

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

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VOL. XXXV. September, 1849. No. 3.

Table of Contents

Fiction, Literature and Other Articles

[General Training](#)

[Jasper St. Aubyn](#)

[Sketches of Life in Our Village](#)

[Legend of the Introduction of Death](#), and Origin of the
Medicine Worship Among the Ogibwas

[Love Tests of Halloween](#)

[Jessie Lincoln](#)

[Colored Birds.—The Bullfinch.](#)

[A Traveler's Story](#)

[The Two Paths](#)

[Wild-Birds of America](#)

[Review of New Books](#)

Poetry, Music, and Fashion

[To the Lily of the Valley](#)

["Good-Night."](#)

[The Spanish Maiden](#)

[The Angel's Visit](#)

[Lily Leslie](#)

[To a Portrait](#)

[The Odalisque](#)

[To Inez.—At Florence.](#)

[Communion of the Sea and Sky](#)

[Time and Change](#)

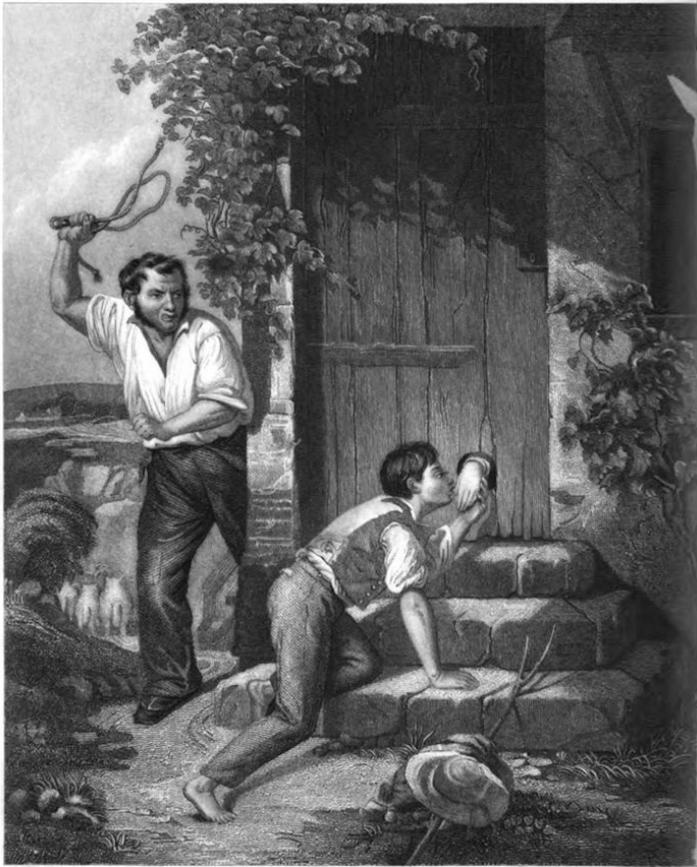
[Woman's Heart:—A Sonnet.](#)

[The Rain](#)

[Le Follet](#)

[Oh, Let Thy Locks Unbraided Fall](#)

[Transcriber's Notes](#) can be found at the end of this eBook.



NO ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXV. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1849. No. 3.

GENERAL TRAINING.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

There were three events which we used to look forward to at the approach of summer with a great deal of interest. These were the Fourth of July, General Training and Camp Meeting. The denizens of a city can hardly understand the pleasure with which the inhabitants of a secluded village hail any thing out of the usual quiet routine of existence. Consequently they would be likely to stare at the very idea of any one who was old enough to drive fast trotters, attend cock-fights, shoot balls over billiard-tables, and dance the polka, attaching any importance to such ordinary if not "decidedly vulgar" matters. But with all due deference to the dandies, I must still reiterate that we thought these three things of much consequence, and entitled to the place of events in our simple village calendar. The Fourth of July was a great affair, inasmuch as it was not only great in itself, but it opened as it were the gates of the decided summer, letting in upon us those long delicious hours when the sun's eye begins to glance through its cloud lashes at three in the morning, and shoots up its light to wink and glimmer until nine in the evening. Camp Meeting was also very important—inherently of course—and also as coming as it did in October, it shut those same summer portals, and reminded us of the occasional pretence of Jack Frost, that jackall of winter, who comes prowling amidst our gardens some time before the stern roar of the old lion is heard. But General Training occurring in August, sandwiched between the two—the summit-level, so to speak, of the season—the acme—the apex—was, on the whole, the greatest event of the three. It was coupled with nothing else, either as herald of bright days, or reminder that those days were past. It had neither the brilliance of hope nor the fragrance of memory. It was therefore self-sustained—it shone by its own light. And full of the elements of enjoyment was it. So much bustle and noise—such rattle-te-bang topsy-turvy scenes—such unloosing of the elements of fun—such odd admixtures and jumbings together of objects, all broadly picturesque and ludicrous, did the day present, that no wonder it created such a sensation in our usually quiet and well behaved village.

As the contrast last hinted at constituted one of its charms to me, I will commence by sketching the appearance of the village the evening before.

We will suppose the time to be about six o'clock, P. M. in the last week of August. The sun is about an hour and a half high, and is beginning to throw out rays of the richest and at the

same time the softest splendor. A broad beam, like a golden vista, strikes Rumsey's house on the hill right along the toes, thence, darting a blow athwart the breast of Fairchild's domicil, it hits St. John's store right in the abdomen, and then sinks down the slope of the street. This is on one side of the village. On the other, a second beam comes along in a sort of stealthy, zigzag manner, being broken by a row of trees, until, blazes! it pitches into the two lower eyes of Coit's dingy edifice so violently as to make them flash again. After this feat, it laughs along the verge of the village green, making it wear an edging of gold, and then paints the black picture of the mail-coach before Hamble's door in such grotesque proportions as to send the head of one horse poking into the middle of the street, and his tail streaming into Cady's store. And not only this, but the beam sketches the figure of Hamble himself coming from "Saint's store," with a bottle of "sour wine" for his bar, in one hand, and a white pitcher brimming with the cool nectar from the "corner well" in the other.

Would you believe it? these were the only objects visible in the street. How all the inhabitants had contrived to withhold themselves from sight in this mellow sunset I cannot imagine. But such was the fact. The houses stood protruding their noses of porches at those opposite, and peering into one another's eyes, with their dark wigs cutting against the soft amber sky—the trees were whispering soft things to one another in a gentle breeze stirring, each one moving its thousand lips so delicately that the sunlight which was kissing them seemed trembling with rapture—in short, an air of quiet solitude brooded over the whole place.

By and by the quick rattle of wheels struck upon my ear, and looking in the direction of the sound, I saw a two-horse wagon coming furiously down the street with a collection of white, red, and black plumes, with bayonets and gun-barrels glistening above, and a great blue standard fluttering over the whole. A strain of martial music simultaneously struck up from amongst the warlike array, which array to my nearer vision, resolved itself into a dozen men, "armed and equipped as the law directs," including a fifer, who was lengthening his visage into a puckered whistle upon his little yellow tube, a drummer, who was entangling his sticks in the loudest manner on the sounding sheep-skin, and a bass-drum player, who had hung his huge instrument, like a great barrel, at the end of the wagon, and who, being a little the worse for liquor, (shown by constant lurches,) came down upon the quivering circles each side with prodigious vigor at precisely the wrong times, thereby breaking up and almost overpowering the tune by an irregular succession of boom—boom—boom-boom-booms.

As the wagon pulled up with an emphasis at Wiggins's, three huzzas rent the air from the occupants, a dozen shots, in which were mingled the round, deep tone of the musket, and the short, peevish crack of the ride succeeded—and the "sodgers" bounded upon the stoop, streamed into the bar-room, calling for "liquor;" and lo! the "premonitory symptoms" of General Training.

After this temporary ripple in the current, the village again settled down into its customary quiet. The sun disappeared—the golden glow crept up the western sky as if to greet the "hunter's moon," that looked in the sweet twilight like an orb of pearl, becoming, however, momentarily brighter, like the hope of a holy heart as the night of the grave approaches. And soon the gold was chased down by the silver, and the beautiful moonlight lay as if it was tangible sleep upon the village.

About ten o'clock I took one of my solitary walks along the single street. Nothing could be more silent and solitary. The soft yet splendid sheen streamed down upon the roof, and whilst the dwellings upon one side of the spacious thoroughfare were bathed in lovely light, those opposite were lying in the deepest blackness. The tricks of the moonlight were various. The old

weather streaked Court-House looked as white and new as the smart Presbyterian "Meeting-House" just erected, whilst its belfry (so open that it seemed as if it would ring its own bell when the wind blew) cocked itself up with a pert air, like the upturned nose of a conceited man, and the red pimple of a clerk's office between both Court and Meeting-House, looked redder than ever. Hamble's rough stone wall was sleeked over very prettily, sending out from its summit gleams of light like silver flashes—the white chips about his wood-shed were like patches of snow—the shadow of a log, with an axe struck into it, seemed like a black pump lying prostrate—the shrubbery in the little enclosure along the side of the tavern, sparkled out into a million of eyes—the sign, with the red coach upon it, going so fast that its wheels were nothing but spokes, and the horses so fierce that they were galloping right up into the air, looked bright as a new button, whilst the broad village green seemed like an expanse of (if I may use the expression) solidified light. I turned to pursue my walk. The fluted pillars of St. John's store looked "good enough to eat," as a rather matter-of-fact girl once observed to me in a moonlight walk, and the "corner well," with its long arm of a pole reared over its head, and its bucket tucked down at its front, seemed as if it had just drank and had put down its glass. I still made my way up the street. Not a single person abroad, not a light to be seen—it appeared as if the whole village had grown out, as it were, of the quiet and beautiful light that lay so broadly upon it. Tired at last of being the only watcher in the silent village, I retraced my steps, and (to speak vulgarly) "went to bed."

I was awakened by martial music in full blast. I dressed myself and sallied out. A broad beam of the newly risen sun had settled like a yellow pool just in front of Wiggins's tavern, and standing within it, were the three worthies who had awakened the Monticello echoes the evening before with their music from the wagon. The fifer was again spitting his breath most industriously into his "whistle," as the boys called it, and keeping time with his foot, the drummer, who had a way of looking down upon his drum, and working his mouth to the motion of his sticks, was sending out his rattling tones by his side, and facing the two, with his shoulders drawn back, and supporting his instrument on his breast, the bass-drummer was bringing down his leathered knobs this time to the music, (he had only had two morning bitters, so Wiggins said,) but with such a terrific noise as to make even himself wince at every stroke.

There was quite a collection of men around the "musicianers;" several with brown cartridge-boxes and bayonet-sheaths, and one or two with gilt eagles in their hats, and plumes of white feathers, whilst one fellow was equipped with an old straw hat, the rim of which was shorn away at his forehead—a red flannel shirt, linsey-woolsey pantaloons, and a long, heavy rifle on his shoulder. This genius was fairly wrapped up in the music. He was evidently enchanted. Now he would listen with his mouth wide open, then he would look around the group and nod, as if to say, "*isn't* that fine!" and then he would give birth to laughter, as though he couldn't restrain himself any longer for the life of him.

Interspersed amidst this group were many of the village boys, edging their way at every practicable point nearer the musicians. One youngster, ragged as a saw, had succeeded in placing himself by the tenor drum, and was looking at the double performance of mouth and sticks, with the greatest admiration, whilst another, with open elbows and slouched hat, which was only prevented by a bulge in front from sliding entirely over his dirty face, was peering up into the twitching countenance of the bass-drummer, standing the thunder of the blows with all the nonchalance of a real veteran.

My attention was now, however, attracted toward the genius with the rifle, by his giving birth to a loud shout. Inflamed beyond bounds by the music which was now on a rattling quick-

step, the red flannelled gentleman now made a spring in the air, and then dashed out into a “heel and toe” dance, flourishing his rifle as if it had been a walking-stick, now over his head, and now on each side of him, and making every thing fairly echo with his loud and frequent whoops. He at length became the lodestone of all eyes, except those of the musicians, fairly driving these worthies in the most ungrateful manner (they being the source of his inspiration) into the shade; becoming, as it were, the centre of a circle of grinning faces, until completely tired out with his exertions, he broke away, ascended the tavern stoop, and the next moment made the bar-room ring with his vociferation for “a small pull of some of the real grit!”

By and by the “trainers” began to appear at all points, some in groups, some singly, some by wagon loads. And one wagon came in so filled with bristling muskets, that it had the appearance of a huge steel porcupine.

The population of the surrounding country, men, women and children, commenced streaming in to gaze upon “the show,” and make merry amongst themselves. A number also of the surrounding farmers and their wives came as venders of pies, cake, small beer, cider, etc., turning their wagons into shops, wheeling them under the shadows of the trees, detaching the horses, flinging at the same time quantities of hay before them, and covering the seats of the wagons with cards of yellow gingerbread, mingled with pies, carved generally into quarters, and cider barrels at the ends, with faucets resembling hooked noses. Others again had erected booths of rough boards or hemlock boughs filled with articles of consumption. I looked at one for a few moments which Aunt Betsy Lossing had (as usual) erected.

It was composed of hemlock boards, with branches of the same tree. A rude counter had been placed athwart the entrance, behind which appeared Betsy’s red face and burly form, together with a boy and girl as assistants. Upon shelves were rows of casks lettered gin, brandy, whisky, etc.; on the highest shelf were two or three boxes of cigars, a dozen thick glass tumblers, and a small box of lemons, whilst below all, two barrels of cider (probably) looked out dimly from the shadow. The sunshine streamed richly in, lighting the lemons brilliantly, giving to the cigars a warm tint of brown, flashing upon the gilt letters of the casks, dancing on the glasses, and only failing to penetrate the recess where the barrels lay on their stomachs.

Still did the soldiery and country people stream in. By this time several pedlers had established their box wagons upon the grassy margins of the broad village street, and were as clamorous in their vocations as crows around a carrion.

The village was now a scene of active, noisy, bustling life. I amused myself for a short time by examining in detail the human current that flowed past my office steps. Now passed a pair of country lovers, the girl in the act of biting off a huge piece of mince pie, whilst the “he” was industriously engaged in puffing at a great black cigar, giving his rosy-cheeked sweetheart the benefit of the smoke gratis. Next a little rustic maiden alone, all beflowered and beribboned like a walking milliner shop; then a young woodsman, who had scarcely ever emerged from the forest before, but who had “left the saw-mill to-day to go a trainen,” sauntered past with his rusty old musket (which doubtless did service at Minisink in “granddaddy’s” hands) horizontal upon his shoulder; then a rough-looking check-shirted hunter, with his rifle in his grasp, and then a bumpkin from “Strong’s Settlement,” with his hands deep in his pockets, his “limpsey” hat upon one side of his head, minus half the crown and the whole of the rim, and opening his gray eyes so wide as fairly to pull his mouth open.

Succeeding this interesting specimen of humanity, minced along a youthful, undersized soldier, in an old blue artillery coat, made in the Revolution, the red-striped skirts striking his heels, the breast down to his hips, and the sleeves tucked up nearly to the elbows; and next

strode a brawny hero, who crowded himself into a gray cavalry jacket, with its shadow of a skirt cocked up behind like the brush of a deer, and the breasts shrinking away nearly under his arms.

“I say there, hadn’t you two fellers better swap?” shouted a pedler from his box as the twain passed.

“Damn me,” added he, in an under tone, as they went regardless along, “if one of them are chaps don’t look loose enuff to run out of his coat like this ere old woman’s cider, whilst that are other crittur is screwed up so tight that he’ll sartenly bust up afore long. However it’s their business, not mine. HERE’S a lot of fine spoons! no Garman silver about *them*. Come, roll up, tumble up, any way to get up—come, give us a bid!” etc. etc.

The rolling of drums now announced that the time for the mustering of the different companies composing the regiment (the bloody 185th) had arrived. Lines of soldiers were soon seen scattered along the street, and the loud voices of the sergeants calling the roll were heard. There were two uniform companies attached to the regiment, beside “the troop,” or light-horse company, viz., the artillery and rifle. The dress of the former was a blue jacket, with red tufts on the shoulders, and caps with red tufts in front, whilst that of the latter was a green hunting shirt fringed with black, with black plumes in their hats. The cavalry company were dressed in red coats faced and cuffed with black velvet. The rest of the regiment were clothed, some in odd uniforms, others in their every-day clothing, and presented a strange and motley array of colors and accoutrements.

The preliminaries being gone through, the arduous duty of forming the companies into line was now to be accomplished. A great stir was at this instant discernible amongst the crowd before Wiggins’s steps, and shortly I observed the figures of several officers waving and glittering with feathers and tinsel rising above the surface of heads as they mounted their prancing steeds. Spurring them through the throng, they succeeded after a while in clearing a long space and extending the breadth of the village street. The word was then given to form the line, and amidst the loud orders of the officers I could see the different squads arranging themselves into marching order. A few minutes elapsed, and then arose a din sufficient to drive one crazy, and yet of the most ludicrous character. Each company was furnished with its own drum and fife, and, in some instances, bass-drum and cymbals. The three or four companies near me commenced marching in columns at nearly the same moment, their respective bands striking up at the same time, each playing its own tune. The effect was laughable in the highest degree. “Hail Columbia” had its slow heels tripped up completely by the *pirouettes* of “Yankee Doodle;” the “Girl I Left Behind Me” and “Miller’s Quick Step,” locked themselves together in a perfect wrestling match, first one down, then the other—now a bar struggling convulsively, then a strain nearly throttled; then high and low notes, tug and tug, heard alternately, the whole at last mingling itself up into the strangest entanglement possible—a maelstrom, so to speak, of whirling music. A bass-drum would thunder down, breaking the back at a stroke of a long roll proceeding from a tenor one near by, whilst another of the latter species would rub-a-dub right into a pair of cymbals, and scatter their silver clashings into an entire route. New tunes would be constantly arriving as the distant companies came marching up to give fresh life to the wrangling discord, whilst to add to the uproar, the whole pack of pedlers, amounting to nearly a dozen, had given tongue at the first hurly-burly of the music, bursting out, as it were, in full cry. “*Here’s* your fine penknives, all a going at onst,” shouted a tall, ram-rod looking fellow, with a knob of a hat, and a nose that seemed stretching out on purpose to scent a good bargain. “Walk up, ladies and gentlemen,” bawled another, with a white broad-brim so weak and slouchy

as to look as if about to faint away off his head. "How much for this splendid necklace!" yelled another, in a higher key, with the rim of his beaver cocked fiercely in front, and with a patch in the back of his coat, as though he had an eye there to look after his articles in that direction. "Come, gentlemen, can't wait, onst, twice! wont you say sixpence more!" said a fourth, sinking from a shout gradually down to a coaxing whine, whilst a fifth, with straight, black hair and saturnine complexion, giving him quite a sanctimonious look, let his tongue run on in chase of "a penny, a penny, a penny, a penny," with the perseverance of a bloodhound.

Elevated on one of the wagons was a member of the light-horse company. He had taken the post as a matter of joke, and was now holding up the different articles for sale with a merry smile on his face, and every now and then winking to the crowd as if to remind them what a capital jest his being there was. The pedler himself in the meanwhile, with an apple of a face perched upon a bean-pole of a form, was with great *nonchalance* seated upon his box, evidently quite content that the light-horseman should do the work, and he sit by and receive the profits. So exciting and pleasant did the soldier find his self-imposed task, so elated by the possession of this new accomplishment, which had remained undeveloped even to himself until now, and so intoxicated with the flattery which the laughter of the throng at his jokes offered, that he continued there all day, incurring a fine for non-attendance at the parade.

At the next "General Training" I saw the same fellow. Turned topsy-turvy by his success, he had abandoned his farm and "took to peddlen" on his own hook. But what a difference. Interested now in the occupation personally, and having the "keenest sort" of an eye to the profits, his selling was no longer a joke. The merry glance was replaced by a look of care, his dashing, off-hand manner was exchanged for an eager, beseeching air, his jokes were few and evidently forced; in short, in making his amusement his trade, he had made himself a very poor pedler.

What became of him I don't know, but I heard casually once that he had after a while betaken himself again to his little farm, (which he had mortgaged to obtain his fitting out as a pedler,) quite broken-spirited and out at elbows.

Foremost in the tempest of martial music, towering, as it were, the very genius of the scene, was Joe Lippett. Joe was a capital hand at a fife, his long chin serving as a resting-place for the instrument. He was therefore engaged to play for half a dozen companies. It was a sight to see him. Marching forward with immense strides, his puckered lips and promontory-like chin forming a deep nook into which his fife was thrust, he sent forth his piercing notes like a north-wester. After escorting a company "into line," he would vanish, and in a minute would be seen at the head of another, blowing away like Tophet, and after performing the same service to it, *presto!* his shrill music would be heard, and his legs and chin seen coming from a different quarter.

At last, after great exertions, involving vast displays of horsemanship, and large, particularly guttural, words of command, continual risings in their stirrups, and occasional looks of deep ferocity, the junior officers of the day succeeded in getting the regiment into line, as it is called in military parlance, but in fact into a curve, as the middle sagged a good deal inward. Still it presented something of a front, and along it the young officers went into violent spasms of dexterous riding, spurring their horses and curbing them tightly at the same time, thus causing them to advance backward, as it were, and perform feats with their hoofs, somewhat dangerous to the pie-eating and cider-drinking spectators.

At length I discovered the cause of this great display by the youthful gods of war, by happening to observe them glancing at the windows opposite, where I discovered their

dulcineas looking at the whole affair with immense interest.

It was amusing to note the various aspects of the soldiers composing the line. One had a nose like a triangle, another as if an oblong piece of dough had hit him in the face, and had clung there; the next had a little pair of eyes flying about as if anxious to hide away in their sockets, whilst the next appeared so determined to stare with his great goggle eyes that he seemed to suppose to wink would be time wasted. Here was a mouth with the corners turned up into a sculptured grin; there was another turned down, as if with a perpetual colic. Here were cheeks rounded out as if blowing a trumpet, whilst there were others so fallen in, that they seemed glued to their side teeth. In short, there was no end to the differences in the physiognomies of the "citizen soldiery," as that patriotic and intellectual portion of our people, the politicians, (those particularly who wish to go to the "legislater,") term them.

A file of men was now detached for the standard of the regiment—a great blue thing, as large nearly as a ship's top-sail. The men were paraded in front of the tavern steps—the standard appeared on the stoop—a flourish of drum and fife—the standard waved, then descended, and borne by little Billy Waddle, went gayly to its appointed place under the inspiring influence of a favorite quick step.

The reception of the colonel was now also gone through, and he rode in very stiff dignity, with his legs sticking out on each side of his steed, very much like a pair of open compasses, toward the line, with his peacock tail of a staff trailing behind him. Taking, then, his station, with his horse (tickled constantly by the spur) making uneasy motions, as if itching all over, he gave utterance to a few shouts, made hoarse for the occasion, which were followed by convulsions of carrying, presenting, and supporting arms, on the part of the soldiers, some together, and some not, just as it happened. Preparations were then made for the march to the village-green, where the exercises of the day were to take place. The music was all collected in front, and the order was given to wheel into platoons. Each man performed this manœuvre at his own time and "on his own responsibility," and consequently such a fluttering took place as to throw the whole scene into confusion. The feat was, however, at last performed, the drums began to mark time—the men ditto, (after a fashion,) and the order from the colonel was, "by platoons, march!" the last word uttered with most tremendous emphasis. The order was taken up and sent along from company to company in every variety of tone, from a growl to a squeak, ending at last like a faint echo at the extremity of the array. The whole regiment then moved, the drums still keeping up their preliminary tapping. At length the music burst out into a terrific explosion of sound, and onward marched the martial pageant. The sight was ludicrous enough. Some had started with the right foot foremost, and were entangling their legs in the most unjustifiable way, with those of their neighbors, endeavoring to change to the left foot; some, owing to the extreme tightness of their belts, (these were principally in the uniform companies,) hitched along as if their hips went on rusty hinges, and others, owing either to the want of a musical ear, or recklessness, sauntered along in their natural gait, which didn't happen to suit the air, and consequently carried disorder along the whole rank. In the former class was a little irascible-looking fellow, who, starting the wrong way and endeavoring to get right, and who being met in his efforts at precisely the wrong times by a lank genius next him, kept hopping testily from one foot to the other, whilst his companion did the same at alternate moments, until the legs of both went backward and forward like a quick cat's-cradle. On swept the array, the colonel looking sterner than forty Napoleons on a field of battle. Conspicuous in the front rank of "the music" was Joe Lippett, chinning his fife, whilst amidst a row of drums came my friend with the red feather, working his mouth in the most emphatic manner, and looking down upon

his instrument as if he thought that the withdrawal of his eyes would cause an instant paralysis of his sticks.

Then followed the artillery and rifle companies, and in the midst of the regiment, who should appear but little Billy Waddle, staggering up under the enormous regimental standard. Billy, in being the bearer of the silken honor, had allowed his ambition to run away with his discretion. He was evidently supplying his strength from the very depths of his despair, humoring in a variety of ways the blue flaunting tyrant which held him completely under control, bracing against its frequent lurches with efforts that made him grin like a death's-head, and struggling up convulsively as it plunged downward with pitchings and totterings worthy an animal afflicted with the blind staggers.

With wonderful efforts, however, he continued to keep the flag somewhat in order, until he arrived opposite my office. A beautiful basswood was growing there, on the outer verge of the side-walk, and spreading its broad branches considerably over the street. The regiment swept underneath these branches in its progress upward to the village-green. Billy saw the impediment and lowered his standard. He did it, however, with such quick effort, that he lost all control over its descending weight, which pitched the luckless manikin forward so irresistibly that the steel points of the staff struck with somewhat of an emphasis right into the calf of Jim Thompson's leg, who happened to be marching directly before. Never shall I forget Jim's hop on the occasion, or the terrified look he cast backward. It appeared as if he thought that the rear rank had suddenly taken it into their heads to charge bayonet upon those in front, and that he was to be the first victim. But his look changed as he perceived the cause, and the glance of contempt and vexation which he shot at poor Billy, as he commenced limping along rubbing the offended part, was ludicrous in the extreme.

The regiment now arrived at the green, where it was to be inspected. The Inspector was an imperturbable, square-built Dutchman, bestriding a horse as imperturbable and donkey-like as himself. He now appeared upon the ground, as the regiment, after performing half the circuit of the green, was halted in the order it had marched.

Dismounting, the inspector gravely commenced his task. Moving from man to man, he examined the musket and other accoutrements of each, the inspected bringing his piece to a present with a quick jerk as the inspector presented himself, and the latter trying the lock with a sharp click, and making the ramrod jump with a keen jingle in the barrel. Occasionally, some piece, loaded by its wag of an owner, would explode with a loud report as the inspector drew trigger, followed by a great snickering and chuckling on the part of those near by, but the inspector never relaxed his heavy muscles for a moment. Thus he went from man to man, and rank to rank, until the whole process was completed.

In the meanwhile the music had gathered in a cluster at a little distance, surrounded by the boys and "loafers" of the village. Now and then the muffled sound of a tattoo, beat upon the cords of the drum, arose, with the comic squeak of a fife accompanied by loud laughter from the idlers around, and sometimes a single "boom" from a blow upon the bass-drum.

But the inspector, having left his last man, the word "attention the whole," was loudly sounded, and the scene was changed in an instant. Those who had been lounging "at ease" upon their guns, stood erect and soldier-like—those seated upon the grass sprung to their places—the band hurried to its station at the head, and, in a short time the whole regiment was in marching order.

The time had now arrived to pass in review before the colonel. With his staff upon either hand, that redoubtable hero had now stationed himself at the head of the green for the regiment

to march past him. The command of "march" was given, the music struck up, and the regiment moved. Playing most obstreperously, the band passed the colonel, who sat, chapeau in hand, and then fell upon one side. The sight now became comic. The officers as they approached, prepared with great solemnity and very apparent consciousness of the importance of the manœuvre, to salute with their swords the puissant presence of the commandant, and the "rank and file" to perform the same ceremony with their presented guns. The first officer, who was a captain from the wilds of Lumberland, was so taken up by the immensity of the act he was to perform, that he forgot to perform it at all until quite past the colonel. Remembering himself then, in his nervous hurry, he brought his sword up so quickly to his face that he knocked his hat off, and stooping to recover it, he received such an impetus from his front rank, who were too intent upon their part of the performance to see any thing, that he was pitched without ceremony, in the most headlong and sprawling manner, after his hat.

The next officer was but a little more fortunate. He had witnessed the performance of his predecessor, and being nervous, was thrown into a considerable flurry thereby. Determined not to be caught in the predicament of delaying his manœuvre, he went to the opposite extreme. Miscalculating his time in his agitation, and seeing the colonel's eye fixed upon him, he, some distance before he reached that functionary, brought his sword up with a great flourish, and saluted. By the time he reached the colonel, his part was, of course, performed, and the air of sneaking and deprecating consciousness with which he slunk past was so marked, as to cause a smile even upon the grim features of the commandant himself. After this, things went on pretty well, until a tall, awkward, rawboned lieutenant, who "tended saw-mill for a liven" on the Sheldrake Brook, approached the colonel. Fixing his eyes on his officer, he thrust his sword out horizontally, as if to charge bayonet. Not seeing where he was going, so intent was he upon his staring, that, meeting with some obstruction, he stumbled, pitched forward, and before he could recover himself, he had run his sword half way into the soft turf of the green, with the hilt striking against his breast with an emphasis that made him gasp like a frog in an exhausting receiver. He was the last officer, and with this interesting exhibition of soldierly grace and dignity, the ceremony closed. The colonel clapped his chapeau on his head, and, attended by his staff, once more took his place in the regiment, and, after a short march, the order was given to form a "hollow square," for prayer and a speech from the judge advocate. After considerable trouble the square was formed, with all the officers in the middle. The prayer was offered by the "learned and pious" Dr. Stubbornthought, and at the conclusion, the colonel proclaimed, in a pompous tone, that the judge advocate would now commence his address. Instantly this functionary spurred from the side of his superior to perform this duty. He was an ambitious young sprig of the law, always on the look-out for distinction, and seeking where he could make a speech turn up with all the keenness and avidity of a hound on the track of a deer. He was withal very irascible. With his usual ambition, he had now selected the most fiery and run-away steed in the village, being convinced that he was as good a horseman as he was a speaker, and that, let me tell you, is saying a great deal. Direct upon his announcement, as before observed, he made his way in the midst of the square, and endeavored to settle himself in his saddle to commence his address. But this was more difficult than he imagined. Having given a severer dig with his spur into the side of his animal than the latter bargained for or relished, it began to testify its anger by a series of prancings and curvettings decidedly more ornamental than either useful or agreeable. Grasping his bridle, however, firmly, and knowing that delay in endeavoring to soothe his horse might ruin his speech, the youngster, after giving birth to a loud preliminary h-e-m, commenced.

“Fellow-soldiers, (whoe, Jim,) I appear before ye, (whoe, I say,) on this occasion to address you briefly upon the duties of the citizen soldiery of our country. The duty of defending our homes and firesides, (whoe, whoe, you brute you,) our homes and firesides, (whoe, you rascal,) homes and, (well, I never saw such a devilish creature in my life, whoe, I say,) homes and firesides is a paramount duty. Who—would—evade—it! Who—wou-wou-wou-wou-would, (whoe, whoe, who-o-o-e—you most infernal of all devils,) who would sh-sh-sh-shun or fly”—here the question bolted out at broken intervals, occasioned by the thumping in his saddle from the prancing of his excited horse, was to the great horror of the square, answered practically by the questioner himself. If no body else would fly he, or rather his steed, showed that he would. Giving a tremendous leap, Spitfire (the horse’s name, and a capital one, too,) broke through an opening in the square and “rattle-te-clatter,” (as Loafing Joe, in describing the scene afterward to a knot of the village young men in Wiggins’s bar-room said,) “the way he streaked it over the green, was nothen to nobody’s folks. He went like a shot from a shovel past Old Cheese’s as if he was a goen to pitch right into John P.’s donyard. But old Spitfire catty-cornered round so quick that “little Blackberry” (the rider’s nickname in the village, from his dark complexion,) swung sideways like old Lummocks when he’s slewed, and then, Lordjersees Massies, if he didn’t slap it down the turnpike in a hurry, with little Blackberry a hold of the mane, and a grinning like a wild-cat, you may say to my face that I’m a liar, that’s all. Howsever, Spitfire couldn’t git past Wiggins’s, no how you can fix it, for he’s eat too many oats there, so he gives another sheer so that little Blackberry’s right leg stuck out like a pump-handle, and bolt he went under the shed, and brought up all standen. Little Blackberry pitched into the manger, and the hoss began to eat hay as if nothen had been the matter, and that, boys, is the eend on’t. Who’s a goen to treat!”

In the meanwhile, the regiment had been again arranged in marching order, and with a blithesome quickstep, had left the green, swept up the little village to its outskirts, and then turning, was now on its way back to its starting place before Wiggins’s tavern-porch. A cloud of dust gave token to those at the porch that the martial show was approaching. The piercing fife—the rub-a-dub of the drum—and the deep blows of the bass-drum, were next heard; the arms broke glistening from the dusty cloud—down came the column with its hasty tread, and fronted before the tavern in one long line. After a few words of command, the magic words, “you’re dismissed,” sounded upon the air, and with a wild hurrah, the ranks broke into scrambling confusion, and “General Training” was ended. Wagon after wagon filled with the soldiery, rattled away; throng after throng of those on foot hurried off by the numerous roads leading into the adjacent country, and at sunset, the village had once more relapsed into its customary quiet. So have we seen a pool, shaken by a breeze, tossing its waters in confusion, and then calming itself into its usual tranquillity, uniting the scattered fragments of rock, tree and sky, again into the soft, reflected picture of its quiet and beautiful mirror.

TO THE LILY OF THE VALLEY.

BY PROFESSOR CAMPBELL.

Sweet little flower,
That hang'st thy fair and modest head
 Beneath the shower,
And bendest o'er thy parent bed,
As mourning for thy sisters dead—
Oh! smile again—the storm has fled.

Ah! who could break
Thy tender stem, so very fair,
 So very weak—
To deck his breast, to perish there,
Beneath the coldly piercing air,
Of harsh neglect, regret, despair?

Nay, droop not so—
No ruthless hand shall touch thee here—
 No, gentlest, no—
I'll hide thee where, devoid of fear,
Thou'lt bloom, to one lone heart most dear,
Nor ruder love than mine be near.

And I will leave
All other cares, and steal to see,
 At morn and eve,
Mine own lov'd flowret's purity—
For I alone shall smile on thee,
And thou alone shall smile on me.

And when thou'rt gone
And all thy sweetness buried deep,
 And I alone—
Still will I in my fond heart keep
Thy memory green, and come to weep,
Where thou, my loved one, shalt sleep.

And soon, dear flow'r,
Ah, very soon I'll follow thee—
My little hour
Of fated life must quickly flee—
Then cold and lone my grave shall be,
Without a tear—oh! not like thee.

“GOOD-NIGHT.”

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF THE LATE WALTER HERRIES, ESQ.

“Good-night!” the words were spoken, and we parted,
 I to my lonely home, to muse on thee,
With spirit bowed and saddened, broken-hearted—
 And *thou*, to dreams of joy—but not of me.

“Good-night!” how very coldly it was spoken;
 But those loved tones are lingering near me yet,
And though of tenderness they bring no token,
 I would not, if I had the power, forget.

“Good-night!” and happy, dearest, be thy morrow—
 From gloom and sadness be thy future free;
Be mine alone the darkness and the sorrow—
 For where *thou* art not, all is night to me.

JASPER ST. AUBYN;

OR THE COURSE OF PASSION.

BY HENRY WILLIAM HERBERT.

(Continued from page 91.)

The morning was still very young, and the sun, which was but just beginning to rise above the brow of the eastern hill, poured his long, yellow rays, full of a million dusty motes, in almost level lines down the soft, green slopes, diversified by hundreds of cool purple shadows, projected far and wide over the laughing landscape, from every tree and bush that intercepted the mild light.

The dews of the preceding night still clustered unexhaled, sparkling like diamonds to the morning beams, on every leaf and flower; a soft west wind was playing gently with the thousands of bright buds and blossoms which decked the pleasant gardens; and the whole air was perfumed with the delicate fragrance of the mignonette and roses, which filled the luxuriant parterres. The hum of the reveling bees came to the ear with a sweet domestic sound, and the rich carol of the blackbird and the thrush came swelling from the tangled shrubberies, full fraught with gratitude and glee.

It was into such a scene, and among such sights and sounds, that the young free-trader wandered forth from the tranquillity and gloom of the sick chamber in which he had spent a sleepless night; but his mind had been too deeply stirred by his conversation with Sir Miles St. Aubyn, and chords of too powerful feeling had been thrilled into sudden and painful life, to allow him to be penetrated, as he might have been in a less agitated hour, by the sweet influences of the time and season.

Still, though he was unconscious of the pleasant sights and sounds and smells which surrounded him, as he strolled slowly through the bowery walks of the old garden, they had more or less effect upon his perturbed and bitter spirit; and his mood became gradually softer, as he mused upon what had passed within the last hour, alone in that bright solitude.

Wild and impetuous and almost fierce by nature, he had brooded from his very boyhood upward over his real and imaginary wrongs, until the iron had so deeply pierced his soul, that he could see nothing but coldness, and hostility, and persecution in the conduct of all around him, with the exception of his old student uncle and his sweet Theresa. Ever suspecting, ever anticipating injury and insult, or at least coldness and repulsion from all with whom he was brought into contact, he actually generated in the breasts of others the feelings which he imputed to them all unjustly. Accusing the world of injustice or ere it was unjust, in the end he made it to be so indeed; and then hated it, and railed against it, for that which it had never dreamed of, but for his own fantastic waywardness.

It was unfortunate for Durzil, that the good man, into whose care he had fallen, ever of a philosophical and studious, nay, even mystic disposition, had become, since the sad fate of his beloved sister, and the early death of a yet dearer wife, so wholly visionary, so entirely given up

to the wildest theorizing, the most abstruse and abstract metaphysical inquiries, that no one could have been devised less fitting for the guardian and instructor of a high-spirited, hot-headed, fiery boy than he was.

The consequence of this was, as it might have been expected, that disgusted early with the strange sorts of learning which the old man persisted in forcing into him against the grain, and discontented with the stillness and deathlike tranquillity of all around him, the boy ran away from his distasteful home, and shipped for the India voyage in a free-trader, half merchantman, half-picaroon, before he had yet attained his thirteenth year. In that wild and turbulent career, well suited to his daring and contemptuous spirit, he had, as he himself expressed it, become hardened and inured not to toils and sufferings only, but to thoughts and feelings, habits and opinions, which perhaps now could never be eradicated from his nature, of which they had become, as it were, part and parcel.

When he returned, well nigh a man in years, and quite a man in stature, and perhaps more than most men in courage, resource, coolness and audacity, old Allan, to whom he had written once or twice, apprising him that he had adopted the sea as his home and his profession, received him with a hearty welcome, and with few or no inquiries as to the period during which he had been absent.

Thereafter, he came and went as he would, unasked and unheeded. When he was ashore, the cottage by the fords of Widecomb was his home; and his increasing wealth—for he had prospered greatly in his adventurous career—added materially to the comforts of old Allan's housekeeping. His life was, therefore, spent in strange alternations; now amid the wildest excitement—the storm, the chase, the fierce and frantic speculation, the perilous and desperate fight, the revelry, the triumph, and the booty; and now, in the calmest and most peaceful solitude, amid the sweetest pastoral scenery, and with the loveliest and most innocent companion that ever soothed the hot and eager spirit of erring and impetuous man, into almost woman's softness.

And hence it was, perhaps, that Durzil Bras-de-fer had, as it were, two different natures—one fierce, rash, bitter, scornful, heedless of human praise or human censure, pitiless to human sorrow, reckless of human life, merciless, almost cruel—the other generous, and soft, and sympathetic, and full of every good and gentle impulse.

And it was in the latter of these only, that Theresa Allan knew him.

It must not be supposed from what I have written, that Durzil was a pirate, or a buccaneer—far from it. For though, at times, he and his comrades assumed the initiative in warfare, and smote the Spaniards and the Dutchmen, and the French unsparingly, beyond the Line, and made but small distinction between the *meum* and the *tuum*, especially if the *tuum* pertained to the stranger and the papist, still neither public opinion, nor their own consciences condemned them—they were regarded, as Cavendish, and Raleigh, and Drake, and Frobisher and Hawkins had been, a reign or two before, as bold, headlong adventurers; perhaps a little lawless, but on the whole, noble and daring men, and were esteemed in general rather an ornament than a disgrace to their native land.

As men are esteemed of men, such they are very apt to be or to become; and, having the repute of chivalrous spirit, of generosity and worth, no less than of dauntless courage, and rare seamanship, the adventurous free-traders of that day held themselves to be, in all respects, gentlemen, and men of honor; and holding themselves so, for the most part they became so.

It was, therefore, by no means either wonderful or an exception to a rule, that Durzil Bras-de-fer should have been such as I have described him, awake to gentle impulses, alive to good

impressions, easily subject to the influences of the finest female society, and in no respect a person either from his habits, his tastes, or his profession to be rejected by men of honor, or eschewed by women of refinement.

And now, as he followed slowly on the steps of his beautiful cousin, the young man was more alive than usual to the higher and nobler sensibilities of his mind. The information which he had gained concerning his own father's feelings, at the moment of his death, had greatly softened him, and it began to occur to him—which was, indeed, true—that he might have been during his whole life conjuring up phantoms against which to do battle, and attributing thoughts and actions to the world at large, of which the world might well be wholly innocent.

Up to this moment, although he had long been aware of his constantly increasing passion for his fair cousin, he had rested content with the mild and sisterlike affection which she had ever manifested toward him; and, having been ever her sole companion, ever treated with most perfect confidence and sympathy, having found her at all times charmed to greet his return, and grieved at his departure; knowing, above all things, that at the very worst he had no rival, and that her heart had never been touched by any warmer passion than she felt toward himself, he had scarcely paused to inquire even of himself, whether he was beloved in turn, much less had he endeavored to penetrate the secrets of her heart, or to disturb the calm tenor of her way by words or thoughts of passion.

Now, however, the words, the questions of the old cavalier had awakened many a doubt in his soul; and with the doubt came the desire irrepressible to envisage his fate, to learn and ascertain, once and for all, whether his lot was to be cast henceforth in joy or in sorrow; whether, in a word, he was to be a wanderer and an outcast, by sea and by land, unto his dying day, or whether this very hour was to be to him the commencement of a new era, a new life.

Now, as he walked forth in the beautiful calm morning, in that old, pleasant garden, which had been the scene of so much peaceable and innocent enjoyment, he felt himself at once a sadder and a better man than he had ever been before; and while determined to delay no longer, but to try his gentle cousin's heart, he was supported by no high and fiery hope; he seemed to have lost, he knew not how or wherefore, that proud heaven-reaching confidence, which was wont to count all things won while they were yet to win, still less did his heart kindle and blaze out with that preconceived indignation at the idea of being unappreciated or neglected, which would a few hours before have goaded him almost to frenzy.

I have written much of his character to little purpose, if it be not plain that humility was the frame of mind least usual to the youthful seaman, yet now, for once, he was humble. He had discovered, for the first time in his life, that he had erred grossly in his estimate of others, and was beginning to suspect that that false estimate had led him far away from true principles, true conceptions; he was beginning, in a word, to suspect that he was himself *less* sinned against than sinning; and that his was, in fact, a very much misguided and distempered spirit.

He clasped his brow closely with a feverish and trembling hand, as he walked onward slowly, pondering, with his whole soul intent upon the future and the past. He was inquiring of himself, "Does she, can she love me?" and he could make no answer to his own passionate questioning. While he was in this mood, bending his steps toward the favorite bower wherein he half hoped half feared to find Theresa, a soft voice fell upon his ear, and a light hand was laid upon his arm, as he passed the intersection of another shady walk with that through which he was strolling.

"Good-morrow, Durzil," said the young girl, merrily. "I never thought to see you out so early in the garden; but I am glad that you are here, for I want you. So come along with me at once,

and tell me if it be not a nest of young nightingales which I have found in the thick syringa bush beside my arbor. Come, Durzil, don't you hear me? Why what ails you, that you look so sad, and move so heavily this glorious summer morning? You are not ill, are you, dear Durzil?"

"Dear Durzil," he repeated, in a low, subdued tone. "*Dear Durzil!* I would to God that I were dear to you, Theresa—that I were dear to any one."

So singular was the desponding tone in which he spoke, so strange and unwonted was the cloud of deep depression which sat on his bold, intelligent brow, that the young girl stared at him in amazement, almost in alarm.

"You are ill," she cried, in tones of affectionate anxiety; "you must be ill, or you would never speak so strangely, so unkindly; or is it only that you are overdone with watching by that poor youth's sick bed? Yet no, no, that can never be, you who are so strong and so hardy. What is it, dearest cousin? Tell me, what is it makes you speak so wildly—would that you *were* dear to me! why, if not you, *you* and my good, kind father, who on the face of the wide earth is dear to poor Theresa! That you were dear to any one! You, whom my father looks upon and loves as his own son; you, whose companions hold you as almost more than mortal—for have I not marked the inscriptions on your sabre's guard, and on the telescope they gave you? You, who have saved the lives of so many fellow mortals; you, to whom those ladies, rescued at Darien from the bloodthirsty Spaniards, addressed such glowing words of gratitude and love; you, cousin Durzil, *you*, who are so great, so brave, so wise, so skillful, and above all, so generous and kind; *you* talk of wishing you were dear to any one! Good sooth! you must be dreaming, or you are bewitched, gentle Durzil."

"If I be," he replied with a smile, for her high spirits and gay enthusiasm aroused him from his gloomier thoughts, and began to enkindle brighter hopes in his bosom, "if I be, thou, Theresa, art the enchantress who has done it."

"Ay! now you are more like yourself; but tell me," she said, caressingly, "what was it made you sad and dark but now?"

"Only this, dear Theresa, that I am again about to leave you."

"To leave us—to leave us so soon and so suddenly. Why you have been here but three little weeks, which have passed like so many days, and when you came you said that you would stay with us till autumn. Oh, dear! my father will be so grieved at your going. You do not know, you do not dream how much he loves you, Durzil. He is a different person altogether when you are at home—so much gayer, and more sociable! Oh! wherefore must you leave us so quickly, and after so long an absence, too, as your last? Oh, truly, it is unkind, Durzil."

"And you, Theresa, shall you be sorry?"

"I will not answer you," she replied, half petulantly, half tearfully. "It is unkind of you to go, and doubly unkind of you to speak to me thus. What have I done to you now, what have I ever done to you, that you should doubt my being sorry. Are not you the only friend, the only companion I have got in the wide world? Are you not as near and dear to me, as if you were my own brother? Do not I love you as my brother, even as my father loves you as his son? Ah, Durzil! if you are never less loved than you are by poor Theresa Allan, you will ne'er need to complain for lack of loving."

And she burst into tears as she ended her rapid speech; for she did not comprehend in the least at what he was aiming, and her innocent and artless heart was wounded by what she fancied to be a doubt of her affection.

"And if you feel so deeply the mere temporary absence which my profession forces on me, Theresa, how, think you, should you feel were that absence to be eternal?"

“Eternal!” she exclaimed, turning very pale. “Eternal! What do you mean by eternal?”

“It may well be so, Theresa; and yet it rests with yourself, after all, whether I go or not—and yet be sure of this, if I do go, I go forever.”

“With *me*—does it rest with *me*?” she cried, joyously. “Oh! if it rests with me, you will not go at all—you will never go any more. I am always in terror while you are absent; and the west wind never blows, howling as it does over these desolate bare hills, with its mournful, moaning voice, which they say is the very sound of a spirit’s cry, but it conjures up to my mind all dread ideas of the tremendous rush and roar of the mountain billows upon some rock-bound leeward coast, as I have heard you tell by the cheerful hearth; and of stranded vessels, creaking and groaning as their huge ribs break asunder, and of corpses weltering on the ruthless waves; oh! such dread day-dreams! If it rest with me, go you shall not, Durzil, ever again to sea. And why should you? You have won fame enough, and glory and wealth more than enough to supply your wants so long as you live. Why should you go to sea again, dear Durzil?”

“I will *not* go again, Theresa, if such seriously be your deliberate desire.”

“If such seriously be my deliberate desire!” the fair girl repeated the words after him, with a sort of half-solemn drollery. Was it the native instinct of the female heart, betraying itself in that innocent and artless creature, scarcely in years more than a child—the inborn, irrepressible coquetry of the sex, foreseeing what was about to follow from the young man’s lips, yet seeking all unconsciously to delay the avowal, to protract the uncertainty, the excitement, or was it genuine, unsuspecting innocence? “You are most singularly solemn,” she continued, “this fine morning, Durzil, wondrously serious and deliberate; and so, as you are so precise, I must, I suppose, answer you likewise in due set form. Of course, it is my desire to have the company of one whom I esteem and love, of one to whom I look up for countenance and protection, of my only relative on earth, except my dear old father, as much as I can have it, with due regard to his interests and well-being. My father is getting very old, too, and infirm; and at times I fancy that his mind wanders. I cannot fail, therefore, to perceive that he needs a more able and energetic person near him than I am. I can, moreover, see no good cause why you should persist in following so perilous and stormy a profession, unless it be that you love it. Therefore, as I have said, of *course*, if it rest with me to detain you, I would do so—but always under this proviso, that it were with your own good will; for I confess, dear Durzil, that I fear, if you were detained against your wish, if you still pant for the strong excitement, the stormy rapture, as I have heard you call it, of the chase, the battle, and the tempest, you never could be happy here, whatever we might do to please you. Now, Durzil, seriously and deliberately, you are answered.”

“I could be happy here. I am weary of agitation and excitement. I feel that I have erred—that the path I have taken leads not to happiness. I want tranquillity, repose of the heart, above all things—love!”

“Then do not go—then I say positively, Durzil, dear Durzil, stay with us—you can find all these here.”

“Are you sure—all of them?”

“Sure? Why, if not here in this delicious, pastoral, simple country, in this dear cottage, with its lovely garden and calm waters, where in the world should you find tranquillity, if not here, in the midst of your best friends, in the bosom of your own family, where should you look for love?”

“Theresa, there be more kinds of love than one—and that I crave is not cold, duteous, family affection.”

Now, for the first time, it seemed that the young man's meaning broke clearly upon her mind; now a sudden and bright illumination burst upon all that seemed strange and wild and inconsistent in his conduct, in his speech, in his very silence. Unsuspected before, it was now evident to her at once that deep, overmastering passion was the cause to which she must refer all that had been for some time past to her an incomprehensible enigma in her cousin's demeanor.

And now that she was assured, for the first time in her life, that she was really, deeply, ardently beloved—not as a pretty, childish playmate, not as an amiable and dear relative, but as herself, for herself, a lovable and lovely woman, how did the maiden's heart respond to the great revelation?

Elevated on the instant from the girl to the woman, a strange and thrilling sense, a sort of moral shock affected her whole system—was it of pleasure or of pain?

It has been often said, and I presume said truly, that no woman—no, not the best and purest, the most modest and considerate of their sex—ever receive a declaration of love from any man, even if the man himself be distasteful to her, even if the love he proffer be illicit and dishonest, without a secret and instinctive sense of high gratification, a consciousness of power, of triumph, a pride in the homage paid to her charms, a sort of gratitude for the tribute rendered to her sex's loveliness. She may, and will, repulse the dishonorable love with scorn and loathing, yet still, though she may spurn the worthless offering, and heap reproach upon the daring offerer, still she will be half pleased by the offer—if it be only that she has had the power, the pleasure—for all power is pleasure—of rejecting it. She may, and will, gently, considerately, sympathetically decline the honest offers of a pure love which she cannot reciprocate or value as it should be valued; but even if he who made the tender be repulsive, almost odious, still she must be gratified, perhaps almost grateful for that which he has done.

To a young girl more especially, just bursting from the bud into the bloom of young womanhood, scarce conscious yet that she is a woman, scarcely awake to the sense of her own powers, her own passions—a creature full of vague, shadowy, mysterious fancies, strange uncomprehended thoughts, and half perceived desires, there is—there must be something of wondrous influence, of indescribable excitement in the receiving a first declaration.

And so it was with Theresa Allan. She was, in truth, no angel—for angels are not to be met with in the daily walks of this world—she was, indeed, neither more nor less than a mere mortal woman, mortal in all the imperfection, and narrowness, and feebleness, and inability to rise even to the height of its own best aspirations, which are peculiar to mortality—woman in all the frailty and vanity and variety, no less than in all the tenderness, the truth, the constancy, the loveliness, the sweetness of true womanhood. She was, in a word, just what a great modern poet has described in those sweet lines,

“A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears and smiles.”

and no one who is a true judge of human, and yet more of woman nature will regret that she was such; for he must be a poor judge indeed, he must know little of the real character of womanhood, who does not feel that one half of her best influences, one half of her sweetest power of charming, soothing, controlling, winding herself about the very heart-strings, arises from her very imperfections. Take from her these, and what she might then be we know not, but

she would not be woman, and until the world has seen something better and more endearing, until a wiser artificer can be found than HE who made her, even as she is, a help meet for man—away with your abstractions! give her to us as she is, at least if not perfect, the best and brightest of created things—a very, very woman.

She heard his words, she felt his meaning, yet the sense of the words seemed to be lost, the very sounds rang in her ears dizzily, her breath came so painfully that she almost fancied she was choking, the earth appeared to shake under her feet, and every thing around her to wheel drunkenly to and fro.

She pressed one hand upon her heart, and caught her cousin's arm with the other to support herself. Her whole face, which a moment before had been alive and radiant with the warm hues of happiness and youth, became as white as marble. Her very lips were bloodless; her whole frame trembled as if she had an ague fit.

He gazed on her in wonder, almost in terror. For a moment he thought that she was about to faint, almost to die; and so violent, in truth, was the affection of her nerves, that, had she not been relieved by a sudden passion of tears, it is doubtful what might have been the result.

They were standing when Durzil Bras-de-fer uttered the words which had wrought so singular a change in Theresa's manner, within a pace or two of the sylvan bower, of which she had spoken, and without a moment's pause, or a syllable uttered, he hurried her into its quiet recess, and placing her gently on the mossy seat within, knelt down at her feet, holding her left hand in his own, and gazing up anxiously in her face.

He was amazed—he was alarmed. Not for himself alone, not from the selfish fear of losing what he most prized on earth—but for her.

He knew not, indeed, whether that strange and almost terrible revulsion arose from pleasure or from pain. He knew not, could not even conjecture whether it boded good or evil to his hopes, to his happiness. But the scales had fallen from his eyes in an instant. He had discovered now, what her old father, recognizing genius with the intuitive second-sight of kindred genius, had perceived long before that this young, artless, inexperienced, child-like girl, was, indeed, a creature wonderfully and fearfully made.

He had never before suspected that beneath that calm, gentle, tranquil, unexcitable exterior there beat a heart, there thrilled a soul full of the strongest capabilities, the most earnest aspirations, the most intense imaginings, that ever were awakened by the magic touch of love, into those overwhelming passions, which can tend to middle state, but must lead to the perfect happiness or utter misery of their possessor.

But he saw it, he knew it now; and he felt that so soon as the present paroxysm should pass over, she too would feel and know all this likewise. Whether for good or for evil, for weal or for wo, he perceived that he had unlocked for her whom he truly and singly loved, the hitherto sealed fountain of knowledge.

And he almost shuddered at the thought of what he had done—he almost wished that he had stifled his own wishes, sacrificed his own hopes.

For though impetuous and impulsive, though in some degree warped and perverted, he was not selfish. And when he observed the terrible power which his words had produced upon her, and judged thence of the character and temper of her mind and intellect, a sad suspicion fell upon him that hers was one of those over delicate temperaments, one of those spirits too rarely endowed, too sensitively constituted ever to know again, when once awakened to self-consciousness, that quietude in which alone lies true happiness.

Several minutes passed before a word was spoken by either. But gradually the color

returned to her lips, to her cheeks, and the light relumed her beautiful blue eyes, and the tremor passed away from her slight frame; but her face continued motionless, and so calm that its gravity almost amounted to severity. It was not altogether melancholy, it was not at all anger, but it was, what in a harder and less youthful face would have been sternness. Never before had he seen such an expression on any human face—never, assuredly, had hers worn it before. It was the awakening of a new spirit—the consciousness of a new power—the first struggling into life of a great purpose.

Her hand lay passive in his grasp, yet he could feel the pulses throbbing to the very tips of those small, rosy fingers, so strongly and tumultuously, that he could not reconcile such evidence of her quick and lively feeling with the fixed tranquillity of the eye which was bent upon his own, with the rigidity of the marble brow.

At length, and contrary to what is wont to happen, it was he who first broke silence.

“Theresa,” he said, “I have grieved—I have pained—perhaps offended you.”

And then she started, as his voice smote her ears, so complete had been the abstraction of her mind, and recovering all her faculties and readiness of mind on the instant,

“Yes, Durzil,” she said, very sweetly, but very sorrowfully, “you have grieved me, you have pained me, very, very deeply; but oh, do not imagine that you have offended—that you could offend me. No; you have torn away too suddenly, too roughly, the veil that covered my eyes and my heart. You have awakened thoughts, and feelings, and perceptions in my soul, of whose existence I never dreamed before. You have made me know myself as it were, better within the last few minutes than I ever knew myself before. It seems to me, that I have lived longer and felt more, since we have sat here together, than in all the years I can count before. And, oh, my heart! my heart! I am most unhappy.”

“You cannot love me, then, Theresa,” he said, tranquilly; for he had vast self-control, and he was too much of a man to suffer his own agitation or distress to agitate or distress her further. “You cannot love me as I would be loved by you—you cannot be mine.”

“Durzil,” she said, in tones full of the deepest emotion, “until the moment in which you spoke to me, I never thought of love, I never dreamed or imagined to myself what it should be, other than the love I bear to my father, to you, to all that is kind, and good, and beautiful in humanity or in nature. But your words, I know not how nor wherefore, have awakened me, as it were, into a strange sort of knowledge. I do *not* love, I almost hope that I never may love, as you would wish me to love you; but I do feel *now* that I know what such love should be; and I tremble at the knowledge. I feel that it would be too strong, too full of fear, of anxiety, of agony, to allow of happiness. Oh, no, no! Durzil, do not ask me, do not wish me to love you so; pray, rather pray for me to God rather, that I may never love at all—for so surely as I do love, I know that I shall be a wretched, wretched woman!”

That was a strange scene, and it passed between a strange pair. Great influences had been at work in the minds of both within the last few hours, and it would have been very difficult to say in which the greatest change had been wrought.

In her, the tranquil, innocent, unconscious girl had been aroused into the powerful, passionate, thoughtful woman. A knowledge of that whereof she had been most ignorant before “her glassy essence” had awakened her, as the breeze awakens the lake from repose into power.

In him, the violent, hot-headed, stubborn, and impetuous man of action had been tamed down by a conversion almost as sudden and convincing into the slow, self-controlled, self-denying man of counsel. As the discovery of power had aroused her into life, so had the

discovery of long cherished, long injurious error, tamed him into tranquillity.

One day ago he would have raved furiously, or brooded sullenly and darkly over her words. Now, even with the fit of passion all puissant over him, with the wild heat of love burning within his breast, with the keen sense of disappointment wringing him, he had yet force of temper to control himself, nay, more, he had force of mind enough to see and apprehend, that *this* Theresa, was no longer the Theresa whom he loved; and that, although he still adored her, it was impossible either for him to meet the aspirations of her glowing and inspired genius, or for her to be to him what he had dreamed of, the tranquillizing, soothing spirit which should pour balm upon his wounded, restless, irritable feelings—the wife, whose first, best gift to him should be repose and tranquillity of soul.

He pressed her hand tenderly, and said, as he might have done to a dear sister,

“I have been to blame, Theresa. I have given you pain, rashly, but not wantonly. Forgive me, for you are the last person in the world to whom I would give even a moment’s uneasiness. I did not suspect this, dear little girl. I did not dream that you were so nervous, or moved so easily; but you must not yield to such feelings—such impulses, for it is only by yielding to them that they will gain power over you, and make you, indeed, an unhappy woman. You shall see, Theresa, how patiently I will bear my disappointment—for that it is a disappointment, and a very bitter one, I shall not deny—and how I will be happy in spite of it, and all for love of you. And in return, Theresa, if you love poor Durzil, as you say you do, as your true friend and your brother, you will control these foolish fancies of your little head, which you imagine to be feelings of your heart, and I shall one day, I doubt not, have the pleasure of seeing you not only a very happy woman, but a very happy wife.”

“Oh, you are good, Durzil,” she said, tearfully and gently. “Oh, you are very good and noble. Why—why cannot I—” and she interrupted herself suddenly, and covering her eyes with both her hands, wept silently and softly for several minutes. And he spoke not to her the while, nor even sought to soothe, for he well knew that tears were the best solace to an over-wrought over-excited spirit.

After a little while, as he expected, she recovered herself altogether, and looking up in his face with a wan and watery smile.

“You are not hurt, you are not wounded by what I have done,” she said, “dear Durzil. You do not fancy that I do not perceive, do not feel, and esteem, and love all your great, and good, and generous, and noble qualities. I am a foolish, weak little girl—I am not worthy of you; I could not, I know I could not make you happy, even if I could—if I could—if—you know what I would say, Durzil.”

“If you could be happy with me yourself,” he answered, smiling in his turn, and without an effort, although his smile was pensive and sad likewise. “No, my Theresa, I am not hurt nor wounded. I am grieved, it is true, I cannot but be grieved at the dissipating of a pleasant dream, at the vanishing of a hope long indulged, long cherished—a hope which has been a solace to me in many a moment of pain and trial, a sweet companion in many a midnight watch. But I am neither hurt nor wounded; for you have never given me any reason to form so bold, so unwarranted hope, and you have given me now all that you can give me, sympathy and kindness. Our hearts, our affections, I well know, let men say what they will, are not our own to give—and a true woman can but do what you have done. Moreover, even with the sorrow and regret which I feel at this moment, there is mingled a conviction that you are doing what is both wise and right; for although you have all within yourself, though you are all that would make me, or a far better man than I, ay, the best man who ever breathed the breath of life, supremely

happy; still, if you could not be happy with me, and in me yourself—how could I be so?”

She looked up at him again, and now, with an altered expression, for there was less of sadness and more of surprise, more of respect for the man who spoke so composedly, so well, in a moment of such trial, on her fair features. Perhaps, too, there might have been a shadow of regret—could it be of regret that he did not feel more acutely the loss which he had undergone? If there were such a feeling in her mind—for she was woman—it was transient as the lightning of a summer’s night—it was gone before she had time even to reproach herself for its momentary existence.

“You are astonished,” he said, interpreting her glance, almost before she knew that he had observed it, “you are astonished that I should be so calm, who am by nature so quick and headlong. But I, too, have learned much to-day—have learned much of my own nature, of my own infirmities, of my own errors—and with me to learn that these exist, is to resolve to conquer them. I have learned first, Theresa, that my father, whom I have ever been forced to regard as my worst enemy, died conscious of the wrong he had done me—done my mother—and penitent, and full of love and of sorrow for us both. And therein have I convicted myself of one great error, committed, indeed, through ignorance, which has, however, been the cause, the source of many other errors—which has led me to charge the world with injustice, when I was myself unjust rather to the world, which has made me guilty of the great offence, the great crime of hating my brother men, when I should have pitied them, and loved them. Therefore I will be wayward no more, nor rash, nor reckless. I will make one conquest at least—that of myself and of my own passions.”

“I know—I know,” said the girl, suddenly blushing very deeply, “that you are every thing that is good and great; every thing that men ought to admire and women to love, and yet—”

“And yet you cannot love me. Well, think no more of that, Theresa. Forget—”

“Never! never!” she exclaimed, clasping her hands eagerly together. “I never can forget what you have made me feel, what I must have made you *suffer* this day.”

“Well, if it be so, remember it, Theresa; but remember it only thus. That if you have quenched my love, if you destroyed my hope, you have but added to my regard, to my affection. Promise me that wherever you may be, however, or with whomsoever your lot shall be cast, you will always remember me as your friend, your brother; you will always call on me at your slightest need, as on one who would shed his heart’s blood to win you a moment’s happiness.”

“I will—I will,” she cried affectionately, fervently. “On whom else should I call. And God only knows,” she added, mournfully, “how soon I shall need a protector. But will you,” she continued, catching both his hands in her own, “will you be happy, Durzil?”

“I will,” he replied, firmly, returning the gentle pressure, “I will, at least in so far as it rests with man to be so, in despite of fortune. But mark me, dear Theresa, if you would have me be so, you can even yet do much toward rendering me so.”

“Can I—then tell me, tell me how, and it is done already.”

“By letting me see that *you* are happy.”

“Alas!” and again she clasped her hand hard over her heart, as if to still its violent beating. “Alas! Durzil.”

“And why, alas! Theresa?”

“Can we be happy at our own will?”

“Independently of great woes, great calamities, which we may not control, which are sent to us for wise ends from above—surely, I say, surely we can.”

“And can you, Durzil?”

“Theresa, *this* is to me a great wo—yea, a great calamity; and yet I reply, ay! after a time, after the bitterness shall be overpast, I can, and more, I will. Much more, then, can you, who have never felt, who I trust and believe will never meet any such wo or grief—much more can you be happy. Wherefore should you not, foolish child—have you not been happy hitherto? What have you, that you should not be happy now?”

“Nothing,” she replied, faintly. “I have nothing why I should be unhappy, unless it be, if I have made you so.”

“Theresa, you have not—you shall see that you have not—made me unhappy.”

“And yet, Durzil, yet I feel a foreboding that I shall be, that I must be unhappy. A want—I feel a want of something here.”

“You are excited, agitated now; all this has been too much for your spirits, for your nerves; and I think, Theresa, I am sure that you are too much alone—you think, or rather you muse and dream, which are not healthy modes of thinking—too much in solitude. I will speak to my uncle about that before I go—”

“Before you go!” she interrupted him, quickly. “Go, whither?”

“To sea. To my ship, Theresa.”

“Then you *are* hurt, then you *are* angry with me. Then I have no influence over you.”

“Cease, cease, Theresa. It is better, it is necessary—I must go for awhile, until I have weaned myself from this desperate feeling, until I shall have accustomed myself to think of you, to regard you as a sister only; until I shall have schooled myself so far as to be able to contemplate you without agony as not only not being mine—but being another’s.”

“Would it—would it be agony to you, Durzil? Then mark me, I never, never will be another’s.”

“Madness!” he answered, firmly; “madness and wickedness, too, Theresa. Neither man or woman were intended by the great Maker to be solitary beings. God forbid, if you cannot be mine, that I should be so selfish as to wish your life barren, and your heart loveless. No; love, Theresa, when you can, only love wisely; and the day shall come when it will add to my happiness to see and know you happy in the love of one whom you can love, and who shall love you as you must be loved. Never speak again as you did but now, Theresa. And now, dearest girl, I will leave you. Rest yourself awhile, and compose yourself, and then go if you will to your good father.”

“Shall I—shall I tell him,” she faltered, “what has passed between us?”

“As you will, as you judge best, Theresa. I am no advocate for concealment, still less for deceit—but here there is none of the latter, and to tell him this might grieve his kind spirit.”

“You are wise—you are good. God bless you.”

“And you, Theresa,” and he passed his arm calmly across her shoulder, and bending over, pressed his lips, calmly as a father’s kiss on her pure brow. “Fare you well.”

“You are not going—going to leave us now?”

“Not to-day—not to-day, Theresa.”

“Nor to-morrow?” she said, beseechingly.

“Nor to-morrow,” he replied, after a moment’s hesitation, “but soon. Now compose yourself, my dear little girl. Farewell, and God bless you.”

CHAPTER V.

The Parting.

Addio Teresa, Teresa addio.
No pianger, bella, no pianger, no.
Quando To ritorno
Ti rivedro.

After scenes of great excitement there ever follows a sort of listless languor; and, as in natural commotions the fiercest elemental strife is oftentimes succeeded by the stillest calms, so in the agitations of the human breast, the most tumultuous passions are followed frequently, if not invariably, by a sort of quiet which resembles, though it is not, indifference.

Thus it was, that day, in the household of William Allan. Tranquil and peaceful at all times, in consequence of the reserved and studious habits of the master of the house, and the deep sympathy with his feelings and wishes which ruled the conduct of his children—for Durzil was in all respects, save birth, the old man's son—that house was not usually without its own peculiar cheerfulness, and its subdued hilarity, arising from the gentle yet mirthful disposition of the young girl, and the high spirits of Durzil, attuned to the sobriety of the place.

But during the whole of that day its quietude was so very still as to be almost oppressive, and to be felt so by its inmates. Allan himself was still enveloped in one of those mysterious moods of darkness, which at times clouded his strong and powerful intellect, as marsh exhalations will obscure the sunshine of an autumn day. Durzil was silent, reserved, thoughtful, not gloomy or even melancholy, but—very unusually for him—disposed to muse and ponder, rather than to converse or to act. Theresa was evidently agitated and perturbed; and although she compelled herself to be busy about her domestic duties, to attend to the comforts of the strange guests whom accident had thrown upon their hospitality, though she strove to be cheerful, and to assume a lightness of heart which she was far from feeling, she was too poor a dissembler to succeed in imposing either on herself or on those about her, and there was no one person in the cottage, from the old cavalier down to the single female servant, with the exception of her father, who did not perceive that something had occurred to throw an unwanted shadow over her mind.

Jasper, alone perhaps of all the persons so singularly thrown together, was himself. His age, his character, his temperament, all combined to render him the last to be affected seriously by any thing which did not touch himself very nearly. And yet he was not altogether what is called selfish; though recklessness, and natural audacity, and undue indulgence, and, above all, the evil habits which had grown out of his being too soon his own master, and the master of others, had rendered him thoughtless, if not regardless, of the feelings of those around him.

All the consequences of his accident, except the stiffness and pain remaining from his contusions, had passed away; and though he was confined to his bed, and unable to move a limb without a pang, his mind was as clear, and his spirit as untamed as ever.

His father, who had been aroused from the state of indolence and sedentary torpor, which was habitual rather than natural to him, by the accident which had startled him into excitement and activity, had not yet subsided into his careless self-indulgence; for the subsequent events of the past evening, and his conversation with Durzil on that morning, had moved and interested him deeply; had set him to thinking much about the past, and thence to ruminating on the future, if perchance he could read it.

He by no means lacked clear-sightedness, or that sort of worldly wisdom, which arises from

much intercourse with the world in all its various phases. He was far from deficient in energy when aught occurred to stimulate him into action, whether bodily or mental. And now he was interested enough to induce him so far to exert himself, as to think about what was passing, and to endeavor to discover its causes.

It was not, therefore, long before he satisfied himself, and that without asking a question, or giving utterance to a surmise, that an explanation had taken place between the young seaman and Theresa, and that the explanation had terminated in the disappointment of Durzil's hopes. Still he was puzzled, for there was an air of tranquil satisfaction—it could not be called resignation, for it had no particle of humility in its constituents—about the young man, and an affectionate attention to his pretty cousin, which did not comport with what he supposed to be his character, under such circumstances as those in which he believed him to stand toward her.

He would have looked for irritability, perhaps for impetuosity bordering on violence, perhaps for sullen moodiness—the present disposition of the man was to him incomprehensible. And if so, not less he was unable to understand the depression of the young girl, who was frequently, in the course of the day, so much agitated, as to be on the point of bursting into tears, and avoided it only by making her escape suddenly from the room.

Once or twice, indeed, he caught her eyes, when she did not know that she was observed, fixed with an expression, to which he could affix no meaning, upon the varying and intelligent countenance of his son—an expression half melancholy, half wistful, conveying no impression to the spectator's mind, of the existence in hers either of love or liking, but rather of some sort of hidden interest, some earnest curiosity coupled almost with fear, something, in a word, if such things can be, that resembled painful fascination. Once too he noticed, that not he only, but Durzil Bras-de-fer likewise, perceived the glance, and was struck by its peculiarity. And then the old cavalier was alarmed; for a spirit, that was positively fearful, informed the dark face and gleaming eyes of the free-trader—a spirit of malevolence and hate, mingled with iron resolve and animal fierceness, which rendered the handsome features, while it lasted, perfectly revolting.

That aspect was transient, however, as the short-lived illumination of a lightning flash, when it reveals the terrors of a midnight ocean. It was there; it was gone—and, almost before you could read it, the face was again inscrutable as blank darkness.

The thought arose, several times, that day in the mind of Miles St. Aubyn, that he would give much that neither he nor his son had ever crossed the threshold of that house; or that now, being within it, it were within his power to depart. But carriages, in those days, were luxuries of comparatively rare occurrence even in the streets of the metropolis; and in the remote rural counties, the state of society, the character of the roads, and the limited means of the resident landed proprietors rendered them almost unknown.

There were not probably, within fifty miles of Widecomb, two vehicles of higher pretension than the rough carts of the peasantry and farmers; all journeys being still performed on horseback, if necessary by relays; even the fair sex traveling, according to their nerves and capability to endure fatigue, either on the side-saddle, or on pillions behind a relative or a trusty servant.

Until Jasper should be sufficiently recovered either to set foot in stirrup, or to walk the distance between the fords of Widecomb and the House in the Woods, there was therefore no alternative but to make the best of it, and to remain where they were, relying on the hospitality of their entertainers.

Durzil's manner, it is true, partook in no degree of the coloring which that transient

expression seemed to imply in his feelings; for, though unwontedly silent, when he did speak he spoke frankly and friendly to the young invalid; and more than once, warming to his subject, as field-sports, or bold adventures, of this kind or that, came into mention, he displayed interest and animation; and even related some personal experiences, and striking anecdotes, of the Spanish Main and of the Indian islands, with so much spirit and liveliness, as to show that he not only wished to amuse, but was amused himself.

While he was in this mood, he suffered it to escape him, or to be elicited from him by some indistinct question of the old cavalier, that he intended ere long to set forth again on another voyage of adventure to those far climes which were still invested with something of the romance of earlier ages.

It was at this hint, especially, that Miles St. Aubyn observed Theresa's beautiful blue eyes fill with unbidden tears, and her bosom throb with agitation so tumultuous, that she had no choice but to retire from the company, in order to conceal her emotion.

And at this, likewise, for the first time did William Allan manifest any interest in the conversation.

"What," he said, "what is that thou sayest, Durzil, that thou art again about to leave us? Methought it was thy resolve to tarry with us until after the autumnal solstice."

"It was my resolve, uncle," replied the young man quietly, "but something has occurred since, which has caused me to alter my determination. My mates, moreover, are very anxious to profit by the fine weather of this season, and so soon as I can ship a cargo, and get some brisk bold hands, I shall set sail."

"I like not such quick and sudden changes," replied the old man; "nor admire the mind which cannot hold to a steady purpose."

The dark complexion of Durzil fired for a moment at the rebuke, and his nether lip quivered, as though he had difficulty in repressing a retort. He did repress it, however, and answered, apparently without emotion:

"You are a wise man, uncle, and must know that circumstances will arise which must needs alter all plans that are merely human. *L'homme propose*, as the Frenchman has it, *mais Dieu dispose*. So it is with me, just now. The changed determination which I have just announced does not arise from any change in my desires, but from a contingency on which I did not calculate."

"It were better not to determine until one had made sure of all contingencies," said William Allan, sententiously.

"Then, I think, one never would determine at all. For, if I have learned aright, mutability is a condition unavoidable in human affairs. But be this as it may, the only change, I can imagine, which will hinder me from sailing on the Virginia voyage, so soon as I can ship a crew and stow a cargo, will be a change of the wind. It blows fair now, if it will only hold a week. One other change there is," he added, as his fair cousin entered the room with a basket of fresh gathered roses, "which might detain, but that change will not come to pass, do you think it will, Theresa?"

"I think not, cousin Durzil," she replied with a slight blush, "if you allude to that concerning which we spoke this morning."

The old knight looked from one to the other of the young people in bewilderment. Their perfect understanding, and extreme control of their feelings was beyond his comprehension, and yet he could not believe that he had mistaken.

"What, are you too against me, girl?" said her father quickly. "Have you given your

consent to his going?"

"My consent!" she replied, "I do not imagine that my consent is very necessary, or that Durzil would wait long for it. But I do think it is quite as well he should go now, if he must go at all, particularly as he intends, if I understand rightly, that it shall be his last voyage."

"I did not promise that, Theresa," said the sailor, with a faint smile—"although"—

"Did you not"—she interrupted him quickly—"I thought you had; but it must be as you will, and certainly it does not much concern me."

And with the words, she left the room hastily, and not as it appeared very well pleased.

"There! see'st thou that?" cried her father—"see'st thou that, Durzil?"

"Ay! do I."—replied the young man with a good deal of bitterness. "But I do not need to see that to teach me that women are capricious and selfish in their exigency of services."

There was a dead pause. A silence, which in itself was painful, and which seemed like to give birth to words more painful yet, for William Allan knit his brow darkly, and compressed his lower lip, and fixed his eye upon vacancy.

But at this moment Jasper, whose natural recklessness had rendered him unobservant of the feelings which had been displayed during that short conversation, raised himself on his elbow, and looking eagerly at Durzil exclaimed:

"Oh, the Virginia voyage! To the New World! My God! how I should love to go with you. Do you carry guns? How many do you muster of your crew?"

The interruption, although the speaker had no such intention, was well timed, for it turned the thoughts and feelings of all present into a new channel. The two old men looked into each other's faces, and smiled as their eyes met, and Allan whispered, though quite loud enough to be audible to all present:

"The same spirit, Miles, the same spirit. As crows the old game cock, so crows the young game chicken!"

"And why not?" answered Durzil, with a ready smile, for there was something that whispered at his heart, though indeed he knew not wherefore, that it were not so ill done to remove Jasper from that neighborhood for a while. "If Sir Miles judge it well that you should see something of the world, in these piping times of peace, it is never too soon to begin. You shall have a berth in mine own cabin, and I will put you in the way of seeing swords flash, and smelling villainous saltpetre, in a right good cause, I'll warrant you."

"A right good cause, Durzil? and what cause may that be?" asked his uncle in a caustic tone.

"The cause of England's maritime supremacy," answered the young man proudly. "That is cause good enough for me. For what saith bully Blake in the old song—

"The sea, the sea is England's, quo' he again,
The sea, the sea is England's, and England's shall remain."

And he caroled the words in a fine deep bass voice, to a stirring air, and then added—"That, sir, is the cause we fight for, on the Line and beyond it—and that we will fight for, here and every where, when it shall be needful to fight for it. And now, young friend, to answer your question. I do carry guns, eighteen as lively brass twelve-pounders as ever spoke good English to a Don or a Monsieur, or a Mynheer either, for that matter; and then for crew, men and officers, I generally contrive to pack on board eighty or ninety as brisk boys as ever pulled upon a brace, or handled a cutlas."

"Why you must reckon on high profits to venture such an outlay," said Sir Miles, avoiding

the question of his son's participation in the cruise.

"Ay!" answered Durzil, "if no gold is to be had for picking up in Eldorado, there is some to be gained there yet by free-trading—and once in a while one may have the luck to pick up a handful on the sea."

"On the sea, ay! how so?"

"Once I was going quietly along before the trades, with my goods under hatches as peaceable and lawful a trader, as need be, when we fell in with a tall galleon careering. Having no cause to shun or fear her, I lay my own course with English colors flying, when what does she but up helm and after us. In half an hour she was within range and opened with her bow guns, in ten minutes more she was alongside, and—"

"Alongside, in ten minutes, from long cannon range!" exclaimed Miles St. Aubyn—"what were you doing then, that she overhauled you so fast?"

"Running down to meet her, Sir Miles, with every stitch of canvas set that would draw, when I saw that she was bent on having it; and—as I was about to say when you interrupted me—in twenty more she had changed owners."

"Indeed! indeed! that *was* a daring blow," said the old soldier, rousing at the tale, like a superannuated war-horse to the trumpet, "and what was she?"

"A treasure galleon, sir; a Spaniard homeward bound, with twenty-six guns, and two hundred men."

"And what did you with your prize, in peace time? You hardly brought her into Plymouth, I should fancy."

"Nor into Cadiz, either," he replied with a smile. "Her crew, or what was left of them, were put on board a coaster bound for St. Salvador, her bars and ingots on board the good ship 'Royal Oak,' of Bristol, and she—oh! she, I think, was sent to the bottom!"

"A daring deed!" said Sir Miles, shaking his head gravely—"a daring deed truly, which might well cost you all your lives, were it complained of by the Most Christian King!"

"And yet his supreme Christianity fired on us the first!"

"And yet, that plea, I fear, would hardly save you in these days, but you would hang for it."

"Amen!" replied the young man. "Better be hanged, 'his country crying he hath played an English part,' than creep to a quiet grave a coward from his cradle. And now, what say you, young sir, would you still wish to adventure it with us, knowing what risks we run?"

"Ay, by my soul!" answered the brave boy, with a flashing eye, and quivering lip, "and the rather, that I *do* know it. What do you say, father? May I go with him? In God's name, will you not let me go with him?"

"Indeed, will I not, Jasper," said Sir Miles, with an accent of resolve so steady, that the boy saw at once it was useless to waste another word on it. "Beside, he is only laughing at you. Why! what in heaven's name should he make with such a cockerel as thou, crowing or ere thy spurs have sprouted!"

"Laughing at me, is he!" exclaimed the boy, raising himself up in his bed actively, without exhibiting the least sign of the pain, which racked him, as he moved. "If I thought he were, he'd scarce sail so quickly as he counts on doing."

Here Durzil would have spoken, but the old cavalier cut in before him, saying with a sneer,

"It is like thou could'st hinder him, my boy, at any time; most of all when thou art lying there bed-ridden."

"The very reason wherefore I could hinder him the easier," replied Jasper, who saw by Durzil's grave and calm expression that the meaning his father had attached to his speech, was

not his meaning.

“And how so, I prithee.”

“Had he, as you say he did, intended to mock me, or insult me otherwise, I would have prayed him courteously to delay his sailing until such time as my hurts would permit to draw triggers, or cross swords with him; and he would have delayed at my request, being a gentleman of courage and of honor.”

“Assuredly I should,” replied Durzil Bras-de-fer, “and you would have done very rightly to call on me in that case. But let me assure you, nothing was further from my intention than to laugh at you. I sailed myself, and smelt gunpowder in earnest, before I was old as you are by several years; and I was perfectly in earnest when I spoke, although I can now well see that my offer, though assuredly intended, could not be accepted.”

Before Jasper had time to reply to these words, his father said to him with a look of approbation,

“You have answered very well, my son; and I am glad that you have reflected, and seen so well what becomes a gentleman to ask, and to grant in such cases. For the rest, you ought to see that Master Durzil Olifaunt is perfectly in the right; and, that having offered you courteously what you asked rashly, he now perceives clearly the impossibility of your accepting his offer.”

“I do not, however, see that at all,” answered the boy moodily. “You carried a stand of colors, I have heard you say, before you were fifteen, and you deny me the only chance of winning honor that ever may be offered to me, in these degenerate times, and under this peaceful king.”

“I do not think that it would minister very much to your honor, or add to the renown of our name, that you should get yourself hanged on some sand key in the Caribbean sea, or knocked on the head in some scuffle with the Spanish guarda costas—no imputation, I pray you believe me, Master Olifaunt, on your choice of a career, the gallantry and justice of which I will not dispute, though I may not wish my son to adopt it.”

“I know not what you would have me do,” said the boy, “unless you intend to keep me here all my life, fishing for salmon and shooting black-cock for an occupation, and making love to country girls for an amusement.”

“I was not aware, Jasper,” answered his father more seriously than he had ever before heard him speak, “that this latter was one of your amusements. If it be so, I shall certainly take the earliest means of bringing it to a conclusion, for while it is not very creditable to yourself, it is ruinous to those with whom you think fit to amuse yourself as you call it.”

“I did not say that I ever had amused myself so,” replied Jasper, somewhat crest-fallen by the rebuke of his father—“though if I am kept moping here much longer, heaven only knows what I may do.”

“Well, sir, no more of this!” said the old man sharply. “You are not yet a man, whatever you may think of yourself; neither, I believe, are you at all profligate or vicious, although, as boys at your age are apt enough to do, you may think it manly to affect vices of which you are ignorant. But to quit this subject, when do you think you shall sail, Master Olifaunt?”

“I cannot answer you that, Sir Miles, certainly. I purpose to set off hence for Plymouth tomorrow afternoon, and, as I shall ride post, it will not take me long ere I am on board. When I arrive, I shall be able to fix upon a day for sailing.”

“But you will return hither, will you not, before you go to sea?”

“Assuredly I will, Sir Miles, to say farewell to my kind uncle here, who has been as a father

to me, and to my little Theresa.”

“And you will pass one day I trust, if you may not give us more, with Jasper at the Manor. We can show you a heron or two on the moor, and let you see how our long-winged falcons fly, if you are fond of hawking. It shall be my fault, if hereafter, after so long an interruption, I suffer old friendship, and recent kindness also, to pass away and be forgotten.”

“I will come gladly to see my young friend here, who will ere then be quite recovered from this misadventure; and who, if he rides as venturesomely as he fishes, will surely leave me far behind in the hot hawking gallop, for though I can ride, I am, sailor-like, not over excellent at horsemanship.”

[To be continued.]

THE SPANISH MAIDEN.

BY MRS. AGNES S. COLEMAN.

A wanderer o'er the hills of Spain,
I stood one balmy summer's night,
To see come down on hill and plain,
Streamlet and tower fair Luna's light;
While traced on the bright waters deep
Were forest dun, dark mountain hoar,
Old ruined tower and castle keep,
Reflected from the emerald shore.

But swift winged thought, so prone to stray,
Was hov'ring o'er a western strand,
When lo! came minstrel's gentle lay,
In tones as from Elysian land.
A Seville girl with jeweled hair
Was near her trellised window leaning,
And pouring on the balmy air,
This song of love's own gentle dreaming.

"How many an hour, bright Guadalquiver,
I've stood beside thy flowing tide,
And wished my home might be forever,
Near where thy silver waters glide—
Were Carlos near, with brow of snow
His noble intellect revealing,
And that dark eye whose radiant glow
Is lit by high and holy feeling.

"For like fair Eden's early flowers,
Thy groves are in perpetual bloom,
And Love's own wing fans the bright bowers
Of orange, bergamot and broom.
O'er all this region of delight
Spring reigns like one unending day,
No storms its opening blossoms blight,
Nor shades on its pure waters play.

“And when the orb of day hath gone
Down o’er Morena’s dusky height,
How beautiful the stars come on,
The blue ethereal arch of night.
Ah this fair earth hath many a scene
By pure and genial breezes fanned,
Yet boasts no realm cloudless, serene,
Like my own Andalusian land.

“But dull to me the fairest clime,
Cheerless its landscapes to my view,
Unless another’s eye with mine,
Can gaze upon its beauty too;
And vain to me the rich perfume
Floating on all the ambient air,
From Seville’s gardens in their bloom,
Unless a voice I love is there.

“Were India’s realm before me laid,
I’d give it all might I recline
My saddened brow, my weary head,
Carlos, on that dear heart of thine—
And hear thy soft, low tones again
Fall like sweet music on my ear,
With strange bland influence to sustain
My timid heart, my spirit cheer.”

The Spanish maiden ceased her lay,
And slowly from my vision past,
Like some sweet dream in summer’s day,
Too bright and beautiful to last—
Yet oft methinks when moonlight clear
Falleth on stream, and tower, and tree,
Again that soft low voice I hear
Murmuring its plaintive melody.

SKETCHES OF LIFE IN OUR VILLAGE.

NO. II.—THE LAST SACRAMENT.

BY GIFTIE.

Even from his fairy-like and laughing boyhood, George Atherton had been a dreamer. His soul seemed like a harp whose chords were tuned in heaven, and from which the rough winds of earth could draw forth at best but a sad and broken melody. The spirit of the Beautiful was given him at his birth, to be his constant companion and unfailing friend. It walked with him in his solitary rambles, it talked with him in his lonely hours, it filled his dreams with high thoughts and splendid imaginings. It led him to the solitude of nature, and opened his eyes to behold the beauties of this glorious creation, which even in rains bears the stamp of the Divinity. And there, as his mind gradually expanded, Religion came to him in the stillness of life's morning, and taught his fresh and unworn spirit of the Highest and Holiest, by whom are all things, and in whom all exist. To his child-like faith the Deity was not a far off and incomprehensible mystery, but an ever present all pervading spirit. In the thousand voices that resound through this wide spread universe, he heard an undertone—a low solemn voice, that said—"be not afraid—it is I."

And then as the youth grew to manhood, wrapt in these high and glorious communings with Nature and his God, the love which had hitherto filled his soul with an unuttered melody sprang like lightning to his lips, and he stood up before the world to tell what the spirit of God should whisper him of Christ and his love to the lost and guilty—of heaven and its inconceivable glories. But even into the holy religion which he preached he carried the ever-present spirit of Poetry, while he neglected not to expound in a simple manner the truths of the gospel, it was plain that he loved better to soar upward into the regions of the vast and terrible unknown where sits the Omnipotent clothed in his own infinity. He roamed the vast field opened by revelation, and culled the fairest flowers and the richest treasures that he might lay them with his heart's devotion a willing offering upon the altar of the Almighty.

Time went on, and a new class of emotions was awakened in his breast. The love which before was lavished on every thing beautiful in heaven or earth, was turned into a new channel, centered upon one object; and within his heart was a secret image that was worshiped as second to naught save his God. The moment that Emma came before him with her delicate and ethereal loveliness, the spirit within him whispered that that pale sweet face should be his destiny. He listened to her voice and the echo of its melody was thenceforth around him night and day, and the very circumstance, that in a more worldly mind would have quenched the first risings of affection by a sense of its utter hopelessness, only served to draw him more closely to her.

In the brightness and in the gloom, in the sunshine and beneath the radiance of the pale-browed queen of night, since the gates of Eden closed on guilty man, there has walked an angel over the earth. Amid the green glades and flowery meads, beneath the mighty forest trees and

over the barren wastes, over the tossing billows and within the crowded city, up the majestic rivers and in the wild solitudes whence ariseth the song of Nature untremulous and clear, has her footstep passed and the light of her starry eye been seen. In that "better land" she is the angel who waits without the gate of the celestial city and opens it to the holy and blessed ones who crowd thither. To them she seems bright and beautiful, and her voice hath an echo of the songs of heaven, but on earth she wears a more sombre garb, and her eye hath a shade of gloom far in its misty depths, and men call her the angel of Death. This angel had for months been walking with Emma, step for step, along the path of life, and sealing with her icy touch the springs of existence. Before George saw her, consumption had marked her for the tomb. He knew it by the strange brightness of her eyes and the hectic flush upon her cheek, and yet the young pastor loved her

—As one might love a star
The brightest where ten thousand are
 Sadly and silently,
Without a hope or scarce a wish
That she would link her fate with his
 Along life's dreary way.

They stood together beneath the free blue sunny sky. His high brow was flushed, and his whole frame quivered with the impetuous emotions that would no longer be controlled, and even in their hopelessness had uttered the words that might never be recalled.

She listened silently, and when at length she raised her dark blue eyes to his they were filled with tears.

"Have you thought well ere you told me this?" she said in a low tremulous tone. "Know you that if you would unite your fate with mine you must turn from the glad pathway of life, and tread a dark lone valley that leads to a shadowy bourne where we must part? Know you that the radiance of youth and health has long since faded from my path, and of all my expectations there remains but one—that one is Death—and of all my hopes, only the hope of heaven. However dearly you may love me, I can never be wholly yours—even now I am wedded to another—I am the bride of the Grave."

"I have known it all—I have felt it all. I know that love's highest boon may be but to catch the last look, the last sigh—yet even with this certainty that love is dearer to me than ought else on earth. I ask for nothing but to hear you say that I am beloved—I dare expect nothing but to watch with you the fleeting of the few months that remain to you on earth, and as you stand beneath the portals of the grave to receive one last assurance of undying affection as they close between us—one promise that you will be mine—mine still, in heaven."

"Yet I would not have it so," said she musingly. "Why should I throw the shadow of the tomb over your path? Why should I chill your blood with the cold touch of death? No, no, George, leave me, and since you cannot forget, think of me but as an angel in heaven."

But even as she spoke her voice grew fainter and fainter, and when she ceased she sunk upon his breast exhausted by the struggle of feelings too strong for a form so frail. He bent over her—

"Once, only once, thou only beloved—only once say that thou art mine," he murmured in low thrilling tones.

She raised her face, and their eyes met in a long earnest gaze. Then slowly and tremblingly her white lips opened—

"Thine, thine forever."

He knew that she was dying day by day, and yet he talked to his own heart of life and hope, as if he deemed in the madness of his devotion that such love as theirs would ward off death. And as time passed on we saw his form grow thin, and his pale face yet paler, and his dark eyes were dimmed as if he had looked too long and earnestly into the darkness and tears that overhang the grave. But she—there was a fierce and unnatural glow upon her cheek that told of the deadly fire within, and her step became slow and faltering, but the clear light of her eloquent eyes grew brighter and brighter as if she had looked through the gloomy clouds of death upon the unspeakable glory of God, and in gazing had forgotten how to weep. Thus in that hour did the fair and fragile become the support of the strong-hearted ones who, for her sake, were bowed to the earth with sorrow. Her love was no summer flower to wither beneath the shadows of the dark valley—and they who wondered at its strength knew not that it was fed with dews from the river of Life, and nourished with the sunshine of the world beyond the tomb.

It was the day for the celebration of the sacrament in our church at C——, and at her earnest request Emma was permitted to be with us on this occasion—perchance the last for her on earth. For some time she had been failing rapidly, and it was now evident to all that her pilgrimage was nearly finished. She entered when the afternoon service was over, walking slowly between her aged and heart-stricken parents. The young pastor did not lift his head, but sat with his face buried in his hands till all was still again. He was gathering strength to appear before the people of his charge as became a minister of God, that he might not appear to preach to them of a sustaining grace that had failed to help him in his hour of need.

When he arose his face was very pale, but all trace of emotion had vanished. All human affection incompatible with the Divine will seemed to have died within him, and he stood calmly and firmly up, and clasped his hands to pray. Long and earnest was that petition, and its burden was the cry of a suffering heart, “Not my will, oh God, but thine.” When it was ended, then were distributed the emblems of the sacred body that was broken, and the blood that was shed for man’s salvation, and again the pastor rose.

At first he spoke in low tones of the Lamb of God who gave himself to die for man, and of the efficacy of that death; but his voice rose with the theme, his eyes kindled, and his cheeks flushed as he proceeded.

“Since I sat here, beloved friends, I have had communion with the Father of Spirits. I seem to see the blessed Redeemer on the night in which he was betrayed, when he took the bread and brake it among his disciples. I see his glorious yet mournful face as he bade them keep this holy festival in memory of him. He knew that before the next evening the Son of God would have been laid, a bound and bleeding victim, upon the altar of man’s transgressions. Ay! before the morrow he must have offered up the atoning sacrifice that was to take away the sins of the whole world—to open the healing fountain whose waters should mingle with the stream of Death and take away its bitterness. He knew all the terrors of that fearful night in the garden—the bloody sweat, the buffeting, the ignominy, the agonizing death, were all before him. Conceive his feelings as he sat among that chosen band, as he met the earnest gaze of the loved one who lay in his bosom, and heard the eager, tremulous question, ‘Lord is it I?’

“I see him when the betrayer had left the disciples, lead them forth into the garden, where even they who had sworn to die for him could not watch with him one hour—when as he knelt alone beneath the olive trees he heard from afar the clash of arms and the shoutings of the mob that came to take him. I hear the thrilling agony of his mighty heart, as sinking beneath the

weight of a world's iniquity, he cries—'If this cup may not pass from me, thy will be done.'

"The scene is changed. Behold I see the clouds parted and the veil which hides the awful future is withdrawn. I see heaven opened, and he who agonized in the garden and bled upon the cross, cometh in the clouds, and with him those faithful ones who in all ages of the world have feared not to follow him, even unto death. The brightness of his Father's glory is around him, and the affrighted earth shrinks away from his presence—'Behold he cometh in the clouds, and every eye shall see him, and they also who pierced him, and they shall wail because of him. And the heavens shall depart as a scroll, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat—the sun shall be darkened and the moon shall not give her light,' and the whole earth shall be offered as a burnt sacrifice to the terrible glory of God.

"Shout then, ye little flock!—ye chosen ones from the foundation of the world! Lift up your eyes to the celestial city, and lo! the pearly gates are unbarred—enter into Paradise, and join the choral hymn that is chanted before the throne, for worthy is He who hath redeemed you, to receive glory and endless praise.

"The vision hath passed, but the voice of God within me answereth, 'He that overcometh shall inherit the kingdom.'

"And oh! my brethren, what entire sacrifice of ourselves should we give to him who for our sakes condescended to become incarnate. What obstacle should hinder us when we remember that such is our reward. We journey on through this valley of sunshine and tears, our hearts are fettered with the strong ties of earthly love, and we joy and sorrow, hope and fear, as do those who have no support but their own strength—that broken reed that pierces the breast that leans on it. But to our vision there is one bright spot, though earth may be dim around us; there is one hope when all other hopes fail, one refuge when tempests assail us, one friend who will never die."

The pastor paused and gazed mournfully on the group before him. Emma was sitting with her bright beautiful eyes raised upward, while the smile on her parted lips, and the rapt expression of her face, showed that borne on the wings of faith, and the hope of that unutterable glory, she had forgotten this mortal existence, and was communing with her kindred angels. When he spoke again, it was in a lower tone, and his voice trembled slightly for he was but a man, and now that the excitement had passed, his heart filled with a boundless affection for that pale young creature.

"And should not this hope comfort you, oh ye who have so often been sorely tried, and who must now again be called to look through tears up to your Father's throne, while she who leaves you tears the tendrils of your hearts from earth, that she may fix them with the grasp of an all-conquering faith upon the altar of God. Mourn yet not, as comfortless—'whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.' Lift up your eyes from this earthly dust to that celestial home where ye shall dwell forever—'in your Father's house are many mansions,' and your Redeemer has said, 'I go to prepare a place for you.'"

As he spoke these last words a long, deep, thrilling sigh, that seemed to bear upon it the anguish of a breaking heart, broke from the mother's lips, and drawing nearer to Emma, she clasped her arms around her as if she feared she would go even then from her embrace. The action and the sigh drew Emma from the height to which her sublime thoughts had soared. She turned suddenly, and a change passed over her beaming face as she looked upon her parents. Her father had bowed his head upon his hands, and his aged frame shook with suppressed sobs. Both had forgotten time, place, every thing but that she was their last, their only one, and the thought that came more than ever to their hearts, that she must leave them. Emma wiped the

tears from her mother's face and strove to speak, but the reaction of feeling was too great for her feeble frame to endure; she became violently agitated, a faintness came over her, and starting from her seat, she fell forward into her mother's arms gasping for breath.

Night, solemn and holy! How infinite was the mercy that gave thee to spread thy star-spangled mantle over the tired earth, hushing to repose its misery, and hiding its crime. Night, pure and beautiful! The fitting time for the soul of the innocent to ascend to a better land.

Midnight had chimed on the old church clock, and the whole world seemed sleeping as if bound by a spell. The stars were looking down from the far off heavens, and the large moon was sinking behind the long low clouds in the west, gilding leaf and fountain with its brightness, and shedding a holy radiance on the face of the dying girl. Emma was reclining on a low couch by the open window, and save the low sighing of the wind all was still in that room of death. The agony of suffering that all day had racked her frame, was now passed away, and she lay in a calm slumber, with her head upon her mother's bosom. George Atherton knelt beside the couch with her hands clasped in his, and her father stood near, silent beneath the pressure of a wo too deep for tears. The last hour had come—they knew that she was dying.

Is it not ever thus? The loveliest, the most utterly beloved are ever the first to leave us. Those on whom we most leaned for support and comfort during this earth-pilgrimage are ever the first victims to the unerring shaft of death. And *it is well*. Fondly as I have loved and deeply as I have mourned for the dead, I feel that it is well. "The branches are lopped off that the tree may fail the easier." The prop to which we clung is torn away that the bleeding tendrils of these wrung hearts may wind themselves more closely around the Rock of Ages. The cords that bound the spirit to earth are severed, that its flight may be unimpeded toward that heavenly city, that New Jerusalem, where God shall wipe away all tears.

How shall I tell of the parting—the *final* parting. How shall mortal language describe the triumph of stern relentless Death over the love of human hearts. He who sitteth in his calm glory above the reach of earthly sorrow—He to whose bosom that cherished one is now departed—He alone can tell the anguish of that trial.

She left them. She who had been the sunlight of their existence, turned from them, and meekly and cheerfully trod the lone valley of Death. But she had listened to "the spoken words," she had caught a glimpse of the glories of her heavenly home, she had heard a faint echo of the harpings of an immortal hymn, and she raised her eyes with glad faith to the throne of the Eternal, and leaning on the arm of her beloved she entered into her rest.

When morning came over the laughing earth, the light looked into that still chamber tremblingly, as if it feared to break the solemn gloom. Still they remained there—those pale watchers beside the dead—and with her head yet leaning on her mother's breast, and a faint smile upon her parted lips, lay the cold lifeless form of the beautiful one who had gone from them forever. That dying smile—it beamed upon their hearts like sunlight from heaven. It was the seal of Love's triumph, of the soul's immortality, and told of a reunion beyond the grave.

Not long did those aged and lonely parents survive her. Gently and easily they were called unto their celestial home. And for him who had so loved her—still he wanders on the earth, working his Master's will, lonely yet not desolate. He shut his heart above that deep and quiet sorrow, as above a shrine whose lifeless ashes might never be rekindled by the fire of earthly love. Of Emma and of her early death, few ever heard him speak, but all who saw him, knew that the hopes and affections which engross the heart of man had been forever torn from his, and

that amid the changes of his career his calm soul lifted its thoughts upward to the heaven of heavens where *she* now dwells, with an eager and imploring cry—“how long, oh Lord—how long.”

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

BY MRS. S. ANNA LEWIS.

One December evening cold,
Filled with sorrows manifold,
To the sere and fallow wold
With an elfin step I stole,
To hold converse with my soul
Of the loved and lost of yore,
Dwelling on the shadowy shore—
The Spirit-shore.

Very lonely was my breast—
On that night no genial guest
By its hearth-stone paused to rest;
Dim the lamp of Hope did gleam
O'er my young heart's darkened stream;
And I sought from mystic store
In that lamp new oil to pour—
Fresh oil to pour.

Dark and drear and desolate,
On a mossy crag I sate,
Watching through the heavenly gate
Many a solemn Angel-band
Marching to the Spirit-land,
When Love tapping on the door
Of my heart, did there implore—
A Home implore.

Trembling, shivering, timid-hearted,
From that holy dream I started,
As a ghost of the departed
From the gates of light had drifted,
And with icy fingers lifted
Up the latchet of the door
Of my doating heart once more—
Ah me! once more!

Then aside I dashed the tear,
Lower bent my mental ear,
More distinct the taps to hear,
And thoughtless did begin
To tell Love to enter in.
When an Angel sought this shore
To defeat him at the door—
My lone heart's door.

Low his golden tresses streaming
O'er his wings with soul-light beaming,
Perched he down amid my dreaming,
Perching, sat ere I could rise.
Gazing full into my eyes,
As my soul he would explore—
And this Cupid by the door—
My lone heart's door.

Calmly then the Angel spoke,
Words that o'er my spirit broke,
Like the chimes in dream-land woke—
"Sad, meek solitaire of earth,
Loving, trusting from thy birth—
Soul that heavenward dost soar!
Turn this traitor from the door—
Thy lone heart's door.

"In thy breast he seeks no home—
From the blithest he will roam;
He will enter the heart's dome,
Filch its every jewel fair,
Plant his barbed arrow there,
And then straight go out the door,
Back returning never more—
Ah, never more!

"Search the chronicles of love,
See the nets that he has wove,
To entrap the timid Dove;
See in Lethe's crowded domes
Ashes of his hecatombs;
And I wot thou'lt keep the door
Of thy heart locked evermore—
Forever more.

“Blossoms in thy heart may bloom,
E'en while Love hath there his home,
But their roots are in the tomb;
And the tramp of funeral-feet
Lone thy spirit's ear will greet,
When too late to lock the door
Of thy heart forever more—
Ah, evermore!

“Therefore, mournful child of song,
Leave Love to the heartless throng,
Who can cope with wo and wrong;
Pour thy soul's surcharge of fire
On an altar holier, higher,
And let Reason keep the door
Of thy fond heart evermore—
Forever more.”

When the Angel this had said,
Out his burnished wings he spread,
And above the tree-tops sped;
Upward, upward, where the moon
Floated in her cloudy noon,
Leaving me to guard the door
Of my heart forever more—
Ah, evermore!

But this heart would not obey
What the missioned sprite did say—
It would have its willful way;
It made Love its chiefest guest,
Till he banished Peace and Rest,
When he straight went out the door,
Locking Wo in evermore—
Ah, evermore!

LEGEND

OF THE INTRODUCTION OF DEATH, AND ORIGIN OF THE MEDICINE WORSHIP AMONG THE OGIWAS.

BY KAH-GE-GA-GAH-BOWH.

The period of time which preceded the introduction of death and evil into the country of the Indians, is represented to have been one which the most fanciful imagination might suggest.

At this late day the son of the forest speaks of it with deep feeling, and sighs for its return.

The following was related to me in a wigwam in which I spent about fifteen years of my early life. It constituted a part of a lecture I received during the ceremony of initiation into the order of the Mysterious Worship of the Medicine Lodge.

When Keshamoradoo made the red men, he made them happy. The men were larger, were fleeter on foot, were more dexterous in games, and lived to an older age than now.

The forest abounded with game, the trees were loaded with fruit, and birds who have now a black plumage were dressed with pure white. The birds and the fowls ate no flesh, for the wide prairies were covered with fruits and vegetables. The fish in the waters were large. The Moredoo from heaven watched the blaze of the wigwams' fires, and these were as countless as the stars in the sky.

Strange visitants from heaven descended every few days, and inquired of the Indians whether any thing was wrong. Finding them happy and contented, they returned to their high homes.

These were tutelary gods, and they consulted with the sages of the different villages, and advised all not to climb a vine which grew on the earth, and whose top reached the sky, as it was the ladder on which the spirits descended from heaven to earth, to bless the red men.

One of these errand-spirits became intimate with one of the young braves, who dwelt in a cabin with his grandmother, and favored him with invitations to stroll with it among the various villages around.

The favor shown by this god to the young man produced a jealousy among his brethren, and during the absence of his distinguished friend, the favored one was much troubled by his neighbors, who envied him his situation.

On one occasion when this persecution became intolerable, he determined to leave his country, and, if possible, accompany the spirit to the skies.

The chief men had enjoined on all the duty to refrain from any desire or any attempt to ascend the vine whose branches reached the heavens, telling them that to do so would bring upon them severe penalties.

The spirit finding the young man quite sad, inquired, learned the true cause of his sorrow, and taking him, reascended.

The old woman cried for his return, "Noo-sis, be-ge-wain, be-ge-wain." "My child, come back, come back!" He would not come home, and the woman having adjusted all her matters in

the lodge, after the nightfall repaired to the vine and began to ascend it.

In the morning the Indians found the lodge she had inhabited empty, and soon espied her climbing the vine. They shouted to her, "Hoision shay! ah-wos be-ge-wain, mah-je-me-di—moo-ga-yiesh!" "Holloa, come back, you old witch you."

But she continued ascending, up, up, up.

A council was held to determine what inducement could be made to her to return. They could hear her sobbing for her grandson. "Ne-gah-wah-bah-mah nos-sis." "I will yet see my child."

Consternation and fear filled the hearts of the nation, for one of their number was disobeying the Great Spirit. Indignation and fury were seen in the acts of the warriors, and the light of the transgressor's burning wigwam shed its lurid rays around.

The woman was just nearing the top of the vine which was entwined around one of the stars of heaven, and about entering that place, when the vine broke, and down she came, with the broken vine which had before been the ladder of communication between heaven and earth.

The nations, as they passed by her, as she sat in the midst of the ruin she had wrought, pushed her declining head, saying, "Whah, ke nah mah dah bee mage men di moo ya yilsh." "There you sit, you wicked old witch."

Some kicked her, others dragged her by her hair, and thus expressed their disapprobation. All who shall live after thee, shall call thee *Equa* (woman).

The news of the disaster spread rapidly from village to village. Soon numbers of men, women, and children were singularly affected. Some complained of pains in their heads, and others of pains in various parts of their bodies. Some were unable to walk, and others equally unable to speak.

They thought some of these fell asleep, for they knew not what death was. They had never seen its presence.

A deep solemnity began its reign in all the villages. There was no more hunting, no more games, and no song was sung to soothe the sun to its evening rest.

Ah, it was then a penalty followed transgression. Disease was the consequence of the breaking of the vine. Death followed.

One day, in the midst of their distresses, they consulted each other to determine what could be done. None knew.

They watched carefully for the descent of those beings who used to visit them—and at length they came. Eagerly each strove to tell his story. They soon found that the strangers were silent and sad. They asked the natives what words they wished to tell the Great Spirit in their distress. One said that the vine might be replaced. Another that the Great Spirit might cause the disease to leave them. Another wanted to kill the old woman. Another desired plenty of game; and another wished the Great Spirit to send them something that would cure.

After this the strangers left, telling the Indians to wait, and they should know what the Great Spirit should say.

Each day of their absence seemed a month; at length they came, and gathering around, the eager people said to them that they must all die, as the vine that connected earth to the skies was broken, but the Great Spirit has sent us to relieve you, and to tell you what you must do hereafter.

The strangers then gathered all the wild flowers from the plains, and after drying them on their hands, blew the leaves with their breath, and they were scattered all over the earth; wherever they fell they sprung up and became herbs to cure all disease.

The Indians instituted a dance, and with it a mode of worship. These few were the first who composed the Great Medicine Lodge, and they did so from the hands of the Great Spirit.

There is not a flower that buds that is not for some wise purpose, however small. There is not one blade of grass that the Indian requires not. Learning this, and acting in view of it, will be for your good, and will please the Great Spirit.

LILY LESLIE.

A BALLAD.

BY GRETTA.

Bonny Lily Leslie roved
Down among the heather.
In a clear and sunny day
Of the summer weather.

Something seemed to cloud her brow
Mingling with it gladness,
Half the look betrayed a wish,
The other half was sadness.

By the brooklet's flashing course
Then she stopped to ponder—
Why did Lily look so sad?
Why so lonely wander!

Did she gaze within the stream
At the form reflected?
Was her fancy pleased to see
What she there detected?

Did she note her sportive curls,
Did she try to twine them,
As the saucy breeze untied
The snood that would confine them?

Did she mark her rounded cheek
Warm with youth's bright dawning,
Soft as sunlight on the snow
In a winter's morning?

Did she count the summer's o'er
Since she watched them flying?
Sixteen times had known them come,
Sixteen mourned them dying.

Was she thinking how at home
In her mountain shealing,
She unseals her father's heart,
All its love revealing?

How she nestles in his arms
When he says he's lonely,
Tells him he must love her well
Because he has her only!

No! I'm sure that none of these
Made the lassie wander—
Then why did Lily walk alone,
Why did Lily ponder?

Why did Lily sit her down
Mute as Sorrow's daughter,
With her little blue veined feet
Shining through the water?

Why was Lily's voice not heard
'Mid the brooklets laughter,
Caroling like free-born bird
With echo babbling after?

Stealing softly through the shade
I heard what she was saying,
And a rare complaint indeed
The maiden was betraying.

She was sighing, "Would that God
—Ere he took my mother—
Had given me, like Mary Hill,
A darling, darling *brother!*"

"How proud that Mary Hill appears,
When Harry comes from sea,
But I have none to wish returned,
And none to come to me.

"The old man in our little home
Might then forget my mother,
And when he died would know me safe—
Oh that I had a brother!"

“A brother! Lily,” soft I said—
As springing to her side
I caught her, like a startled fawn
Just bounding o’er the tide—

“A brother! Lily, sit thee down
And I will be thy brother;
Dost thou not know, since thine is dead,
That thou may’st choose another?”

She laid her rosy palm in mine,
The artless little fairy,
And said, “Dear Harry, may I be,
Your sister, just like Mary?”

“May I watch to see you come,
May I run to meet you—
May I do the thousand things
Mary does to greet you!”

We sat us down beside the hill
Broad shadowed by the mountain,
And there we talked the matter o’er,
Beside the gurgling fountain.

And when the golden sun went down,
She promised, as I kissed her,
That she would ever, ever be
My darling, dearest SISTER!

Then a thousand plans she told—
Of course none could miscarry—
Oh! she was so happy now,
She had a brother Harry!

But my heart was beating wild
Ever since I kissed her,
And in vain it tried to say
“Love her as a SISTER!”

Softly then I bent me down—
Now the stars were shining—
And my arm around her waist
Brotherly was twining—

“Sister, there is one thing more
I’ll tell thee while we tarry;
Lily, *brothers* go away,
Darling, *brothers* marry!

“Thou wilt be alone again
For thy Harry’s going—
Sisters may not keep me here,
Though their tears be flowing.

“Lily! hast thou never heard
Of a bond more tender,
For which the heart a brother’s love
A sister’s would surrender?

“Such the spell that binds me now,
Dearest mountain flower,
And I’ve given all my soul
To its gentle power!

“Dost thou hear me, Lily, love?
Shall I longer tarry?
Darling BROTHERS *go away*,
Dearest BROTHERS *marry!*”

Lily Leslie bent her head,
Like a dew-wet blossom,
And the tears were falling fast
O’er her heaving bosom.

What she sobbed I may not tell—
What I answered to her;
I only know the night grew dark
On maiden and on wooer.

When the moon was sailing high
She knelt within the shealing;
I beside the old man’s couch
Was all the tale revealing.

Soon he laid his aged hands
Tremblingly upon us,
And I heard his fervent voice
Pray for blessings on us.

Lily laughed with merry heart
As she kissed her BROTHER,
“HUSBANDS need not go away,
Need not love another.”

Now within her mountain home
Long we've lived together,
And my roving since are all
With her, in summer weather.

And so happy have I been,
I ne'er wished another,
Nor have heard my Lily since
Pine to have a—BROTHER!

TO A PORTRAIT.

BY MRS. H. MARION STEPHENS.

'Tis so like life that I could gaze
For aye upon that face,
As pilgrim scans, with uplift soul,
His spirit-resting place.
The brow so calm and passionless—
The eye so purely bright—
As if its every glance was full
Of peace and holy light!

They haunt me wheresoe'er I turn,
Those lustrous eyes of thine,
Although their pleasant smile may rest
Oh never more on mine!
Ah weary—very weary 'tis
To look so long on thee,
To love, to worship, yet to know
Thy thoughts are far from me.

And yet I would not have thee mine;
My heart with such excess
Of joy would break beneath the spell
Of its own blissfulness!
Oh no, I do not crave thy love;
I only ask to be
A simple floweret in thy path
While thou art *all* to me!

Who would not weep should never love!
A term of weary years
Is love's best boon to human hearts—
Its brightest guerdon—*tears*!
I would not have it cast for me
A shadow on thy heart,
Or cloud one single ray of thine,
All glorious as thou art!

No—rather let my spirit kneel
As to some distant star,
Whose light illumines my sad soul
From its bright home afar:
And while its beams may gladden those
More deeply—wildly blest,
One truant gleam may haply come
To lull my soul's unrest!

LOVE TESTS OF HALLOWEEN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

[SEE ENGRAVINGS.]

The eve of All Saint's Day is memorable in Scotland as a time when the fairies hold a grand anniversary, and when witches and evil beings are abroad on errands of mischief. This superstition, modified in various ways, finds a place also among the peasantry of other nations. In the United States, Halloween used to be observed by country maidens as a time for trying sweethearts, and gaining such an intelligible peep into futurity as would enable them to find out whether they would be married or not; and if that happy event was to crown their lives, who would be the man of their choice. And even at this time, "Hallow-Eve," as it is called, is not suffered to come and go without the effort of some loving maidens to penetrate the mystery of their matrimonial future. The modes of trying sweethearts, and the various love tests applied, are curious enough. Burning nuts, the love-candle, eating an apple before the looking-glass at midnight, the salt egg, and dropping melted lead through a key into a basin of water, are a few of them, and all must be accompanied by particular ceremonies or incantations, in order that they may have the desired power to lift the veil of futurity.

A few years ago we spent Halloween in the family of a friend who resides fifty miles away from any large town in the interior of Pennsylvania. He had three marriageable daughters, who, it may be presumed, felt as much interest in the great question of matrimony as is usual in girls of their ages; and, on the occasion referred to, something of what they thought and felt was clearly enough displayed. One member of this family was an old aunt, whose kind, gentle character and cheerful disposition, made her a favorite with all. She was a widow. Twenty years had gone by since the grass became green over the grave of her husband. She often referred to the past, but not in a spirit of sadness or regret. And when she spoke of her husband, the allusion seemed more to one who was living than dead. And living, in fact, he was to her. The deep affection that was in her heart, made him ever present to her thoughts, and she lived in full confidence of a re-union when she, too, should lay off the mortal robes that enveloped her spirit, and rise into a true and substantial life.

To be with Aunt Edith for half an hour, was to feel toward her as toward an old friend. In less than that time, on our first meeting, I was as much at home with her as if we had been acquainted for years. For her young nieces, Aunt Edith entertained the warmest affection. It is doubtful if she could have loved her own children more tenderly. She was ever ready to take an interest in what interested them; and entered into all their pleasures with a heartiness that made them her own. On the evening to which I have referred, as we sat pleasantly conversing before a bright fire in the parlor, almost the first of the season, Aunt Edith said, as if the thought had just occurred to her, addressing, as she spoke, the oldest of her nieces,

"Why, Maggy, dear, this is Hallow-Eve. Have you forgotten?"

"So it is!" cried Maggy, in return, clapping her hands together with girlish enthusiasm.

“Hallow-Eve!” chimed in Kate, the youngest of the three. “Oh, we must try sweethearts to-night!”

“Sweethearts!” said Mr. Wilmot, the father of the girls, in a grave voice. “Nonsense! Nonsense, child! What do you want to know about sweethearts?”

Kate slightly blushed, but her smile was so radiant, that it quickly extinguished the deeper hue that had come over her bright, young countenance. She did not, however, reply to her father’s question, but looked into the face of Aunt Edith for encouragement.

“Wait awhile, dear,” said Aunt Edith, “your father don’t understand these matters. But I was a young girl once, and know all about them.”

“Trying sweethearts! Why I thought that custom was peculiar only to the Scotch and Irish peasantry.”

Aunt Edith looked at me and smiled.

“In cities,” she replied, “these customs are hardly known, but here they have always prevailed among portions of the people. Halloween, though not kept with the formality attending the occasion in the rural districts of Ireland or Scotland, is yet remembered by hundreds of young maidens who live far away from the great towns, and who improve the occasion to get, if possible, a peep into futurity, and read therein an answer to their heart’s eager questions.”

“Can it really be,” said I, in return, “that superstition like this prevails in an age and among a people so enlightened. Fortune-tellers would find a rich harvest in these regions.”

“Not richer, I presume,” returned Aunt Edith, “than among your more enlightened dwellers in cities.”

“True, we have fortune-tellers and astrologers in abundance, and they appear to find enough silly people to encourage and support them. But what is the nature of these love tests that so many of your country maidens apply on Hallow-Eve?”

Aunt Edith smiled as she answered,

“They are of various kinds. Among the most common is burning nuts on the hearth. A young maiden will take two nuts, and naming one for the man who is, or whom she would like to have for her sweetheart, and the other for herself, she puts them in the fire, and accordingly as they burn quietly together, or start from beside one another, will be the future relation toward each other by the lad and lassie. Don’t you remember these verses in Burns’ “Halloween”:

The auld guidwife’s well hoordit nits
Are round an’ round divided
An’ monie lads’ an’ lassies’ fates
Are there that night decided;
Some kindle, couthie,^[1] side by side,
And bum thegither trimly;
Some start awa’ with saucy pride,
And jump out ower the chimlie
Fu’ high that night.

Jean slips in twa wi' tentie e'e,^[2]
Wha 'twas she wadna tell;
But this is *Jock*, an' this is *me*,
She says in to hersel;
He bleezed ower her, an' she ower him,
As they wad ne'er mair part!
'Till fuff^[3] he started up the lum,^[4]
An' Jean had e'en a sair heart
To see 't that night.

[1] Lovingly.

[2] Watchful eye.

[3] With a puff or bounce.

[4] Chimney.

The girls were all listening with fixed attention, and even Mr. Wilmot was interested.

"This, as I remarked," continued Aunt Edith, "is one of the commonest modes of trying sweethearts. There are many others, and some of them involve ordeals that would make the stoutest nerves quiver."

"Did you ever try any of them?" I inquired, half forgetting myself in asking so pointed a question.

"Perhaps I have," replied Aunt Edith, smilingly. "A young maiden will go through a great deal, in order to get some kind of an answer to a question that so deeply involves her happiness. But you mus'n't expect me to make any confessions."

"Oh no, we wont ask that," said I, "but you will not object to relating some experiments of this kind that you have known others make?"

"Certainly not. When I was a young girl, a great deal more attention was paid to the Eve of All Saints' Day than at present, and love-stricken lasses would look forward for months for its arrival, in order to try their sweethearts. You remember *Lizzie Wells*, afterward Mrs. Jackson?"

"Oh, very well," replied Mr. Wilmot, to whom the question was addressed.

"I shall never forget one of her attempts to raise the spirit of her future spouse. Poor girl! It turned out rather a serious matter for the time. She was a timid, bashful thing, and was particularly sensitive when any one jested with her about a sweetheart. It is usually the case, that love charms are tried by at least two, and sometimes three or four girls, in order that they may brace up each other's courage. But *Lizzie* had no sister as a confidante, and there was no maiden of her acquaintance to whom she would betray the anxiety she felt on the momentous subject of love. So, on *Hallow-Eve* she must try her sweetheart all alone, or still remain in doubt. But doubt had pressed upon her bosom until it could be borne no longer. As the day that closed the month of October began to fade into twilight, *Lizzie's* resolution in regard to a certain experiment, which had been strong when the bright sun looked down from the sky, began to waver. Clouds had heaved themselves up in the west, and the cold autumn wind began to moan among the old forest trees. The young girl felt a creeping shudder pass through her frame, as her imagination pictured the weird hour of midnight, and herself, alone, seeking by strange rites to conjure up the spirit of her lover. But the thought of one who, of all others she had yet seen,

embodied in her eyes the highest human perfections, and the uncertainty that accompanied this thought, brought her mind back again to its first resolution. To have some sure knowledge on this subject, was worth almost any trial, and the strong desire she felt for its possession, nerved her heart for the task she had laid upon herself.

“As night closed in, the air became tempestuous. The wind rushed and moaned through the trees that were near and around her father’s dwelling. Every window rattled, and the shutters and gates seemed as if moved by some spirit-hands, for they were still scarcely a moment at a time. Lizzie saw in all this disturbance of the elements a sign that weird ones were abroad, and you may well suppose that her heart trembled when she thought of the experiment she was about to make. When Hallow-Eve occurred just one year before, she had tried one of the ordinary love charms; but its indications were not satisfactory to her mind.”

“What was it?” asked Kate.

“The salt egg,” replied Aunt Edith.

“Oh!”

“The salt egg?—what is that?” I inquired.

“One or two, or more young girls, as the case may happen to be,” said Aunt Edith, “sit up until the witching hour of midnight. Then in the ashes they roast each an egg, from which, after it is done, the hard yolk is taken, and the cavity made in the egg by this removal, filled with salt. Precisely at twelve o’clock at night, the white of the egg is to be eaten with this salt, and then, without drinking, the parties go to bed. Of course, they get very dry in the night and dream of water, and, it is averred that, in the dream, the spirit of the lover presents a cup of water. If the damsel dream that she takes the water and drinks it, the one by whom it is presented will be her future husband; but if she refuse to take it, she will not marry the man, and there are chances in favor of her dying a maid.”

“Did you ever try the salt egg, aunty?” inquired Kate, with an arch look.

“Nonsense, child! Don’t ask your aunt such a question,” said Mr. Wilmot, laughing.

“Yes, dear,” was the good-humored reply. “I’ve tried that charm.”

“And how did it come out?” asked Maggy, and Jane both at once.

“All right,” returned Aunt Edith, while a beautiful smile played about her features. “Well,” she continued, “as I was saying, Lizzie had tried the salt egg, but it had not proved so satisfactory as she had desired, and she resolved to work out a deeper charm, and to interrogate the future by a more earnest rite. What this should be, had for many days been a subject of debate in her mind. The most certain spell was that of the south running spring or rivulet. But not within half a mile was there such a stream in the right location. To make this trial of sweethearts a sure one, the person must go after dark, to a stream running south, and just where three estates meet, dip the left sleeve in the water. She must then sleep in a room where there is a fire, and on going to bed, hang the garment with the wet sleeve to dry. Of course, she must lie awake until midnight, at which time the spirit of the future husband will enter the room, go up to the fire, turn the sleeve as if to dry the other side, and then go away again. But, as I said, this ceremony was out of the question, for Lizzie, even if her nerves would have been strong enough for the trial, there being no southward running spring within a convenient distance. Other plans were next debated, and the final conclusion was to eat an apple before a looking-glass, just as the clock struck twelve, in the hope of seeing the apparition of her spouse to be, looking at her over her shoulder. At first thought this may seem but a little matter, but let any one try it, and she will find her courage put to a severe test.



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THE LOVE TESTS OF HALLOWE'EN.—No. 1.

“A dozen times, as the lonely evening passed away and Lizzie hearkened to the troubled roar of the storm without—for the rain had begun to fall—did her heart fail her. But the intense desire she felt to know something certain in regard to her lover, brought back her wavering resolution. There was no one at home but her father and mother, and they retired to bed, as was their usual custom, about nine o'clock. Three hours yet remained before the all-potent love test could be tried, and there was full time for Lizzie's already weakened nerves to become sensitive to the utmost degree. In order to make the time pass less wearily, she took up some work and tried to sew. But her hand was so tremulous that she could not hold the needle, and after a few trials, she was forced to abandon the attempt. She next tried to read, but with no better success. Her eyes passed from word to word over the open page, but there was not the slightest connection between the words in the book and the ideas that were passing through her mind. Half an hour was spent in this way, and then, startled by a noise as of some one trying to open the outside door, she looked up and listened intently, while her heart throbbed so heavily that she could distinctly hear every pulsation, and feel them as strokes upon her bosom. As she listened, other sounds became apparent. There was the noise, as of feet, walking around the

house; voices were heard in the moaning wind, and cries from the distant forest. Now, there seemed to be a knocking at the window-pane, and she half turned herself to look, her heart shrinking lest some fearful apparition should meet her eyes. Even in the room the deep silence was broken by strange sounds—something rustled in one corner, and rattled in another; and even the fire blazed on the hearth with an unearthly murmur, while the sparks flew suddenly out, and darted across the room as if instinct with some living purpose.

“Thus it was that the hours crept slowly on. But still firm to her purpose, Lizzie, though her heart was almost paralyzed with superstitious fear, kept her lonely vigil. At length the clock, which had ticked with a louder and louder noise as time wore on toward midnight, pointed to the minute mark before twelve. Up to this tone the storm without had been steadily increasing. But now there came a sudden lull in the tempest, and the roar of the wind sunk into a low, sobbing moan, that sounded strangely human.

“The hour had come. Upon the table by which Lizzie sat, stood the candle, and near it the apple which must be eaten as a part of the spell that was to raise the spirit of her lover. Strongly tempted was Lizzie, at this crisis, to rush from the room and abandon the bold experiment. Both hands of the clock would be on the point that marked the close of Halloween in a few seconds, and if she did not act now, the secret she so ardently desired to penetrate would still be hidden from her eyes. She felt awful in that moment of deep suspense. Her heart ceased for an instant to beat, and then bounded on again in troubled throbbings. Then, with a kind of desperate energy, she caught up the candle and apple, and turned to the glass that hung against the wall. As she did so, the brief lull in the tempest expired, and the wind, as if it had gained new power, rushed past with a wilder sound, and shook the house to its very foundation.

“One glance into the mirror, as the hammer of the clock began to fall sufficed. A wild scream, thrilling through the house, accompanied by a noise as of some one falling heavily, aroused the sleeping parents. When they descended to the room below, they found Lizzie prostrate on the floor in a state of total insensibility.”

“Why, aunt!” exclaimed Kate, in a husky voice.

“What did she see?” asked Maggy, who had been listening with breathless attention.

“It was many hours before the frightened girl came back to consciousness,” said Aunt Edith. “I saw her on the day afterward, and she looked as if she had been sick for a month. We were intimate, and on my asking her some questions, she told me what she had done, and avowed that, as she looked into the glass, she distinctly saw the face of a man peering over her shoulder.”

“But you didn’t believe her,” said Mr. Wilmot.

“Did she know the person whom she saw?” asked Maggy.

“Yes. She told me who it was; and they were afterward married.”

“Nonsense!” exclaimed Mr. Wilmot. “I’m really surprised at you, sister! You will turn these silly girls’ heads. You surely don’t believe that she saw any face in the glass besides her own.”

“In imagination she did, without doubt. The fact of her fainting from alarm shows that.”

“But you say, Aunt Edith, that she afterward married the person she saw?”

“Yes, dear. But that is no very strange part of the story. Young ladies are not famous for keeping secrets, you know. I told a young friend, in confidence, of course, what Lizzie had told me. She, though bound to secrecy, very naturally confided the story to her particular friend and confidante, and so it went, until the young man came to hear of it. It so happened that both he and Lizzie were rather modest sort of young people, and, though mutually in love with each other, shrunk from letting any signs thereof become manifest. At a distance the young man

worshiped, scarcely hoping that he would ever be, in the eyes of the maiden, more than a friend or acquaintance. But, when he heard of the love test, and was told that his face had appeared to the maiden, he took courage. The next time he met Lizzie, he drew to her side as naturally as iron draws to the magnet; and as he looked into her mild blue eyes, he saw that they were full of tenderness. The course of true love ran smoothly enough after that. On next Halloween they were made one, in the very room where, a year before, the never-to-be-forgotten love charm was tried."

On the next morning neither of the sisters were very bright. Maggy was pale; Jane did not make her appearance at the breakfast table, and Kate looked so thoughtful as she sipped her coffee with a spoon, and only pretended to eat, that her mother inquired seriously as to the cause.

Kate blushed, and seemed a little confused, but said nothing was the matter.

"I hope you have not been so silly as to try sweethearts," remarked Mr. Wilmot.

Instantly the tell-tale blood mounted to the brow of Kate. Maggy, likewise, found her color, and rather more of it than her cheeks were wont to bear.

"Why girls!" exclaimed the father, who had spoken more in jest than in earnest. "Can it be possible—"

But, before he could finish the sentence, both Kate and Maggy had risen from the table—their faces like scarlet—and were hastily leaving the room.

"Really," said Mr. Wilmot, "I thought better of them girls! What nonsense! This is all your fault, sister. I shouldn't at all wonder if you were up with them trying *your* sweetheart."

Aunt Edith smiled, in her quiet, self-possessed way, as she replied—

"I hardly think, brother, you will find it any thing more serious than eating a salt egg on going to bed, or some trifling affair like that; for which I can readily excuse a young maiden."

"To think they should be so weak as to believe in nonsense of this kind!" said the father. "I hoped that my daughters had better sense."

"Don't take the matter so seriously, brother," replied Aunt Edith to this. "It has only been a little frolick."

"It has been rather a serious one, I should think, to judge from the effects produced. Jane, I presume, is too much indisposed to get up; and I am sure both Maggy and Kate look as if they had been sick for a week."

"They'll all come out bright enough before noon. Don't fear for that."

The girls, however, were not themselves again during the whole day. Jane's absence from the breakfast table was in consequence of a nervous headache, from which she suffered nearly all day. And Kate and Maggy continued to look thoughtful, and to keep as much away from the rest of the family as possible.

It out, before night, that each of the girls, on retiring at twelve o'clock, had eaten a "salt egg." The consequence to Jane was a sick headache; and the others did not feel much better. As to their dreams, they wisely kept their own counsel. That these had some effect upon their spirits, was, no doubt correctly, inferred.

"That a young girl, after sitting up until twelve o'clock at night, thinking of a certain nice young man, and then eating half a cupfull of salt, should dream that she was thirsty, and that this certain young man came and offered her water to drink, is not a very wonderful occurrence, and might be accounted for on very natural principles."

"Of course," replied Aunt Edith, to whom the remark was made, as we sat, all but the girls, conversing before the parlor fire on the evening of that day. "And yet I have known of cases

where the dreams that came were singularly prophetic. As for instance. A young friend of mine, when I was a girl, tried, though under engagement of marriage, this experiment. She dreamed that her lover came and offered her water, and that she declined taking it, which is considered an unfavorable omen. In a month afterward, although the time for the wedding was fixed, the young man deserted her for another.”

“All that may have occurred,” said Mr. Wilmot, “without there being any connection between the dream and the after event.”

“Oh, certainly. Yet you must own that the coincidence was a little singular,” returned Aunt Edith.

“There are hundreds of coincidences occurring daily that are far more remarkable.”

“Very true. But will you say positively that indications of things about to occur are never given? That no shadow of a coming event is ever projected upon our pathway as we move through life?”

“As I do not *know*, positively, any thing on the subject, I will assert nothing. But, as a general principle, we are aware that Providence wisely withholds from us a knowledge of the future, in order that we may remain in perfect freedom. If the knowledge of future events was given, our freedom would be destroyed, for the certainty of approaching calamity, or favorable fortune, would destroy our ability to act efficiently in the present. And as, for so good a reason, our Creator draws a veil over the future, I think it wrong for us to use any means for the removal of that veil.”

“To any one,” replied Aunt Edith, “whose mind is as clear on this subject as yours, all seeking after future knowledge would be wrong. But all are not so enlightened. All have not the intelligence or ability to think wisely on Providence and its operations with men. To such, in their weakness, the kind Providence that withholds as a general good, may grant particular glimpses into the future, as the result of certain forms which may determine spiritual influences; as was the case in ancient times, when oracles gave their mysterious answers.”

“I’m afraid, sister,” said Mr. Wilmot, “that you have a vein of superstition in your character.”

“No,” returned Aunt Edith. “I believe I am as free from superstition as one need wish to be. But I look upon the operations of Providence with man as designed for his spiritual good, and as coming down to meet him even in his lowest and most ignorant state, in order to elevate him. There may be a condition of the human mind that needs, for its aid, some sign from the world of spirits; and wherever that state exists, such signs will be given. In the barbarous times of any nation, we find a belief in supernatural agencies—in signs, tokens, and oracles—a prominent characteristic. This is not so much an accidental circumstance as a Providential arrangement, by which to keep alive in the mind the idea of a spiritual world. The same is true among the unenlightened classes at the present day; and the reason is of a similar character. To people who know no better than to seek, by certain forms, to penetrate the future, true answers may be permitted sometimes to their inquiries; and this for a higher good than the one they are seeking.”

At this point in the conversation the young ladies came into the room, and the subject was changed. During the evening allusion was again made to the topic upon which so much had already been said, when, in answer to some question asked of Aunt Edith, she related the following:

“Before I was married,” said she, “there was a certain young man who paid me many attentions, but whom, from some cause or other, I did not particularly fancy. He was an excellent

young man, of a good family, and, as sober and industrious as any one in the neighborhood. Still, for all this, I felt more like repulsing than giving him encouragement. He saw that I avoided him when I could do so without appearing rude, and this made him more distant; yet I could see that his mind was on me. I would often meet his eyes when we were in company; and he would come to my side whenever he could do so without appearing to be intrusive. His many excellent qualities, and the manliness of character for which he was distinguished, prevented me from treating him otherwise than respectfully. As a friend, I liked him, but when he approached, as was evidently the case, in the character of a lover, I could not be otherwise than cold and reserved. There were two or three other young men who appeared fond of my company, any one of whom I would have accepted, had he offered himself, in preference to this one.

“Such was the state of my love affairs, when Halloween came round. A cousin, a young girl about my own age, was spending a few weeks in our family, and she and I talked over the matter of trying sweethearts. After looking at the subject in its various lights and shades, we finally determined to summon up the requisite courage, and burn a love-candle. So, after all the family were in bed, which was not until after eleven o’clock, we began to make preparations for this ceremony. Burning the love-candle is done in this way. A table is set with bread, cakes and fruit; or any other articles of food that may be selected. Plates for as many guests as are expected are also put upon the table; but no knives or forks, lest the guests should, by any accident, harm themselves. A little before midnight a candle, in which a row of nine new pins have been placed just below the wick, is lighted and set upon the table. The distance between the row of pins and the burning end of the candle must not be greater than will melt away by the time the hour of twelve strikes. When the candle burns down to the pins, they drop one after the other, and just as the last one falls, the apparitions of the future husbands of those who try the charm will enter, it is said, sit down to the table and eat, and then rise up and go away.

“Well, Lydia and I determined that we would try this love charm; so we arranged our table, placed upon it the candle in which were stuck the row of nine new pins, and sat down to await the arrival of the hour that was to open for us a page of the future. I shall never forget the deathlike stillness that reigned for a time through the room; nor how I started when the old house-dog suddenly raised, almost under the window, a long, low, melancholy howl. My heart seemed to beat all over my body, and I could feel the hair rising on my head. After a quarter of an hour had elapsed, we lit the candle and returned to our seats on the opposite side of the room to that in which the table was standing, almost crouching down in our chairs. As we did so, one of the shutters, which was merely drawn to without being fastened, flew open suddenly, and was slammed back against the side of the house, at the same time the wind began rushing and moaning through the trees. I felt awful. Spirits seemed all around me, and I looked every moment for some fearful apparition to blast our sight with its presence.



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THE LOVE TESTS OF HALLOWE'EN.—No. 2.

“Steadily the hand passed from point to point, and from figure to figure on the dial of the clock, my feelings becoming more and more excited every moment. At last came the warning that is given just before the striking of the hour, and the minute hand had but a point or two to pass before it was on the sign of twelve. My very breath was suspended. A few moments more, and then the hammer of the clock fell, and each stroke appeared as if made upon my heart. Suddenly there came a rush of wind past the house, and strange, wild, mournful tones it made; then the door swung open, and in came the apparition of a man. I saw in an instant that it was the one of whom I have spoken. His face had a fixed, dreamy, and, it seemed to me, troubled expression. He went up, slowly, to the table, and sitting down at my plate, took some fruit. For the space of nearly a minute it seemed to me, he remained there motionless; but did not eat. Then rising he turned away and left the room. During the brief period he remained, he manifested not the slightest consciousness of our presence. You may be sure we did not remain long after he had retired, but went tremblingly up stairs, half frightened out of our wits, and buried ourselves beneath the clothes without stopping to remove our garments, where we lay and shivered as if both of us had ague fits.

“Well, sure enough,” continued Aunt Edith, “it turned out as the sign had indicated. I was married to the young man, and my cousin died an old maid. It was all folly I thought to struggle

against my fate, and so from that memorable 'Hallow-Eve' received my lover's attentions with favor."

"And were you so weak as to believe that any one did really come in?" said Mr. Wilmot.

"I was," returned Aunt Edith.

"It was all your imagination," said the brother, positively.

"No, I believe not. I don't think it was possible for both of our eyes to be deceived."

"Then your cousin saw it too?"

"So she would have averred, had you asked her the day before her death."

Mr. Wilmot shook his head; while the girls looked credulous. I noticed that Kate glanced slightly around, every now and then, half fearfully.

"One day," resumed Aunt Edith, "about two years after our marriage, something favoring an allusion to the subject, I said to my husband—'There is one thing that I never could bring myself to mention, and I hardly like to do it now.' 'What is that?' he asked. I then related to him, minutely, all that I have told you this evening. He looked grave, and was thoughtful for some time. Then he said—'And there is also one thing about which I have never felt free to speak to you. I remember that night well, and shall have cause to remember it as long as I live.' 'Were you conscious of any thing?' I asked eagerly. 'Yes, of a great deal,' he replied. 'I saw, in fact, all that passed.' 'In a dream?' said I. 'No, while awake—as fully awake as at this time. To throw off all disguise, and speak without mystery, I happened on that night to be going home at a late hour, and in passing your house saw a light streaming through a small opening in the shutter. It instantly occurred to me that you might be up and engaged in some love experiments, as it was Hallow-Eve; so, stealing up softly, and peeping in, I saw that I was not in error. No very long time was spent in determining what to do. My decision I marked by suddenly jerking the shutter back, and slamming it loudly against the house. Concealed by the darkness, I perceived the effect of this. It was what I had anticipated. You did not in the least suspect the truth. As plainly as if I had been in the room, I could now see all that was passing; and, as I understood the particular charm you were trying, knew precisely what part I was to act in the ceremony. So, as I had all along believed myself to be the favored one, although you somehow or other appeared to think differently, I took the liberty of walking in, just as the clock struck twelve."

At this part of Aunt Edith's story she was interrupted by a burst of laughter from all in the room.

"And so that was the explanation of the great mystery?" said Mr. Wilmot. "The troubled spirit was a real flesh and blood visiter after all."

"Yes. And in my heart I forgave him for the trick he played off upon me so adroitly."

"Why, Aunt Edith!" exclaimed Maggy, taking a long breath. "How you frightened me! I really thought it was a spirit that had entered!"

"No, child. Spirits, I believe, are not apt to walk about and visit love-sick maidens, even on Hallowe'en, for all that may be paid to the contrary. The instance given you is the best authenticated I have ever known."

This relation furnished abundant food for merriment, as well as for some sage reflections during the evening, and even Maggy, Jane and Kate saw reason to join with the rest in laughing over the folly of Love Tests at Hallowe'en.

THE ODALISQUE.

BY BAYARD TAYLOR.

In marble shells the fountain splashes;
Its falling spray is turned to stars,
When some light wind its pinion dashes
Against thy gilded lattice-bars.
Around the shafts, in breathing cluster,
The roses of Damascus run,
And through the summer's moons of lustre
The tulip's goblet drinks the sun.

The day, through shadowy arches fainting,
Reveals the garden's burst of bloom,
With lights of shifting iris painting
The jasper pavement of thy room:
Enroofed with palm and laurel bowers,
Thou see'st, beyond, the cool kiosk,
And far away, the penciled towers
That shoot from many a stately mosque.

The voice of bird and tinkling water
Sounds cheerly in the cloudless morn,
That comes to thee, its radiant daughter,
Across the glittering Golden Horn;
And like the wave, whose flood of brightness
Is seen alone by eyes on shore,
Thy sunlit being moves in lightness
Nor knows the beauty all adore.

Thou hast no world beyond the chamber
Whose inlaid marbles mock the flowers,
Where burns thy lord's chiboque of amber,
To charm the languid evening hours.
There sounds, for thee, the fond lute's yearning
Through all enchanted tales of old,
And spicy cressets, dimly burning,
Swing on their chains of Persian gold.

No more, in half-remembered vision,
Thy distant childhood comes to view;
That star-like world of shapes Elysian
Has faded from thy morning's blue:
The eastern winds that cross the Taurus
Have now no voice of home beyond,
Where light waves foam in endless chorus
Against the walls of Trebizond.

For thee the Past may never reckon
Its hoard of saddening memories o'er,
Nor voices from the Future beckon
To joys that only live in store.
Thy life is in the gorgeous Present,
An orient summer, warm and bright;—
No gleam of beauty evanescent,
But one long time of deep delight.

JESSIE LINCOLN:

OR THE CITY VISITERS.

BY MISS M. J. B. BROWNE.

CHAPTER I.

The village of N., reader, where the scene of my story is laid, is truly a most lovely place, so far certainly as Nature is responsible; for a broad, beautiful river bounds it on one side, and a fine range of mountains, picturesquely grand, screen it on another. Wealth, too, has joined hands with Nature to assist in the perfect completion of what *she* had left as it were unfinished. Sweet cottages nestling in green shrubbery, and elegant mansions surrounded by spacious gardens and lawns, glistening with fountains or shady with groves, reveal to the beholder a harmonious conspiracy between taste and affluence to picture Paradise in daguerreotype—everything must be in daguerreotype in these days.

But the *moral*—perhaps it would be more charitable to say the *conventional* aspect of the village, is not so lovely as the natural aspect. A certain line of distinction has been drawn in society, and has long been assuming a greater and greater stringency, as an old generation passes away, and a new one refining upon its ancestor succeeds it. It is not the aristocracy of family and birth—the pride of nobility, as in England—nor the aristocracy of wit and talent, as in France—nor yet the true aristocracy of intellect and moral worth—but the peculiarly American aristocracy of money! Caste, determined by the possession or non-possession of estates and bank-stock, is scarcely more rigidly guarded on Hindoo ground than here—and intermarriages between the “higher and lower classes”—ridiculous names it is true, to be applied to society in republican democratic America—are regarded as sufficient reason for casting off all association with the *degraded* party, whatever rank said party may have sustained before.

And here I cannot forbear a passing remark on the obvious inconsistency of this principle. The accidents of fortune are so very variable, and its mutations such matters of every day experience, that a more fluctuating or uncertain standard of station could not possibly have been chosen. The possessor of half a million to-day, in a few years may die alone and in penury, the miserable tenant of a deserted garret, while the ragged, shivering, homeless boy, who pays his last hardly earned copper for the privilege of sleeping on an untenanted board, may at length find himself in the enjoyment of the “highest honors in the gift of his country-men,” the honorable master of thousands, with a once starving and outcast beggar child the sharer of his emoluments and the elegant mistress of his mansion. The *son* of the rich man may die unknown and unblessed in the prison or the almshouse, “while the son of the maid servant who cleaned the President’s kitchen,” may be carried to the “white house” in triumph, the chief magistrate of a great and powerful nation. But pardon my digression, dear reader—I needed not to *pen your own sentiments*. It is time I should introduce you to some of my people, if I would interest you, as I hope I may, in their acquaintance.

The “first and best” lady in the village of N. was Mrs. Josepha Tower. This lady was a widow, and in every respect, in heart, and mind, and manners, she was a truly elegant and accomplished woman. She belonged in a measure to the “old school,” and she possessed an uncommon share of sterling common sense, and the firmest and most uncompromising Christian principle. She was the possessor, too, of ample wealth, and diffused it with a liberality which reflected honor on her generosity, as well as poured a stream of happiness into her bereaved and widowed heart. The earlier part of Mrs. Tower’s life had been passed in a Southern city, though she was proud to claim a birth-right on New England’s soil, and an affinity with the upright and earnest New England heart in her purposes and dispositions. When the cholera with pestilential breath swept over the city of C——, it numbered among its victims her husband and her only child; and as the staff and centre of her hopes were thus suddenly cut down at a single stroke, Mrs. Tower turned her face toward the home of her childhood, and sought amid the green hills and quiet streams, where those fresh and careless years had been passed, for that alleviation to her sorrows which she must have sought in vain among scenes where her irreparable losses would be constantly suggested by contact and association. She came forth from the furnace of her affliction like gold seven times purified, and resolutely declining even the consideration of a second marriage while her heart was bound so fast in its wedlock to the grave, she consecrated her influence and her wealth to the noble purpose of promoting the well-being and the happiness of her fellow sojourners in a wilderness world. The star of her hope had gone out while she yet watched it in midheaven, and why should she not henceforward bind herself to the unselfish aim of spreading abroad the joy which had taken its flight from her own bosom, leaving in its place a calm and holy resignation? So to the north and to the south, to the east and to the west, “from the river to the ends of the earth,” flowed the rills, all fresh and fertilizing, which found their reservoir in her kindly and world-embracing benevolence.

Every thing tasteful and elegant in the matter of household appointments, was always to be found at Mrs. Tower’s. Books, not laid upon the shelves of her library merely to dazzle by their gilding, but to be read by every body who would read—pictures and statues—for she was a generous patroness of the arts—music and flowers, and the most refined and polished society, were among the most familiar attractions one always found at the residence of that excellent lady; and yet I tell my readers only the truth when I say that with all her wealth, and her truly enviable social position, Mrs. Tower was the only woman in the whole circle of N. aristocracy who had independence enough to bid defiance to conventional proscription, and invite whom she pleased to tea with her—whether it was the President’s lady or her washer-woman. Mrs. Tower to be sure had too much politeness to invite those whom she knew her aristocratic neighbors did not choose to recognize as equals when she invited *them*; but she heartily despised the principle which governed her wealthier acquaintances, in excluding the worthy poor from their society *because* they were poor; and in the face of all expostulation and astonishment, she disdained such unreasonable trammels and acted accordingly, though she well knew what surprise her decision occasioned, and what gossip it furnished. But the fault-finders—what could they do? They could not proscribe Mrs. Tower, for she abounded in that one great requisite for elevated station—a plenty of *money*—and she could gather into her house more distinguished people from the circle of her private acquaintance, than half the village put together—they could not lose the pleasure of such agreeable levees as Mrs. Tower made for strangers who were visiting her at all seasons of the year. Beside, just now when my story commences, the young minister of the village was an inmate of her family, and being

unmarried and unbetrothed, and there being at the same time a goodly number of young ladies unmarried, but marriageable, in the most important families of his parish, the minister, Rev. Louis Style, became a very interesting character, aside from his public capacity, and the unconscious prize in quite an extensive lottery. But more of the Rev. Louis Style anon.

CHAPTER II.

One lovely evening in summer, a circle of young ladies was sitting in the delicious moonlight that streamed fitfully through the glancing leaves and fragrant clusters of honeysuckle that shaded the veranda of Mrs. Tower's residence, chatting joyfully—the *girls* I mean—not the honeysuckles or the moonlight, though I could not vouch that *they* exchanged no love whispers audible to the ears of fairies—laughing merrily over the ices and fruit, and of course, gossiping.

Mrs. Tower had been more than usually agreeable, though she was always lovely; and as to Mr. Style, he had carried every heart. The girls had all been completely captivated; some by his calm and manly beauty, and some by the flashing brilliancy of his ripe and richly cultivated mind, and some by those inexpressible fascinations, which, had he been a man of the world, would have made him irresistible in all society. But Mr. Style was a man of pure and exalted piety, and would have conscientiously feared to use his slightest power to interest a heart to which his own must stoop from its own moral height to meet, or to whose affection he could not earnestly respond. Indeed so fastidious was the Rev. Mr. Style, that he had never met the lady, as he determined, whom he could cordially invite to the queenship of his affections. He was verily so happy and contented as an inmate of Mrs. Tower's family in the pursuit of his daily duties—so happy in the satisfaction and regard of his people, that it seldom occurred to him that “it is not good for a man to be alone.” The mammas and blooming young ladies, however, adopted that doctrine as one of the most important, prominent and practical of the whole creed, and most especially did they set their faces against so Popish a practice as the “celibacy of the clergy!”

Mrs. Tower had withdrawn from the circle a few minutes to examine the dispatches brought in by the evening mail, but returning soon with a smile of unusual gladness illuminating her pensive face, and an open letter in her hand, she said—

“Well, girls, I have intelligence here that makes me very happy. I have at length prevailed with a young friend of mine, to leave the city and pass a few weeks with me during the hottest of the season, and I am so very glad—”

“O, so am I,” interrupted Miss Charlotte Varley, a very languishing young lady, who had great hopes of success with Mr. Style, since she had joined his communion and was a teacher in his Sabbath-school—but withal a *belle*—“a young gentleman from the city will be very refreshing this terrible weather—I hope he is a pious man, Mrs. Tower—we have so few of those—and that he will bring us some new plans about Sabbath-schools and benevolent societies such as are found to be most useful in the city!”

Miss Varley closed her remarks with a small sigh, and looked at Mr. Style for pious sympathy. Mr. Style that moment turned away to pluck a drooping blossom that hung near him, and some of the ruder mixxes indulged in mischievous glances and a smothered laugh.

“I declare, Charlotte,” interposed Miss Emilie Jones, who was one of Miss Varley's most sincere despisers, “the effervescence of your regard for Sabbath-schools and ‘cent societies,’

has quite anticipated the sequel of Mrs. Tower's story—you did not allow her time to say whether we are to be favored by the accession of a *lady* or a *gentleman* to our little country community—but consulting your own fancy, I suppose you took it for granted it must be a 'pious young gentleman.'”

The color deepened in Charlotte's really beautiful face, as a glimpse of her ridiculous position flashed from Emilie's playful satire, and to increase her confusion, the girls all laughed more saucily than before. There might have been some serious heart-burnings, but Mrs. Tower came to the rescue.

“Charlotte is entirely excusable, young ladies,” she said, “and I am responsible for her remark by my own ambiguity. My friend is a *lady*, and one of the loveliest of her sex in mind and heart. I have not seen her since she grew into a woman, but I am confident from what I know of the development of her character, I shall not be disappointed in the promise of her childhood. She will be here in two weeks at most, and possibly sooner. Now I am old and dull girls, and I shall draw largely on your vivacity for her entertainment, at *first* for *my* sake, and afterward, when you know her, for her own.”

“O yes, indeed, Mrs. Tower,” promised the girls, and none more promptly than Charlotte and Adelaide Varley, both for themselves and for their mother and three sisters at home. They would specially make a party for her, though they had determined to make *no* parties till their friends, Mrs. Tyler and her daughter, very genteel people from New York, should come, which event could not certainly be hoped for at least for three weeks. And Misses Charlotte and Adelaide telegraphed to each other, while the rest were promising their attentions, how much pleasure it must afford Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth if they should happen to recognize a city acquaintance in Mrs. Tower's expected visitor—“as their metropolitan friends,” Charlotte remarked, “were so very gay and fashionable, they had sometimes languished in the country for a city face or something that looked familiar.”

“It must be a melancholy and most insupportable deprivation,” chimed in Emilie Jones, “to spend a whole fortnight on the stretch in such an ugly and unsightly village as this of N. has the reputation of being, especially in the summer, and all that time, not so much as *see* fiery red brick palisades towering up on both sides of you, and pouring down on your 'devoted head' a perfect torrent of heat! I am sure if I were anybody's 'metropolitan friends,' I should mourn being obliged to set my feet on the cool grass! How I should miss the scorching them on a hot pavement, to say nothing of the disadvantage to my lungs of inhaling fresh clear air, instead of dust and cigar smoke, and all sorts of vile fumes and abominations! What is your taste, Mr. Style?”

“I am a great lover of the country, and particularly of this beautiful village, Miss Emilie,” gallantly replied Mr. Style.

“Well, well, Emilie, enough of your mischief for once,” said Adelaide Varley, with a very severe smile which she meant for an indifferent one. “We all know you are more wicked than citified. But my watch says it is time to go home, and I guess Mrs. Tower will be glad to be rid of such a set of chatter-boxes as we have proved ourselves this time.”

“Mr. Style will write a livelier sermon for it, I'll wager my thimble, after he has slept upon the savor of our conversation,” said Emilie, as she gave him her hand at parting, and turned gayly round to bid Mrs. Tower good night.

“Come again, dears, every one of you,” said Mrs. Tower, as she smiled on the youthful group, “come every day and enliven us with the life of such glad spirits. Mr. Style would lead a most monotonous life indeed if *I* were all the company he could have.”

“You, indeed, my dearest Mrs. Tower,” replied Emilie. “That man is verily avaricious who covets better or more charming society than our most delightful hostess of this evening, to say nothing of the ice creams and etceteras! Yes, worthy of stripes is he, whether clergyman or layman!”

And Emilie finished her speech with a quick glance at the young minister, and her own peculiarly rich and musical shout of mirth, and tripped lightly down the terrace and across the wide and shaded street to her own home.

As the other young ladies of the party had farther to go, Mr. Style took them all under his protection, rendering particular assistance to Miss Charlotte, who complained of excessive weariness and lassitude. Beside, being occasionally afflicted with a difficulty of the heart, she could not walk so fast as some of the girls, so Mr. Style found himself safely at Mrs. Varley’s door with his delicate charge, many minutes after all the others were laughing and speculating about it in their own rooms.

“Well, Adelaide, what do you think of Mrs. Tower’s coaxing a very pretty young lady to her house, to pass some weeks in company with the Rev. Mr. Style?” said Charlotte, very sharply, as she ran upstairs to the parlor, in double quick time, quite independent of the “heart difficulty,” that had so impeded her progress home.

“It’s downright scandalous!” said Miss Annette, the eldest daughter, “and I should not wonder at any breeze it might raise in the church and society—it may result in something very unpleasant indeed!” and Annette shook her head very doubtfully.

“It is ridiculous! Nothing but a trap, depend on it,” said Mrs. Varley, for Adelaide had detailed the whole story with her own annotations long before Charlotte reached home.

“It is really a very presuming thing,” seriously responded Annette, shaking her head still more dubiously.

“Yes, yes—very presumptuous indeed!” sneered Mrs. Varley, who never had any opinions, only those that were to be had at second hand. “Just as if Mrs. Tower could not only dictate who we shall have for minister, but also who he shall *marry!* for I declare, girls, it looks like that—don’t it now?”

“To be sure it does, *mamma,*” replied Annette; “you have hit the nail on the head this time! It takes *you* to see what folks are about behind the scenes. Lottie, did you get any particulars about this person out of Mr. Style, coming home—whether he ever saw her—whether she is rich and fashionable, so it will do for *us* to notice her—”

“No, Annette, I did not learn any thing about her, though I asked questions enough in all conscience,” fretted Charlotte. “But I think we had better write immediately to Mrs. Tyler and find out something,” she continued. “I declare, *mamma,*” and the tears started to her eyes for very vexation and disappointment, “Mr. Style would not speak only on the most indifferent subjects coming home, and if I don’t bring him to the point soon, I don’t believe one of us will ever be married in the world, and I will go to a convent! *I will!*”

“Don’t say so, Lottie! don’t dear,” soothed the *mamma*—“only think what good aim money takes at the hearts of men, and are we not *rich*, child; and are not my daughters fine dashing girls, dressing as well as the best of ’em, and wont they finally marry *jest as they please?* The chaff always blows away first, they used to say when I was young!”

“Well, who wants to wait forever, mother, for all that?” said Annette, who really had waited a reasonable time, with her purse and her heart in her hand, and yet no bidders.

“*I* for one, want to wait till I am *sought,*” said Adelaide, “and not make such a ridiculous matter of it as Charlotte does, in her pursuit of Mr. Style. The girls all laughed at your speeches,

Lottie, till I am heartily vexed and ashamed about the whole game. Do be a little wiser in your demonstrations—”

“I guess I’ll come and borrow some of the wisdom *you* have to spare, Miss,” retorted Charlotte, very angrily, as she rose and whisked out of the room, slamming the door violently after her.

Mrs. Varley and the three sisters, Annette, Almeda, and Cynthia, all pounced upon Adelaide, who was really more shrewd and sensible than they all, till she diverted them from the attack by a narration of what was always interesting, the gossip she had gathered from one and another, together with her own active surmises during the evening.

“If you had seen how Emilie Jones acted, mamma—I could not help thinking Mr. Style and Mrs. Tower were both delighted with her impudence,” said Adelaide. “For my part, I think she is one of the sauciest and most sarcastic imps I ever saw. If Capt. Jones was not so rich and his family so influential, I would cut her acquaintance.”

“And a mighty deal would she care for that,” replied Annette, “so long as Mrs. Tower makes such friends of her and her mother. But did she tell you that her father and George are coming home directly? Mrs. Jones was here to-night, and she said so.”

“No—she did not say a word about it. She makes no disclosures to me,” returned Adelaide. “There will be another mark for our beautiful Charlotte—the young lieutenant—if she does not succeed in her ‘ecclesiastical measures,’” she added, biting her lips in expectation of a torrent of displeasure from her mother and sisters. It came, of course, and in a fit of resentment and passion, she too flitted off to bed.

CHAPTER III.

The Varley family were very wealthy *in purse*, and it was the only anchor with which they were able to fasten themselves on society. They were ignorant, vulgar, and haughty, proud, unprincipled, and deceitful. A more designing, intriguing, manœuvring woman than Mrs. Varley, can seldom be met with, but her plans were all so superficially laid, and so very shallow and short-sighted, they had so far unfortunately failed, at least all the matrimonial alliances she had projected for her five marriageable daughters—inasmuch as they all remained a heavy article in a sated market. Charlotte was the youngest, and in person, so far as the delicate tinting of the face and a faultless chiseling of form were concerned, she possessed unusual loveliness. But the deformity of her ill disciplined and misdirected mind, and the prominent weakness of her character, were so apparent, that in the estimate of really sensible and intelligent people, the one favorable item passed for almost nothing.

Mrs. Varley had resolved to secure the Rev. Mr. Style for her youngest daughter, and she determined that nothing should be left undone to accomplish so desirable an object. Charlotte was herself too weak to play her part *well* in a well concerted scheme—but in a miserably lame one, she played it wretchedly. Mr. Style saw to his infinite but necessarily concealed disgust, the snare that was spread in his sight, and though nothing in the world was easier than to escape, it subjected him to a mortifying espionage, and most disagreeable caution in his pastoral intercourse with his people. What the designs of others might be he was too high-minded even to imagine; but there was no mistaking Miss Charlotte Varley’s intentions, with eyes only half open.

Since Mr. Style had been an inmate of Mrs. Tower’s household, Mrs. Varley had been

making perpetual attempts to place herself and her daughters on a footing of intimacy there; but her efforts had been unsuccessful, as Mrs. Tower was just as polite as ever, and just as reserved as ever, leaving Mrs. Varley to guess at the reason. Of course she put her own construction upon the matter, and never failed, when she could find or make an opportunity, to hint at something unfavorable in relation to Mrs. Tower. She did, as malicious people often do, foil herself with her own weapons, for almost every body loved and admired Mrs. Tower, and distrusted and disliked Mrs. Varley, though her wealth and standing in society gave her a kind of influence and power, which she and the five Misses Varley most industriously exerted.

Mrs. Tower's clear mind fathomed at a glance the intent of her neighbor, but the sentinels about the out-posts of her prudence, were never for once caught slumbering on duty, or taken in a moment of unguardedness; and she sealed her discoveries in her own breast, leaving her friend and protégé, the Rev. Mr. Style, to his own conclusions and his own discretion. He longed to ask her if his observations tallied with hers, but he feared it might savor of conceit, or wear some other unworthy aspect in her eyes, so they remained mutually silent.

Such was the condition of things when Mrs. Tower welcomed to her house and her hospitalities the daughter of her early friend, sweet Jessie Lincoln. An illness of a few days had delayed her arrival, but the paleness it had left on her cheek only added a charm to her sad and lovely face.

"Now you are mine for a long, long time—for *always*, Jessie," said Mrs. Tower, as she folded the gentle girl to her heart. "How long I have urged you, and now you are really with me at length? How like the Jessie of my childhood you are, dearest, and how like the Jessie I laid beside her father in the grave!"

The awakening of painful remembrances brought the relief of mingled tears to the childless widow and the orphan Jessie; but soon controlling her emotions Mrs. Tower continued—

"I shall preach one of my favorite doctrines in your ears, my dear Jessie, till you are my proselyte indeed. This notion of yours about dependence is *only* a notion. It is banishing the bloom from your cheek, and stealing from your whole youth the treasures of joyousness which the young should especially garner. There is bitterness enough laid up for meridian years, Jessie, without casting so deep a shadow over the light and the hope of your girlhood. You must henceforth make my house your home, and be my own daughter. Say, Jessie, will you not?"

Poor Jessie could only reply with her tears.

"At least you must consider the matter," proceeded Mrs. Tower, "and if I succeed in making your stay with me agreeable while you are my guest, I shall certainly hope to persuade you. But dry those tears, Jessie. I dare say I have opened the subject prematurely—if you are not too weary for company to-night, I must take you down stairs and introduce you to some ladies I see coming up the avenue, to sympathize in my gladness—Mrs. Jones and her Emilie. Mrs. Jones is one of my dearest friends, and Emilie is a wild, crazy-headed creature, but very sensible and affectionate, and I am sure you will love her."

Jessie's plain traveling-dress was exchanged for one of simple white muslin, and the bright mass of her beautiful black hair, released from its confinement, fell in smooth, heavy ringlets over her shoulders. Her whole air was a harmonious combination of ladylike reserve and a native born gentility, which education indeed may polish and improve, but can never implant. Mrs. Tower fondly kissed the cheek of the graceful girl, and then placing Jessie's arm within her own, she led her with almost maternal pride to the drawing-room.

Mrs. Jones and her daughter welcomed the young stranger with the sincere cordiality of old

friends, and Emilie, who became immediately fascinated with the simplicity and unassuming gentleness of her manner, expressed the earnest hope that Miss Lincoln would be happy enough to spend the whole summer.

“If you have a country-loving taste, I am sure you cannot find a lovelier spot than our own village, Miss Lincoln—or Jessie—as I mean to call you when we are no longer strangers,” said Emilie, her brilliant face sparkling with kindness, as she sat down on the sofa by Jessie’s side. “There is every thing beautiful at Mrs. Tower’s I know,” she continued, “but I am so wild, and so much of a rambler that I love the forests and glens and waterfalls, and above all horseback excursions! We have a pair of fine saddle-horses that papa has just brought home—high-spirited creatures they are—they make me think of Zenobia’s horses. Don’t you ride on horseback, Miss Jessie?”

Jessie had never practiced at all.

“O well! I can learn you in a very little time, and I’ll undertake to be your tutor in horsemanship, for I am far more notable in it, than in some *more* feminine accomplishments. Do you hear my boast Mrs. Tower? I have engaged to learn Miss Lincoln to ride on horseback, in which art I have informed her *I excel!*” and Emilie laughed heartily at her own nonsense.

“No very unreasonable boast, Miss Emilie,” said Mr. Style; “and I think Miss Lincoln would have no difficulty in believing every word, if she had seen you practicing your Arabs this morning. I was confident your neck would be broken! But have you found names for the horses yet? You were in a grave study about that last evening!”

“O yes, Mr. Style, I am happily relieved of that anxiety. I could not think of christening them with those Quixotic names which you suggested, for I knew I could never remember them—and I was so troubled to suit myself, that I referred the whole matter to papa and George, and after a protracted and laborious discussion, they declared for the illustrious names of Romulus and Remus! I hope they may not quarrel for precedence, as those old worthies did! Indeed I shall be wrathful enough if Romulus practices any imposition or violence on Remus, for he is decidedly my favorite, and not entirely a *non resistant* I discover. But I shall give Miss Lincoln her introductory lessons on my docile old Betty, who has run so many delightful races for my pleasure. After that I purpose to settle a pension on Betty, and leave her to enjoy a calm old age. O I long to be about it! Will you be too tired to take your first ride to-morrow morning, Miss Lincoln? Betty is quiet as a kitten, and will kneel to take you on her back. Mrs. Tower’s avenue behind the garden is just the place too. Mrs. Tower may we ride there?”

“Certainly you may, Emilie,” replied Mrs. Tower. “I give you the range of my house and grounds, together with the command of my carriage and coachman, till you shall get Jessie acclimated!”

“That is noble, Mrs. Tower! All I want. Your avenue is longer and wider than ours. I am sure I shall have roses as red as my own on Jessie’s cheek in a very little while. And you, Mr. Style, may prepare yourself for a challenge to a horse-race, when Miss Lincoln can ride my Romulus!”

Jessie expressed unbounded delight at the prospect of amusement that was before her, and offered a thousand thanks to Emilie for her willingness to instruct her.

“O pray don’t say a word about that,” replied Emilie. “Perhaps I shall not prove so competent as I promise. But if I fail, Mr. Style here shall finish your education!”

“Now, Mr. Style,” said Mrs. Tower, when the ladies had made their adieux, “you must take charge of Jessie’s entertainment, while I attend to a little business. I am sure she will be pleased with the conservatory?”

The young clergyman very readily undertook the commission, and throwing open a door

from the drawing-room, he led the delighted girl into a sweet wilderness of flowers and fragrance.

Three weeks glided by almost imperceptibly, for Jessie Lincoln had never experienced such a full tide of happiness. The cool, fresh country zephyr kissed her cheeks, and there crept over them a delicious tinting, delicate as the blush of a rose-bud. Vigorous exercise, rural walks, and every kind of simple pleasure banished the sickly and languid expression from her face, and with returning health came vigor, vivacity, and joyousness. George and Emilie Jones were unwearied in their devotion to Jessie's happiness; the Varleys had outdone everybody in promises of attention and politeness, especially Miss Charlotte, who found very frequent occasion to watch for any indications of Mr. Style's preference of Jessie before herself. Poor Charlotte! she longed to read his heart; the indifference, nay, positive aversion she would have discovered there, would have been "the gall of bitterness" to her own, for she was deeply and desperately in love, if ever a silly young woman was, and a breath could have fanned her electrical jealousy into an uncontrollable flame. She would have given the last farthing of her fortune for an assurance of affection from the young minister. Alas! he never gave her any; yet at this juncture, without the slightest reason to believe he regarded her with any other sentiment than the commonest acquaintance, she confidently did believe she had taken him in her toils, and he would soon declare himself her admirer, unless Jessie stood in the way.

It was impossible not to see with one's eyes open that Mr. Style was becoming deeply and vitally interested in Jessie, though in her simplicity and humility she was wholly unconscious of it; and if she had conceived the possibility of such a thing, she would bitterly have rebuked her own presumption, for she regarded herself altogether too humble to aspire to such a position in the world as to become the wife of such a gifted man. It is true that the lustre of his mind, the high tone of his moral endowments, and the faultlessness of his exterior moulding, *charmed* her—and what young heart would they *not* charm, I pray you tell me, dear lady reader? But the idea of loving Mr. Style with any other love than that which is inspired and sanctioned by respect and friendship merely never entered her mind. Jessie was, however, the beau ideal of all his visions—the pure, pious, refined, and high-souled woman he had always hoped to meet before he surrendered his heart with its rich treasury of manly and generous love. He knew her history—you shall know more of it anon, reader—and he admired and revered the strength and unconquerable resolution with which she had combated and triumphed in the midst of the most depressing discouragements. Respect, admiration, love, combined to make him—no, not a willing slave at her feet—he felt her moral nobility would revolt at that; but they made him ready to plant his strength by the side of her weakness, to be its defence and protection till the death-angel should come, commissioned to guide her from earth to heaven.

CHAPTER IV.

Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth, Mrs. Varley's genteel "metropolitan friends," had detained themselves at Saratoga so long as the most fashionable company remained. But they at length wrote a hasty note to the "dear Varleys" stating definitely when they should be at the depôt in N., expecting to see the carriage in waiting. And they did come, "bag and baggage," to stay till November—it was only *August* then, and they flattered themselves, so they announced, that even in so short a stay, very much happiness might be reciprocated.

The prime advantage of Mrs. Tyler's acquaintance to the Varley family, consisted in the circumstance that that lady and her daughter boarded at what they called one of the most fashionable houses in the city. Mrs. Tyler despised housekeeping; it confined one so to the mercy of servants, besides *company* made it so troublesome and expensive. The Miss Varleys could go and board at the same place in the winter, and Mrs. Tyler would be so very kind and condescending as to "take all the trouble of *chaperoning* them into the society of the 'upper ten thousand,' and nobody could with any certainty predict what advantages might accrue; perhaps a splendid settlement, perhaps"—I know not how many inducements she possessed, all of which sounded golden enough in the ears of the Miss Varleys when they made her acquaintance at — Beach the season before, and insured for her what she intended, an invitation to the country when it was genteel to go into the country without such a bill of expense. The sphere in which Mrs. Tyler actually moved was only in the same pseudo-genteel orbit with the Mrs. Washington Potts's, Mrs. De Perouk's and a similar galaxy of inferior magnitude, to whose acquaintance and real claims to respect our shrewd and gifted countrywoman, has introduced so many delighted and instructed readers. Blessings on her simplicity, and on her two-edged satire; blessings on her mind and her pen, for holding up a mirror before the face of society, in which it may see not only its lineaments of loveliness, but also its deformities.

Mrs. Tyler was a very small, *dried-up* woman, if I may be tolerated for the expression, though a row of beautiful porcelain teeth displayed themselves whenever she parted her parched and skinny lips; her cheeks were most unnaturally rosy—I should have said *rougey*! A profusion of smooth and glossy ringlets adorned her head, and her whole dress was so in the extreme of fashion, there could have been, indeed, but a paltry difference between her "polar and equatorial diameter." Brilliants sparkled in her gay caps, among the ribbons and roses; gems flashed on her withered hands; "tinkling ornaments, caul, round tires like the moon, chains, and bracelets, and mufflers, bonnets and head-bands, and tablets, earrings and rings, changeable suits of apparel, mantles, and wimples, and crimping-pins, glasses, fine linen, hoods and veils," figuratively speaking, the Prophet's whole catalogue of a Judean toilette, was in requisition, with many modern inventions, at which a Judean maiden would have stood aghast, to make a vain old woman young again! O, miserable ambition!

Miss Elizabeth was large and masculine in all her proportions, with an ungraceful stoop in her shoulders, coarse and prominent features, staring blue eyes, a brilliant and exquisite complexion, and most unusually beautiful hair. Her manners were intended to be easy and nonchalant, while in truth, to the eyes of true refinement, they were unpardonably bold and rude. Miss Tyler had persuaded herself she was a *wit*, her sayings had sometimes occasioned so much laughter, and she delighted to use her fancied power everywhere, and on all occasions, shooting the shafts of her sarcasm and irony hither and thither without delicacy, civility, or mercy. She dressed gaudily and expensively, while her father drudged behind the counter of his "hardware and leather establishment," early and late to support such enormous and unnecessary expenditures. She read novels "all night," and was familiar with the fate of every hero and heroine, from those of Bulwer, Eugene Sue, and George Sand, down to the prettiest specimen of "yellow-covered literature" for sale in small retail beer-shops, or peddled in railroad cars by newsboys. She gloried in the unfeminine and unprincipled habit of laughing at and ridiculing people in their very presence, if their backs were turned, and especially *country people*; was strangely familiar with strangers; laughed and talked very loud in the streets, shops, and public conveyances, *et cetera*. Dear reader, I need not fill my outline more

definitely; with a blush for the honor of my sex, I am compelled to admit there is more than *one* Elizabeth Tyler in “these degenerate days!”

Well, the next day after Mrs. Tyler and her daughter arrived Mrs. Varley gave a very extensive invitation to the *ton* of the village, to assemble at her house in the evening, to pay their respects and make the acquaintance of her most distinguished visitors. The invitation, of course, included Mr. Style, Mrs. Tower, and Jessie Lincoln, concerning whom they had unaccountably neglected to make any inquiries, strange as it may seem, when she was the object of such nervous anxiety.

From eight till nine, poor Charlotte sat on the sofa by the side of Miss Tyler, terribly dispirited, and eagerly watching for the announcement of the Rev. Mr. Style. Elizabeth rallied her in vain; she scarcely remembered to introduce her friend, and tried fruitlessly to be amused by Elizabeth’s coarse and unladylike satires on the really elegant company as they entered. By and by Charlotte and Elizabeth simultaneously started; Charlotte rose from her seat, and Miss Tyler suddenly seized her arm, as if to detain her till some surprise was explained, and leveled her quizzing-glass deliberately at a group who were that moment exchanging salutations with Mrs. Varley near the door.

“There is Mr. Style! that’s him! that splendid figure!” whispered Charlotte, who had neither eyes nor ears for any one else.

“Gracious, Charlotte Varley! what kind of company do you entertain, for mercy’s sake!” very audibly ejaculated Miss Tyler. “Upon my word, if there isn’t my *mantuamaker*, Jessie Lincoln, invited to a party to honor *us*, mamma! Isn’t that a pretty piece of impudence! Well, I did think you were genteel people, and decently aristocratic before—you Varleys!”

“Laud!” chimed the mamma, displaying her elegant row of porcelain, and fanning herself vigorously, “Who is the people that’s distinguished by such elustrious visitors as *sewing-women*, and takes ’em out into company? Don’t introduce *us*, Miss Varley!”

“Havn’t you got some tailoress girls, and school ma’ams stowed away somewhere, Lottie, that you are going to bring out, to give distinction to this *mélange*?” sneered Elizabeth, in a lower tone, with a most contemptuous smile, before Charlotte had time to recover from her confusion enough to apologize that the company was no more exclusively patrician.

“She is Mrs. Tower’s visiter,” stammered Charlotte, in a whisper, as Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth rose from the sofa, and majestically walked a little aside, lest the despised *mantuamaker* should approach near enough to make an introduction inevitable.

“A *towering* specimen she must be!” punned Elizabeth to Miss Emilie Jones, who had stood near the sofa, leaning on the arm of her brother. The blood mounted to Emilie’s forehead, in an angry flood, and the bitterest retort rushed with the speed of lightning to her lip.

“Hush, Emilie,” softly whispered her more prudent brother, as he saw the resentment of the insult to her friends, flashing in luminous sparkles from her black and brilliant eyes. “Silence is the ‘better part of valor’ just now, sister!”

Emilie darted from his side, and in a few minutes she had clustered a charming circle of ladies and gentlemen about Miss Lincoln, and by the most graceful and assiduous attentions, she sought to banish the cruel embarrassment and mortification Miss Tyler’s vulgar rudeness had occasioned, for Jessie had instantly recognized her, and guessed at the import of her contemptuous remarks, by the inquiring eyes that were immediately bent upon her, from the vicinity in which Miss Tyler had made her communications. She did not blush for the truth that she was poor, and had heretofore gained her livelihood by the labor of her hands, but the curious and somewhat disdainful glances which she felt were directed toward her, chafed her

sensitiveness to its tenderest vitality. She did, indeed, shrink from the charge of intrusion and presumption, which she had no doubt many hearts were preferring against her, however politeness might for the moment peek to conceal it. Poor Jessie tried to appear composed as if nothing had happened to pain her, but she found her self-possession deserting her in her utmost need. The hand that rested on Emilie's arm trembled—the great tears struggled into Jessie's eyes—her cheeks glowed one moment with the heat of a fever, and the next her face was almost as colorless as the white dress she wore.

“Do take me to some less conspicuous place, Emilie,” she whispered, “this cruel scrutiny kills me.”

Emilie did as she was requested, and apparently without design, extricated her from the group around her, led her to a seat by an open window, and sat down by her, with so much sympathy and distress in her usually joyous face, that poor Jessie was quite overcome, and was obliged to screen herself with the curtain to conceal her irrepressible tears. As she took hold of the folds of the curtain, the massive drapery fell, and so rich and dark was the velvet, that it entirely concealed those within from those without, who were gayly promenading the piazza, or lingering listlessly in the moonlight.

Some movement diverted almost all the company from the room, and also from the piazza near the window where Jessie and Emilie were sitting, and the same movement gave Mr. Style an unobserved opportunity to join them. Emilie looked in his face—there was a sternness and resentment in its expression that puzzled her for a moment, it was so unlike him, but his first remark solved her difficulty at once.

“Don't be so distressed, Miss Lincoln—it is not difficult to put the right interpretation—” and then he bit his lips to stay the wrathful thoughts that were clamoring for utterance. A gleam of delight illuminated Emilie's eyes, and she involuntarily extended her hand to him, in token of her sympathy with all he had refrained from uttering.

“Ah!” she said, and the bitterest scorn was in her glance and tone, “you are a prudent man, I know, but I am a fearless and reckless being, and I shall take the liberty to read out the interpretation, you no doubt wisely repress.”

“No, no, dear Emilie,” expostulated Jessie, “I will beg Mrs. Tower to release me from my promise, and I will go where I shall not involve my generous friends in such painful and humiliating circumstances.”

“Never! Jessie Lincoln, never!” warmly remonstrated Emilie, “you shall—”

She was interrupted by the sound of footfalls and smothered voices on the piazza without.

“I would not be an impertinent listener,” she said, “but I recognize Charlotte's voice. Something of interest to you, Mr. Style, I presume, for I hear your name.”

The footsteps drew nearer, and the voices grew more clear and audible.

“Now we are alone, Elizabeth,” said Charlotte, “I must tell you my troubles. I had every reason to believe Mr. Style was in love with me—mamma says I had—and I have no doubt he was on the eve of a declaration, which would have made me the proudest and happiest creature in the world, when Mrs. Tower brought about the advent of that minx of a low-bred Jessie Lincoln, whose true place in the world you have been good enough to disclose. How I do despise her! I know Mrs. Tower got her here on purpose to *foil* me. They say she manages admirably to keep them together, and that Mistress Jessie is ready to dog him everywhere, and throw herself eternally in his way. And then that saucy Emilie Jones, my worst enemy, sustains her in it all, and helps it forward. I don't know what ridiculous things that bewitched mantuamaker wont do to raise herself into genteel society, and save any more mantuamaking.

But I declare, Elizabeth, I shall *die* without him! What shall I do? How shall I manage it? Come, you know?" Charlotte's voice began to tremble as if she were in tears.

A crimson blush—but it was the blush of indignant innocence—burnt Jessie's face, neck and arms. She rose to go, but Mr. Style, with contempt and disgust, and utter indignation battling with discretion for the mastery in every lineament of his face, gently drew her to a seat again.

"Do?" responded the heartless and unprincipled Elizabeth, "why, let me think. He does somehow seem to be a prize worth capturing, he is so stately and handsome. I am not sure, Lottie, but I shall come into the ranks to contend for him myself, ha! ha! ha! At least you could afford me the pleasure of a flirtation, just while I stay! I would not snap my finger, however, for a little obscure country parson for a *husband*! Well, I guess you must manage to get some story into currency, that will give her an impulse back to her patterns and fashion-plates, and make him a chance to forget such a very meek and meaching face, and sanctimonious demeanor; but mind you, don't mention your *authority*. I shall be terribly angry if you do, for these sewing-girls get possession of a great many things they might circulate to one's disadvantage you know—and they are so touchy and jealous, they are really a very mischievous class of persons. But let me tell you a fact. I lost a splendid bracelet that cost me forty dollars at one dress-maker's! I will not mention her name, but you can make *your own inferences*!" And Elizabeth Tyler and Charlotte Varley maliciously giggled.

"I may draw *mine* too, may I not?" said Emilie Jones, as she sprang to her feet, with dashing eyes and indignation burning in every feature. Thrusting aside the drapery, she presented herself on the piazza, with an air as imperial as a second Zenobia defending the honor of her Palmyra. But the offending parties had hastily retreated, and mingled with the other guests who were returning from a stroll in the beautiful garden, which was gayly enough illuminated to be the trysting-place of Houries.

"Be calm, Jessie—Miss Lincoln," said Mr. Style, as he drew her unresisting arm within his own. "Such malice always works ruin to those who cherish it."

Jessie's wounded heart fluttered strangely. The cruel and unprovoked injustice she suffered, awoke her pride, and made her stronger in body and spirit, while the mingling of the champion and the lover in Mr. Style's tone and manner reassured her, and restored her self-possession. He placed her by the side of Mrs. Tower, who was chatting agreeably, wholly ignorant that any thing had occurred to disturb or distress Jessie, then attached himself to one and another circle, as he saw their entertainment flagging, and at length he found himself by the side of Miss Charlotte and her friend.

"Really, Mr. Style," said Charlotte, as she laid her small, fair hand on his arm, and looked up languidly in his face; "you have been so choice of yourself or so democratic to-night, I have hardly seen you at all. Now it is your duty as a knight-errant, to make yourself agreeable to my dearest friend, Miss Tyler."

Mr. Style was disgusted almost to loathing, and in his soul he shrunk from the false and deceitful woman, whose deliberate wickedness and folly his own senses had so unwillingly attested. But he gallantly bowed in obedience to Charlotte's familiar challenge, and addressed something very common-place to Miss Tyler. She was transformed in a moment, and became all vivacity, and wit, and life. She joked and frolicked, and laughed till the attention of the company was attracted, and poor Charlotte began to be most cruelly jealous. Indeed, so entirely did Miss Tyler attach herself to Mr. Style, that emancipation was hopeless for the remainder of the evening. At a late hour the guests departed; and painful, indeed, were the disclosures Jessie

made to Mrs. Tower, of the misery and mortification she had endured so innocently.

“Do let me go to-morrow, dear Mrs. Tower, my mother; I can never endure that the humbleness of my station should expose you to reproach like this.”

“No, Jessie,” replied Mrs. Tower, as she drew the weeping girl to her bosom. “You are my own daughter now, and by an instrument legally attested, no longer dependent on your own exertions, but my chosen and acknowledged heiress. It is no reproach to you, my dearest child, among those whose true elevation of mind and character places them above the necessity of those artificial props, which are always called to sustain assumption—that you were reared under the clouds of misfortune, or that your own hands supported an invalid father and mother. Jessie, I honor you for it, and the gift of a fortune is but a trifling reward. Say no more about leaving me—you cannot and you must not do it. Leave this matter all to my ‘elder wisdom,’ and forget it in the repose your mind and body need.”

CHAPTER V.

The following morning, as Mrs. Tower and Jessie were sitting in the library, with Emilie Jones and her brother, a servant brought in an awkwardly folded and hastily written note, and presenting it to Jessie, informed her that the bearer waited in the hall for a reply. Jessie opened the unsealed paper and read:

“Miss Lincoln,—The buttons on my traveling dress, which you made, do not give me any satisfaction. This is for you to come to Mrs. Varley’s this afternoon, directly after dinner, and alter them, and I shall expect you to make no extra charge for it.

“ELIZABETH TYLER.

“P. S. Mrs. Varley’s family would be willing to employ you on my recommendation.”

The color went and came in Jessie’s cheek, as she read the deliberate insult the writer evidently intended.

“What is it, Jessie?” said Emilie, whose electrical sympathy was instantly roused, “any thing more from those abominable Tylers? Pray let me see?” Mrs. Tower looked over Emilie’s shoulder as she read. “What insolence! Jessie Lincoln, if I were only a *man*, I am sure I should avenge your insult in single combat! Why, brother, are *you* a man, and will you see a lady treated like that?” she continued with thrilling emphasis, throwing the note disdainfully out of her hands.

“Yes, sister, I hope I am a man,” replied the young naval officer, “but not quite so hot-headed and reckless a man as *you* would have made. If you were on board our vessel, I fear we might have our hands full to keep you out of ‘affairs of honor!’ Miss Lincoln, I presume,” he continued, laying down the note, while a flush slowly crept to his forehead, “has wisdom enough to manage with the contempt it deserves, so very contemptible an assault!”

“I will reply to it, Jessie,” said Mrs. Tower, as she sat down before her writing-table and wrote:—

“Mrs. Tower takes the liberty to decline for Miss Lincoln, the proposition Miss

Tyler has seen fit to make, as the change in Miss Lincoln's circumstances and prospects renders any further intercourse with Miss Tyler unbecoming entirely. That intercourse is therefore at an end."

Jessie begged that any thing so like retaliation, might not be sent, as Miss Tyler was unquestionably instigated by the Várleys, who were too cowardly to assail her only through a tool.

"It becomes me, Jessie, to vindicate the honor of my family, and I feel justified in checking such effrontery, and foiling it with its own weapons," insisted Mrs. Tower.

"Yes, yes indeed!" said Emilie. "I'm glad of it, Mrs. Tower, and I only wish *I* had the inditing of the reply. It would scorch like a flame, I'm sure it would, every word of it. Do, please charge me with the delivery of the missive, Mrs. Tower! my fingers ache for the commission, and I'll add an oral appendix on my *own* hook!"

"O, no, Emilie," replied Mrs. Tower, smiling; "I appreciate your generous intention, but I fear your enthusiasm and indignation might spoil your embassy."

Meantime the whole Várley family were indulging in boisterous exultation over Elizabeth's "capital trick, to show a mantuamaker girl that she was out of her reckoning when she sailed into *their* latitude—she did not belong with *them*, no how you could fix it;" for it must be humiliating, indeed, to be ordered to such paltry service after deceiving such wealthy and important people into showing her some distinguished civilities. Charlotte said she "guessed it would convince Mr. Style that there was something to choose between an heiress and a servant!" Mrs. Tyler simpered from behind her porcelain, that "it would learn people to know their places—and one *might* lose some *custom* by such a fraud on society—the matter would not stop in a corner!" Annette declared it was "too good." Mrs. Várley echoed, as usual, the respective opinions, as they came from the mint, and Adelaide gleefully suggested that it "might taste a little bitter to Mrs. Tower's palate, as she made such a prodigious favorite of the girl. For *her* part, she expected Mrs. Tower would import a colony of chimney-sweeps, to give brilliancy to society there, she was so much the patron of the 'lower classes!'"

But the reply came far sooner than it was looked for, and exultation speedily changed hands with consternation. What could it mean? "Change in her circumstances and prospects!" What possible interpretation could be applied to that? Charlotte fell into hysterics, and screamed she "knew it could mean nothing less than that Jessie Lincoln was engaged to Mr. Style!" and to complete the excitement, she actually fainted away.

"Good gracious me!" stormed Miss Tyler, almost choking with passion, "I should like to know what 'change of circumstances and prospects,' can license an impertinent, presuming, poverty-pinched hussy of a dress-maker to withdraw her acquaintance from a lady of *my* position in the fashionable world! Mother, did we tear ourselves from the importunities of our city friends, and patronize these Várleys, for such insulting treatment as this? Mrs. Várley, we did not know you lived among Hottentots, or we should have refused to come here, in the face of all your urgency, every soul of you!"

Mrs. Várley and her four conscious daughters, vituperated, apologized, and appeased, as well as their own choler would permit, the excited and wrathful visitors, who declared "they would leave the house and the town immediately, and spread the story as far as the newspapers would carry it, and that was everywhere!" But it was finally suggested by the daring Adelaide, that her mother should go to Mrs. Tower, clothed with all the terror of their united resentment, and demand a satisfactory explanation. Especially was she commissioned to discover if

possible what sudden “change in circumstances and prospects,” had set Jessie Lincoln upon such a pinnacle over the heads of everybody.

“I declare, girls,” said Mrs. Varley to her daughters, in secret session, before she started on her errand, “I do feel like pizon about this affair! I am half skart out of my wits at such a breeze between us and Mrs. Tower! I wish to the mercy we had never seen these mischief-making Tylers! As if them that touches porcupines mustn’t expect the quills! Or them that insults, to be insulted back again. I don’t believe they are half so *rich* and *uppercrust* as they pretend—and then they make such a sight of trouble! Besides, you know what I told you I surmised about Mrs. Tower. If it *is* so, she will be sure to let me and other people know it, if she hasn’t already!”

The girls all looked doubtfully at each other.

“I wish in my heart these Tylers would go,” said Annette, “for of all the conceited trumpery old sights that ever I saw, Mrs. Tyler is the foremost.”

“I cannot express my detestation of Liz,” interrupted Adelaide. “She is as false and cunning as the very old snake himself, and bad as *I* am, I do think *she* is worse!”

Charlotte had come to life enough by this time to mention Miss Tyler’s flirtation with Mr. Style, when she was checked by Adelaide with,

“Hush! she is coming—it’s said *somebody* is always at hand when you are talking about him!”

“O, do go quick, Mrs. Varley! Havn’t you got ready *yet*? I’m terribly impatient for that woman’s apology;” said Miss Tyler, as she unceremoniously opened the door and thrust in her face. “But what are you talking about with closed doors? *Us*, I presume! You look caught, every one of you,” and Miss Tyler turned up her disdainful nose, as if there would be no further amity till she heard a disclaimer of that offence.

“O, no, no, *Lizzie*, my dear!” supplicated Mrs. Varley, in her blandest and most conciliatory tone. “Pray come right in, love, and cheer up these poor disconsolate creatures while I am gone. Bring my hat and parasol, Adelaide. Shameful, isn’t it, to drag a body out in this briling sunshine, on such business?”

“We were saying,” remarked Adelaide, as she handed the bonnet and parasol to her mother, “how much we do despise these deceitful kind of upstarts, who pretend to be so much more than they really are!”

“It is the tendency of our American institootions,” replied Elizabeth, in a tone more pacific, but very affectedly sage, as she settled herself indolently into a rocking-chair. “They encourage upstarts! You don’t see nothing of this kind in England. For my part, I think it devolves on the higher classes to—to—hem—” she found herself unexpectedly wading beyond her depth, and unfortunately afloat in the high flown piece of wisdom she had started to express. Charlotte hastened to the rescue, in a very luminous climax to Miss Tyler’s halting proposition.

“To let them know,” she interposed.

“Yes, to let them know!” replied Elizabeth, with clinching emphasis.

Meanwhile Mrs. Varley was sailing majestically along the street toward Mrs. Tower’s residence. Her face was very brazen, but there was a trembling and apprehension in her heart, which communicated itself to her body, and her hand shook nervously as she twitched the door-bell.

“Is Mrs. Tower in?” she said to the servant who opened the door, in a very sharp and insolent voice—and before he had time to reply, she added, “go and tell her that Mrs. Varley wishes to speak with her alone.”

In a few minutes Mrs. Tower entered the drawing-room, her countenance and carriage as

placid as if never a breath had disturbed her. A cold and haughty bow was the response she received to her polite and polished greeting. Mrs. Varley seemed entirely at a loss for her next measure—she was confused—exceedingly confused, but the sternness of her coarse features softened not a shadow. Mrs. Tower inquired for the health of her family.

“Yes, ma’am! it becomes you to ask, I should think,” retorted Mrs. Varley, very bitterly. “Did you write this note, ma’am?” and she advanced toward Mrs. Tower with the offending document.

“I did, indeed, Mrs. Varley,” replied Mrs. Tower, as she just glanced at the note, and gave it back to Mrs. Varley.

“Ah, you did! and you seem very cool and indifferent about it, too, as if it was a small matter to insult a genteel family like mine, just because we won’t have any thing to do with the lower classes, nor uphold *you* in it,” said Mrs. Varley, losing all control of herself, and swelling her tones as she grew angrier and angrier, to the keen and wiry pitch peculiar to the voice of an excited woman. “I’ll thank you to tell me what it means?”

“Precisely what it says,” replied Mrs. Tower, in a low, calm voice; “but what do *you* mean by the ‘lower classes?’”

“I mean all *mantymakers*, and servants, and tradespeople, and everybody that *works* for a living,” quickly responded Mrs. Varley—she was fortified on that point. “I’d have you to know that my family is too rich and high up in the world to have any thing at all to do with them sort of folks, whatever *yours* may be, Mrs. Tower! But I know one’s bringing up has a great deal to do with one’s genteelty—it don’t set easy on everybody!”

“A very pertinent remark, Mrs. Varley,” replied Mrs. Tower, with an effort to repress a smile. “I conclude you do not embrace your visitors in your catalogue of the ‘lower classes?’”

“No, indeed! that’s what I don’t! they are very wealthy, and fashionable, and high-bred people, and know all the richest and fashionablest people in the city of New York; and what’s more, they know how to resent an affront as well as some other folks—I guess you will find out.”

“I must take the liberty to correct one of your statements, madam,” replied Mrs. Tower. “Mr. Tyler, the husband and father of your visitors, rents his hardware store in New York of the business agent of my adopted daughter and heiress, Miss Jessie Lincoln, to whom I have given my estates in that city. And, moreover, he is so deeply indebted for borrowed capital, to support the extravagance of his wife and daughter, that every farthing he possesses would not liquidate his debt. So much for the wealth and independence of the *tradesman’s* family. As to the fashionable part of the story, without any arrogance I may assert that my acquaintance for years has included the first and wealthiest families in New York, and I venture to affirm that in those circles Mrs. Tyler and her designing daughter were never so much as heard of!”

Mrs. Varley began to look crestfallen.

“Well,” she rejoined, “I don’t know but it *may* be so, but I have no reason to think it is. At any rate, they don’t hug up mantymakers, and take ’em out visiting with them!”

“Mrs. Varley,” replied Mrs. Tower, rising from her chair and assuming a moral majesty before which her narrow-souled assailant quailed, “I acknowledge it is exasperation which prompts to the disclosure of another truth, which may sound rather painfully to your pride. I deplore the occasion, but you have really driven me to it, in order to vindicate the dignity of my family, which you have willfully wounded. Mrs. Varley, *you* were a servant in my father’s house—you contracted a vicious and disgraceful marriage with a servant in a large gambling establishment in the city of Baltimore, where we then resided, and when you ran away with your husband—

my *casket of jewels* went with you! I *saw* you take it, but I forebore to expose you to my father, because I pitied your sin and folly, and I knew the severity of his sense of justice and injury would pursue you without mercy, so he died in ignorance of your crime. You lived in degradation and poverty for years and years, and I have seen those fastidious daughters of yours, now so sensitive lest they should be contaminated by contact with what you are pleased to call the “lower classes,” ragged and hungry in the streets of C., while I lived in that city with my departed husband. And more than once have I carried food and clothing to the miserable abode you called your home. Do you remember your own almost mortal illness when the cholera scourged that city? Some fortunate stakes at the gaming-table subsequently put Mr. Varley in possession of considerable sums of money, and the diligent pursuit of the same vicious business for many successful years, has put you and your family in possession of an independent fortune. For these facts I can refer you to authorities if you will. Now, have I read this chapter of your private history correctly?”

Mrs. Varley turned every imaginable color as the relation proceeded—pale, red, speckled and spotted. She was utterly confounded for a moment, and then she exclaimed, as she seized Mrs. Tower’s passive hand in both her own.

“Joseph Gordon! I have sometimes thought it must be the same!”

“Joseph Gordon was my maiden name,” replied Mrs. Tower, calmly yet sorrowfully watching the whirlwind in poor Mrs. Varley’s soul. “Twenty years, and bitter sorrows, have wrought more changes in me than fortune has in *you*, Cynthia Varley. But have I spoken truly?”

Mrs. Varley could scarcely reply; she sunk down upon the sofa completely overcome. Mortification and deep humiliation seemed to paralyze her faculties. Tears, and sobs, and groans, right pitiful to witness followed. One moment a storm of furious passion rose in her bosom, and the next a torrent of tears poured over her cheeks.

“It is all true,” she stammered at length; “but O don’t, for mercy’s sake, don’t expose us! It would be our ruin, our utter ruin, and I am sure I have suffered enough already. I will restore your jewels fourfold,” and she began nervously working at a magnificent diamond that sparkled on her bosom.

“Keep the jewels, Mrs. Varley. I do not need them, neither will I accept what you have so long called your own,” said Mrs. Tower mildly. “I know not what remorseful visitings have struggled in your heart, but if they had wrought a moral renovation there, I would have left this painful story in oblivion, and spared you so much humiliation. Believe me, Mrs. Varley, *money* is not the true criterion in estimating respectability or character, as you seem to judge. That man is poor indeed who only possesses heaps of shining gold, though so great he cannot count their value—but the wealth garnered in the heart, the gems of virtue set around the immortal soul, are the only imperishable riches, which are the legitimate and justifiable ambition of an imperishable nature. I will keep your secret sacredly, as I have kept it these many years that we have been neighbors and acquaintances. I will only exhort you to remember, madam, that there is nothing dishonorable in honest, laborious, physical industry—the working with one’s hands. The fact that my beloved Jessie toiled to provide for the comfort of her sick and indigent parents, and discharged with her own noble efforts all their pecuniary obligations, only renders her more admirable in my estimation, and worthier to receive the inheritance I feel honored to bestow upon her. Hereafter she will be recognized as my own daughter.”

Mrs. Varley was perfectly subdued. The character of the lady she had come armed to annihilate, stood out sublimely before her, in contrast with her own conscious duplicity and assumption—humbled and silenced she rose to go, with very much the feeling of an arrogant

general vanquished and routed, and forced into a disgraceful and disordered retreat.

My pen is unequal to the description of the scene at Mrs. Varley's own house, when she at length reached home, and detailed to her daughters the whole story, and relieved the suspense of her guests, by so much of it as related to themselves. Mrs. Tyler and Elizabeth decided to leave in the first train the next morning, bearing with them any thing but the cordiality and good wishes of their hostess and her five daughters, who gave the "metropolitan friends" definitely to understand that they regarded themselves most scandalously imposed upon, by the shabbiest of pretenders, and that any further acquaintance would be unthought of, which complimentary farewells the guests fiercely retorted.

Mrs. Varley very shortly concluded that the health of her family, which, in truth, had suffered somewhat by their unexpected defeats, required journeying; and in a few days the house was closed, the servants discharged, and the household had departed, rumor said to spend the winter in Cuba. And not long after the citizens of N. were very much astonished by an advertisement in the papers, stating that "the entire establishment lately occupied by Mrs. Cynthia Varley, deceased, would be sold at public auction on such a day—house, grounds, furniture, plate, horses and carriages, etc., and that the sale must be positive, for cash." Subsequently the melancholy report was confirmed, that Mrs. Varley and her fair and beautiful Charlotte were taken with violent fever on their journey southward, and had both died. The fate of the survivors remained in mystery, as the administrator of the estate had no liberty to communicate their place of residence, or their future intentions. No doubt they chose some fashionable resort, and I fear became the prey of fortune-hunters.

Mrs. Tyler, on her return to New York, found not only that her husband was bankrupt, and his affairs in a state of irretrievable ruin, but his mind also was a perfect wreck, fluctuating between idiocy and insanity, but its coloring always that of the most hopeless depression. Jessie Lincoln's bounty long supported him at a lunatic asylum, while his wife and Elizabeth managed to support themselves by the proceeds of a small millinery shop.

The revolution of a few years brought some interesting changes over the society of N. Jessie Lincoln, the faithful and dutiful daughter, became the beloved and lovely wife of—"The Rev. Mr. Style of course!" cries my hasty reader. "Who ever read a story where the hero and heroine were not finally married? it is an event to be fully anticipated." Then, indeed, is my tale a novel one. Be not too confident in coming to conclusions, because precedents happen to be in their favor.

Jessie Lincoln became the beloved and lovely wife of Lieutenant George Jones! I do not know but she would have married Mr. Style, if, like too many others, he had not lingered in the vestibule of the temple of Hymen till another hand lighted the torch, and proudly stood beside her at the altar. The heart of Jessie Lincoln was irrevocably given, with all its wealth of love to the young naval officer, and the minister was left to regret his too confident and presumptuous delay when regrets were unavailing. But Jessie was a "mourning bride"—for only a few weeks after her marriage, her noble and beloved patroness sickened and died, leaving Jessie and her husband the proprietors of her tasteful and elegant mansion, and the principal heirs to her estate.

"But did Mr. Style—such a fine young man, and so royally gifted, consign himself to a gloomy celibacy, and live and die a bachelor—'which being interpreted,' is *half a man*?"

Nay, reader, I'll hasten to tell you that Emilie Jones, that wild, hair-brained, passionate, but truly generous and high-minded Emilie, learned lessons of gentleness and piety, and married—because they mutually and earnestly loved—the young clergyman of the church of N.; and by

bequest of Mrs. Tower, the beautiful residence of the Varleys became the village manse, and their lovely home!

TO INEZ.—AT FLORENCE.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

I wonder how thou look'st,
In thy home far, far away,
Where thy voice, like Summer's streamlet,
Is singing all the day.
Is thine eye as bright as ever?
Have thy footsteps lost their bound,
That they had when last we listened
To the moonlit ocean's sound?

Has thy young heart quit its dreaming,
'Neath thy own pure sunny skies,
In those nights when stars are vying
With the lustre of thine eyes?
When the dreams of youth were flinging
Their roses round thy way,
'Mid the perfumed airs of spring-time—
That herald in life's May.

Say, does the Arno run as clear,
Beside thy palace walls,
As when upon its waves we looked
From out thy father's halls?
Music was there when last I pressed
My lips upon thy brow.
And left thee—eye, and voice, and form,
Are all but *memory* now.

But memory, such as o'er the heart
Its rainbow arch still throws,
As bright as when on ocean's breast
Its sunlit beauty glows—
Is with me now; the forest shade,
The brook, the flower, the tree,
The tones of music 'mid the night,
Are peopled all with thee.

Then, Inez, in that distant clime,
 If still thou think'st of me,
At evening when thou goest out
 Upon the tranquil sea,
Our souls shall meet—for kindred ones,
 That bow at memory's shrine,
Oft meet in dreams, and thus my heart
 Shall often join with thine.

COMMUNION OF THE SEA AND SKY.

—
BY ELVIRA JONES.
—

It was a night whose starry ray
E'en matched the brilliant hue of day,
A night replete with gifts of June—
A flowery earth and silver moon.
Sleep softly waved her opiate rod,
And stilled all things on earth's green sod.
The ocean slept, so gently breathing,
Scarce I marked its bosom's heaving.

In em'rald couch the flow'rs reposed,
The violet's azure eye was closed;
The balmy, odor-laden air
Scarce stirred beneath its burden rare,
Though oft a slumbering breeze would wake,
And on its harp sweet music make;
The list'ning waves would catch the lay,
With silver lutes so sweet they'd play
That e'en the peerless nightingale,
Warbling within some quiet vale,
Would cease his matchless melody,
To list, and dare no rivalry.

At last a swifter breeze did come
Down from its far off heavenly home;
Bright dew-drops on its wings it bore,
The fairest gems of midnight's store;
O'er all the earth like stars they lie,
As if to imitate the sky;
Brighter than monarch's sparkling gem
Was the lowly flow'ret's diadem.

Methought indeed 'twas *love's* own hour—
He could not choose a fairer bower—
A scene so still, so void of strife,
So stirless, yet replete with life.

A lily by a rose-bud stood,
Partaking of its honey food,
With tender and confiding grace
They waved to each a fond embrace.

A star in the far azure sky
Heard a murm'ring streamlet's sigh,
His image in her bosom still
He saw, and blessed the gentle rill.

A zephyr sought the rose's bower,
To serenade the lovely flower,
Yet all unlike the constant star,
He sees the streamlet from afar.
For her forsakes his tender rose,
To her his love would fain disclose;
She trembled at his light caress,
Yet kept the image in her breast.

Sudden a voice that came along,
As softly as a fairy's song,
Or like the wind-harp's faintest sigh,
That scarcely lives ere it doth die,
Folded the pinions of my thought,
And deep and mute attention brought—
'Twas the voice of the far off sky
Whisp'ring its scarce heard melody
To its kindred sea, whose list'ning waves
Scarce stirred within their azure caves.

“Ocean, sleepest thou thy nightly rest?
Or with thy weight of stars so prest,
Thou canst not hear my lay of love,
My wooing whispers from above?
Thy brilliant burden I will lift,
Awhile withdraw my nightly gift;
My graceful clouds shall intervene,
No more thy brilliant load is seen.
Now listen to my nightly song,
My voice unheard to mortal throng.

“How strange none mark our sympathy,
And yet how like I am to thee.
My voice to thee a passage finds
In music of the tuneful winds,
While soft thy murm'ring waves reply

With a sound more faint than joy's sigh.

“I gaze at thee with eyes of light,
With loving look, from orbs as bright,
Thou answer'st me. My beams I send,
As messengers to thee. They lend
A golden chariot to thy waves,
In which they leave their dark blue caves
And joyously to me they come;
Though grieved to leave their native home,
In purple mansions here they dwell,
But mark thy bosom's sorrowing swell,
And weary of their absence long,
Again they seek their home of song.

“Within thy bosom hidden lie,
Fair pearls unseen to mortal eye—
I, too, have jewels e'n more bright—
My dew-drop gems, which deck the night.

“In their blue home thy gold-fish rove—
I, too, have children whom to love,
My fairy birds who sport along,
Here in their happy world of song.”

The voice was still. The ocean sighed,
In harp-like tones its waves replied—
“Our converse, unperceived by men,
Still lasts, though sound is hushed, e'en then,
Though winds are still, nor waves rejoice,
I speak to thee in silence's voice.
What gives to us our hue of love,
This azure tint, below, above?
It is our *depth*, unseen, profound,
In shallow-hearted man ne'er found.”

The voice of the sea was hushed.
A fairy cloud the heavens brushed,
And tears of joy the sky was weeping,
Aroused the wavelets lightly sleeping,
They sprang to meet so playfully,
A union 'twas of sea and sky.



THE BULLFINCH.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine by F. Humphrys from an original drawing

COLORED BIRDS.—THE BULLFINCH.

FROM BECHSTEIN.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

This is one of the indigenous tame birds which is a favorite with the rich and noble. Its body is thick and short. Its whole length is six inches and three-quarters, of which the tail measures two and three-quarters; the beak is only six lines in length, short, thick, and black; the iris is chestnut-colored; the shanks eight lines high, and black; the top of the head, the circle of the beak, the chin, and beginning of the throat, are of a beautiful velvet black; the upper part of the neck, the back and shoulders, deep gray; the rump white; the under part of the neck, the wide breast, and to the centre of the belly, are of a fine vermilion, less bright, however, in the young than old; the blackish pen-feathers become darker toward the body; the secondaries have the outer edge of an iron blue, which in the hinder ones is reddish. The tail is rather forked, and of a brilliant black, tinged with iron-blue.

The female is easily distinguished from the male, for what is red on him is reddish-gray on her, while her back is of a brownish-gray, and her feet are not so black; she is also smaller.

This species has some singular varieties; the principal are:—

1. The *White Bullfinch*, which is of an ashy-white, or wholly white, with dark spots on the back.

2. The *Black Bullfinch*. These are most generally females, which become black, either with age, when they are only fed on hemp seed, or with having been kept when young in a totally dark place. Some resume at their moulting their natural colors, others remain black; but this black is not the same in all; some are of a brilliant raven black, others dull, and not so dark on the belly; in some the head only is of a raven black, the rest of the body being duller; in others the black is mixed with red spots on the belly, or the latter is entirely red. I have seen one in which the head and breast, as well as the upper and under parts of the body, were of a raven black, every other part of a dull black, with the wings and tail white; it was a very handsome bird, rather larger than a redbreast.

3. The *Speckled Bullfinch*. It is thus called, for, besides its natural colors, it is spotted with black and white, or white and ash color.

4. The *Mongrel Bullfinch*. It is the offspring of a female reared in the house from the nest, and of a male canary. Its shape and color partake of those of the parent birds; its note is very agreeable, and softer than that of the canary; but it is very scarce. This union rarely succeeds; but when tried, a very ardent and spirited canary should be chosen.^[5]

5. The other varieties are: the *Large Bullfinch*, about the size of a thrush, and the *Middling*, or *Common*. As to dwarf birds, which are not as large as a chaffinch, it is a bird-catcher's story, for this difference in size is observed in all kinds of birds. I can affirm it with the more certainty, having had opportunities every year of seeing hundreds of these birds, both wild and tame. I have even in the same nest found some as small as redbreasts, and others as large as a

crossbill.

HABITATION.—When wild, bullfinches are found over Europe and Russia. They are particularly common in the mountainous forests of Germany. The male and female never separate during the whole year. In winter they wander about everywhere in search of buds.

FOOD.—When wild the bullfinch does not often suffer from the failure of its food; for it eats pine and fir seeds, the fruit of the ash and maple, corn, all kinds of berries, the buds of the oak, beech, and pear trees, and even linseed, millet, rape, and nettle seed.

In the house those which run about may be fed on the universal paste, and, for a change, rape seed may be added; those which are taught must be fed only on poppy seed, with a little hemp seed, and now and then a little biscuit without spice. It has been remarked that those which are fed entirely on rape seed soaked in water live much longer, and are more healthy. The hemp seed is too heating, sooner or later blinds them, and always brings on a decline. A little green food, such as lettuce, endive, chickweed, water-cresses, a little apple, particularly the kernels, the berries of the service tree, and the like, is agreeable and salutary to them.

BREEDING.—These tenderly affectionate birds can hardly live when separated from one another. They incessantly repeat their call with a languishing note, and continually caress. They can sometimes be made to breed in the house, like the canary, but their eggs are rarely fruitful. In the wild state they breed twice every year, each time laying from three to six eggs, of a bluish white, spotted with violet and brown at the large end. Their nest, which they build in the most retired part of a wood, or in a solitary quickset hedge, is constructed with little skill, of twigs which are covered with moss. The young ones are hatched in fifteen days. Those which are to be taught must be taken from the nest when the feathers of the tail begin to grow; and must be fed only on rape seed soaked in water and mixed with white bread; eggs would kill them or make them blind. Their plumage is then of a dark ash-color, with the wings and tail blackish-brown; the males may be known at first by their reddish breast; so that when these only are wished to be reared they may be chosen in the nest, for the females are not so beautiful, nor so easily taught.

Although they do not warble before they can feed themselves, one need not wait for this to begin their instruction,^[6] for it will succeed better, if one may say so, when infused with their food; since experience proves that they learn those airs more quickly, and remember them better, which they have been taught just after eating. It has been observed several times, that these birds, like the parrots, are never more attentive than during digestion. Nine months of regular and continued instruction are necessary before the bird acquires what amateurs call firmness, for if one ceases before this time, they spoil the air, by suppressing or displacing the different parts, and they often forget it entirely at their first moulting. In general it is a good thing to separate them from the other birds, even after they are perfect; because, owing to their great quickness in learning, they would spoil the air entirely by introducing wrong passages; they must be helped to continue the song when they stop, and the lesson must always be repeated whilst they are moulting, otherwise they will become mere chatterers, which would be doubly vexatious after having had much trouble in teaching them.

DISEASES.—Those bullfinches which are caught in a snare or net are rarely ill, and may be preserved for eight years or more; but those reared from the nest are subject to many diseases, caused by their not having their natural food, or by those injurious delicacies which are always lavished on favorite birds; they rarely live more than six years. The surest means of preserving them healthy for a long time, is to give them neither sweets nor tit-bits of any kind, scrupulously to confine their food to rape seed, adding now and then a very little hemp seed to

please them, and a good deal of the green food before mentioned. The bottom of their cages should be covered with river sand, as the bird there finds some stones which aid the functions of the stomach. Their most frequent diseases are moulting, costiveness, diarrhœa, epilepsy, grief, and melancholy, in which case they are quite silent, and remain immovable, unless the cause can be discovered. They must not be given any delicacy, and must be fed entirely on soaked rape seed. A clove in their water, proper food, and particularly a good deal of refreshing green food, enables them to pass the moulting time in good health.

- [5] However difficult this pairing may be, it sometimes succeeds very well. A bullfinch and female canary once produced five young ones, which died on a journey which they could not bear. Their large beak, and the blackish down with which they were covered, showed that they were more like their father than mother.—*Translator*.
- [6] I do not recommend the employment of bird organs for instructing birds, because they are rarely accurate, and their notes are harsh and discordant; for bullfinches repeat the sounds exactly as they hear them, whether harsh or false, according to the instrument used. The good and pure whistling of a man of taste is far preferable; the bird repeats it in a soft, flute-like tone. When one cannot whistle well it is better to use a flageolet.—*Translator*.

TIME AND CHANGE.

BY ISAAC GRAY BLANCHARD.

Time's flood sweeps on with ceaseless flow,
And o'er all things that are below
Change hath his empire: every day
Some object testifies his sway,
The falling leaf, the fading flower
Show Change and Death are Nature's dower;
And every day that passes o'er us
Takes something time shall not restore us;

Some dear delight, some hope in blossom,
Some cherished memory from our bosom,
Some holy impulse which Heaven lent us
When first on life's fair voyage it sent us,
Some sunny hue of childhood bright,
That blest us with its lingering light,
Some pleasant friend, some earthly stay,
We fondly hoped to keep for aye,

These hearts of ours, though once so bright,
Have less and less of love's young light;
The world has lost the charm it had,
Even Nature seems less green and glad,
And from our bosoms, shut and lone,
Faith, like a beauteous bird, has flown.
O, Time and Change! how strong ye be!
How unlike what we were are we!

WOMAN'S HEART:—A SONNET.

FOR JULIA.

BY REV. RUFUS HENRY BACON.

Like to a calm and placid inland bay,
Hemmed in by leafy solitudes and hills
That ward the ruder winds, and kindly stay
The tempest—where the forest song-bird fills
Its peaceful shores with music through the day,
And moonlit silence claims the evening hours—
On whose sweet borders bloom the choicest flowers—
A woman's heart should be. In which alway
The cloudless heavens may smile, and gentlest ray
Of stars glide down, to emblem forth the sway
Of purity and truth, and happiness
Made up of innocence and loveliness
Of soul—so rarely found in this sad world of ours,
Where evil mars the good, and wastes divinest powers.

A TRAVELER'S STORY.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

We had been out since early morning, rambling amid the rough romance of the Scottish Highlands, in the vicinity of the far-famed Loch Katrine. With Sir Walter's picture of that "burnished sheet of living gold," with its surrounding hills broken by trossach, dell and valley, in my mind's eye, I own that I felt disappointed, as I stood upon an isolated rock at the foot of "huge Ben-Vénue," and looked up to the feathered crests of the eternal *mountains*, (by courtesy,) and then gazed where Katrine

"In all her length far winding lay,
With promontory, creek and bay,
And islands that empurpled bright
Flouted amid the livelier light."

The scene *was* grand, and very beautiful, and no soul can be more susceptible than mine to the beauties of Nature in her solitudes of mountain, lake and woodland; but I had expected too much. It needed the love light of Sir Walter's Scottish heart to give the scenery, in my eyes, the loveliness it wore for him. To me the rough hill, with its shingly bosom, its tufts of heather, and ravines fringed with yellow broom, and feathery fern—the precipitous rocks and wooded slopes—the pebbly beach and abrupt headland—the cloud-checked heaven above—and the deep, clear lake that mirrored all these in its trembling bosom, were but as the multitudes of hills and lakes, which every where diversify the surface of our earth. I was disappointed, and of course inclined to underrate the real beauty and sublimity of the grand theatre by which we were surrounded. The enthusiastic admiration which burst in ejaculatory phrases from my companions became distasteful to me; and partly to relieve my own peevishness, and partly to escape from the distasteful demonstrations of the company, I struck into a narrow path that wound spirally along up the precipitous rocky tower at the base of which I had been standing. Higher and higher I ascended, botanizing amongst the plants and lichens, until a stone on which I placed my foot gave way beneath the effort I made to spring higher, and alas for my *excelsior*—after a rapid but very rough descent, I found myself prostrate on the pebbly beach—half buried in rubbish, and the faithless stone that betrayed my unwary foot lying very uncomfortably upon what should have been my lower limbs, though at that time they were elevated considerably above my head, fixed, as in a vice, between a hillock of pebbles and the fallen mass of rock. Great was my fright, greater my pain, and greatest the consternation and alarm of my companions, who soon extricated the fallen greatness from its perilous position, and discovered that one of my legs was badly fractured, and both severely crushed, while several serious bruises, in other parts of my person, rendered me quite helpless, and apparently in great danger. What now was to be done? There was a real tempest of sighs, groans, and lamentations, and no small shower of tears; a goodly number of which fell from the dark eyes of dear little Charlotte M'Lane, a perfect highland fairy, who had been the joy beam of the party, through the day; ever moving, and never weary, glad herself, and gladdening all around her.

Now she sat amid the cloaks which were spread for my accommodation, on a heap of gathered fern, and supported my head in her lap, soothing, condoling, and weeping by turns—or all together. And I, notwithstanding my sorry plight, felt a queer kind of pleasure in being the object of such care and solicitude, to one so young, so lovely, and so joyous-hearted. But what was to be done? Night was gathering her shadows in the dells—and though the day had been fine, we began to feel that

“Not the summer solstice there
Tempers the midnight mountain air.”

There seemed no means of conveying my poor mangled carcass along the rugged paths of that broken district, and despair seemed gathering with the gloom of the evening.

Just at this juncture, a young man who stood above me on a crag burst out with a tremendous hallo-o!! and continued to shout boisterously, and wave his square yard of perfumed linen, with a grotesque earnestness. It was soon apparent that he was signaling a boat, which appeared to be crossing the lake, half a mile above us, and which was rendered visible by

“The western wave of ebbing day.”

She returns my signal, cried Harry, jumping from his eminence, and immediately roaring out that he had sprained his ankle most unmercifully. Our comrades drew off his boot, and using it in place of a pitcher, commenced pouring water on the injured limb. Meantime the boat approached us, a commodious yacht built craft, carrying two oarsmen and a young highlander, who realized my idea of Sir William Wallace, for he was at once the most beautiful, noble and unconscious creature that my eyes ever rested on. Addressing us with a lofty and yet gentle courtesy, he inquired in what way he could be of service to us. Our forlorn condition was soon explained to him, and it was speedily settled that he should convey Harry, myself, and fairy Charlotte, to his mountain home, while one of his boatmen should pilot the residue of the party to the main road, where we had left our carriages. The young Scotsman, whose name was Malcomb Douglas, assured us that we should receive both medical and surgical attendance at his father's house, where we should be welcome until we were recovered of our injuries, or until we were pleased to leave. My couch was speedily transferred to the bow of the boat, and dear, lovely Charlotte was soon again burdened with my languid head, for by this time I was both dispirited and faint. I took no note of the voyage, except that our benefactor took the place at the oar of him whom he had sent as guide to our party; and long before we landed the night was dark, for the young moon, which shed a trembling radiance on the opposite mountain shore, left our side of the deep, dark water in a blacker shadow.

At length we landed, and I had become so stiff and sore, from my undrest injuries, that I lost my consciousness as they lifted me from the boat, and on the ninth day after, awoke to find myself in a magnificently furnished room, lying in a bed which might have beseeemed a monarch, while near my pillow, in an antique velvet-cushioned easy-chair, reclined my fairy Charlotte, in a deep but apparently troubled sleep. I soon recollected all that had befallen me, except the lapse of time since the memorable night, and thinking that we had recently arrived, did not wonder that Charlotte had sunk under her fatigue. So I composed myself to sleep and kept her company in the land of dreams.

I awoke again. It was still night, at least it seemed so in that darkened apartment, but I could

distinguish the rich and heavy ornaments of the walls and ceiling, and the sumptuous embroidery of the heavy tapestries, which swept from the lofty cornice to the floor; the antique chair also stood by the bedside, but its late occupant was not there. I moved, and raised my head somewhat from the pillow, when from the concealment of my bed-curtain came forward a stately lady, apparently fifty years of age, wearing a rich dress of black satin, and holding a small golden night-lamp in her hand. She looked earnestly into my eyes a moment, and then with a gentle grace, which betrayed no surprise or other emotion, she inquired how I had rested, and if I found myself better of my wounds. I replied that I felt quite well, when she shook her head, bade me be quiet, and took her seat in the vacant chair. Presently Charlotte stole softly into the room from a curtained recess, and meeting my smile of recognition, uttered a cry of joy, laughed, danced, wrung her hands, and finally wept like an infant, despite all the efforts of the dark-robed lady to quiet her transports. I now discovered that I had been a week delirious, and considered in a very precarious condition; that Harry was nearly well, and that he and Charlotte had been my constant attendants, aided by the lady present, and other members of her household. Soon after a silvery haired old man, came to my bedside, and being introduced as my physician, congratulated me with courteous politeness on the favorable change in my condition, adding that with proper care my recovery would be certain and speedy.

Did you ever enjoy the luxury of an easy convalescence, surrounded by every comfort, and attended by a smiling beauty, and jovial young companion? What Elysium-like dreams employ the languid fancy—and what a world of impossibilities gather around us, like tangible and familiar things. I dreamed of a life of love and joy with fairy Charlotte. I would win her, and bear her like a rich trophy to my transatlantic home. Oh! we would be so happy. How would her buoyancy of spirit enhance all my joys; and her ready sympathy, how it would soothe my sorrows; and then what a nurse she would be, whenever I was ill. She liked me, that was certain; of course I could win her love, and then my happiness was secure. And I indulged in all the passionate vagaries of love dreaming, until I felt that unconnected with Charlotte there was for me no futurity. Thus passed one week more, and then I was permitted to occupy the cushioned chair, and sit by the open window. It was singular that I had felt so little curiosity respecting my host, and the singularity of surrounding objects, but my love fancies had fully occupied my mind.

Now, as I sat at the casement, which extended from floor to ceiling, and had no other protection for the crystal crown-glass than the clinging vines without, and the embroidered tapestries within, and looked out upon the wild scenery, apparently uninvaded by the hand of cultivation, which substitutes the useful for the beautiful, the production of Art for the sublimity of Nature, I felt the awakening of a thousand wonders, as to where I was, and with whom, and how the wealth of that chamber found its way to that singularly hidden spot; and who was the stately lady who occasionally came to my bedside; and how such a man as Malcomb Douglas came to be an inhabitant of those mountain wilds? I had seen him but seldom, since I regained my consciousness, but his manners were perfect, and his conversation displayed unconsciously the treasures of a rare and richly cultivated intellect. He seemed a being altogether above the level of mankind. It would have seemed absurd to fancy him talking nonsense, discussing fashions, or inquiring what he would get for dinner. Yet he was not ignorant or unmindful of the courtesies, and little conventionalities of life—but he seemed to hold them of no moment, and give no thought to such trifles—which came to him intuitively, and as belonging to daily intercourse.

As I thus mused, gazing down upon the lake, and away to the opposite hills, I observed,

shooting out from behind an abrupt headland, a beautiful little sail-boat, in which stood Malcomb Douglas, and which, coming round the point, ran into a white pebbled bay, just in front of and beneath my window; and then from a clump of hazels emerged my idol, Charlotte, supported by no other than Harry Heath, who, it then occurred to me, had mentioned in the morning that he should take my gentle nurse out for a little exercise, as she was suffering from her close attendance upon me. She was beautiful in the distance, but as she clung to Harry's arm, and looked up familiarly into his face, I felt a pang of jealousy, the first that had ever wrung my bosom. They stepped into the boat, and sat down together, and the little craft, as if proud of her freight, put off gallantly along the shining water. And Charlotte would be by Harry's side—how long?

"I fear you are in great pain," came in anxious, inquiring tone upon my ear.

I started—my jealous feelings were living on my face. "Just a little twinge," I said, "occasioned by shifting my position indiscreetly."

"You should be very careful," returned the good man who had been my surgeon and doctor from the first, and who now advanced, examined the position of my fractured limb, and took a seat beside me at the window. "How gallantly yon little boat holds her way, with her living freight of beauty, love and happiness," he murmured, as if communing with himself; "and yet a single blast of the mountain storm may overwhelm her, with all her warm young hopeful heart, deep down in the cold weltering waves." He finished with a deep sigh, and a cold shudder ran through my frame, in response to his fearful words. "Do not let me make you melancholy," he said, after a pause; "but I am an old man, and have endured many sorrows, and have grown distrustful of the promises of happiness. Reverses come so unexpectedly."

"I think," said I, timidly, "that the owners of this mansion must have known some strange reverse of fortune. It seems so singular to find the manners of a court, and the luxury of a palace, in a rough stone mountain dwelling."

The old gentleman looked earnestly in my face a moment. "I have never spoken of these things to any one," he said, "but if you feel interested, I will tell you a tale, to beguile the time until the return of your companions. Fifty years ago—for I am now seventy-eight—the lady whom you have seen in this chamber was the loveliest creature that ever existed out of heaven."

"Fifty years!" I exclaimed, "why she is not more than fifty years old."

"So any stranger would suppose," was the quiet reply; "but she is near seventy. But fifty years ago she was young, and lovely, and joyous; more, she was the only and idolized daughter of a princess of the realm, whose foreign lord fell in battle, having never seen his infant child. The widowed princess lived in seclusion, though in the neighborhood of a court; and though her daughter, the Lady Anna, received every advantage in the way of education, she was never presented at court, or allowed to mingle with courtly society. And, indeed, she seemed to feel no desire for ostentatious display or admiration, but rather delighted in the quiet of domestic life, and the unceremonious intercourse of confiding friendship. I will not tell you whose son I am, but I was not deemed an unsuitable companion for the royally-descended Lady Anna. My sister was the friend and confidant of the princess, and I was a privileged visiter at her palace-home, and much in the society of her daughter from her childhood. I am an old man now, but then I was a boy, and had a young, ardent heart. I cannot tell when I first loved the Lady Anna. It seems that I loved her from eternity. She was always perfect in my estimation. Her actions were precisely what I would have dictated, and her words, the expression of my heartfelt sentiments. And then she was so beautiful—so truly beautiful. Not

pretty; any young girl may be so dressed and ornamented as to appear pretty—and we frequently hear of styles of beauty; but true beauty is independent of dress or adornment; you adore it, not because it is tastefully arrayed, but because it is of itself adorable. I have seen ladies receiving homage as belles and beauties, who, in homely attire, and engaged in household toils, would have been really repulsive; but Lady Anna would have been entrancingly beautiful in any dress, or at any occupation; and notwithstanding her royal descent and superior attainment, she was gentle, unassuming, and of a loving and confiding nature. To me she was always frank and like a loving sister; and, oh, I was happy, perfectly happy in the possession of her pure regards. I had not thought of a change in our relations, of an interruption of our intercourse, of a separation—*never!* I felt as if we should live on, for and with each other forever. Every place where she had been was hallowed; every thing that she had touched, sacred in my estimation; and whatsoever she had looked upon was dear to my eye, and I felt that the light of her glance rested upon it. All my thoughts, and words, and deeds, had reference to her, and her approval was the whole aim of my life; and yet the selfish thought of appropriating her to myself, of making her *mine*, was no part of my soul's worship. To be near her, to see her, and to hear her voice, was enough for my young heart.

“She was fifteen, and I three-and-twenty, when my guardians resolved to send me as confidential secretary to the minister to Sweden. I ought to have felt myself honored by this appointment, but I felt only an agony of grief. To go away from Lady Anna, and all the places where we had been together, was a trial which almost made me frantic. But I could not decline the appointment—I must depart. The affair was so sudden, and I had so little time for preparation, that I found no opportunity for a private interview with Lady Anna. She expressed deep regret at our approaching separation, but I felt, and keenly, that her sorrow was not like mine, not the desolation of soul that made the day dark and the night sleepless to me. Then I longed to tell her all my love—then I felt that I would have her all my own; and then I doubted for the first time the existence in her bosom of a love answering to my own. And in this state of mind the day of departure found me.

“‘You will write by every opportunity,’ she said, as I held her hand in my tremulous grasp. Her voice was low and sad, and as she looked into my face, tears gushed over her long eyelashes and fell large and bright upon her bosom. My soul was a whirlwind. I prest her hand to my lips, and hastened with unsteady steps from her presence.

“Three years—only three years—and yet they seemed three ages, was I a wanderer in stranger lands. I did write whenever I found opportunity—but opportunities were not so frequent fifty years ago as they are at present. So my missives were few, and only twice in those three years was my heart delighted by the receipt of a letter from Lady Anna.

“Sweet and gentle were her words, like those of a loving sister, and yet they did not satisfy my spirit. I longed for one passionate regret, one ardent expression of hope for our reunion, one sentence that evidently gushed involuntarily from a devoted heart. These were not in her letters.

“When it was announced to me that we were speedily to turn us homeward, my heart leaped up with a great bound, and then seemed to sink, pulseless, in my bosom. It was an agony like death; and from that hour until we landed on our native shore, my mind was a perfect chaos, or rather a tumult of opposite and contending emotions. Joy was fettered by apprehension; hope was throttled by deadly fear, and doubt, like a strong giant armed, beat back every ray of gladness, every beam of joyous anticipation, every spirit that dared to whisper of happiness to come. I thought of every event that might have occurred during the

three years of my absence—of death—change—misfortune—and I almost wished for death, rather than the knowledge that awaited me; and yet I knew not what was in store.

“I arrived. The white cliffs—the silver beach—the green shore of my native land, were all unchanged. The majestic Thames was all the same as when last I passed adown its tide; the mighty city, with its towers and palaces, gleamed in the sunlight, as it had done since my boyhood. *There was no change.* My soul became calm, and as I traced the old familiar streets, and looked up to the well known buildings and paused in the shadow of the well-remembered trees, my heart became joyous, and I sped on to the abode of my dear and only sister. I should hear of Lady Anna there.

“I did hear. The princess had fallen into a decline. A sojourn in Italy had been named as her only chance of recovery, and to Italy she had gone, accompanied, certainly, by her only child, the Lady Anna. They had been gone nearly a year, and I need not tell you, that as soon as I could make arrangements, I followed them to that far-famed lovely land.

“They were at Pisa. I found them there. Our meeting was full of gladness—but *they were changed.* The princess was wholly subdued by pain and weakness. She was attenuated in person, and the lofty expression of her face was softened by a look of meek endurance. Her voice was low, and her smile—it came seldom—was sad, exceedingly.

“And Lady Anna, anxiety and watching had taken away the buoyancy of her person, and the sunlight of her spirit. She received me joyfully; but ere the first interview was over, I detected a restlessness, a sort of watching and insecurity in her eye and manner which had no reference to me, and for which I accounted by referring to the precarious state of her only parent’s health. Several times that day I observed her eyes fixed on her mother’s face, and dimmed with gathering tears.

“I discovered that here, as at home, she lived in seclusion, never mingling with the gay world, and I sought to draw her into society, with a view to divert her mind from its sadness. ‘I cannot join the dance, or listen to sweet music,’ she replied, ‘while my dear mother is suffering at home.’ I however persuaded her to go with me to some of the public exhibitions of the beautiful in art. We had visited several galleries, cabinets and churches; we had stood side by side, wrapt in awe or admiration; we had walked together amongst the sweet breathed flowers, and beneath the shadowy trees; we had stood upon the sea-coast, when the stars looked down upon their trembling images in the deep mirroring waters; we had looked together on many entrancing beauties of Nature as well as of Art; and I had felt my soul struggling to pour out before her the treasures of the inner temple of its love, but a something in her manner restrained me—I could not tell her of a passionate love. Now she was unto me as a loving sister—a declaration would change the relation between us, I knew not if for joy or sorrow.

“A mournful day arrived. The princess, who was forgotten by her country, fell unexpectedly asleep to awaken no more till the heavens pass away.

“Lady Anna arose from the heavy blow, and assumed a calm melancholy of demeanor. Yet, to my surprise, she spoke not of returning home. Months passed, and we were still at Pisa. Lady Anna suffering from an uneasiness which she could not conceal, and which at times broke forth in fits of passionate weeping, and again showed itself in almost sullen silence, or something akin to peevishness. The balance of her fine mind was evidently disturbed. She had a sorrow which she had not confided to my love.

“We were walking pensively along one of those glorious avenues, shadowed by tall, dark leaved trees, one fine June morning, when we saw a gay party, in open carriages, advancing from the country. Lady Anna, as usual, drew her veil over her lovely face, and walked on

without evincing any curiosity, but I recognised some of the party, whom I had seen abroad, and directing her attention to a particular vehicle, the most magnificent in the *cortège*, I whispered, 'there is a lady whom I have heard you wish to see—the Princess L——. Is she not lovely? And her husband is a noble looking man. Did you ever see his equal?' I turned to Lady Anna, expecting her reply. She stood still, and as I touched her hand I started—it was cold and rigid as the hand of a corpse. I lifted her veil, and my heart grew cold with fear and wonder. Her face was white as death, and the features were fixed in an expression of the most intense agony. The carriages had all passed by, and there she stood, apparently changed to marble. I spoke to her, I entreated her to speak or move, and at length the tension of her nerves gave way, and she sunk powerless in my arms. A vehicle chanced that way, and I lifted her in, and bore her to her hotel. Sixteen hours she lay with no sign of life, except an almost imperceptible breathing, and then she rallied, lifted her head from the pillow, and looked wildly round the room, then clenching her hands together, she burst into a passion of lamentation and bitter weeping. I never witnessed distress equal to hers. She cried aloud, and her tears came not in drops, but flowed in continuous streams, and every sob seemed as if it had torn her heart asunder. I dreaded that she would suffocate in that tempest of agony. But she turned from my attempts to soothe, and wept on until her strength was utterly exhausted. She did not rise from her bed until several weeks were past, and then she was more like a corpse than a living woman. The bloom never came back to her cheek, the smile to her lip, or the lustre to her eye. She spoke not of the day, or the cause to the commencement of her illness—and I did not presume to ask any explanation. On the commencement of her illness I had taken rooms adjoining hers, and now I frequently heard her walking to and fro in her chamber a great portion of the night. It was a clear, starry midnight, one of those holy seasons when the earth is dark, and the atmosphere too transparent to be luminous, when we look away into the clear ether, and almost comprehend the immense distances to the bright distant disc of the innumerable stars. I was sleepless, and stood at my casement looking out upon earth and heaven. There was a knock at my door. I turned and admitted the Lady Anna. Pale she was, as usual, but she seemed unusually agitated. I besought her to be seated, and to honor me with her commands.

"'Godolphin,' she said, solemnly, 'tell me the name and title of the man whom we saw seated beside the Princess L——?'"

"'Surely his name is no secret,' I said; 'all Europe knows him—he is king of——.'"

"'Swear this to me,' she said.

"'Poor lady,' I ejaculated mentally, 'she is deranged'—but I swore the oath prescribed.

"'Now listen,' she continued; 'this king, under an assumed name, sought me in my seclusion, won my love—my *love*, I say,—and we were privately married, more than two years ago. I need not repeat the sophistries by which he persuaded me that he had imperious reasons for a temporary concealment, reasons which I should one day know, and which I must approve. My mother's illness rendered it easy to elude her suspicion, and when you came, we still kept our secret. He was generally absent from Pisa, on pretence of business—but I saw him frequently. I was expecting a visit from him daily when we met him on that fatal walk. I have not seen him since, though he has implored an interview, if but for five minutes. I will never see him more.' And a wail of anguish, which no words could utter, struggled up from her broken heart. I essayed to speak. 'No, no,' she said, 'I have not finished. I am dead to the world. Let it be understood that I lie with my mother. Would to God it were so, indeed. You will serve me. I know you will. Provide for me, then, a retreat, where none who ever knew me may hear of me again. I have contemplated death—suicide; but I will live to weep, and pray, and suffer.'

“Oh, what words for my ear were these. I felt to thank heaven that the darkness enabled me to hide my emotions from her, for my suffering was terrible. I felt light and hope, earth and heaven, at once annihilated. When she declared that she had loved another, my heart died within my bosom. It has never since throbbed as it was wont to throb at every thought of her. I no longer loved, but existence had become a void. The fair temple of my youth, with its idol, and all its beautiful treasures, was at once swept away, and the dark flood rolled sluggishly where my joys had been. I felt, not agony, but desolation; not regret, but cold despair. But I would live for her sake—she was miserable, and I could assist her.

“Then I bethought me of this ancient castle, which had been a stronghold of my ancestors, and had fallen greatly to decay. I offered to repair it, and bring her hither. She thanked me warmly, and I came and commenced my repairs. I had always loved this glorious Highland scenery, where the mountains lie forever watching the reflection of their magnificent features in the mirroring lake below, as if watching the lights and shadows on their rugged brows, and the graceful floating of the tresses of yellow broom, bound and crowned with the dark wreathing heather, shining with sunlight, or gemmed with drops of dew, or the diamonds of the summer shower. And when the summer is old, and like a forsaken woman, casts her ornaments from her with showers of tears and heavy sighing; the mountains seem to watch the fall of the verdure on the bosom of the waters, until they see the splendor of the wintry stars forming a diadem around their snow-crested heads. These scenes of sublime beauty, I judged, were well calculated to soothe the tumult in both our spirits; and here, where the breezes whisper to each other across the deep, narrow dell, I formed a little paradise of fruit trees and glowing shrubs, and furnished these rough halls with the sumptuousness of a palace; and then I brought Lady Anna and her infant daughter home. To my household I presented her as my sister, and a widow; and their Scottish hearts received her with a ready sympathy, and respected a sorrow which seemed to them so natural and commendable. To those who had known her, I said the Lady Anna is no more. The loss of her mother broke her gentle heart. My heart was dead, yet I regarded her as a dear sister; and to this day she knows not that I ever felt more for her than a brother’s love. And now that we were all the world to each other, I enjoyed a calm that seemed very like happiness. Her child, the little Lady Adela, soon engrossed our warmest affections; she was a sweet and lovely child, but no way like her mother. She had clear blue eyes, fair curling hair in rich abundance, a complexion of transparent pink and white, and though delicately formed, she was plump and exquisitely moulded. Her intellect was wonderful, yet she was a simple-minded, loving and confiding child. She grew to be a part of my being. Her mother hardly loved her more than I. Her education was our delight—she was so docile, so quick to receive instruction. Earth hath been graced with very few like her. The beautiful bud became a flower, yet she seemed more pure and spiritual than in her childhood.

“‘If I might ask one boon for my child,’ said Lady Anna, one evening, as we were speaking of Lady Adela’s future prospects. ‘If I might obtain one boon for her, I would pray that she might never feel the pulse of human love.’

“Poor Lady Anna, her experience had been bitter—and mine, I could have answered, Amen, to her prayer. But a lone traveler craved hospitality at our postern. He was handsome, noble, and virtuous. Adela learned to reply to the love which grew up in his heart for her. It was a dreadful trial to our doating hearts, but we gave her, with our blessing, to her beloved, and put bonds upon our feelings, when she bade a sobbing farewell, and left her own dear home for a splendid station in the queenly city of Edinburgh.

“The knowledge that she was happy in her new home, was a sweet solace to our loneliness;

and when, in less than two years, she came with her fine young boy to spend the time of the summer heat with us, we were supremely happy. Womanhood had not dimmed the gladness of her heart, or withered the flowers of her childish glee and affection. Wisdom had come to her, unaccompanied by sadness.

“Toward autumn her young husband arrived, to spend a few days and take her with him home. There was a gay party assembled in these old halls, and for days there was feasting, and mirth, and music, excursions on the hills, and parties on the water. It was a lovely afternoon in the fitful September. The two boats were manned, and the barge provided with implements and tackle for fishing, took the gentlemen on board, while the ladies accompanied them in the lighter and more elegant sail-boat. They shoved out from the shore, with music and shouts and laughter. We wished them a joyful sail, and turned to our avocations of preparation for the evening meal and entertainment of the party. We sighed as we thought how soon we should be left to the old silence and loneliness. Our preparations were completed—the day was drawing to a close. I found Lady Anna at this very casement, looking out upon the lake, watching for the return of our beloved. I took the station I now occupy, but my eyes rested on my silent companion’s face. She did not look at me, and I gazed unchecked until the past, with all its shadows rose up around me. I trembled in every nerve, and felt the waters of the swollen heart rise tingling to my eye-lids. I knew not what possessed me, but I felt as if I must kneel before her, and confess all the passion, the presumption of my youth.

“‘Look! look!’ she cried, ‘they come!’ and far up at the point of yonder noble bluff, I beheld the boats heading toward home. Just at that moment came a low growl upon a fitful gust, and instinctively we turned our eyes toward the west. Black, billowy clouds were surging and heaving above the mountain crest like a stormy ocean, and down that rugged gorge the dusky masses of mist came turmoiling like giants wrestling in the death-struggle, and the winds groaned and shrieked adown the defile.

“Lady Anna grew white—I had seen her so once before; my own heart grew heavy with a pain like death.

“‘Oh, God! Oh, merciful God!’ came from Lady Anna’s still lips, in accents of heart-piercing agony. If they could but outstrip the storm; if they could but near the coast before it leapt upon the lake. It was evident that they knew the danger, and exerted all their powers; the boats glided swiftly over the smooth, black surface of the water, which lay as if concentrating itself to meet the onset of the aerial force. Our eyes turned from the boats to the upheaving storm; our souls were aghast in the horrible suspense—fear—dread—extreme terror—held hope in a throttling grasp; more than our lives were at stake, and we were powerless—utterly powerless to retard the danger or aid the souls in peril. We could only stand here, and gaze with wide-open, glazed eyes upon the scene. Oh, I think I see it now re-enacting before me. The light sail-boat led in the race, and with our telescope we could distinguish our child standing upright in the bow, her face raised, as if watching the portentous clouds, and her white hands clasped over the black mantle that covered her bosom. At the tiller of the barge stood her husband, while the sturdy rowers strove to keep pace with the flight of the sail-boat; and so they sped on to escape, if possible, the tornado which lay growling like a couchant lion, ready to leap in its irresistible fury upon them. The dark billows of the cloud lay high above yon mountain wall, but for a time they seemed to make no progress, or rather to sink back upon themselves. How our hearts panted and stretched toward our treasures, as if we would draw them from the peril. As they were coming from that point, and the storm rising over that eminence, you will perceive that the wind would take them broadside, and thus greatly increase their danger. You see that all along

the opposite shore there is no safe landing place, and they were far out on the lake when they first perceived the clouds rising above the heights. Then there was no time for thought or reflection, and they seemed to imagine that their only chance was to reach the shelter of these heights before the wind should intercept them.

“During the temporary lull of the storm, a trembling angel, almost hope, hovered over us. Our souls went out toward the mariners, every dip of their oars fell upon our distended hearts, striking thence a quick gasp, and a pulse of pain—and thus we stood, the gathering darkness falling like a mountain veil between us and the objects of our anguished solicitude.

“Oh, God! what a blaze of lightning rent the gloom, and pierced, like a shower of flashing poniards, soul and sense; while a clang, as of the rending to atoms of an iron mountain, stunned our ears. Then the storm spread its black wings, and sprang like a fierce vulture from the heights, leaving a line of lurid red between it and the horizon. The crisis was at hand. Were the boats within the shelter of the land? They were nearing our side of the lake rapidly. We could not breathe. At that moment our Adela, who had not moved since we first descried her, lifted her hands to heaven with an expression of the most agonized despair—and now the doom fell. With the rush and roar of a cataract the wind came down upon the lake. It met the water *between us and the boats*. The spray went up to heaven. Lady Anna sunk back with a shuddering groan. The lake was a tumult of warring elements. Fierce winds, waters, thunder and wrestling flames contending in a horrid turmoil. I turned away and sunk upon my knees beside the mother, whose heart felt upon its quivering chords the death-agony of the dear one who was perishing in the boiling waves. My soul was benumbed with horror; I had no word of hope for her, and there was no consolation. I lifted her form and held her to my heart, with only one wish, that then and there we might die together.”

The tremulous voice of the old man ceased, and for a while he wept like a stricken woman. At length he resumed.

“They were lost—all lost. A few fragments of the boats was all we ever found. That storm made many mourners beside ourselves. Widows and orphans, young girls and aged parents, wept the buried in the water. We all sought to sustain each other; and Lady Anna and myself were sustained not merely by a submissive dependence upon Jehovah, but by the sense of a responsibility toward our lost Adela’s infant son. He has been our care, our hope, our pride. You can testify that there are few equals for Malcomb Douglas—that is his baptismal name. His father’s name and title may one day be borne by him, and receive more honor than, noble as they are, they can confer.

“I know not why I have told you these things, except it be that our identity may not perish. I will give you on this card our real names, and, as in the revolutions of nations, the forgotten are remembered, and the lost found, you may sometime hear of us honorably, or read our story on the half fabulous page of national history. But I thought not of these things. When I saw the gay young party put off an hour ago, it brought the past so vividly to my mind, that I felt constrained to tell you how the pure may be deceived—how the virtuous may suffer, how the noble may shrink into obscurity, how the world’s idols may be forgotten; and, most of all, that nobility, education, moral greatness and purity, with all gentle virtues and all lofty aspirations, may exist in retirement, unknown and unregarded by a world that should be proud to wear them as jewels upon its bosom. But He that doeth all things well, will reward every man according to his works. So let it be.”

I thanked the old gentleman amid the tears that I could not restrain; and he expressed his gratitude for my sympathy.

I knew not what effect his story wrought upon me, but I forgot both my love and my jealousy; and heard the announcement of Charlotte M'Lane's engagement to Harry Heath with real pleasure. I left the hospitable mansion of my illustrious host and hostess with deep regret, impressed with the dignity of virtue, and the importance of a firm trust in the goodness and wisdom of the Ruler of the Universe. I have since heard the name of young Malcomb heralded by the voice of fame, and trust that his career will be one of unparalleled usefulness and splendor.

THE TWO PATHS.

BY MRS. MARY B. HORTON.

The Lord of all things planted a garden at the foot of the hill of life. It was like a flowered plain. The heavens wore a gentle smile, and the earth was fresh and green, with no deadness of stalk or stem upon flowers or trees. The shout of glad, young voices made its music as birds made the music of the air, and merry troops danced with a lightness peculiar to that garden of joy, over the soft yielding turf from which no serpent's sting ever came forth.

Sweet fountains gushed up in shady places, where the happy ones rested from their play, and beautiful vistas opened on every side, formed of bright garlands, which fell on the brows of the childish throng like crowns. Through the clustering branches of ever-budding trees the bright light glanced, excepting when a transient cloud passed over, leaving dew-jewels sparkling in the sun.

This was the garden of infancy—those clouds the fleeting sorrows of childish hearts which leaves the tear upon the smiling cheek. The fountains in the shady places were those of sinless memory—the vistas were Hope's.

Angels on busy wings swept over the beautiful place, watching, as messengers of the Great Throne, the doings of these young creatures, who in the garden of love and peace knew not the roughness of the road which lay beyond its mossy boundaries. From time to time these angels caught a sweet one from the dancing crowd, and bore it tenderly to the bosom of the "Well Beloved." And such were blessed; for they had only known the joy of their garden home—their feet had never toiled through the dust of that hilly way rising beyond the plain. A line of glistening wings was thus kept up between the garden and the Throne, by the passing up of angels with their beautiful gifts; and the groups thus broken in upon were taught to grieve not for sweet companions so well beloved of Heaven, so that their sunny sports went on with but a momentary shadow.

The gentle lamb and heavenly dove nestled against the breast of fondling little ones, or answered to their call as if their mate's. With Hope's garlands on their brows, and their feet sandaled with flowers, the dancers counted not time, as those on the outer hill counted it, by hours, but let it make its annual rounds unnoticed, until the period arrived for them to leave the pure retreat. Time was to them no gray-haired tyrant with a warning hour-glass, but a kind friend laden ever with roses and smiles. It beckoned them to play, it beckoned them to rest, and they saw not the different face and burden it sometimes bore until they had gone out beyond the gates.

Upon a mossy bank in this garden of infancy lay an infant boy. Its chubby, dimpled hands played with the flowers of innocence and joy that grew luxuriantly in that pure atmosphere. The light of that blessed place danced in his eyes, and its sweet music was succeeded by his tiny shout. While he thus lay, a little girl stole out from a playful group, and gliding to his side threw her fond arms around him and kissed his beaming face with the quick love of a warm heart. The baby pressed his face against his sister's with an answering lovingness, and passed his fingers

through her curling hair with a low laugh of happiness, echoed with the maturity of two summer's longer life, by the little one bending over him. How holy a thing was the love they bore each other, and how stainless were their souls as each answered to the other in purity and joy. The angels rested on their clear wings to write upon their foreheads "of such is the kingdom of heaven," and rejoiced that they were appointed guardians over them, to whisper good when evil tempted them upon the outer hill.

Some of the older ones even in that peaceful place looked out upon the hill with longing for the journey. They saw the continuous band of youths and maidens going out from the garden gates, and longed to reach the age which was to free them from the gentle laws of their garden nursery. Oh, how sad was the reasoning which had led to this desire—how sure the pleasures of that sweet place they dwelt in—how bitter might be the anticipated delights of the Hill of Life. The gay crowds hurrying up the hilly way seemed in the distance like a merry company with no care or pain. Their shouts and songs came on the breeze like the gushings of sunny hearts knowing no cloud. The listening ears of the waiting ones inside the gates heard not the sighs which broke from gifted spirits, they caught not the silent prayer of the weary and broken-hearted.

The baby boy had grown to take his place in the line of youths who were to leave forever the home of childhood and its innocent delights. His sister was by his side, and on their dear young heads an invisible hand was laid blessingly, as they stepped out upon the dusty way. They had left their home of joy, they were to walk evermore upward, upward, through unknown snares and by the borders of dreadful depths. Yet their hearts beat hopefully and strong, and the first day's travel was so easy and so new, that they mourned not for the childish sports of the garden left behind, and gayly looked forward to their life-long pilgrimage.

Flowers they found in their way somewhat resembling those their infant hands had plucked, and sweet voices fell upon their ears which sounded quite as holy as those in their first home. They talked together of the teachings they had so often listened to, of the warnings they had been impressed with, as the time drew near for them to leave the garden gates. In their young wisdom they believed their guardian teachers had looked with perverted eyes upon the travelers of the hill, and with over earnest zeal had given them too dark a character. They had spoken of serpents hidden beneath the grass—of snares like a mine laid out under flowery beds. They had painted false smiles, and spoken of honeyed words spoken to deceive. They had prayed that the guileless travelers would allow themselves no chain which might seem to be of flowers, but would prove to be of iron, eating deep wounds into the soul. What could they have meant by all these pictures and all these prayers? The way had been as yet but short, yet surely as they looked up, the same appearance of ease and joy broke on them. They still walked hand in hand, still loved such flowers as they loved in the plain beneath, still looked toward the Throne at morning and at night as their eyes had ever been led to do. Their ministering angels still followed them on wings of joy, because they walked so pure and lovingly, and would have spread their brightness round them to have kept off evil forever, if their Lord had not given to these travelers of the hill a work for their own hearts, which, if "well done," would meet with a most bountiful reward. Prayer, in time of danger from a false step or slippery way, would bring their willing aid, but prayer must first be warmly breathed to show a holy faith.

On, on they went, guarding their days by morning adoration, and bringing by their evening supplication sweet rest to their feet and beautiful visions to their hearts. They had been told that at a certain point two ways met, of which they must choose the right or left. And soon they

found themselves surrounded by a hesitating crowd at the entrance of the paths. The narrow one had for its guide-post the holy book of their Lord, with opened page, from which, in golden characters, spoke forth—"The way to Heaven." At the entrance of the other was a figure, the body concealed with flowers, but the face exposed. The eyes were of ravishing delight, and the mouth dropped musical and melting tones, which to that company of inexperienced youth seemed like the sweet promises of heavenly joy. She told of beautiful and social scenes, prepared in lovely places all along the roomy and cheerful way she would lead them through. She spoke with smiling lightness of the dull routine of duties and unexciting pleasures of the path which so few choose, and pointed gayly with tempting finger to the laughing crowds treading the broad way of which she was the queen—and what a queen! So fair of face, so full of joyousness, so innocent of speech. She spoke of the Great Father who was the lord of all upon that hill, and with delicious earnestness pleaded for the hearts of that young company, because their lord would not condemn their feet for dancing on the flowers she would strew along their path. He would not be so cruel-hearted as to frown upon His children's joy. Oh! how the company of angels, who hovered round, watched for the decisive step of the young creatures they had followed from the garden walls. Some had hid their faces in their bright wings for grief, when they had seen the cherished beings of the innocent home choose the left hand path which their heavenly natures knew would lead to Death. Yet, with faces veiled, they followed the deluded ones, in hopes to win them back before they strayed too far.

And what was our brother's and sister's choice? The boy looked wistfully toward the glittering throng, which danced and laughed amid the wreaths and brilliant artificial light of the broad way, but followed his sister's guidance toward the path whose light was from the Throne. The angels, whose care they were, rejoiced, and followed with a low song of triumph the holy travelers.

The boy, through love for his dear friend, murmured not for a time at the calm and peaceful way they trod. But his imagination, naturally so vivid and bright, had nothing to revel in as they walked upward side by side with holy men and pure, who sung the praises of the Good King as they rose toward the crown. This crown glittered upon the summit of the hill as a promise of eternal rest and joy for the un murmuring and patient traveler.

But the heart of the young man became listless; and his eyes became dull to see the lustre of the crown as it shone fast by the Lord's high throne. From discontent he went to murmuring. His sister and his angel whispered loving words to the clouded heart, and sought earnestly to win it back to feel the beauty of the journey they had commenced so joyfully. But no! the distant sound of mirth, the distant glitter of fine sights, and spectacles appearing so ingenious and rare, caught his wandering senses at every turn. His quiet journey became a burden to him. His sister's face became a sad reproach. The crown looked dim upon the summit. To his changed eye the holy men and women walked like monks and nuns in solemn company. His excited fancy would make it seem injustice that the Lord who made the way, should have had its pavement so hard and rough, when the broader path was carpeted with flowers, which could yield to the bounding foot so gently, and ever be so fresh.

More and more the prospect changed to his changed eyes. The ascent now was steep and wearisome, and oh! how the sad, sweet face of his garden friend, the sister of his childhood passed on the mossy banks, how it looked upon him longingly, as if the pilgrimage even in the narrow way would be half sorrowful if he went not up with her to the end. His angel shone from her eyes its look of pleading, but all were lost upon the evil-awakened youth, who saw no stars in that pure heaven, no guide in that pleasant way worth following. More and more as his heart

gave up the treasures of its infancy, the revel of the other path broke on his ear. His eyes gazed oftener on the distant groups than on his sister's face, or the high crown. That sister prayed, besought with tears that he would let his guardian spirit guide him, that he would call upon the messengers of the Throne to disarm the tempters who were changing his heart. And yet he, the object of that fond one's watching thus far upon the road, he who in sweet babyhood had been her pride and hope even in her own young years, he turned and left her! Turned and fled, not daring to look back and catch another glimpse of her pale face! he fled, and how short was now the way to Pleasure's arms; the gain of long year's travels how quickly lost. He stood once more where the two paths met, and looked a moment on the plain below, where yet was green the home of his childhood's innocence. For a moment came the memory of the spirits he had carried from it as inmates of his soul. He gazed upon its quiet loveliness, and sighed in his bewilderment and guilt, for the season of his infancy, that he might be again a child and play amongst those garden flowers.

It could not be! And sealing his brow with the stamp of determined hardihood, he turned from the retrospect of his boyhood's purity, and gave his hand to the fair-faced queen, who welcomed him more gladly that he came from the rival path.

How wildly did he enter now into all the scenes of that gay place! He sought to drown his angel's whisperings in revels, and at first he succeeded well, for the parties he joined were of those, who, like himself, were neophytes to the reigning queen, and were not yet quite slaves to the hideous form so shrouded in flowers. But the innocent joyfulness grew more evil at every step, for in this gay kingdom there was no restraining power, and the poor misguided youth who had left the quiet walk where every onward step induced to purity, now saw the ruin which came by unsuspected agencies upon the hearts and forms of these thoughtless travelers. Guilt grew more familiar at every turn. He could see that his companions grew old before their time, and almost imperceptibly changed their careless mirth and slight indulgences to wicked merriment and love for evil practices, which they would have once despised.

Palaces rose up on every side, filled with sparkling drinks, which drowned the voices of grieved angels, and gave exulting life to the dread demon of Human Will. The laughter which had come faintly to his ears when he was by his lost sister's side, like the sound of a joyful stream, now was like a raging river, wild and ruinous. Gay women fluttered on with "Vanity" written in jewels upon their foreheads, and the beauty of their girlhood lost under the weight of fashion's charms. How the heart of that lost wanderer turned to his sister's memory, and read there how chaste, how simple, how lovely she walked, unmindful of the garments her body wore if her spirit shone in the garb of holiness.

He looked toward the path she was now treading alone, and could tell her untiring step, and see the light of her high brow as it was at times uplifted to the throne—praying for him! Those gay women looked like painted sepulchres as he turned back; and though they shook their jeweled fingers at him playfully, and tried to win his admiration by outward charms, his heart compared them with the gentle presence of his sister in the heavenly path, and it learned to loathe the beings whose souls were unadorned and dark. They had been beautiful, but had lost the roses of their cheeks, the jewels of their eyes, the sweet sign of modesty upon their brow, and now owed Art a debt which grew with every year.

As he went on he found corners of the road darkened by groups of human forms with faces of spirits from the cave of darkness where the fire burns. They watched with starting eyes the ivory balls they rolled, or painted characters they handled, as if they were the chances of Heaven; and when their gold was lost would start up furious, and commit some dreadful deed

upon themselves or their companions. Disgusting pictures of indulgence and debauchery in every shape, now met the almost frenzied eye of the regretful wanderer. Carelessly besotted feet trod the uncertain borders of the frightful precipice, or with uneven step stalked on toward the gulf of hopelessness. The light, which had been so dazzling at the commencement of the way, had been put out, and darkness would have been over all that crowd, if the mercy of the Throne had not let its light fall upon the guilty ones, that, if they would, they might see their passage back to the holy way.

Oh! had that wanderer tasted all the joy he fancied could be drunk of in that broad path? Had the glittering scenes been real? Had the promises of the syren been fulfilled? Had his heart been satisfied with the friendship, his feet with the flowers of that fair-seeming place? Oh, no! His brain was reeling with the discordant sounds, his senses were confused, his heart was agonized by the cries of rage, and complaints breathed bitterly against the Throne. Oh! could he dare brave the sneers of his companions and turn back: Could he, distressed and weakened, run the gauntlet of that deriding crowd! Oh no he had no courage left for such a trial. He knew the purity of his brow was gone, the freshness of his heart; and how, if he ever should escape from that dreadful way, would his sister's eye rest on him?

As he thought of this, he turned toward the path of her calm pilgrimage, and saw a greater light as a halo round her pale brow, and her pleading eye still turned upward toward the Throne! His angel gently whispered "fly!" And as he stopped upon his course to listen, he felt the pressure of the hand which had been laid upon his head as he went out from the garden-gates, and his strong heart came back! His feet forgot their weariness, his eye grew large with hope, his spirit threw off its cowardice, and with a loud, clear voice, which his sister caught as a joyful answer to her prayers, he declared himself a prodigal, and entreated all that graceless company to follow him to peace and happiness.

Oh! how many accents there were in the answering shouts that filled the echoing way. Despair sent up its dreadful note—shame and defiance added their discordant tones. From the deep caves of guilty sorrow came a wail, and from lone places where the body diseased with crime lay suffering, a cry arose which chilled even the polluted blood of those who wandered in guilt so near.

None answered the returning one with like repentance, although from the heavy eyes of some a faint desire for a moment gleamed, to flee with him from misery. But the laugh which rung so loud, and with such a mocking echo of contempt, put out the spark which might have kindled to such a glorious blaze, and he turned alone upon his backward way. And now fingers were pointed at him, laughter followed him—his garments were laid hold of to arrest his steps. Many who sighed for his courage, and envied him the way his face was turned, laid stumbling-blocks before his feet, to turn them back—to gain a triumph over him would make their own depravity seem less dark. But they could not conquer him. His angel strengthened him, and he kept the name of the Great Lord upon his lips and in his heart, and so he made his way free from the striving hands and tempting wiles of his companions, and joyfully reached once more the side of his sister in the upward path.

THE RAIN.

BY T. A. SWAN.

The birds sing gayly in their bowers,
And we can gather what they sing;
But what, falling 'mong leaves and flowers,
What is the soft rain whispering.

I cannot understand their word—
Some tale those bright drops tell, I know,
For the corn leaves move as if they heard,
And barley fields nod to and fro.

The lily turns its chalice up
To catch the legends as they fall,
And on the blue-bell's tiny cup
Rings many a fairy festival.

The brooklet o'er the meadow spreads,
And then, like elves, they dance and sing;
And clovers hang their blushing heads,
Like little creatures listening.

It is some good thing they relate;
For when the cloud has passed the sun,
The green fields smile with joy elate,
As the world had put new glory on.

And so, to me, they chant a strain
Uncomprehended by the sense,
But when they dash the window-pane,
I feel their soothing influence.

They lead me back to some bright scene,
Some fair spot in the shadowy past,
Which glows like the broad moon's silver sheen
Far off upon the waters cast.

They ope the pleasant gate of dreams,
And from the phantom-world beyond,
How visions bright, in golden streams,
Like gift from an enchanter's wand.

Kind dreams of sweet imagining—
Of the maiden fair shall love me well;
But mystic are the strains they sing,
Who she may be they will not tell.

And through the Future's golden aisles,
They bear me up on angel wing;
And many a truth I've learned the whiles
From the bright rain softly whispering.

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE CAROLINA PARROT.

This bird is the only species of Parrot found native in the United States. It not only abounds in the rich and flowery groves of our Southern States, but is found in great numbers among the prairies of the West, on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi, and even along the shores of Lake Michigan. Most Parrots droop or die in cold weather; but the Carolina Parrots are frequently seen during a snow-storm, flying about in flocks, and by their loud cries seeming to enjoy the consciousness of their own hardiness. But though a resident in our Western States it is rarely seen east of the Alleghanies. Its favorite food—the seeds of the cockle-bur—abounds in the wilds and forests of the West. Amid the rich alluvial soils, shaded by dense forests of sycamore and buttonwood, or covered with impenetrable swamps, the Carolina finds a secure and delightful retreat. Here also are found the seeds of the cypress and hackberry, and the beech-nut; while the soil abounds with those formations known as licks, the salt of which is much relished by the Parrot. The Carolina possesses a full share of that love for destructive mischief which appears indigenous to his genus. In the natural state it cares little for apples, if other food be at hand, but it delights to mount an apple-tree, and twisting the fruit off one by one to strew it over the ground.

The Carolina Parrot is about thirteen inches long, and twenty-one across the spread wings.

The head is red, the neck a rich yellow; and in other parts of the body these colors are sprinkled with considerable profusion. The remaining plumage is mostly a bright green, changing to yellow, with light blue reflections. The feet and bill are either a cream or flesh color, and the claws and shafts of the large feathers black. The plumage of the female differs very little from that of the male; but the young birds undergo several changes of color before assuming the dress of their parents.

In captivity this bird appears to lose little of its sprightly habits, although it never becomes entirely reconciled to the cage. Unless closely watched it will gnaw and break through the wood of its cage, and twist the wires, for the purpose of escaping. On the whole, it is a pleasing companion, being in a great measure destitute of the love for clamorous screaming which distinguishes most of the other Parrots. Its usual food in the cage should be corn and beech-nuts, but if hungry it will eat apples, various kinds of seeds and berries.

Wilson in his American Ornithology gives the following interesting account of the Carolina Parrot, as seen by him in its native haunts in the West:

“At Big Bone Lick, thirty miles above the mouth of Kentucky River, I saw them in great numbers. They came screaming through the woods in the morning, about an hour after sunrise, to drink the salt water, of which they, as well as the pigeons, are remarkably fond. When they alighted on the ground, it appeared at a distance as if covered with a carpet of the richest green, orange and yellow; they afterward settled in one body on a neighboring tree, which stood detached from any other, covering almost every twig of it, and the sun shining strongly on their gay and glossy plumage, produced a very beautiful and splendid appearance. Here I had an opportunity of observing some very particular traits of their character: Having shot down a number, some of which were only wounded, the whole flock swept repeatedly around their prostrate companions, and again settled on a low tree within twenty yards of the spot where I stood. At each successive discharge, though showers of them fell, still the affection of the survivors seemed rather to increase; for, after a few circuits around the place, they again alighted near me, looking down on their slaughtered companions with such manifest symptoms of sympathy and concern, as completely disarmed me. I could not but take notice of the remarkable contrast between their elegant manner of flight and their lame and crawling gait among the branches. They fly very much like the Wild Pigeon, in close compact bodies, and with great rapidity, making a loud and outrageous screaming, not unlike that of the Red-headed Woodpecker. Their flight is sometimes in a direct line, but most usually circuitous, making a great variety of elegant and easy serpentine meanders, as if for pleasure. They are particularly attached to the large sycamore, in the hollow of the trunks and branches of which they generally roost, thirty or forty, or more, entering at the same hole. Here they cling closely to the sides of the trees, holding fast by the claws, and also by the bills. They appear fond of sleep, and often retire to their holes during the day, probably to take their regular *siesta*. They are extremely sociable, and fond of each other, often scratching each other's heads and necks, and always at night nestling as close as possible to each other, preferring at that time a perpendicular position, supported by their bill and claws. In the fall, when their favorite cockle-burs are ripe, they swarm along the coast or high ground of the Mississippi, above New Orleans, for a great extent. At such times they are killed and eaten by many of the inhabitants; though, I confess, I think their flesh is very indifferent. I have several times dined on it from necessity, in the woods, but found it merely passable, with all the sauce of a keen appetite to recommend it.”



THE WASHINGTON EAGLE. (*Haliaeetus Washingtonii*.)

For a long time this bird was almost unknown; and though specimens of it appear to have been examined even by scientific men, its identity as a distinct species remained hidden until the year 1814. In February of that year Mr. Audubon, while voyaging up the Mississippi, noticed here and there a solitary bird, soaring above the rocky cliffs, entirely different, as it appeared to him, from any species with which he was acquainted. After much search he discovered an eyry on the high cliffs of Green River, in Kentucky, and was enabled to make such observations as convinced him that this was a new, and hitherto unknown, species of Eagle. From its noble bearing and majestic size, he named it the Bird of Washington, a title by which it is now generally recognized. Some, however, confound it with the White-tailed Eagle, and others affirm that it is but a full grown Sea Eagle. With better reason it is supposed to be either identical with the great European Sea Eagle of Brisson, or but a variety of that bird. Audubon considers the species as rare. His principal residence is among the rocky shores of the Mississippi, the Missouri, and the great northern lakes—in those gloomy solitudes rarely disturbed by the step of man. Winter drives it from these favorite haunts nearer to the abode of civilization; and in a severe season the Washington Eagle has been seen in the vicinity of Concord and Boston. His principal food is fish; but instead of obtaining it in the same piratical manner as is common with the Bald Eagle, he descends, like the Osprey, into the same element with his prey. The circles which he describes in flying are wider than those of the White-headed Eagle, and when about to dive for prey, he sweeps downward in spiral rings, as though endeavoring to prevent the fish's escape. When within the distance of a few yards, he darts forcibly down, and rarely fails to secure his object. He is also remarkable for flying near the surface of the water, especially when retiring with his prize; and when near the shore he may often be recognized by the same peculiarity.

The Washington Eagle is capable of being domesticated, and is then gentle and docile. The quantity of food necessary to sustain him, either in captivity or among his native wilds, is very great; and it would appear that they are capable, more than most birds of prey, of generating fat. Audubon's specimen was three feet six inches in length, and weighed fourteen and a half pounds. Others have been weighed, much heavier. It should be mentioned as a curious fact, that repeated attempts by Dr. Haywood, of Boston, to poison one of these birds with corrosive sublimate were entirely unsuccessful, although doses of two drams were given to it at a time.

The general color of the upper part of this bird is copper-brown, dark and shining. The throat and breast are a cinnamon color, the wings brown, with sprinklings of black, and the lesser wing-coverts rusty iron-gray. This description should, however, be received with some caution, in consequence of its being taken from but a few specimens, which varied considerably among themselves. The head is more convex than that of the Bald Eagle, the bill more hooked, and the iris of the eye is hazel, inclining to chestnut. Underneath the foot is notched like a rasp, to enable the bird to hold its prey. The majestic appearance of this Eagle, his great strength and superior size, justly entitle him to a rank among the noblest birds of our continent.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The History of the United States of America, from the Discovery of the Continent to the Organization of the Government under the Federal Constitution. By Richard Hildreth. In three volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers, vol. 1.

The object of Mr. Hildreth's ambition in this work is to present an impartial view of the persons and events of American history in their natural order and relations, and in his preface he plumes himself on having accomplished his purpose, at the same time not very modestly indicating his belief that no other American historian has approached it. As far as regards his claim to accuracy and impartiality we doubt not it will be readily admitted, at least in the sense in which he appears to understand the terms. The history is a useful compendium of facts undertaken by a man who does not seem to have sufficient sympathy with his subject to be capable even of partisanship. Everything indicates that the work was manufactured in a spirit of dogged, straight-forward, joyless labor. The author has in his other productions given evidence of passions sufficiently quick and hot, and a talent for hating almost unmatched for brilliancy and intensity, and our surprise was correspondingly great to find him in the present work altogether destitute of enthusiasm, and writing sentence after sentence with no inspiration even from his blood.

To those who require in a history nothing but a series of facts presented in a clear style, without any animation in the narrative, the work of Mr. Hildreth will be very acceptable, and we have little doubt that his labors of research and composition will be rewarded. It seems to us, however, that there is a great difference between facts as they are in themselves, and facts as they are treated by Mr. Hildreth. Whatever view may be taken of our fathers, there can be no doubt that they were alive, and we have a right to demand that the narrative of their actions, however close it may adhere to the literal truth, shall represent living men and living events. The representation of a fact, therefore, implies a sympathy with it either personal or imaginative, and a capacity to convey it to another mind not only in its form and dimensions, but in its coloring and spirit. The difficulty with Mr. Hildreth's facts consists in their lifelessness. He is "down among the dead men," not up and striving with the living, and his style being deliberately and elaborately destitute of glow and spirit, rejecting all ornament, and varying not with the variations of his subject, is as uninteresting as a newspaper account of a railroad accident. In his narrative of our history, as far as we have read it, there are strictly speaking no events. The landing of the Pilgrims he recounts in a style which would hardly suit an account of a New Yorker's visit to Hoboken, for the purpose of enjoying a cooler air than he found in the city. The most adventurous and heroic actions, the grandest displays of disinterested piety and affection, sink into dull commonplace as treated by Mr. Hildreth. If this be history, then history is hardly worth the attention of a live man. We should rather call it historical geology, having for its subject the fossil remains of men and institutions.

We know there is a large class of readers who consider this mode of writing history as the best, and who are ready to stigmatize all realization as romance. To such a class we can commend Mr. Hildreth's production. He certainly deserves praise for his diligence, and the strength of understanding he has evinced in educing a connected narrative from his multitude

of scattered authorities. But he has not succeeded even in this department of his labors to such a degree as to justify his sneering allusion to other histories of the country as “Continental Sermons and Fourth of July Orations in the guise of history.” This hardly does justice to such a man as Bancroft, whose History of the United States, whatever may be its faults, has merits of investigation, narration and reflection, which Mr. Hildreth’s more prosaic work does not approach.

Dante’s Divine Comedy: The Inferno. A Literal Prose Translation, with the Text of the Original Collated from the Best Editions, and Explanatory Notes. By John A. Carlyle, M. D., New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a most valuable addition to the English translations of the Italian Classics, and is well calculated to convey a vivid impression of the intense beauty and sublimity of Dante’s immortal poem to readers ignorant of the original. The translation is faithful even to literal exactness without being clumsy and inelegant, and the Italian text has been collated with commendable care and industry. Indeed the whole book appears to have been a labor of love, and must have occupied the leisure of many years. To those who are learning Italian the volume must be invaluable, as it enables them to read the original side by side with a translation at once correct and elegant.

Dr. Carlyle, the translator, is the brother of Thomas Carlyle. One would suppose that being so nearly related to the latter, he would sedulously avoid all imitation of his manner, yet the preface to the present volume is filled with the most amusing *Carlylisms*. The tone and rhetorical contortions of his brother, Dr. Carlyle mimics rather than imitates, and makes the whole matter more ludicrous by his evident straining after that which on all principles of propriety he should rather attempt strenuously to avoid.

Scraps, No. 1. Sketched, Etched, and Published by D. C. Johnston. Boston.

This thin quarto contains some fifty “hits,” humorous and satirical, done on steel. The sketcher is D. C. Johnston, one of the first caricaturists in the country, and an original observer of life and manners. Several of the illustrations are pictorial essays on popular follies and vices, and contain matter enough to supply thought for a volume. We like the idea of publishing occasionally a work like the present, recording as it does, with almost historical accuracy, the various forms assumed by the Protean genius of humbug to diddle our free and enlightened citizens.

The Philosophy of the Beautiful. From the French of Victor Cousin. Translated with Notes and an Introduction, by Jesse Cato Daniel. New York: D. Bixby. 1 vol. 18mo.

Mr. Bixby, the publisher of this elegant little volume, has done a great deal in his selection of books for republication for the elevation of public taste. To him we owe the only editions we have of Goethe’s *Faust*, and Correspondence of Southey’s Translation of the *Chronicle of the Cid*, and of a number of other valuable works. Having removed from Lowell to New York, we

trust that he will continue his speculations on public taste; and as an earnest of what he intends to do, we hail with much pleasure this handsome edition of Cousin's celebrated dissertation on Beauty, a work written with all that accomplished philosopher's force and brilliancy of style, evincing his usual keenness of analysis and range of generalization, and as readable as it is valuable. We commend it especially to those English readers who are followers of Alison and Jeffrey. The subject discussed is one of the most important in the metaphysics of criticism, and though we cannot say that Cousin has exhausted it, he has presented his own views in a rhetoric so lucid that he cannot fail to charm even the readers whom he may not convince.

Southey's Commonplace Book. Edited by his Son-in-Law, John Wood Warter, B. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1 vol. 8vo.

This volume is calculated to convey even a new idea of the variety of Southey's studies, and the exhaustlessness of his capacity of labor. The number of his works is sufficiently surprising, convicting as it does most literary men either of indolence or barrenness, but we find that in addition to writing his original productions, he was in the custom of transcribing largely from books as he read them, and the present volume, representing but a portion of these labors, would appear to most readers a work for a life. It consists of striking extracts from a large variety of authors, most of them antiquated to the reader of the present day, and illustrating the manners, custom, opinions, and sentiments of Englishmen for the last three centuries. The editor, who reports himself as Southey's son-in-law, is an excellent specimen of a snob, who cannot write a sentence without writing himself down an ass. The Harpers have issued the volume in clear type, on white paper, at about one-fifth the price of the English edition.

A Compendium of Ecclesiastical History. By Dr. John C. L. Gieseler. Translated from the German by Samuel Davidson, LL. D. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

The publishers of these volumes have rarely issued a book more intrinsically valuable than the present. It is a work of immense research and labor, undertaken by a German Professor of Theology, and indicating vast erudition. The translation by Dr. Davidson is a faithful reflection of the original, even to the extent of preserving Gieseler's rather inelegant though condensed style of writing. The advantage of the work to students consists in its stating results only in the text, and reserving the notes for authorities and processes. It is a text book, not an elaborate history like Neander's, and as such it has obtained great reputation for impartiality and ability. The American translator has availed himself of the latest German edition, and his version is accordingly the most valuable which has been made on either side of the Atlantic.

The Classic French Reader. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is another of Appleton & Co.'s admirable series of educational books. It consists of selections from the French classical writers for the last two centuries, with a vocabulary of all the words and idioms contained in the work. It is edited by Professor Jewett, the American

editor of Ollendorff, and cannot fail to render important assistance to all engaged in the study of French.



Anaïs Toudouze

LE FOLLET

PARIS, Boulevard S^t. Martin, 61.

Robes de Mme. Domicile r. de Seine S^t. Germain, 49—Chapeaux de Maurice Beauvais r. Richelieu

*Ombrelle Cazal b^t. des Italiens, 23—Mouchoirs de Chapron et Dubois r. de la Paix, 7—
Essences de Guerlain r. de la Paix, 11*

Chaussures de H. Hoffmann r. de la Paix, 8—Fermoir de Gants pass. Delorme, 20.

Graham's Magazine

OH, LET THY LOCKS UNBRAIDED FALL.

WRITTEN BY

JOHN W. WATSON. ESQ.

MUSIC COMPOSED FOR "GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE," BY

JOHN A. JANKE, JR.,

Professor of Music.

Andante Grazioso.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems. The first system is an instrumental introduction for the piano, marked *f* (forte). The second system begins with the vocal melody and piano accompaniment, marked *mf* (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are: "Oh! let thy locks un-braid-ed fall, To night no gems must check their flow, And I will pledge thee for the ball What hearts will bend in hom- - age low, Yes,". The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and a more melodic line in the right hand.

Oh! let thy locks unbraided fall,
To-night no gems must check their flow,
And I will pledge thee for the ball.
What hearts will bend in homage low,
Yes,

lower far than though they held The fabled wealth of In - dies' main Or
 were Gol - con - da's mines compelled To yield their brilliant train - - - -
ral:
ral:
f

lower far than though they held
 The fabled wealth of Indies' main
 Or were Golconda's mines compelled
 To yield their brilliant train——

Thus did they fall when first I saw
 What since has made me dream by day,
 And thus when I in triumph bore
 That one loved, straggling tress away.
 Then do not bind with gems or gold,
 Its dark, voluptuous, rolling swell,
 But let those folds lie uncontrolled
 I've learned to love so well.

Transcriber's Notes:

Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals used for preparation of the eBook.

page 135, loadstone of all eyes, ==> [lodestone](#) of all eyes,
page 135, of the rael grit ==> of the [real](#) grit
page 135, several pedlars had ==> several [pedlers](#) had
page 138, the inspector, having ==> the [inspector](#), having
page 139, with a blithsome ==> with a [blithesome](#)
page 142, the cheerful hearth ==> the [cheerful](#) hearth
page 150, her trelliced window ==> her [trellised](#) window
page 151, bourne were we must ==> bourne [where](#) we must
page 153, chords that bound ==> [cords](#) that bound
page 154, all thoughtless did begin ==> all [thoughtless](#) did begin
page 156, Carroling like free-born ==> [Caroling](#) like free-born
page 160, room where their is a ==> room where [there](#) is a
page 162, the unenlighted classes at ==> the [unenlightened](#) classes at
page 164, pardon my degression, ==> pardon my [digression](#),
page 165, of N. aristocracy who ==> of N. [aristocracy](#) who
page 167, and was the only ==> and [it was](#) the only
page 168, Do you hear my my boast ==> Do you hear [my](#) boast
page 169, ribbons and roses; ==> [ribbons](#) and roses;
page 171, impertinent listner," she ==> impertinent [listener](#)," she
page 173, creaturs while I am ==> [creatures](#) while I am
page 179, trosach, dell and valley, ==> [trossach](#), dell and valley,
page 180, a clump of hazles ==> a clump of [hazels](#)
page 182, in the *cortégé*, I ==> in the *cortège*, I
page 183, solace to our lonelienss; ==> solace to our [loneliness](#);
page 184, of the swoln heart rise ==> of the [swollen](#) heart rise
page 185, be one of unparalelled ==> be one of [unparalleled](#)
page 189, corn and beach-nuts, ==> corn and [beech](#)-nuts,

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol. 35 No. 3 September 1849* edited by George Rex Graham]