiful.

The father of Horace Lee was a plain farmer, perfectly independent, because his farm supplied him with the means of a comfortable subsistence, and content to tolerate the inertness of his youngest child, partly because the boy had been his dead mother's darling, and partly because he was the only drone in that full hive of busy workers. But the old man had a brother who, having entered early into commerce, had amassed a fortune, and now figured among the wealthy citizens of New York, while his only daughter, a creature of rare beauty, was the ornament of its gayest circles of fashion. Katharine Lee was one of those superb women, upon whom Heaven seems to have lavished its best gifts, both of mind and person. Stately and noble in the full proportions of her splendid figure, with features of perfect symmetry, but moulded into Roman grandeur rather than Grecian softness, she might have been the model of a sculptor; while the rich coloring of her delicate complexion, the dark deep tint of her proud yet tender eyes, the shadows flung over her cheek by the long lashes fringing the veined lids, and the soft brown hue of her wavy hair might have made a painter despair. She knew that she was beautiful, and dearly did she prize the gift. Not alone for its ministry to vanity did she value it, though she was woman enough to know and love the power it gave her. But she had also a higher motive,

—she loved all things beautiful in nature, for she knew the poet's truth

“ A thing of beauty is a joy forever,”

and she was happy in the thought that her presence could be to gentle natures a blessing and a promise.

But her soul was one which defied scrutiny, or rather, let us say, it was veiled from others because it was as yet a mystery to herself. Reared in the midst of luxury, and surrounded by indulgences of every kind, she had known nothing of life but its sunshine; and many a precious plant which might have blossomed beneath a clouded sky, was withered by the fervid splendors of prosperity. She was full of noble capacities, and high instincts, and good impulses, but she lived on in that sort of outer life, which leaves one no time to look into the hidden springs of human action. Few women learn to think in early youth; many women never learn to think at all,—a sort of dim perception of cause and consequence, and a selfish calculation of probabilities, being the highest point to which their minds attain; while to all the sex, reflection only comes through the portal which admits sorrow. The waters must have gone over the bark which held our golden hopes,—we must have gathered up the wrecks upon the shore as our all that the waves have left, and as we bind the fragments together for our second venture upon the stream of time, we learn to ponder, to remember, to reflect. Few women learn to reason until long after they have been taught to weep.

It was strange that a creature like Katharine should have stooped from her "pride of place" to minister to such a feeble and dreamy soul as that which animated the frame of her invalid cousin. An illness which seized upon the gay girl and left her with a low nervous debility, had induced her father to send her to the quiet and humble abode of his farmer brother. The contrast between the glitter of fashionable life with its wearing excitements, and the peaceful tenour of a rural home, where simple kindness and affectionate hospitality would come with a charm of freshness and novelty to the world-wearied beauty, was judged to be beneficial. With a feeling, therefore, of utter indifference, Katharine bade adieu to the scenes of gayety, and took up her summer residence in the rustic abode of her uncle. At first she was amused by the absence of her habitual luxuries, then she was pleased by the novelty of her associations, and finally, she became deeply interested in the peculiar character and moody habits of Horace Lee.

The insidious disease which was slowly pointing him toward the grave had been his maternal inheritance, and at the time of Katharine's visit, it was known to all that the youth was marked for death. To the child of prosperity and gladness, there was something inexpressibly touching in the sight of talent, and gentleness, and goodness, thus doomed to go down unvalued to the tomb. With the quick tact of woman's tenderness she discovered the peculiar sensitiveness of his nature, and he became a new and delightful study to her. In adapting herself to his moods, and ministering to his moral and mental needs, she learned to look into some of the secrets of life,—

And, pondering o'er another's heart, was shown
The unsuspected mystery of her own.

It was the season of opening spring,—the snow yet lay piled in the hollows of the lofty hills, while the violets began to peer out from their leafy covert at the old oak's foot, in the shelter of the sunny vales. The swelling buds which studded every branch, told of the awakened principle of life. The tiny leaflets folded in each other's warm embrace, began to unclosethemselves to the genial air, and slender spears of new grass were lifted here and there, amid the embrowned stubble which had borne the winter's snow. To use the beautiful language of Holy Writ "the time of the singing of birds was come, and the voice of the turtle was heard in the land." Then in this "soote season" did Horace utter his imploring cry, "Let me not die in the spring!"—and his prayer was heard.

The sweet influences of the "youth of the year" had given place to the fervid heats of summer, and still he lingered on, with decay as gradual as that of a flower. But a deep dread of death had taken full possession of his soul. His vision seemed bounded by the shroud, the coffin, and the worm. He had no power to look beyond material horrors to the glories of the spiritual world. He shrank from that which must befall the mortal body, and lost the faculty of imaging that which is "incorruptible, and fadeth not away."

"Oh! I am weary and worn with this oppressive weight of feebleness;" was now his repining thought; "the air is hot

and breathes of pestilence,—my brain is fevered, my pulse fails, my heart sinks with vague fear. I would fain meet death with a calm spirit and an unblenching brow. I ask not for prolonged life, but I would not fall like a beast of burden by the way-side. Let me not sink beneath the weariness which now oppresses me. Let me not die in the summer !”

It was sad to see one clinging to earth so fondly while existence was gliding away like the silent flow of a rapid river. But beautiful was the ministry of the proud and brilliant Katharine, as forgetting self with all its heretofore engrossing pursuits, she bent in lowly meekness before the new revelations of spiritual existence which dawned upon her in her search for that which might solace the heart of the dying youth. Once the joys of sentient life had satisfied her glad nature, but now she looked into deeper and nobler things. She watched no longer the fluctuations of the tiny waves of time ; for a new power was given her to look into the mighty depths of eternity. Her cousin's dread of death shocked and terrified her. She sought for consoling images with which to adorn the tomb, and in searching for flowers to wreath around the funeral bier, she found the tree of life which is “for the healing of the nations.”

But the days passed on, and summer's glow had deepened and brightened into autumn's glory. The gorgeous beauty of the many-tinted woods, the rich drapery of the fields, with their latest blossoms, the fruits blushing on every bough, the deep blue expanse of the autumnal sky,—all were beautiful,—all

combined to form the loveliest of earth's changes. But the step of the sufferer grew feebler and his strength wasted until he was no longer able to rise from his couch of weariness and pain. His love for nature now centred in an intense desire for flowers, and a morbid craving for the autumn fruits, which his fancy pictured as the adornments of a scene he should never again behold. Then it was,—when death kept watch beside his pillow,—that he found the voice he had so longed for; then it was that his struggling feeling found utterance in the language of poesy, and thus were his vain yearnings expressed

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, the fairest spring can yield,
 The starry gems of earth, o'er every field
 Scattered in rich display;
 Bring flowers, fresh flowers, around my dying bed
 The sweetness of the sunny south to shed,
 Ere I am called away.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers from every sheltered glade,—
 I know the glory of their tints will fade
 Beneath my feverish breath,
 Yet their sweet smiles seem to my wandering thought
 With promises of bliss and beauty fraught,
 Winning my soul from death.

Bring flowers, fresh flowers,—ere they again shall bloom
 I shall be lying in the narrow tomb,
 Mouldering in cold decay :—
 Bring flowers, fresh flowers, that I may cheer my heart
 With pleasant images, ere I depart,
 To tread death's darksome way.

Bring fruits, rich fruits, that blush on every bough,
 Bending above the traveller's weary brow
 And wooing him to taste :
 Bring fruits,—methinks I never knew how sweet
 The joys that every day our senses greet,
 Till now, in life's swift waste.

Bring fruits, rich fruits ; earth's fairest gifts are vain
 To minister relief to the dull pain
 That weighs upon my heart ;
 Yet bring me fruits and flowers,—they still have power
 To cheer, if not prolong, life's little hour :
 Bring flowers ere I depart.

It was Katharine's gentle hand which daily placed beside him the flowers for which he pined ; it was she who watched his failing strength of body, and who rejoiced in his awakening powers of mind. In vain did the world claim her as its votary ; she had found her true position, she had learned the joy of ministry and she could stoop to no meaner pleasure. Love, deep, deathless but pure as the heaven where alone it could hope for the fulness of its reward, filled her whole heart. In the gay scenes of worldly allurements, she had been cold, proud and insensible to such affections. The gifted and the wealthy, the graceful and the gay, had wooed her in the words of tenderness, but her soul had uttered no response. Yet now, in the chamber of sickness and death, her heart had given itself, unsought and almost unappreciated, to the frail, feeble, suffering being who looked up to her for comfort and sympathy in his hour of trial.

Ere the woods had grown brown and sere beneath the frosts of winter, Horace Lee had resigned himself into the keeping of death. Claspings in his thin fingers, a gorgeous wild-flower,—the last lingerer in a sheltered dell, where Katharine had guarded it with jealous care for his sake, and with his last look fixed fondly upon the pale face of the beautiful maiden, he sunk into the dreamless sleep of death. But in life's latest hour the horrors which had so shaken his spirit were chased like clouds away. He was enabled to see the glories of spiritual life gleaming through the half-opened portal of the tomb, and when the grey ghastliness of life's parting agony had passed away, the smile upon his dead face was like the sweet look which settles on the brow of an unweaned child as it slumbers on a mother's bosom.

Katharine still lives, and though age has silvered her brown locks, and bowed her stately beauty, the influence of her daily life is widely felt. A gentle, unobtrusive, but devoted christian, her time and fortune have been given to all things good and useful. Her love and her religion grew together within her heart, and when death set his seal on her earthly affection, it became a hallowed thing. There were no unsatisfied cravings in her bosom,—her soul found repose in its hopes of a fulness of joy in that higher state of being, where she knew she should find recognition. The image of Horace was inshrined within her inmost heart, and no other shadow ever darkened the threshold of that sanctuary.

Who will say that the short life of the dreaming and inactive youth was wasted, when such was its result. Who will say

that his mission was not accomplished when a high and noble soul was rescued from the pursuit of a happiness lower than itself? Who will dare question the wisdom of that Power, which made the feeble mind to shed a light upon the gifted soul,—which limited the sphere of usefulness to one, only that it might be made more widely expansive to another?

No—the pure in heart,—the good, the true, never live in vain. Action may find a limit,—thought may be chained down to earth, but the daily beauty of a life, leaves a remembrance which like the subtle essence distilled from the rose, pervades the whole atmosphere, and lends a portion of its sweetness to many who have never looked upon the flower.

LILIUM PHILADELPHICUM—WOOD LILY.

LINN. CLASS, HEXANDRIA ; ORDER, MONOGYNIA.
NATURAL ORDER, LILIACEÆ.

THIS flower has no calyx : the corolla is inferior, liliaceous, six-petalled : petals with a longitudinal line from the middle to the base : stamens shorter than the style : stigma undivided : capsule three-celled, many seeded, sub-triangular, with the valve connected by hairs crossing as in a seive ; leaves whorled, lance-linear ; corolla erect, bell-form, spreading ; petals lanceolate, having claws. By some botanists the corolla is termed a corolod calyx.

This bright and showy flower is found growing in meadows and woods where the ground is moist, and blooms in the months of July and August. It attains sometimes a height of nearly three feet, although it seldom exceeds two feet. Its chief attraction consists in the rich colors that adorn it, as the perfume it emits is by no means agreeable.

VIEW OF THE FOUNTAIN AND AQUEDUCT, HARLÆM RIVER.

THE view represented in this plate includes the aqueduct erected across the Harlæm river, for the purpose of conveying the waters of the Croton to the City of New York, together with the Fountain which is situated a short distance above the bridge. The aqueduct, or high bridge as it is usually termed, is not yet completed, but when finished, it will present the appearance shown in the plate. It is a most stupendous work, as the following dimensions will prove, and will rival in grandeur any of the works of the ancients. The height from the foundation to the top of the work is upwards of one hundred and fifty feet; the width across the top is twenty-one feet. On the south shore of the river there is one arch of fifty feet span; across the river there are eight arches, each of eighty feet span; and on the north side there are six arches of fifty feet span; making altogether a range of fifteen arches.

At a short distance from the aqueduct is seen the fountain, throwing its glittering streams to the enormous height of one hundred and sixteen feet from the surface of the river. It is projected from an orifice of seven inches in diameter, and excels, in point of elevation at least, any thing of the kind in the world.





THE WOOD LILY.

RUSTIC BEAUTY,

THE RUSTIC MAIDEN'S LOVE.

BY ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH.

I CAME to thee in work-day dress,
And hair but plainly kempt ;
For life is not all holy-day
From toil and care exempt ;
I met thee oft with glowing cheek,
For love its tale will tell—
But then its after paleness told
A tale of grief as well,

I sought for no bewildering lure
Thy senses to beguile ;
But checked the woman playfulness,
The witching tone and smile—
With household look, and household words
And frank, as maidens greet,
I dared with earnest, homely truth
Thy manliness to meet.

THE WOOD LILY.

For oh! so much of truth was mine,
 So much of love beside,
 I would in simple maidenhood
 Be thy own chosen bride ;—
 Alas! the russet robe no more
 Of rustic life may tell—
 And thou dost say the velvet gear
 Becomes my beauty well.

'Twas thy dear hand upon my brow,
 That bound each sparkling gem ;
 But dearer far its slightest touch
 Than all the wealth of them.
 Oh! talk thou not of gorgeous robes
 Nor bind the jewel there ;
 And tell me not with those cold eyes,
 That I am wondrous fair ;

I gave thee all, the soul's high trust,
 Its truth by sorrow tried—
 Nay start not thus, what hast thou given ?
 Alas! 'tis but thy *pride*.
 Oh! give me back the tenderness.
 That blest my simple love,
 And call me as in those dear days,
 Thine own, thy gentle dove.

THE FOUNTAIN.

ONE of the grandest and most imposing results ever produced by human skill and enterprize, is the Croton Aqueduct; and one of the most sublime combinations of nature and art to be found in the world, may be seen in the Croton Fountain at Haarlem. If such a thing were in the vicinity of London, or Paris, or Rome, it would be visited, and lauded, and painted, and poetized by travellers of all kinds. But it is unfortunately too near home. Those who have no migratory tastes never think of visiting it, and those who have the organ of locomotion strongly marked, and who have "swam in a gondola," scarce condescend to gaze upon a home-bred beauty.

I shall never forget my first view of this magnificent uplifting of the waters. I had ridden out with a friend for the purpose of seeing it, but found on my arrival that the display of "water power" ceased with the sunset. We were too late, and with a feeling of disappointment, which a true lover of the picturesque will fully understand, we turned our horses' heads homewards. We had gone but a short distance, yet far enough to lose sight of the river, and I involuntarily looked

back with a vague, half-regretful feeling, when a scene met my eye which drew from me an exclamation of intense delight. Rising slowly, and, as it seemed, coming from the very midst of the shrubbery in the distance, (for the river was completely hidden by a projecting bank,) we beheld the mass of snow-white waters rising like a gigantic apparition. It continued to ascend, impelled by no perceptible power, yet rising up and up until it reached an immense height,—the waters preserving in a singular manner their columnar form, until they attained almost their greatest altitude, while, flung off from the translucent and apparently unbroken pillar, was a heavy spray which wore the appearance of the most exquisite net-work drapery. A back-ground of dark trees, from which the sunshine had vanished, leaving their summits crowned by those blended hues of gold, and purple, and rose-color that linger so long upon our summer skies ere they darken into evening's sober grey, gave the effect of contrast to this superb picture.

It was like a scene of enchantment. The silence, the solitude, the sudden up-springing of that superb fountain, looking so spectral or rather so spiritual in the soft mellow light of the sunset hour,—the seeming absence of all human appliances in the production of the magnificent spectacle,—all combined to make it seize strongly upon the imagination.

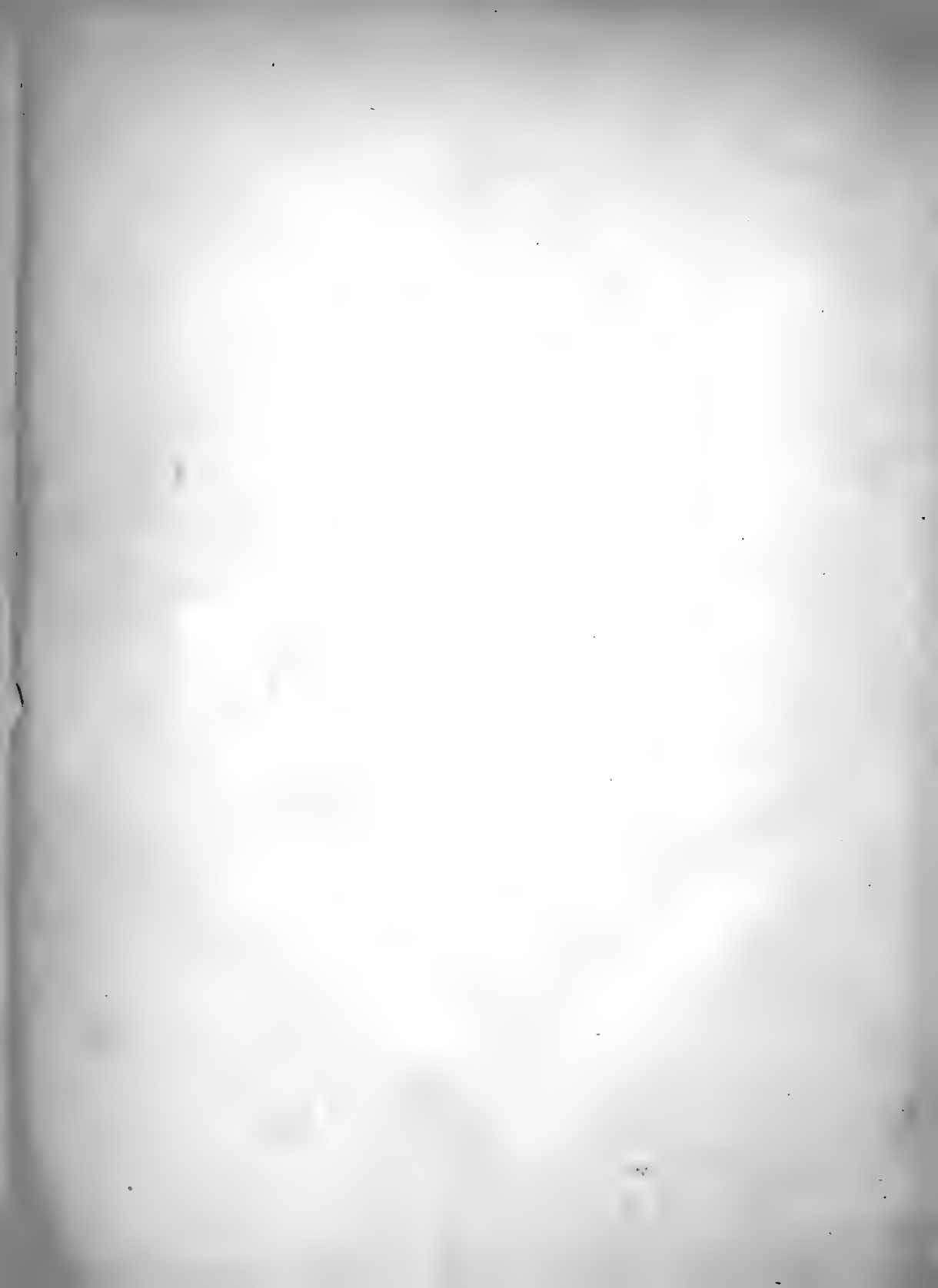
That scene haunts me like a dream, though I know it to have been a beautiful reality. We had probably been observed by some person left in charge of the unfinished works at the Aqueduct, who, sympathising in our disappointment as we

turned away, had simply unclosed the valve which freed the imprisoned waters. A trifling act of human kindness could explain away all the seeming magic of the scene, and perhaps the very man to whom we were indebted for so much pleasure, would have failed to comprehend the full value of his own act. He certainly could not have imagined the grand effect of thus beholding from a little distance, the gradual rising of the fountain. The sounds of toil had ceased,—not a creature was seen abroad,—the stillness which broods so peacefully over wood-land haunts was unbroken by human voice. We saw no mere human skill at work,—no iron pipes,—no line of aqueduct,—nothing that reminded us of the labors of man. With a deep, rushing, concentrated sound the waters lifted themselves, not at once, but by repeated propulsions, as if their motions were governed by the strong pulsations of some mighty heart beneath the earth.

We thought of Undine, the gentle and the graceful,—of Kuhleborn the impetuous and the stern ;—but the beautiful conceptions of German fantasy were not grand enough for so sublime a spectacle. We could frame no vision of a water-sprite to dwell in such a pavilion of light. To no dream of human fancy could we liken that silent, spontaneous upspringing of the pure wave :—to no single image of a peopled brain could we compare that high aspiration of the gently lapsing river. It was like the uplifting of the gifted soul towards God,—rising strong in its own might, fearless and enduring, as if it would surely reach the Heaven it seeks, until at length, wasted by the feeling which it gives out towards its kindred

humanity, it reaches only to the highest point of finite power, and falls back broken to the earth from whence it rose ;—yet, in its very fall, giving out freshness, and in its renewed aspirations, teaching hope, and trust, and perseverance in high things to those who watch its seeming aimlessness and wasted strength.

THE END.



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