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John Lucas A. L. Dick

VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL.
Engraved for Graham’s Magazine

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. XXXI. PHILADELPHIA, SEPTEMBER, 1847. No. 3.

THE SLAVER.

A TALE OF OUR OWN TIMES.

BY A SON OF THE LATE DR. JOHN D. GODMAN.

(*Concluded from page 71.*)

CHAPTER X.

> *Gon.* Now would I give a thousand furlongs
> Of sea, for an acre of barren ground,
> Long heath, brown furze, any thing. The
> Wills above be done! But I would fain die a
> Dry death.
>
> Tempest.

De Vere had not intended to marry quite so soon as he did, but being unexpectedly recalled home by an order from the admiralty, and wishing to take his beautiful Clara with him, he had with very little difficulty persuaded her to hasten their bridal day, and then accompany him to England.

Don Manuel was at first very loth to let his daughter leave him. Had it been Francisca, he would not have consented; her soft and gentle disposition had entwined itself completely around the old man's heart. But there was more of pride mingled with his affection for Clara; and she so enthusiastically expressed her desire to visit the English metropolis, and to travel over the heaving waves of the broad Atlantic—for she had never been to sea—that the old Don gave way to her entreaties; and with many kisses and promises of soon seeing them again, but apparently without much distress, she took leave of her father and sister on the deck of the Scorpion, where they had accompanied her to take a last farewell. Telling De

Vere to watch well the charge he had entrusted to him, with sorrow and tears Don Manuel and Francisca got into their boat.

As soon as the boat was clear of the brig, which was only waiting for them to make sail, and whose sails were all loose, but held in their places by the men who had unloosed them, were let fall together, and walking away with all the halyards at once, the Scorpion was under all sail, and standing out of the harbor before Don Manuel's boat reached the shore.

Francisca and her father both felt very much the loss of Clara and De Vere's company; but knowing it was useless to make vain lamentations, they returned home.

The thoughts of the many things she would see, and the images of the proud beauties of the English court, whom she would soon be with, and she hoped outshine, so occupied the mind of Clara, that she had parted from her father and sister without much regret. But as she stood on the quarter-deck, and saw the objects on shore gradually grow smaller and smaller—first the trees, then the light-house, and eventually the blue shores of the now distant island itself disappear from her sight, as if they had all sunk to the depths of the ocean, and looking around, observed nothing but an expanse of clouds and water, upon which the brig was but a speck—a sudden and complete sense of her bereavement oppressed her, and she burst into tears; for though she knew her husband was near, there is something so inexpressibly melancholy in leaving for the first time the home of your childhood, and the land of your nativity, that, for awhile, she could not avoid giving way to her grief. But De Vere soothed her, by tales of the sea, the distant and new country she was about to visit, and by promising it would be but a short time ere she should return. Hardly had she regained her composure when she was disagreeably affected in another way. Father Neptune, not allowing even the most beautiful and fair to travel over his domains without paying tribute; and sick, nauseated, with her head swimming and aching as if it would split, she was led to her state-room, thinking she would give all she possessed in the world to be once more in the house she had so lately left.

When she recovered, and again came on deck, it was a warm, bright morning. The brig had just left the Gulf Stream. There was a fresh breeze, but the sea, unruffled by it, was heaving in long, rolling waves. Shoals of porpoises and black-fish were tumbling about in their uncouth gambols—interesting, because new, to Clara, but to the sailors more than uninteresting, as they prognosticated an approaching storm. The fragile and graceful nautilus, also, was seen expanding its tiny sail; numerous sea-birds were flying about, or for a moment resting on the water; and the Scorpion, as she moved rapidly along, seemed "a thing of life."

Clara, forgetting her sickness, was delighted, and amused her husband by the incessant questions she put to him about every thing she saw. All day she remained on deck, and until a late hour in the evening; then with a lingering look at the bright stars, and the wide expanse of water that, alive with phosphorescent matter, seemed

on fire, she reluctantly went below; but soon was dreaming of the glorious sublimity and beauty of all she had seen, nearly all the night, as the day had thus passed pleasantly by, when, toward morning, she was awakened by hoarse noises on deck, overhead, and found the ship rolling and pitching violently. Her husband she saw had left the cabin; and, alarmed, she hastily dressed, and started after him, to see what had happened; but she got no further than the top of the companion-way. Terrified, she clung to the railing, and with her body on the steps, and her head just above the level of the deck, with dilated pupils she gazed upon the awful change that had come over the face of the fickle deep in a few short hours. Instead of the long, unbroken, rolling waves she had left, she now found the surface of the ocean a mass of foam; huge, giant billows, as if in sport, chased each other with fearful rapidity, lifting the brig, now apparently as if they would carry her up into the low, dark, leaden-looking clouds, that seemed not much higher than her masts, and then, as they ran from under her, would leave her to sink between two hills of living water, as if to the bottomless pit, until another would pick up the brig, as a child's plaything, and hurling her on, away she would go again, up, up, for awhile, only to sink into another yawning valley, pitching, rolling, struggling, creaking, she held her way; and Clara's natural pride and self possession in a short time enabled her to look calmly around, and even to admire, the fearful scene.

The brig, she saw, was under nothing but her top-sails, close reefed; and a small storm stay-sail; and her husband coming to her, said that a heavy wind had come out from the northward and westward about twelve o'clock, and had been increasing ever since, and was still rising, and that though he was now able to hold his course, he did not think he could much longer, and insisted upon Clara's going below. Well it was that she did; for scarcely had she left the deck, when a blast, stronger and fiercer than any they had felt, struck the Scorpion, and bore her almost on her beam-ends. Struggling, she nearly righted herself, but again the ruthless wind compelled her to bow to its power, and a tremendous wave striking her at the same time, she was laid over completely.

Captain De Vere had been expecting such a catastrophe; and as soon as he found his vessel was on her beam-ends, and could not again right herself, gave the order to "Cut away the masts!"

Never is the cool and intrepid bravery that forms the basis of a seaman's character shown to such great advantage as in situations of the utmost emergency. And to have seen the self-collectedness with which the sailors of the Scorpion, axe in hand, crept along the brig's weather bulwark, with the strong and angry billows momentarily threatening to carry them off to the coral depths beneath, as they swept over them, one would have thought the men were all unconscious of fear—and such was the truth; for mariners are danger's children, begotten by courage.

Though fearless, they were fully aware of the risks they were running; with certain, but quick and rapid strokes, their sharp hatchets struck the thick-tarred lanyards, which, stretched to their utmost tension by the weight of the masts,

quickly parted, and the tall spars losing their support, snapped short off, and toppled over into the boiling sea.

As soon as the masts fell the brig righted; and much to the joy of all on board, was once more on an even keel.

"Lively, men! lively, lads!" was now the order; and quickly cutting away the lee-lanyards, the brig was free from the wreck of her floating spars, and putting her before the wind, away the Scorpion flew, sailless, mastless, faster than she had ever sailed before, when, in the pride of all her lofty canvas, she had chased some flying enemy—on, on, they sped!

Never until now had the haughty spirit of Clara been thoroughly humbled, or had she a correct idea of man's entire nothingness, when compared with nature in its might and majesty. But humbled she was, when she came on deck that day and saw the tall and gallant brig, that had obeyed every motion of the helmsman's hand, a bare, naked hull, unmanageable, and driven whither the wind listed over the angry waves, which followed fast after, and as they rose under the stern, their vast white combs would curl over the very tafferel, as if about to break on deck; and as the vessel lifted, and was for a moment out of danger, they would send the spray in showers over her, as if they were shedding tears of anger that the poor vessel had, for an instant, escaped that destruction to which it seemed she was inevitably hurrying. At last, one mighty wave, more powerful than the rest, reared its tremendous bulk far over the devoted brig's stern, and breaking in a torrent of resistless force, swept over her deck. De Vere saw the impending danger just soon enough to throw one arm around his wife's waist, and casting himself and her flat on deck, seize with the other a ring-bolt, and save themselves from death.

When the water ran off, and he looked around, but ten of his crew were left on the Scorpion's deck; the rest, some one hundred and forty souls, had been swept, unannealed, into eternity, the waves their winding-sheet, the howling blast, and the roaring billows, hymning their dirge. Poor men! how many of your fellows, with brave souls, kind hearts, loving wives and children, meet the same sad fate.

Gathering together on the quarter-deck those who had been spared, the hardy, weatherbeaten tars, the proud, conceited officer, the vain, worldly-minded lady, humbly joined in offering to the throne of Almighty Grace, grateful thanks for their preservation; and praying to the Ruler of all things for the rest of their departed messmates, earnestly besought him to keep them safe in the hollow of his hand, and lead them out of their present danger.

The second day came round; the wind was unabated; and the brig was rushing, hurrying on to her unknown destination—most probably the bottom of the ocean.

The third day came; as time will ever on in its ceaseless course, alike indifferent to human joy or sorrow. No change had yet taken place for the better; slowly, tediously, tiresomely, the hours of that third day crept by. No employment had they but watching the brig, as she dashed along, apparently racing with the wild billows that ever followed, ever kept alongside. Sun there was none to enliven them; the

same dark, leaden hue pervaded the sky; and even the sunlight of hope, that best, most cheerful of all lights, was just glimmering, and on the very eve of expiring forever. With grim and despairing countenances, silently they sat, fearing each moment that the vessel, strained in every timber by the violent and incessant heaving and rolling to which she was subjected, would go to pieces.

What a sight that deck and crew would have been to the purse-proud, the ambitious, the money-craving, grasping ones on shore; would it not have exhibited the utter worthlessness of it all? and the necessity we all have, poor mortals that we are, subject to die at any moment, for the grace, the pity, and the care of God.

Again, another day arrived, the fourth since the brig had been dismasted; but a change had taken place; the wind had died away, and the heavens had opened their thousand windows, and the dark clouds were pouring down a deluge of rain on the poor brig, as she rolled, pitched, tossed, heaved about at the mercy of the waves, which still ran frightfully high. To add to horrors already overpowering, De Vere discovered that his worst fears had been realized. The brig, strained until her seams were opened, was leaking. Sounding the well, she was found to have four feet of water in her hold. He did not mention it to his unfortunate companions, hoping that it would not increase. In an hour he again tried the water; it had increased six inches, thus reducing to a certainty their deaths in the course of two days at the furthest, unless they were relieved; for every boat had been stove or carried overboard by the waves, and the crew was too weak to do any good at the pumps.

With a sad heart, and solemn voice, he imparted the startling fact to the group on the quarter-deck; for, gathering confidence from each other’s society, they still continued huddled together astern, regardless of the fast falling rain—in great misfortunes so soon do we grow callous to smaller ones.

De Vere’s intelligence extinguished the last spark of hope in the breasts of the men; and reckless in their despair, they were for at once breaking into the spirit-room, and having one more bacchanalian riot; let death, when he came, find them insensible to his terrors.

Their captain ordered them back; but what was earthly authority to them, on the brink of eternity? He then expostulated, but it was of no avail; they were determined to die drunk, and told De Vere to get away from in front of the companion-way, where he was standing, to prevent their descent, or they would throw him overboard, and send him to Davy Jones a little before them. They were about to rush on him, as he stood unmoved, when Clara, roused by the danger of her husband, sprung between them. In a tone of command, and with an authoritative air, she said, —

“Back! back!—are ye men, made after the image of the living God! And would ye hurry into his awful presence like beasts—drunk! insensible! and stained with murder! Or are ye such cowards that ye are afraid to die in your senses! Shame! shame upon ye! to have less firmness than I, a woman! But, no,” and she altered her tones to those of mildness, “I know ye are neither beasts nor cowards; but brave

men, hurried away by an evil thought, who will join with me in asking forgiveness for it;” and sinking down on the deck, the sailors involuntarily followed her example; and when they arose, after her ardent supplication, they had given up all thought of their mad design.

Scarcely had they regained their feet, when, as if in very answer to their prayer, a sail was seen; just a speck, ’tis true, but enough to assure them a vessel was in sight. Great was their joy; and then all was anxiety, for fear the distant ship might not come near. Now, for a moment, they lost sight of her, and their hearts were like lead in their bosoms; but again they made her out—she was nearer, and watched intently. On she came, until they made her out to be a large top-sail schooner.

Nearer she came, but gave no evidence of having seen the wreck. The sufferers tried to hail, and though together they all raised their voices to the utmost pitch, the roaring, dashing billows drowned all sound ere it had gone twenty fathom. But they had been observed by the crew of the schooner, who, rounding-to, proceeded to get out a boat. After some labor she succeeded; for it was a work of toil and danger to launch a boat on that rough ocean. The boat was lowered with her gallant crew in her, who, unhooking the davit-tackles as she touched the water, were afloat, and the small boat looked like an egg-shell as she rose and fell with the angry waves. Powerfully her crew tugged at the oars, and, watched by all eyes, she approached the hull.

Go alongside she could not; but getting under the brig’s stern, they hove a rope to the boat, and it being fastened in her bow, De Vere took Clara in one arm, and with his other hand and feet climbed down, and placing his wife in the boat turned to ascend again to the brig; she clung to him, and begged him to stay, but he would not. “The last man that leaves the Scorpion must be I, my love,” he said, and returning as he came, he was again on the tafferel of the wreck. Clara would have followed him, but she could not.

One by one five more of the Scorpion’s crew descended into the schooner’s boat, which, unable to carry more at once, put off with these to the schooner.

Well the oarsmen bent to their task, and in a time that seemed nearly impossible, they had again returned. After all else had left the wreck, De Vere abandoned his lost brig, and was pulled to the schooner.

Long and eager was the embrace that passed between him and his wife, when they met in safety on the deck of the schooner. After thanking the boat’s crew, who had so nobly exerted themselves, and promising them large rewards, he turned to make acknowledgments to the captain of the vessel for his prompt assistance.

Walking further aft to where the captain was standing with his arms folded, he was surprised to find in him Charles Willis, the slaver. De Vere’s feelings underwent a sudden revulsion. “Have I,” he thought, “escaped a watery-grave, only to fall, with my wife, into the power of my most inveterate enemy—a man without principle, honor, or law, and whom I once brought nearly to the gallows? Would to heaven the salt waters had closed over us!”

Willis remarked the change that came over De Vere's countenance, and correctly defining the cause, extended his hand toward him, and said, —

"Keep your mind perfectly easy, Captain De Vere, and believe that you will be treated with all honor and kindness; and that I am too proud to take advantage even of those who have always proved themselves causelessly my enemies, when they are in distress and suffering; and also give me credit for having sufficient humanity to make me thankful for this opportunity of saving the lives of twelve fellow-mortals."

De Vere, mortified at the injustice he had done the slaver captain in his thoughts, warmly grasped his hand, and thanked him; saying he felt as secure as if he were on shore.

Willis gave up his own cabin to Clara and De Vere, and slung his hammock on the berth-deck. Every thing was done to make the Scorpion's men comfortable; and their fears were soon relieved, for they, as their commander, had felt a good many misgivings about their future fate, when they first learned they were on board of the Maraposa, the vessel they had used so roughly.

As soon as De Vere had attended to the comfort of Clara, Willis asked him how he had met with such a misfortune to his vessel, and whither he was bound? De Vere detailed all the circumstances, and asked Willis how it happened that he was so far to the northward of his usual cruising ground. Willis said that it was by no good-will of his own, but that some of De Vere's friends—a sloop-of-war and a brig—had chased him so hard, as he was going from Cuba to the coast, that he had been compelled to hold to the northward to get rid of them; and that he was on his way back to Africa when he first saw the wreck of the brig, but he would be happy to carry De Vere and his wife back to Havana.

This was the very thing De Vere and Clara most anxiously desired, though neither were willing to request it of Willis; but when he thus generously offered it, they thankfully accepted his proposal. The schooner's course was altered a little more to the westward, and the Maraposa was once more heading for Havana.

They were thirty days on the passage; during which time both De Vere and Clara had an opportunity of impartially judging Willis, and were so much prepossessed in his favor, that De Vere wondered how he could have ever entertained such an opinion as he formerly had of him; and in their conversations together, the English captain and his wife both expressed a great desire to prevail upon Willis to leave his present profession. But how to influence him they knew not, for though he was most affable and communicative on all other topics, whenever he was asked about his present pursuit, he would only say that circumstances, over which he had no control, had first compelled him to enter, and still retained him in it; and then he would turn the conversation, so that delicacy forbade his passengers saying any thing more to him.

It was a bright clear day when they arrived in sight of the Havana light-house; a gentle breeze was blowing, and the water was nearly smooth. Clara was on deck

with her husband, and was in raptures at the sight of her native isle, and the thoughts of soon seeing her father and sister again, and comparing in her mind the beauty and apparent security of the present scene with the late fearful ones she had passed through, as the rich voice of Willis sounded close to her.

“Your late dangers, fair lady, I hope, have not so much impaired your nerves, that you would be afraid to trust yourself in a small boat on this quiet water for a short time?”

“Oh, no, Captain Willis! I assure you, I am now quite a sailor, and would think nothing of it!”

“I am very glad to hear it, lady, and trust you will not think I am inhospitable if I soon put your courage to the test. Had you been fearful, I should have run into the harbor; but as you are not, it will be much to my convenience to go only to the entrance of the port, and send you in in a boat.”

De Vere, who had been standing near enough to overhear the conversation, now stepped up, and said he sincerely hoped, indeed he asked it as a personal favor, that Captain Willis would go into Havana, to enable him to show his gratitude, and repay him for his vessel’s loss of time in bringing them there.

Clara, too, joined her husband in urging Willis to go into the harbor, and come to her father’s house with them; saying Don Manuel would hardly forgive Francisca for not bringing him before, and now that he was a second time the preserver of the family, she was sure her father would never forgive her.

Willis had now approached the shore as close as he wished, and laying the schooner to, he ordered his men to get out the launch, and informed De Vere and his lady that he was now prepared to carry them ashore. Their arrangements were soon made; and they, with the remnant of the Scorpion’s crew, all bidding Willis an affectionate farewell, and expressing their many thanks, got into the boat, and, steered by Mateo, pulled for the harbor.

Until the boat was out of sight Willis stood on deck looking after her; and when she disappeared from his sight, he imagined her having accomplished the rest of her way, and the joy of Francisca at so unexpectedly seeing her sister, and learning that she had been rescued by him; and knowing that Clara and De Vere could not but speak favorably of him, was also much consolation. And then he thought of the strange fate that had thus twice compelled him, after starting for the last time, as he thought, to the coast, to return to Havana, against his intentions, and obliged him now, for the third time, to head for Africa, when he was so anxious to quit the trade. He knew that the gratitude and liberality of De Vere and Don Manuel, had he gone into Havana this time, would have given him money enough to have enabled him to leave the slave-trade; but at this his pride revolted; he wished to be independent by his own exertions, and without their aid; and walking the deck, these and such thoughts, occupied him until the return of his launch. As soon as the boat came alongside, without asking any questions of her crew, he ordered her to be got on board again with all speed. This was soon done, and filling away, heading to the

eastward, the Maraposa was once more standing for the coast.

Mateo, as soon as the launch was secured, joined his captain, who was still walking the quarter-deck, and reported having landed his passengers safely, though, said he,

"If I had not known it was your express wish they should go safe, I would much rather have thrown them all overboard to quarrel with the sharks."

Willis, engaged by his own thoughts, made his mate no reply, and Mateo continued.

"If it is not taking too great a liberty, captain, I wish you would tell me why, when you had that cursed English captain and his men, who have given us so much trouble, and put us all in limbo, and would have hung you if you had not made sail out of their hands, when you had them in your power, why you did not cut all their throats, so that we might never be worried again by them, instead of treating them as if they had been your brothers, or messmates, at the least?"

"Why, Mateo," replied the captain, "if I tell you, you will hardly understand. It was not because I loved them, but it is a much greater and sweeter revenge to do your enemy a great good, when you have it in your power, than to kill him. And, besides, you would not have me take advantage of a man when he could not help himself."

"Well, captain, I know you are very different from me, and, indeed, from all the skippers I have ever known; but I would rather take satisfaction with my knife, then I can see it, and feel it. This other way of yours I can't understand, but I am much obliged to you for telling me; and the next time I fall athwart the English captain's hause, now he is from under your protection, I will give him a few inches of my knife, in part payment of the fine and imprisonment he caused me."

Willis, not feeling like entering into an argument, observed to his mate that the wind had come round more, and told him he had better ease off the sheets, and set the square-sail and studding-sails. Mateo proceeded to attend to these duties, and left him, as he wished to be, alone.

CHAPTER XI.

They say that Hope is happiness.
But genuine Love must prize the past;
And memory wakes the thoughts that bless—
They rose the first—they set the last.

BYRON.

The surprise of Don Manuel and Francisca was unbounded, when they saw De Vere and Clara return, though their fears were relieved by seeing they were both in good health; and soon as the old Don had learned the dangers through which they passed, he embraced Clara again and again, and vowed that as long as he lived,

neither of his children should ever again leave him; “for both of you, the first time either has left me, have been exposed to the most imminent perils, and wonderfully have both been rescued by the courage and gallantry of the same individual,” and asked Clara how she now liked Willis.

Francisca at this question changed color, to even a paler white than she had been before, and looked eagerly toward her sister as she replied; and sweeter than music was it to the gentle Francisca to hear her haughty sister, who had formerly said so many hard things against the slaver captain, now give utterance to nothing but praises and compliments, and such opinions as a fond girl would best like to hear spoken of the one she loved.

More pleasant dreams had Francisca that night than ever before blessed her pillow; and she chid the morning light for breaking the images of her fancy, and bringing back to her remembrance that Willis was, she knew not where; and that though she knew now no opposition would be offered by her family to his visiting the house, she might never again see him.

Don Velasquez felt so grateful to Willis for thus having saved his other daughter, and her husband, when he knew the trouble that husband had taken to bring him who thus delivered them to the gallows, that he was determined this time to try at once to show his gratitude and respect for Willis, and hastening, with De Vere, down to the harbor, chartered a steamboat to pursue the schooner and try to overtake her before she got far from the coast.

Plying the firemen and engineers plentifully with money, that most powerful stimulant, to increased exertion, the old Don soon had a fine head of steam on the boat, and promising a large reward to the captain of the steamer, if he succeeded in overtaking the schooner; the “Aguila,” went puffing out to sea, at a rate altogether new to her, and one that astonished the numerous lookers-on from the shore, who thought nothing less than a government dispatch could have need of such speed.

“How shall we steer, sir?” asked the captain of the Aguila of Don Manuel, as soon as they were clear of the light-house; but he was at a loss how to answer, and had to ask De Vere; he thinking Willis would go again to the coast, told them to hold to the eastward; and though they were on the right track, and still kept the steamer at the top of her speed, the Maraposa had too much the start of them; and after holding on for twenty-four hours, they were obliged to return without success.

“Twice, now,” said Don Manuel, “has Willis done me the greatest service that one man can do another, and neither time have I been able to repay him; but I now declare, that, if I ever meet him again, I will give him a hundred thousand dollars, and at least have the satisfaction of knowing he will be comfortable the rest of his life, without having to expose himself in his present dangerous calling; and I am certain he would adorn any circle in society.”

To this De Vere assented, and hoped they both would soon have an opportunity of seeing him. When De Vere and his father-in-law returned home, both the ladies were disappointed that they returned alone—they had been certain the steamer

would overtake the schooner.

De Vere remained some ten days, or a fortnight, quietly in Havana, recruiting, after his late excitements, and receiving the congratulations of his numerous acquaintances, on his fortunate escape, before he mentioned to Don Velasquez, his intention of again starting to England.

The old Spaniard was surprised; for now that De Vere had no vessel, he could see no reason why he could not just as well write as go himself; and begged him to do so, and resign his commission.

This De Vere was not willing to do, and told his father-in-law if he did resign, it would be more necessary for him now to return personally than if he still had his brig, for that now it touched his honor that he should give to the admiralty an account of the manner in which the Scorpion had been lost.

Finding De Vere was determined to go, Don Manuel thought this would be a good time to put in execution a project, of which he had been thinking ever since the death of his wife, but had put it off from time to time, waiting until his daughters were settled. It was to revisit his native land, Spain, which he had never seen since he first left it in his youth. And rather than let Clara go away from him again, he determined, if De Vere would accompany him, to go now, and after visiting Madrid, the place of his birth, to proceed to England with De Vere.

This arrangement was readily agreed to by the Englishman. Clara, too, was delighted when she heard of it; and Francisca was the only one of the household that was not pleased at the thought. Even the old duenna was in raptures; but Francisca thought it would be placing even a greater distance between herself and Willis, and was sad. But Spain had been the dream-land of her youth; and she had, in years gone by, so often expressed a desire to visit that land of the romantic and picturesque, that now she was compelled to appear pleased as well as the rest.

Fortunately for Don Manuel, there was a large and splendid new Spanish merchantman in port, taking in sugar for Cadiz, and the captain told him he would be ready to sail in a week. Velasquez engaged the whole of her cabin for himself and family; and when the ship was ready to sail, they were all on board, and bidding adieu to Havana for a time, they were soon on the trackless main.

Again Clara gazed at the fast fading heights of her beautiful native isle—but with what different feelings; now she had all her family with her, and was leaving none behind; and even if she should be again wrecked, death itself would not be half so awful where they could all die together; and her heart was light and buoyant.

But Francisca, though she endeavored to look cheerful, could not suppress the tears that rose fast and unbidden to her beautiful eyes, and over-running them, would trickle slowly down her cheek.

“What ails you, sister mine?” said Clara. “Are you crying for some gay Habenero you are leaving behind you? Cara mia! dry your eyes! You will find beaux as plenty as stars in the bright land to which we are going! And if you don’t

like the Castilians, I will get you a fair, handsome Englishman, like my husband! only not quite so good-looking, when we get to Albion's Isle!"

This, though said in jest, came near touching the source of Francisca's tears, though the object was Willis! and not a Havanarian! and she replied, as she brushed away her tears,

"Did you not cry, and feel sad, when you, for the first time, saw the hills of your beloved home sinking from your sight?"

"Oh yes! yes!" answered Clara; "and I wont plague you any, if you promise me not to cry more than an hour!"

Francisca soon dried her eyes, and in the company of her father, sister, and De Vere, in a fine ship, and with a good breeze, she, and all, had every prospect of a speedy and happy voyage to the shores of Spain.

Leaving them to pursue their way, let us once more rejoin the Maraposa, and see the fortunes that befell her in her trial again to make a final voyage to Africa.

CHAPTER XII.

> The burning sun
> Blistered and scorched; and stagnant on the sea
> They lay like carcases: and hope was none.
> BYRON.

The schooner had made an unmolested run across the ocean, and was now standing out of the river, to the southward of St. Felipe de Benguela, upon which the factory was situated where she always obtained her cargo of Africans, as when we first saw her coming out of the same river on a farmer voyage; her hold was crowded with miserable captives, and her crew were armed and vigilant, as they always were when they had slaves on board. Willis and his mate were standing far aft, near the tafferel, in conversation.

"I feel, Mateo," said the captain, "as if we were going to have a safe and a quick trip this time, to make up for the two or three failures we have had lately; and I suppose you know, if we get in safe this time, I am going to cut and quit the trade. And we are now making a good start for a lucky run, for the wind is fair, and nothing in sight."

"By St. Jago! I wish we may have a lucky run," replied the mate. "Not because I wish you to quit the trade, for a better or a braver captain to sail with I never expect to mess with again; and I know you believe what I say, though it is spoken to your face, sir. It has now been four years since we first sailed together, but I have a dread or presentiment that the Maraposa will never see Cuba again, and that both our voyages are nearly over."

"Pooh! pooh, man!" said Willis, "you have been drinking, and have the vapors;

that is all that ails you. Go below and take another good nip of cogniac, and you will feel as well and confident as ever!"

"You can laugh at me as much as you please, captain; but I have not drank of any thing stronger than coffee these three days; and I only hope I will prove as false a prophet as that d—d negro Obi man we hung two years ago, for trying to burn the schooner; and who said you and I both would stretch hemp before the year was out."

"We have had time to prove, Mateo, he did not know what he was talking about, and in a month more, when we have landed this cargo, and handled the dollars, you will find you are as much mistaken as he was. But I wish you would jump up to the fore-topsail yard and see if you can make out any thing. I fear that infernal sloop-of-war that chased us so hard, when we had to run to the northward, more than any thing else."

Mateo, taking a glass, was soon sweeping the horizon from his lofty perch, and in a few moments he sung out —

"There she is, blast her! just where she has always managed to be yet, dead to windward! and ahead!"

"How is she heading?" asked Willis.

"To the nor'ard, sir; and about fifteen miles off."

"Very well, Mateo, we will try to get to the westward of her before she makes much more northing, and if I can show her the Maraposa's stern, then we will get in before she can overhaul us."

But Willis, this time underrated the speed of the vessel in sight, which was a new sloop, and one of the fastest square-rigged vessels that ever carried a sail; and long before he got on a line with her, she had lessened the distance between them to seven or eight miles, and, having seen the schooner, was now crowding on more duck, and heading a little to the eastward; she would, in less than an hour more, be right on board the slaver.

This was an arrangement that did not suit Willis at all, but there was nothing for it but to try his heels. And hoping they would stand him in as good stead now as they had on many a former occasion, he put the Maraposa's helm a-port and ran off before the wind to the northward.

Square-sail, studding-sails, ring-tail and water-sails were all set and full; every place an inch of canvas could be put there was one, and the schooner rushed through the water like a mad creature, heaving high the waves, until they ran over her bows and deck in a perfect cataract. But all would not do! Steadily astern of them came on the sloop-of-war, with her lofty sails piled upon one another, until she looked like a mountain, moving in the schooner's wake. Every moment she gained upon the slaver.

In four hours, so rapidly had the sloop come up, she was within gun-shot of the Maraposa, whose doom seemed sealed, as a shot from the sloop's bow gun fell into the water, just ahead of her, showing she was within range, and also as a signal to

the slaver to surrender.

But Willis had no such intention; and in answer to the shot ran up to his main-gaff the flaunting ensign of Spain.

“That proud Englishman thinks he is certain of the little slaver, but if ever he gets any prize money out of her sale I will be very much mistaken!” said Willis, as another shot from the sloop struck the Maraposa’s starboard quarter, carried away the quarter davit, and dropped one end of her stern boat in the water, just as the flag unfurled itself in the wind; but the man-of-war knew the schooner was in her power, and did not wish to cut such a beautiful craft to pieces with her shot, and determined to carry the slaver by boarding.

On she came, therefore, silently, until her flying-jibboom was even with the schooner’s tafferel, when the captain of the man-of-war, jumping up on the hammock-nettings, ordered the schooner to surrender or he would board her.

The slaver’s crew were all at quarters, and looked as quiet as desperate men, determined to die rather than surrender, always do.

When the English captain hailed, Willis cast a glance at his men, and reading their courage in their looks, said nothing. The sloop drew by until she was abreast of the Maraposa. As soon as Willis saw that all his guns would bear, he sung out —“Fire!” The loud report of his three carronades and long gun instantly resounded; and fired, as they had been, with their muzzles nearly touching the sloop’s sides, the shot did fearful execution; leaving four gaping holes in the man-of-war’s hull, and wounding many of her men.

The audacity of this attack, for a moment, seemed to paralize the Englishman; but recovering from his surprise, the captain of the sloop cried out —

“Heave over the grappling-irons, and away, ye boarders, away! Spare none of them but the captain; take him alive if you can.”

Like an avalanche, the sloop’s boarders poured down upon the deck of the schooner, but her stern crew gave back not an inch! Heroically they stood their ground! In a better cause their deeds would have been immortalized in song and story; but they knew their cause was hopeless, and they were only fighting for revenge: and deep, deep did their cutlases and boarding-axes drink of English blood that day!

But they could not contend long against such fearful odds; one by one, they fell dead in their tracks, suppressing even their groans as they died. Soon all that were left alive of the slaver’s crew were Willis, Mateo, and the old captain of the forecastle, who, back to back, on the quarter-deck, were fighting like tigers; and a ring of dead and dying foes around them proved their prowess and strength of arm.

A cutlas stroke over the head laid low the hardy old captain of the forecastle, and Willis was alone with Mateo. With a loud huzza, when the old seaman fell, the sloop’s men made a rush to encircle Willis, and capture him alive, but he had heard the English captain’s orders, and determined never again to be in chains.

Willis made a desperate effort, and with three strokes of his cutlas, felling a foeman at each, he brought himself opposite the cabin companion-way; quickly from his belt he drew a pistol and fired it down into the cabin.

A bright flash followed, and then a noise as if heaven's artillery had pealed forth a salvo; and all was silent!

The lofty sloop, and the graceful schooner, where were they? They had entirely disappeared; and in the place they had occupied nothing was now to be seen but a confused mass of spars! splinters! cordage! dead men's bodies! legs! arms! heads! floating about; and here and there a few who had escaped with their lives, swimming and endeavoring to get on some floating spar, to prolong for a little time their existence.

Willis, before the combat, had placed a train from his magazine to a keg of powder at the foot of the cabin companion-way, and finding he was about to be captured, he had set fire to the train, by firing his pistol into the open keg, and blown up his own vessel and the sloop, which was lying close alongside.

Sitting on a large spar, which had formerly done duty as the Maraposa's main-mast, was the figure of a man, the calm and philosophical expression of whose countenance was strangely at variance with the scene of confusion and death that surrounded him; and the current of his thoughts was equally uncommon for one in his situation.

"Well!" soliloquized he, "that was the tallest hoist I have ever had yet. I fell from a frigate's topgallant-yard once, but, by the Virgin's Son, that was nothing to this! First, I went up, until I thought I was on a voyage to the moon, and then I came down like a burst rocket, and sunk into the sea, down, down, until I was sure I would come out on the other side; and then I came up in the midst of this infernal mess, safe and sound, and am booked for a cruise on this old spar. *Maldito!* I wish the berth was a better one! But after getting alive out of that hot fight, and coming off safe from a blowing up, I know I am not going to be drowned or starved to death! No, no, hanging will be my lot yet! and I could make out well enough here, for a while, if I only had a shipmate; messmates we would not be, for there is no grub—and, blast me, if there is not another chap alive, if he only has strength enough to get here." As he said this, he stretched out his arm to aid a man, who, with feeble effort, was endeavoring to get on the spar.

The new comer's face was grimed and black with powder, and he was stained with blood that was exuding from a deep gash in his shoulder; for a moment he sat motionless to recover himself, and then exclaimed, extending his hand to his companion on the mast,

"My God, is that you, Mateo!"

"*Madre de Cielo!*" said Mateo, who was the individual that had been philosophising. "Is that you, captain? By St. Antony, I am glad to see you! I was just wishing for a shipmate, but had no thought I would be lucky enough to fall in with

you; for I thought it hardly possible we should both escape.”

“Nor have we yet,” said Willis; for it was he. “We have a poor chance of ever going from here, but to the fishes; but even that is better than to be carried into Havana again and hung. And it is some consolation that the sloop’s gone to Davy Jones’ locker as well as the Maraposa. I said this would be her last voyage to the coast, but I had no idea the poor craft would come to an end altogether.”

“Keep up your heart, captain,” said Mateo, “for I know I am going to die by hanging; and as you could not find the means of doing the job for me here, even if I wished it, we must necessarily get safe somewhere; and you know I am a true prophet!”

For three days, on the bare mast, exposed to the burning heat of the sun, without food or water, and hope dying in their hearts, Willis and Mateo lived. Their sufferings were awful: daily their strength failed: and Willis, who was weaker than Mateo, from loss of blood, and stiff from his wound, would have fallen off the mast, had not his mate taken the belt from around the captain’s waist, and bound him on with it: and feeling his own strength failing, he got to the other end of the spar, propped himself in between the cross-trees, and took a long look around the horizon, to see if there was not a sail in sight; but no such blessing greeted his eyes.

They were alone on the great and boundless solitude of the wide ocean—out of reach of all succor—and thus they floated on.

CHAPTER XIII.

The web of our life is of a
Mingled yarn, good and ill together.
ALL’S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

“El Diamente,” to avoid the bad weather, usually met with in the Gulf Stream, had taken the eastern passage, and, after clearing the Bahamas, had held her course about east north-east, and getting far to the eastward, was rapidly ploughing toward her destination.

She had been fortunate in having fair winds and good weather, and the voyage to Don Manuel and his family had been a very pleasant one. In the security and calmness of this passage, Clara had nearly forgotten the dreadful horrors and mischances that can take place at sea, and which she had experienced on her former voyage.

It was after sundown, the day had been intensely warm, and Clara and Francisca were sitting on the ship’s high poop-deck, enjoying the pleasant, and now cool air, and admiring the placid beauty of the smooth sea.

“What is that dark object, sister?” asked Francisca, pointing to a large, black-looking substance, floating to leeward.

“Indeed, I don’t know, Niñetta! It looks like a whale.”

“Oh! I want to see one so much; call Captain De Vere, and tell him to bring the telescope, so that we can have a good look at it,” said Francisca.

Clara called her husband, who came laughingly upon the poop, with a telescope; and adjusting the glass, he looked through it to see that the focus was right, before giving it to the ladies.

But as he looked his countenance changed, and taking the glass from his eye, in a voice of pity, he said, “that is not a whale, ladies; but two poor men on a floating mast.” Both the ladies expressed the greatest pity, and begged De Vere to have the poor men picked up: this he intended to do; and calling to his side the captain of the ship, pointed out to him the floating wreck.

The captain was a kind-hearted man, and there is nothing that excites the sympathy of a sailor quicker than a wreck, for it is a peril to which they are all and always exposed, and he at once ordered the man at the wheel to keep away. Soon the figures of the men on the spar were visible from the deck, and they looked as if they were both dead.

Getting near them, the Diamente’s top-sail was hove aback, and a boat lowered, to bring the sufferers on board. When she brought them, both men were insensible, though their faint breathing gave evidence that life had not yet departed.

All the crew and passengers were gathered around the gangway, to see the rescued ones as they were passed on board. As Willis came over, Francisca, with the quick eye of love, recognized him, and, shocked at his dreadful appearance, fainted.

None else recognized the handsome slaver, in the begrimed, sunburnt, blood-stained, and skeleton figure before them. And attributing Francisca’s swoon to pity, for a sight so horrible, carried her below.

Mateo and Willis were laid on deck, for the purpose of being resuscitated before they were carried below. Willis, who was much the most debilitated of the two, from the loss of blood he had sustained, for a long time resisted all efforts to restore animation. But Mateo, who had swooned but a short time before they were discovered, more easily recovered his faculties. But only partially and confusedly had his mind been restored, for, startled by the noise and bustle around him, bewildered, and remembering the desperate fight before the schooner was blown up, and seeing bending over him the face of De Vere, whom he had always known as an enemy, he thought he was again in the hot and heady fight, and staggering to his feet, before any one could stop his movements, he had drawn his sheath-knife, and shouting feebly, in Spanish, “Give it to the English dogs!” he plunged his knife to the hilt in the breast of De Vere; and overcome by the exertion, sunk again senseless on deck; falling across the body of the English captain, who had dropped dead.

Clara sprung forward, and pitching off Mateo, took her husband on her lap, and eagerly tried to staunch the fast welling blood, but it was useless.

The spirit had already fled; in her arms she held but an inanimate corse! She

fainted, and fell by the side of her husband, and looked as if her soul had also taken its departure. So cold and deathlike did she look, that it was impossible to tell in which the principle of life still existed, the husband or the wife.

The crew, ignorant of all former acquaintance between the murderer and the murdered, were exasperated that he had met his death from the hand of the man he was trying to aid, and would have thrown both Willis and Mateo again into the sea, from whence they had just taken them, had not Francisca, whose anxiety to learn the fate of Willis had brought her on deck again, told her father who the men were; and the old Don, getting between the crew of the Diamond and the objects of their fury, explained to them their obligations to one of the party, and begged them to pause. He promised to be responsible for Willis himself, and persuaded them to put Mateo in irons, and carry him into port to be tried, instead of executing him themselves.

By the next day both Clara and Willis sufficiently recovered to attend the solemn commitment of De Vere to his last resting-place. Solemn it is, and heart-touching at any time, to see a man committed to a sailor's grave, but on this occasion the feelings of the lookers-on were peculiarly harrowing—and a gloom, dark and drear, was cast over the rest of the voyage, that had commenced so pleasantly.

Clara was deeply affected by the fate of her young husband, thus cut off in the prime of his manhood, without a moment's warning. Her character was changed; no longer proud and haughty, she determined to devote the rest of her life to the service of God.

Francisca and Don Manuel were serious and sad at the thought of De Vere's sudden death and Clara's distress, though a feeling of joy, like a spring rill, trickled along the bottom of Francisca's heart, at the sight of Willis's daily improvement in health, and from knowing he was near her.

Even the crew looked glum and sulky, for there is a superstition amongst sailors, that a murder on board gives a ship bad luck—and they feared a fatal termination to their voyage.

Mateo, the cause of all this suffering and mental commotion, was the only one on board who was totally unaffected by it. He was placed under the break of the forecastle, heavily ironed, and was perfectly calm; and when Willis asked him how he came to kill De Vere, and told him he would certainly be hung when they arrived at Cadiz, he said that he was sorry he had knifed De Vere when he did, but it was no more than he had intended to do some time; and as for being hung, it was what he had always expected—and he would grace a rope as well as another.

Willis, who liked the man for his faithfulness and dogged courage, had all his physical wants attended to; but no change took place in Mateo's hardened mind.

Don Manuel took an opportunity, before the ship got in, to tell Willis how grateful he felt, and how much he respected him for his conduct in saving the lives of Clara and De Vere; and that though the captain, unfortunately, had not lived long

enough to express his feelings otherwise than in words, he hoped Willis would permit him to be his friend, and told him that he had left a hundred thousand dollars for him, in the hands of his agent in Havana, in case Willis returned there before he saw him again; but as he had been fortunate enough to meet him, he insisted upon being Willis's banker, and begged him to go to Madrid, and then return to Havana with him.

Willis thanked Don Manuel for the high opinion he was pleased to entertain of him, and for the kindness he had shown by leaving the large amount of money for him in Havana, but begged Don Velasquez to excuse him from accepting it; and told him he would have returned the box of doubloons he had sent him, had not the loss of his schooner put it out of his power, and expressed his intention of proceeding to the Chinese seas, after their arrival in Cadiz, to prosecute his fortunes in a new field.

Don Manuel listened until Willis had finished speaking, and then, taking his hand, he said, —

"Excuse me for what I am about to say, Captain Willis, but I am an old man, and mean nothing but kindness toward you. Pride, Captain Willis, I know, prevents your acceptance of my offer; but lay it aside as a favor to me, and believe that it is you who will be conferring the favor. The money to me is nothing, I have plenty of it, and have lived long enough to appreciate it at its just value; and I mean not to offend, but I must speak plainly. You are doing wrong to waste the fine feelings and mind that I know you to possess, in an occupation so much beneath you as that in which you have been engaged, or will be likely to get into without money or friends, so at the least promise me that you accompany us to Madrid, and give me a favorable answer to my request when we return."

Willis was much affected by the kindness of the old Spaniard, and promised to stay with them until they were ready to return to Cuba.

Notwithstanding the fears of her crew the Diamente arrived safely in port, and Mateo was given up to the civil authorities to be tried. The evidence against him was clear and conclusive; and he was condemned to be hung the day after his trial.

Willis accompanied him to the foot of the gallows; but Mateo gave no evidence either of fear or repentance, and remarked to the hangman, as he reached the platform, that the knot on the end of the noose was made in a d—d unseamanlike manner, and he was afraid it would jam—but it did not; and the sailor died as he had lived, in the midst of sin.

It gave Willis a sharp and disagreeable pang to think of the narrow escape he had in Havana from finishing his career in the same dishonorable manner; and he felt thankful he had been able to avoid it. Giving a priest a handful of doubloons to say masses for the soul's rest of his departed shipmate, he returned to the hotel to report to Don Manuel the fate of Mateo.

The next day they all departed for Madrid; but though the season was unusually gay, none of the party experienced much pleasure from the gayeties of the city.

Don Manuel was treated with much attention; but every thing had changed since he had been there before. The friends of his youth had died, or were now all old men, and immersed in the cares of business or ambition, were vastly different from the youths he remembered, and his heart yearned to be back in Cuba, amongst the more familiar scenes and friends of his latter years.

Clara was too sad to be happy any where; and Francisca, finding pleasure in nothing but the society of Willis, liked not the flirtations and compliments of the Madrid gallants.

The death of De Vere did away the necessity of going to England; and Clara now had no desire to outshine the English belles—and the trip was given up. All were glad when Don Manuel told them, if they were willing, he would return to Cuba in the same ship in which they came out, as she would return to Havana.

They all expressed their satisfaction; and Willis was now so much enamored with Francisca, that the Don had but little difficulty in persuading him to accompany them.

Again was Don Manuel and his family on board the good ship Diamante; and with a fresh breeze, and with more pleasure than they had experienced for some time, they bade farewell to the shores of Spain, and were heading for home. Home! in that name there is something that excites pleasant feelings in the breast, no matter how torn by sorrow. Even Clara felt more happiness than she had known since the death of her husband.

It was a bright, star-light evening; the ship was slowly moving through the water, that rippled in small waves around her bows. All was still, silent, and beautiful; and Willis and Francisca were walking up and down the poop quarter-deck, which was untenanted, save by themselves; every thing seemed fitted for love and sentiment, and Willis—but I will not repeat what he said—sufficient is it that he confessed to Francisca the deep, deep love he entertained toward her; and she, happy girl, blushingly, acknowledged that it was reciprocated.

Happy, indeed, was Francisca that night; her day-dream and her night-vision of the last eight months had at last come to pass. Willis loved her, and had acknowledged his passion.

Willis had not intended to mention his feelings to Francisca until after he had spoken to her father. But the stillness of the evening, the fine opportunity, and a something in his heart, he knew not what, had overpowered his resolution, and he yielded to circumstances. He now sought Don Manuel to tell him, feeling as if he had been guilty of a crime; but the kindness with which the old Spaniard listened to him, soothed his agitation; and the cup of his happiness was running over when the old man gave his consent to his marriage.

The rest of the voyage passed away, to Willis and Francisca, like magic; and when the cry of “land ho!” resounded from the mast-head, they could not believe that it was Cuba; but the light-house ere long was visible, and they could doubt the

evidence of their senses no longer. For the first time Willis felt really glad to enter the harbor; and the remembrance of his situation, and the manner in which he had left, when last there, added to the pleasantness of his present feelings.

A fortnight after the arrival of the Diamente in port, there was a gay bridal party before the high-altar of the Cathedral, and in the same church he had witnessed the nuptials of Clara and De Vere, now stood Willis, happy and proud, with his heart overflowing with gratitude, waiting to receive the benediction that would make the beauteous, the lovely, the pure, and virtuous being at his side, his own forever; and even as that benediction was being pronounced, he remembered the misery he had felt, when he stood behind the pillar at his right, and witnessed the ceremony of De Vere's marriage, and felt that he was an outcast, branded, desperate, poor. But his fortune now was changed, the benediction was given, and Francisca, in the sight of God and man, was his for evermore.

Stooping over, he imprinted on her ruby lips the first warm kiss of love he had ever given her; for he respected her so much, and so keenly remembered what he had been, that he avoided every thing he thought could possibly shock her delicacy; and, overwhelmed by the congratulations of his friends, amongst whom none were as loud as the old duenna, the party left the church.

A gay and brilliant assembly there was that night at the mansion of Don Velasquez, crowded by the *élite*, the young, the fashionable of Havana; but prominent above all the couples in the mazy dance, or stately promenade, for grace and beauty, shone the new bride and bridegroom; and the appearance of perfect contentment and joy that lighted their countenances, added a charm the most lovely, and without which the most perfect features lack beauty.

Shortly after the marriage of Francisca, Clara retired to the convent of our Lady of Mercy, and devoting the rest of her life to deeds of charity and acts of self-denial, endeavored to expiate the sins she thought her pride and haughtiness had made her commit in her earlier years.

At Francisca's request, Don Manuel presented Willis with his plantation and the country-house on the bay, where, with his loved and lovely bride, he settled. And no one who had looked upon them four years afterward, would have recognized in the loving father playing with a little boy about three years old, and laughing as heartily as the child, Willis, the Slaver, had they not looked around and espied the beautiful Francisca, now a settled matron, with an infant on her knee, but as lovely as ever; and a little further off, through an open window that led to the piazza, was seen the cheerful face of Don Manuel. And glimpses might be caught of the old duenna, as she bustled about the house, in all the pride of chief manager.

In all that vicinity, no one has a higher character for kindness, charity, or benevolence, than Don Carlos Willis; and no one is more ready to relieve the wants of his fellow man, either moral or physical; but none know that the good man, whose name they all unite in praising, was formerly the notorious slaver! the outlaw! the desperado of the "MARAPOSA!"

TO A CENTURY PLANT.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

An hundred summers, and the sun
   Hath poured on thee his light;
An hundred winters, and the storm
   Hath swept the earth in night.
Yet thou, unhurt by sun or storm,
   Art standing firm and green
As when by bright eyes long ago
   Thy broad dark leaves were seen.

Art standing stately in thy pride,
   While fragrant flowers unfold
From every branch of thy tall stem,
   As if thou wert not old.
Not old! an hundred years has time
   Borne silently away;
Of all who saw thee first, not one
   May look on thee to-day.

I would that every flower of thine
   Were gifted with a spell,
Which, whispering to this heart of mine,
   Of all the past might tell.
For much I love the olden time,
   And many an olden theme;
Their pleasant memories haunt my heart
   Like shadows in a dream.

And I from thee a tale would hear
   Ere thou dost fade away,
For thou, with all thy thousand years,
   Art hasting to decay!
A true, true tale of human hearts,
   Of human hopes and fears,
And I will give to joys a smile,

To griefs will give my tears.

And yet, mayhap, the wish is vain,
To wake the solemn past,
Or break the darkly-woven chain
By silence round it cast.
Mayhap ’tis but a foolish wish,
And yet the thoughtful mind
Will love the lore of human hearts,
That links it to its kind.

Thou of the hundred years! what change
Hast seen around thee wrought?
Hast thou no voice, no truthful voice,
To tell of buried thought?
Still silent—but thy rustling leaves
Whisper in spirit-tone,
“Wouldst learn the tale of other hearts,
Look, then, into thine own.

“Think of the warm, bright hopes that sprung
Within thy youthful breast,
Oh think what pangs thy heart have wrung
For dear ones laid at rest.
Think what a mighty lore remains
Still to be read by thee;
The past—the present—future—all
Blended in one Eternity!”

THE RING.

OR FIBBERS AND FIBBING.

BY F. E. F., AUTHOR OF “AARON’S ROD,” “PRIZE STORIES,” ETC.

CHAPTER I.

“I hope no one will come in this morning,” said Alice Livingston to her cousin, Emma Percival. “I am tired after last night’s dancing, are not you Emma?”

“Yes,” replied her cousin, yawning, “and sleepy too.”

“I love a long, quiet morning now and then,” continued Alice; “and it looks so like rain that I think we are pretty safe to-day.”

“Don’t think it, my dear,” replied Emma. “This is just the kind of weather that people you don’t want to see are sure to call. I hate these cloudy mornings for that reason. You can’t say you are out such a day as this, and yet it don’t rain positively, so that others are obliged to stay at home, whether they will or no. Now there’s Mrs. Gardiner regularly chooses these days for her inflictions. I’ve no doubt, by the way, she will be here this very morning, for I met her yesterday, and she stopped to say she had not seen any of us for a long time, and all that. Beside she is sure to call in disagreeable weather.”

“What a strange fancy,” said Alice.

“Oh, she’s one of those restless gossips who cannot stay at home a day for her life,” replied Emma. “And then, beside, she’s a bore, and loves to pin you for half the morning; and, moreover, she’s only sure of getting in when you cannot possibly say you are out. Depend upon it she’ll be here this morning—I am sure she will. ‘By the pricking of my thumbs, I *feel* that something evil this way comes.’ ”

“I hope your mesmeric thumbs are mistaken this once,” said Alice, laughing.

“I’ve no doubt but that’s her ring now,” replied Emma; and, sure enough, as the door opened, Mrs. Gardiner entered.

“Ah! Mrs. Gardiner,” said Emma, going forward in the most gracious, pleasant manner, “I thought I knew your ring. We were just speaking of you, and I told Alice that I was sure it was you.”

Mrs. Gardiner looked pleased as she replied, “How came you to expect me just now?”

“I don’t know. It’s a mesmeric sympathy, I suppose,” replied Emma, smiling,

"with which I am endowed. Alice was laughing at me just as you came in, for putting so much faith in my feelings. But you see, Alice," she said looking at her cousin, "that my impressions are quite worth your anticipations. Alice," she continued, addressing Mrs. Gardiner, "has been watching the clouds, thinking no one would take pity on us this morning; but I knew better." And Emma again looked at her cousin with an expression of amusement that Alice, knowing what she meant, could not respond to. Being embarrassed between truth and civility, she made a slight and rather cold reply, which added considerably to Emma's mirth.

"Is Mrs. Percival at home?" inquired Mrs. Gardiner, presently; and as she spoke, she rather turned to Alice, who replied, —

"Yes, I believe so."

"No," said Emma. "Alice, she went out some time ago."

"It's an unpleasant day for her to be out," remarked Mrs. Gardiner, fixing her piercing eyes upon Emma with a very incredulous stare.

"She has gone to see old Mrs. Haight," replied Emma. "She is quite ill, you know."

"If she does not return soon, she will be caught in the rain," pursued Mrs. Gardiner, who had heard the story of "mamma's having gone to Mrs. Haight's" too often, to put implicit faith in it; "it was sprinkling as I came in."

"Is it?" said Emma. "She will probably stay and dine there, then. Mamma has not been there for some time, and so she will probably now 'make a day on't.' "

Mrs. Gardiner had nothing more to say on the subject; so the conversation turned to other things.

"By the way, Emma," she said, presently, "did you get a hat the other morning? I left you, I believe, at Dudevant's."

"Oh, yes, I have one," replied Emma.

"Do let me see it," said Mrs. Gardiner, who took an intense interest in the subject of dress. Emma rung, and had her bandbox brought down.

Mrs. Gardiner eyed the bonnet suspiciously, as Emma presented it to her, and said, —

"Who made it, Emma?"

"It's a French one," replied Emma, promptly.

"Where did you get it?" pursued Mrs. Gardiner.

"At Dudevant's," said Emma, in the same decided manner.

"At Dudevant's?" repeated Mrs. Gardiner, looking full at Emma. "Why I was there at the opening—I did not see this hat there."

"It was in one of the cases," replied Emma.

"Oh—!" said Mrs. Gardiner. The manner was as if 'that may be.' "I did not look in the cases," she added. "And what did Dudevant ask you for that hat, Emma?"

“That’s between me and my conscience,” replied Emma, laughing. “I never tell Dudevant’s prices.”

“She is an extortionate creature,” said Mrs. Gardiner; and there the subject dropped.

“Well, Emma,” said she, after some time, “if you think your mother will not be at home to dinner, there’s no use in my waiting for her, I suppose.”

“I do not think there is any chance of your seeing mamma this morning, Mrs. Gardiner, for I’ve no doubt she’ll stay and dine at Mrs. Haight’s. But won’t you stay with Alice and myself?”

“Thank you, my dear,” replied the lady. “I wanted to see your mother, but since she is out, I believe I must be going. Good morning.”

“Good morning;” and the door had hardly closed upon her, ere Emma exclaimed,—

“She’s gone at last, thank heaven! She came to spend the day, I expect. I was so afraid that mother might come in. I thought I actually heard her at one time on the stairs.”

“Why, is not your mother out?” inquired Alice, opening her eyes very wide.

“Lord, no, my dear,” said Emma, laughing. “Did you think she was?”

“Certainly,” replied Alice, “when you said so. And all that about Mrs. Haight’s illness is not true either? Oh, Emma!”

“Oh, that’s true enough, Alice. You need not look so shocked. The poor old soul has been ill ever so long; so I always send mamma there when I want to make an excuse for her. She does go, in fact, pretty often; but *I* make her the most attentive, devoted friend that ever was.” And Emma laughed heartily at her own cleverness, and seemed to enjoy the idea excessively; but Alice looked grave, as she said, —

“How can you, Emma?”

“How can I what, Alice?”

“Why, tell so many—what shall I call them—fibs, for nothing.”

“I never ‘fib for nothing,’ Alice,” replied Emma. “That would be downright extravagance and waste. My fibs always have a reason. I knew mamma did not want to see Mrs. Gardiner—so I said she was out.”

“Why, then, did you not say she was engaged?” pursued Alice, reproachfully.

“Because, my dear, that would have been quite as much of a fib as the other, and not near as effectual. Mamma was not dressed to see company, and was only reading a novel. I could not very well say that, you know. I presume even your penchant for truth would not have carried you so far. Beside, every body is said to be ‘out’ when they don’t mean to see company. They are words, of course, to which no one attaches any ideas of either falsehood or truth.”

“I am not certain of that,” said Alice, “even as a general thing; but when a

person enters into such particulars as you do, Emma, I am sure of the contrary. You not only sent your mother to Mrs. Haight's, but kept her there to dinner. It really does seem to me that that was most gratuitous fibbing."

"No such thing," said Emma, laughing. "It was a very bright idea, that; for I saw she thought of waiting till mamma came home, and wanted, moreover, to dine here—and I had no idea of that, I assure you. I was tired to death of her as it was."

"And yet you received her as if she were the very person you were wishing for," continued Alice.

"I am sure," said Emma, laughing, "I repeated, verbatim, what we had been saying."

"Yes—but with such a different inference," said Alice.

"Oh, if I keep to facts," said Emma, gayly, "I do not feel responsible for other people's inferences."

"And about your hat," continued Alice, reproachfully, "why, Emma, should you not have told the truth?"

"Because," replied Emma, indignantly, "she would just have sent for Henrietta, and had hats made for both her girls precisely after mine, which, by the way, she would probably have sent to borrow as a pattern, if I had let her know she made it in the house. Mrs. Gardiner has no conscience, no decency about those things. She don't scruple imitating any thing you have, if she can."

Alice could not but smile in her turn at Emma's ideas of 'conscience,' and 'scruples,' but she said,

"Do you think she believed you, Emma?"

"I don't know whether she did or not, and I don't care. She did not find out the truth, and that's all I care about," replied Emma, still quite indignant with Mrs. Gardiner. "No, I don't suppose she did," she continued, carelessly. "Nobody who saw the hat, and has eyes in their head, can mistake a home-made hat for a French one. But she could not tell me so, you know; and I don't care what she thinks. I could not help laughing, Alice," continued Emma, more in her usual gay manner, "to see you look so confounded when Mrs. Gardiner came in. You certainly have the most tell-tale face in the world. But it wont do, Alice. Now, as you have been lecturing me, I am going to return the compliment. Something *is* due to the *bienséances* of society, and you, with your truth, are really sometimes downright rude. Now last night, after Fanny Elton sung, you never said a word to Mrs. Elton, who sat beside you. Your coldness cost me a double dose of civility. I had to say all I could to make up for you. Do, pray, Alice, do your own civilities in future, for I have quite enough fibbing to do on my own account, without undertaking yours."

"What could I say?" said Alice. "You *would* ask the girl to sing, and you know she has no voice, and is so dreadfully false, too. I really felt pained for her mother."

"The more reason, my dear, why you should have said something civil to her," replied Emma.

“But I could not, Emma. It was out of the question to say any thing complimentary; and so I thought it best to say nothing. How you could go on as you did, amazed me, for you gave me such a funny look, which, by the way, I was so afraid Mrs. Elton would see, when she came out with those horrid false notes.”

“It was dreadful, to be sure,” said Emma. “But I think it not only uncivil, but really unamiable, Alice, not to stretch the truth sometimes. I declare I was quite delighted with myself for making the old lady so happy as I did, by praising Fanny’s music; and as for not asking her, that would never have done. They think at home she is the greatest musician in the city. One has *got* to fib sometimes.”

“Oh, don’t say so,” said Alice, earnestly. “I do love the truth—it’s a —”

“A jewel, no doubt,” said Emma, interrupting her. “I agree with you; but it’s in bad taste to be in jewels always. If you persist in telling the truth in season and out of season, you’ll be as *outré* as poor Mrs. Thatcher, with those eternal diamonds of hers. And then it’s so tiresome,” pursued Emma, “always to stick to facts so. You must embellish a little if you want to make a thing amusing.”

“There I entirely differ from you,” said Alice, decidedly. “The truth may not always be polite, but it’s always refreshing. I think there is nothing that is not only so beautiful, but so *agreeable* as the truth. It really sometimes has the effect of wit. There’s Mrs. Kemp, for instance, who everybody calls so agreeable; and I do think the great charm is in her being so perfectly true. She always gives you her real opinions and sentiments, and tells you things just as she sees them; and it gives a freshness to her conversation that very few people have. Most persons just repeat what others say, because they think it wont do to differ from the majority. Now truth gives life, freshness, individuality, every thing that is to me delightful, in both people and conversation.”

“Mrs. Kemp has an odd way of coming out with all that comes into her head,” replied Emma, “and I agree with you that it is amusing; but, really, I think it would hardly be put up with if she were not so rich, and a person of so much consequence as she is. I think people would call it right down impudence; and, moreover, she is a woman of a good deal of wit. If she were as dull as old Mrs. Elton, she might be as true as the sun, and she would never by any accident make you laugh. So, you see, my dear, it’s wit, and not truth, that is the refreshing quality. There’s Miss Ellis, who is not famous for her accuracy, and yet is one of the most amusing persons I know.”

“She would be, if one could place any reliance on her narratives,” replied Alice. “But the feeling of doubt and uncertainty that I have in listening to her anecdotes, dashes, if it does not destroy, the pleasure her conversation would otherwise give me.” Emma laughed as she answered, —

“Your dissatisfied look always amuses me when Miss Ellis is talking. But what difference does it make, after all, whether the thing is true or false, as long as it amuses? Half the time you don’t even know the people discussed. Where is the use

of being so particular in trifles?”

“Oh, Emma,” said Alice, seriously, “don’t talk so. It’s a shocking habit. ‘Thou shalt not bear false witness,’ is one of God’s own commandments.”

“Who is talking of ‘bearing false witness,’ Alice?” said Emma, quite angrily. “You good people are so civil! I do hate such exaggeration. One would really think that to fulfill the courtesies of society and to commit perjury, were equal crimes. Because I am good-natured enough to say a civil thing to an old woman, you are pleased to imply that I may ‘bear false witness against my neighbors.’ ”

“No, I do not, Emma,” replied Alice, firmly, “but the habit of trifling with the truth, is a fearful one; and you may depend upon it, that no one who ever was careful of it in little points, was ever led to swerve aside in great things. Those who are in the habit of yielding to small temptations are those who most readily fall under great ones.”

“May be,” said Emma, weary of the discussion, “but I think you had better cultivate the habit of not looking so tired when you are bored, and I’ll try and be rude the first opportunity that offers, if that will suit you; so now go and put on your bonnet, for the carriage is at the door.” And so the conversation ended.

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CHAPTER II.

“Is it not too bad,” said Emma, one day to Alice, “in Charles Cooper to wear that ring of mine; and before Mr. Dashwood, too?”

“You did give it to him, then?” said Alice, quickly. “I thought so; and yet you looked so unconscious, and joined in so carelessly when Mr. Dashwood was talking about it, that I supposed I must be mistaken.”

“Did I?” said Emma, evidently relieved. “I was so afraid I colored, or looked guilty; for I was so startled and frightened, that it was as much as I could do to command myself.”

“Oh, Emma,” said Alice, earnestly, “since you had given the ring, why did you not say so frankly?”

“How could I?” exclaimed Emma, looking aghast at the idea, “when Mr. Dashwood spoke of such things as being *vulgar*. If he had not made use of that horrible word, ‘vulgar,’ may be I might; but I could not acknowledge it after that, you know.”

“What did he say?” inquired Alice. “I did not hear the commencement of the conversation. How came he to speak of it?”

“Oh, he happened to say he did not like Charles Cooper, (another reason, by the way, for my saying nothing of my old flirtation,) that he was so full of little vanities; and mentioned, as an instance, that he wore a lady’s ring, which he was very fond of

displaying and having noticed, which Mr. Dashwood said was 'very contemptible;' but the dreadful part of it was, that he added, 'To be sure he did not suppose the lady could be very fastidious, or she would not have given a ring to such a man as Charles Cooper; and, indeed, for his part, he thought such flirtations vulgar things always.' Ah! I almost gasped for breath; and I was so thankful I had not said the ring was mine, which I was on the point of doing, when he began the story."

"Oh, how I wish you had!" exclaimed Alice, fervently.

"Heavens, Alice!" said Emma, reproachfully; "how can you? Do you really wish to see me lowered in his eyes?" and the tears gushed into hers at the bare suggestion.

"No, Emma," said Alice, affectionately. "But that would have been far from the case. If you had said frankly, and in your playful way, 'Ah, take care, for *I* gave him that ring,' Mr. Dashwood would have thought nothing of it, or only admired you the more for your sincerity."

"Do you think so?" said Emma, doubtingly. "If I thought that—yes—I believe you are right I wish I had; but I was so frightened at the time—and it's too late now."

"Oh, no, it is not, Emma," said Alice, earnestly. "Do tell him this evening."

"What, tell him I did a 'vulgar' thing, in the first instance, and told a fib about it afterward! Why, what can you be thinking of, Alice?" and Emma actually turned pale at the idea. "You know how scrupulous he is in such matters. You really seem anxious that I should make him despise me," she added, reproachfully.

"No, indeed, Emma; but he is so noble and upright, that I cannot bear that you should deceive him in any thing; and I am sure you may trust his admiration and affection to any extent, Emma. Why should you be afraid of him? If you begin so now, what will it be after you are married?"

"Oh," replied Emma, laughing, "when we are once married, he takes me 'for better or worse,' and so must put up with me, faults and all; so I shall not be afraid to tell him any thing."

"Better begin now," urged Alice.

"Well, I will next time," said Emma, impatiently. "But there's no use in bringing this up again. It has passed off now, and he'll never think of it again; so let the matter rest—it is ended now."

But here Emma was mistaken. She met Mr. Cooper at a small party in the evening; and to her annoyance, the ring was on his little finger. Some one said, "Cooper, what ring is that you are flourishing?" and the young man smiled in reply, and looked at his little finger caressingly, and said it was "a ring he valued very highly." Whereupon some badinage followed; all of which Mr. Cooper took very kindly. Emma was excessively vexed and annoyed, although she commanded herself to look calm and indifferent; but afterward she took an opportunity to say to him, in a low voice, "You must return me that ring."

“You surely are not in earnest. You will not be so cruel,” he replied in a tone equally low.

Just then she caught Mr. Dashwood’s eye, who looked surprised at the sort of intimacy with which they seemed to be talking, and she hastily turned away. Mr. Cooper caught the look at the same time; and the idea instantly occurred to him that Dashwood was jealous. The idea both gratified and amused him; and in a spirit of fun, which often animates young men under such circumstances, he determined to add to his uneasiness. Beside, he saw that Emma was decidedly annoyed; and as she had treated him with some caprice, he thought this a good opportunity for ‘paying her off;’ and so he took particular pleasure in displaying the ring whenever he could. Emma could bear it no longer; and the first time he was by her, and no one else in the group, she said,

“I wish you would give me that ring.”

“What, now?” said the young man, glancing his eye toward Mr. Dashwood, who was just then approaching.

“No,” she replied, almost with a shiver, feeling at once how that would betray her. “Not now; send it to me to-morrow.” And then, as Mr. Dashwood joined them, she continued, in the same tone, to talk of other things.

Cooper saw his power over her, and determined to use it, partly in the spirit of fun, and yet not without a dash of malice in it either. So the next morning he wrote her a few lines, enclosing another ring of more value than hers, and “begging that it might be substituted in the place of one he treasured so highly, he could not readily bring himself to part with it.”

Emma was exceedingly angry. “Did you ever know any thing so impudent?” she said to Alice, with tears in her eyes. “Hateful creature! how could I be such a fool as ever to have let him take it at all!” And she opened her writing-desk to take out some note paper, when Alice said,

“What are you going to do, Emma?”

“Why, return it to him, of course,” she replied, indignantly, “and insist upon having my own again.”

“Oh, don’t write to him, Emma,” said Alice; “pray don’t. Depend upon it, he will take advantage of it if you do.”

“What shall I do, then?” said Emma, despairingly.

“He will probably be here this evening,” replied Alice, “and if you take my advice, you will give it back to him before Mr. Dashwood, and ask for your own at the same time. He’s only trying now to annoy you, because he sees that you are afraid of Mr. Dashwood’s knowing the truth.”

“Well, so I am,” replied Emma. “That’s just the thing. If it was not for Mr. Dashwood, there would be no difficulty about it.”

“Ah, Emma, if you would——”

"But I wont, Alice," said Emma, interrupting her impatiently. "I know what you are going to say—but I wont—I can't tell Mr. Dashwood. If you can suggest nothing better than that, leave me to take my own way."

"Don't write, then," said Alice, imploringly.

"Why, Alice, what else can I do!" replied Emma, much vexed. "You make objections to every thing, and yet don't suggest anything better." And so she wrote a few rapid lines, enclosing the ring, and dispatched a servant with it to Mr. Cooper's. He was out. The note was left; and she received no answer that day.

The next morning, however, brought a reply, apologizing, in the first place, for not answering her immediately; but he had been absent from home; then, half expostulatingly, and half playfully, protesting against her exactions—in short, a very *flirty* note, and without the ring.

Emma was very angry, and foolishly wrote a spirited reply, which, of course, brought a rejoinder; and thus, in spite of Alice's entreaties, several notes passed between them, and Emma was no nearer her object than before. When they met, he sometimes promised to give up the ring, sometimes playfully evaded the point; but still always kept her in hopes and suspense. Mr. Dashwood noticed the kind of growing intimacy that seemed to subsist between them, and noticed it, too, with displeasure; not that he was jealous at all—for he was of a noble, confiding temper; but he was a proud, reserved man, and did not like the peculiar manner in which Emma allowed Mr. Cooper to address her; and was still less pleased with the low, earnest tones in which he sometimes heard her speaking to him.

Mr. Dashwood was the soul of truth and honor himself, but was of a reserved and even stern temper, too; and in spite of the witchery Emma's playfulness exercised over him, he would occasionally bend his eyes upon her with a stern look, that frightened the soul almost out of her body—for Emma, like all fibbers, was a coward. She was desperately in love with him, but at the same time desperately afraid of him.

"Oh, if I only get out of this scrape safely," she said to Alice, "I'll take care how I get into another."

"Well," said Alice, cheerfully, "that is the best thing I've heard you say yet, Emma. Pray tell him the truth always in future."

"It was a pity I did not in the beginning," said Emma; "for I do believe with you, that he would have thought nothing of it then. He does not suspect any thing now; but still it is unlucky."

Emma had no feeling about deceiving one who trusted her so fully, but only thought that she was very 'unlucky' and in a 'scrape.'

The next time she met Mr. Cooper, the subject of the ring was resumed. He protested he had it not with him, or he would give it to her. "Will you allow me to call this evening," he said, "and I will bring it?"

She immediately remembered that Mr. Dashwood would be at her house in the

evening, and she said,

“No, I shall not be at home. I am going to spend the evening with Miss Pearsall. Will you not be there?”

“If you are, certainly,” he replied, in a manner implying that it was an appointment, which was the fact, though Emma was vexed at his letting it appear.

Mr. Dashwood said to her afterward, “I will bring the book you wish this evening,” but she answered, to Alice’s surprise, “No, don’t, for I am going with mamma to old Mrs. Haight’s to drink tea; so you must pass the evening at the club for this once,” but, she added, holding out her hand, “come to-morrow; until when, good-by.”

“Why, Emma, what on earth takes you to Mrs. Haight’s to tea?” said Alice, afterward.

“I am not going to Mrs. Haight’s,” she coolly replied. “I am going to Ellen Pearsall’s. Mr. Cooper has promised at last to give me that tiresome ring, and my notes, too.”

Alice looked quite shocked.

“Emma, Emma!” she said. “How can you?”

“How can I what, Alice?” said Emma, impatiently. “You know I can’t let him come here, for Mr. Dashwood is always here.”

“But why say you are going to Mrs. Haight’s?”

“Oh, Alice, how tiresome you are? Because, if I had said I was going to Ellen’s, of course, Mr. Dashwood would have offered to go, or call for me. Now, he knows Mrs. Haight never receives any one but our family; so that matter is settled.”

“But suppose he finds it out?” persisted Alice.

“Oh, he wont find it out,” returned Emma, who was always confident in any expedient that saved her for the time being.

In the evening, it so happened, that one or two gentlemen called also at Miss Pearsall’s; and the circle was so small, that the conversation being general, as they sat round Miss Pearsall’s tea-table, Emma had no opportunity of effecting the object she came for; and she returned home quite provoked, and out of spirits. But it so happened, that one of the young men who had chanced to be there, on his way home, went into the very club-room where Mr. Dashwood was sitting.

“You are a very pretty fellow, are you not!” exclaimed the young man, gayly, as he saw Dashwood. “And this is your engagement, is it? ’Pon my word, I think Miss Percival is very good to make your apologies in this way, and let you come off to a club-room.”

“What are you talking of?” said Dashwood, looking up surprised.

“Why, of your letting Miss Percival go alone to Miss Pearsall, saying you were engaged. She has just gone home with her brother, while her most devoted of lovers sits smoking his cigar in a club-room.”

Mr. Dashwood could scarcely believe his senses. He doubted, for the moment, whether he was smoking—whether he was in a club-room—whether he was sitting or standing. But, too proud and reserved to betray his emotions to a casual acquaintance, he asked no questions; and observing that the room was cold, buttoned up his coat, and left the house.

The next day he said to Emma,

"Did not you tell me you were going last evening to Mrs. Haight's with your mother?"

"Yes," she replied, "mamma and I went early to an old-fashioned cup of tea."

"Hawthorn told me," he said, bending his eyes upon her with an expression that brought her heart to her lips in an instant, "that he met you at Mrs. Pearsall's."

"Yes," she replied, with a presence of mind worthy of a better cause—for she felt it was what is vulgarly called "neck or nothing"—"yes, it was so dull, that I could not bear it long. All my humanity and kindness for poor old Mrs. Haight could not stand her prosing; so I left mamma there, and went into Ellen's—they live next door, you know."

"Hawthorn said you apologized for me, saying I was engaged," he continued, not yet quite satisfied.

"I said nothing of the kind," she said, feeling that her only resource was to deny this *in toto*. "What could Mr. Hawthorn be thinking of? I said you were going to the club."

His countenance cleared immediately; indeed, he was angry, and despised himself that he could have been uneasy, or doubted her for a moment. He grew animated and cheerful, and asked so pleasantly who she had met there, that, excited by her success, or "escape," as she would have called it, she mentioned the gentlemen, among whom she even boldly named Mr. Cooper, who had been Miss Pearsall's guests.

"Emma," he said, after a moment's pause, "perfect confidence must exist where there is perfect affection; so I will be frank with you at once. I do not like that gentleman's manner toward you. It seems to me as if there were some secret between you;" and he fixed his searching eyes upon her with an inquiring expression.

She felt now that he had seen too much to be satisfied of the contrary, even if she denied it; so she said,

"Well, to be frank with you, there is something between us; but as it is not a secret of mine—I do not know that I am authorized to tell even you of it."

He looked grave, as he replied,

"Certainly, if it is the secret of another, I have no right, nor wish, even, to inquire further. But I hope in future, Emma, you may have no secrets, even of others, from which I am excluded."

It was half affectionately, half gravely said; and Emma promised most fully to have no reserves from him henceforth.

"Do you know," continued he, smiling, though still not looking quite satisfied, "that I imagined it was something concerning that ring that Cooper sports?"

Emma felt again that she was treading on ice, that might give way the next instant, and that denial was unsafe, so she answered boldly,

"You are right again. And, upon the whole, I don't know why I should not tell you the truth just as it is. I do not suppose Ellen will care about your knowing it, particularly as you, of course, will not repeat it. She gave him that ring, and wanted me to get it back for her."

"Why did she not ask for it herself?" he said, somewhat sternly.

"She was afraid of her mother's knowing it," replied Emma. "You know what a prim, particular old lady Mrs. Pearsall is."

"Foolish girl," he said, contemptuously, "and worse than foolish, to be deceiving those she should most trust."

Emma felt her heart die within her; but there was no help for her—so she agreed to all his animadversions on Miss Pearsall, and only said,

"Yes, so she is; but say nothing about it. Make no allusion to her, or to any one else."

"Of course not," he replied; and the subject dropped.

To Emma's great relief she heard, a few days afterward, that Mr. Cooper was going to Europe very soon. Expected to sail, indeed, in the course of a fortnight.

"I have a little package for you," he said; "when can I call," he added, smiling, "when Mr. Dashwood is not at your house?"

Emma saw that he thought she was afraid of Mr. Dashwood, and supposed, too, that he was jealous; and the idea that he should presume to think Dashwood jealous, and of him, too, roused her temper; and she said with spirit,

"You may call whenever it suits you. Mr. Dashwood's visits need not interfere with yours."

"Indeed!" he said, looking at her inquiringly.

"Why," said she, scornfully, provoked with his impudence, "do you imagine that Mr. Dashwood cares about that ring?"

"Does he know it to be yours?" he asked, with surprise.

"To be sure he does," she boldly replied; and, to her great satisfaction, she saw at once that all the peculiar pleasure and interest in possessing the ring was dispelled.

"I will send you the package to-morrow," he said, quietly, "if I have not time to call myself before I sail."

He was very much occupied, however, during the day, and forgot it; but the

evening prior to his departure, Dashwood called at his rooms to entrust him with some European letters. He found him making a few last arrangements, and a couple of gentlemen were with him. After some general conversation, just as Cooper was closing his writing-desk, where he had deposited Dashwood's letters, his eye happened to fall upon Emma's package, which he had forgotten in his hurry until then. Supposing that Dashwood knew all about it, and not wishing to mention names before the strangers, who were with him, he said, handing it to Dashwood, "I wish you would hand this to its fair owner; and tell Miss Percival," he said, "that I should have called to make my adieux, if I had not been so pressed for time."

It was a small package addressed to "Miss E. P." which Dashwood, remembering his conversation with Emma, supposed he was to hand to Miss Ellen Pearsall; so, asking no questions, he put it in his pocket, and after bidding Cooper farewell, left him to go to a large party where he expected to meet Emma, and probably Ellen.

In the course of the evening he said,

"I have a small package for you, Miss Pearsall, which I will give you when you leave."

"A package for me!" she exclaimed, with surprise. "What can it be! Oh, give it to me now."

As Mrs. Pearsall, the "prim, particular old lady," was not near, he handed Ellen the package, who instantly broke the seal of the envelope, from which fell two or three notes, while the young lady exclaimed,

"Why this is Emma's ring. What were you thinking of, Mr. Dashwood?" she added, laughing. "You must be an absent gentleman, to be sure, to mistake me for Emma. Is not that a good joke?" and she laughed heartily, as he stooped to pick up the notes, which to his amazement he saw were directed, in Emma's handwriting, to "Charles Cooper, Esq."

"That Miss Percival's ring?" he said, bewildered, and not knowing what to think.

"Yes, certainly!" she replied. "See, there is her name engraved inside"—and so it was. "Is not that amusing, mamma?" she continued, turning to her mother, and explaining what she seemed to think an excellent joke. Dashwood saw the truth at once in her tones and whole manner.

"What is that," said Emma, crossing the room to join them, "that seems to be amusing you all so?"

"Only, my dear," said Ellen, laughing, "that Mr. Dashwood has mistaken me for you. Very complimentary to me, certainly; though I don't know what you'll say to such compliments."

"This package," said Mr. Dashwood, gravely, without raising his eyes to Emma's face, "is, it seems, addressed to you. Miss Pearsall broke the seal under a mistake. But there is no mistake now, I believe," he added, with an emphasis that

sent Emma’s blood tingling to the tips of her fingers. He handed her the package, slightly bowed and passed on.

Emma saw him no more that evening. Startled and terrified by the facts, which she felt even her powers of dissimulation were unequal to cover, she was yet more alarmed by the manner in which he had received them. Had he seemed angry, though frightened, she still would have had hope. Had he reproached her, she might have wept and apologized. But his manner had been cold and stern; he had merely bowed, he had not even looked at her, and left her.

She passed an agonized night of doubt and suspense.

He suffered no less than herself, but not from doubt and suspense. Unhappily, there was no room for that. He was a man of firm mind, and decided character. His sense of honor was fine, almost romantic; and he was the soul of truth and integrity. He was not angry, but worse than that, he was shocked; and, shall we say it, disgusted. He had been easily blinded, because he fully confided. He was too upright, too high-minded, readily to suspect others. But his eyes once opened, and his rapid, clear mind saw the whole at once. The falsehoods that Emma had told him, much as they pained him, were not to him the worst part of the affair. He remembered her innocent looks, her unconscious air, her apparently frank and careless manner; and his soul sickened—for he felt, in the emphatic language of the ritual, that “the truth was not in her.”

Confidence was destroyed forever. Happiness between them was out of the question. He wrote to her, “freeing her from an engagement with one whom she evidently not only did not trust, but feared.”

The letter was a manly, feeling letter; short, but breathing the anguish of a deeply wounded spirit.

Emma wept passionately over it; mourned, and mourned again, that she had not told him the truth in the beginning. “It was so unlucky,” as she kept repeating—for beyond that her sense of right did not go, even yet.

But Mr. Dashwood was on his way to New Orleans. He left the Percivals to tell what story they pleased; and it was soon announced by her friends that “Emma had dismissed him.”

When the reason was asked, Emma said “she felt she never could be happy with him;” and her mother intimated that his temper was a stern, unpleasant one.

“And I always should have been afraid of him,” said Emma to Alice, beginning to draw consolation as soon as she could from the first source that occurred to her. “He thought so much of trifles that I know that I should always have been in trouble, and horribly afraid of him.”

Alice sighed, for she believed so too. She had once hoped much from the influence of Dashwood’s superior character over her; but she now saw how fallacious those hopes would have been. Emma, she felt, was incorrigible, for she had no perception even yet of her fault. Dashwood had been right—“the truth was

not in her.”

ELVA.

BY EDWARD POLLOCK.

Old Elva's walls are leveled with the earth,
And weeds are green where glowed the blazing hearth;
The stately trees that once the roof topped o'er,
Now shed their brown leaves on the broken floor:
Where bloomed the rose and lily, browse the deer;
And springs the oak the cherished fruit tree near;
Where once were arbors, now, through thickest brake,
Slow winds, in many a fold, the glancing snake.
Time, tempest, violence, and dull decay,
Have worn at length the latest marks away;
One tower alone stands grimly where it stood,
Gray, torn, dismantled, frowning o'er the flood,
The dreariest mark those mournful ruins bear,
That human forms have been—but are not there.

Yet, Elva! once with thee it was not so:
Ere ruthless hearts and hands had wrought thee wo,
Thy long dim halls with happiness were rife,
And glad hearts to thy solitudes gave life.
And though nor gladsome voice, nor glancing oar,
Now stir the echoes on thy lake's green shore,
That lake hath borne full oft the bark where sate
Forms warm with love, and hearts with hope elate,
And young bright eyes have bent with starry gleam
Above the mazy windings of thy stream.
From the dark turret, where the sweet bells swung,
All winged with joy the wedding peals have rung,
While Mirth, with kindling glance and rosy smile,
Kissed each young cheek and blessed each heart the while,
And Song sat, silver-tongued, and filled with sound
Those echoing walls, now sadly scattered round!
Oh list the lowly and the simple lay
The minstrel sings of Elva's earlier day.

I.

Old Elva's halls have many a guest to-night,
Yet the lamps shed not their accustomed light,
Nor music's strain, nor garnished feast is there,
But all is sentineled by anxious care.
For they who rest within, in act and word,
Are leagued in hostile guise against their lord;
And much they dare who aid with kindly hand
The attainted members of that patriot band:
Men who had cast with daring hands aside
The cankering chains of feudal pomp and pride,
And roused by wrongs, long suffered, long forgiven,
Will now be free, if not on earth—in heaven.
Worn by long marching, wearied, dark with soil—
But not one fiery bosom tamed by toil—
On the hard floor their limbs they careless lay,
And wait their arms beside th' approaching day—
Small thought have they of aught of daintier fare—
Few nights, I ween, for them such couch prepare.

II.

As one who watched his slumbering band to guard,
Their chieftain, GILBERT, slowly paced the sward.
His ebon locks thrown back to catch the breeze,
Cooled by the lake and scented by the trees,
His small hand resting on his dagger's hilt,
Whose blade may yet retain its last red gilt,
With careful gaze he scans the darkening scene,
Marks each faint motion of the foliage green,
Or turns at times his flashing full gray eye,
To where the stars hang brightening o'er the sky.
Why waits he here when all the rest are deep
In the void realms of weird, mysterious sleep?
What thought—what scene doth hope or memory trace,
Which gilds and glooms alternately his face?
Dreams he of glory?—of revenge?—or love?
Or seek his eyes those silent suns above,
With strange, deep yearnings for the mystic lore
The eastern Magi proudly held of yore?
When stars were gods, and he who bent the knee
To their far thrones, the future there might see—
Or why hath power so soon her mantle flung,

On one so fair, so slender, and so young?

III.

Vain questions all! But ask the bold of deed
Who scarce can follow where he dares to lead,
Whose form is foremost in the reeling fight?
Whose arm is last to stay and first to smite?
Whose voice still rings the wavering ranks to cheer?
Whose counsel still partakes of aught but fear?
Whose face, when all was chill with blank despair,
Ne’er yet has worn one shade that looked like care?
Or whose the hand, when some well-won success
Might sure have named revenge a just redress,
Was still most prompt the conquered foe to save?
All his—the young—the beautiful—the brave!
He who had lightly held that slender hand,
Would scarce have scorned it when it grasped the brand;
And he who marked at rest that eye and cheek,
In war so wild, in peace so soft and meek,
Might well have wondered whence the spirit rose,
So dear to friends—so terrible to foes!

IV.

He came—they knew not whence—nor much they cared;
Yet seemed he one in luxury lapped and reared:
Some hideous wrong, perchance, they thought, had stung
Into rebellion one so soft and young.
A home laid desolate—a father slain—
Or else redress for injury, asked in vain;
But all was wild surmise—they questioned not,
But in the present soon the past forgot.
So mild his face, serene and calmly bright,
Like a sweet landscape in the morning light,
You might not guess what passions lurked apart
In the dim caverns of his hidden heart;
And in his eye gleamed such uncertain ray,
Full rarely sad, and still more rarely gay,
You ne’er could tell if joy or rage would speak
In the next moment from his changing cheek.
If wreathed in smiles, his beaming features shone
Like a breeze-dimpled streamlet in the sun;
But when the glance of anger fired his eye,

It struck like lightning from a cloudless sky.
Still in his glance, and in his lifted hand,
Was that which showed the soul that would command;
It might be art, or nature—none could tell—
But if a mask, he wore it rarely well.

V.

The western clouds have lost their purple dye,
A silver radiance tints the eastern sky—
That dream-like glory tells the eye, that soon
Above the hills shall sail the summer moon.
And Gilbert passed within that silent hall,
Lit by a dim lamp trembling from the wall,
His steps he turned by that uncertain ray,
Where stretched along his sleeping warriors lay.
’Twas a strange sight! each swart and stalwart form,
So scarred and seared by warfare and by storm,
There seemingly lay lapped in such sweet rest,
As lulls the infant on its mother’s breast.
But when the form in deepest trance lies still
Most wildly wakes the fancy and the will,
And much of tumult hushed, and passion stern,
Who watched the unconscious sleepers might discern.
Here one, whose quivering eyelids shunned the light,
Seemed struggling with some phantom child of night;
Yon grimly smiling form we well may guess
In dreams anticipates revenge—redress!
And there be fingers wandering to the brand,
And the sheathed dagger meets the unconscious hand;
And some there be whose quick convulsive clasp
The long brown rifle strains with iron grasp.

VI.

Where through the window, opening o’er the glade,
The shivering winds of night an entrance made,
There was an old man—old in years and care—
With wrinkled brow and scant and frosty hair,
Stretched out in sleep; the earliest moonbeams played
On the hard pillow where his cheek was laid,
And, with her spirit hand, the wind of night
Lifted the thin locks from his temples white.
Such ghastly pallor o’er the features spread,

So marble cold appeared the silent head,
That one might start, despite the deep drawn breath,
At life that looked so fearfully like death.
And Gilbert gazed, and as he gazed, a change
Passed o’er those features—beautiful but strange—
Such magic change as one might guess would be
When bursts the morning o’er a moonlit sea;
His brow relaxed, his thin lips dropped apart,
More boldly heaved his breast and leaped his heart,
And a faint smile, the ghost of gladness gone,
Played round his mouth like radiance round the sun.
Now sinks his breathing indistinct and low—
Hark! from his lips unmeaning murmurs flow—
He speaks: “*Dear father—mother—*” Heaven above!
That old man dreams of childhood’s guiltless love.
The daylight shines not on a fiercer brow,
A fiercer eye, a haughtier lip, and now,
Serenely, sweetly, there, a sinless boy,
He smiles in slumber o’er a childish joy.
To Gilbert’s eyes those words recalled a scene,
That ah! no more for Gilbert shall be green;
And at those syllables so lightly spoke,
Long channeled fountains in his bosom broke;
Along his cheek faint flushes went and came,
As o’er an evening cloud the lightning’s flame;
And his frame thrilled and trembled as the trees
All quivering bend them to the autumn breeze.
Hell has no fiend like memory, when she brings
Repentance without hope, remorse’s stings,
And a long file of days, in sable weeds,
Mourning and weeping over past misdeeds.
Like a pale ghost that shuns the rising day,
Strode Gilbert fast, but stealthily, away;
Nor paused he till again the dewy sod
With lighter heart and firmer step he trod.

VII.

Like warriors of the knightly times of old,
All sheathed in armor rough with fretted gold,
So seem the trees round Elva’s mansion white,
So glance their wet leaves in the silver light.
Still Gilbert watches—still his eyelids keep
At bay the approaches of deceitful sleep;

The sun was sinking when his watch begun,
Now far beneath him rolls the unwearied sun;
The moon, whose glory woke a fainter day,
When on the hill-tops died the gold away,
Now from mid-heaven, with face serene, looks down
On lake and stream and Elva's forest brown.
He leaned against a tree, whose trunk around
With hoary moss and ivy green was bound,
His flashing eyes were turned upon a scroll
Whose pictured words drew echoes from his soul:
As the Æolian harp, by night winds stirred,
By turns is silent, or by snatches heard,
So wildly sweet, in fitful fragments rung
The syllables unconscious from his tongue.

THE LETTER.

Sweet land of shadows—dear, delightful shore—
Oh could I seek thee to return no more!
What dreams of joy each misty valley fills,
What scented blossoms fringe the sparkling rills,
What angel visions float through rainbow skies,
Where rich and warm a sunless glory lies!
There, 'mid the blossoms, love lies stretched along,
And fills the air with passion and with song,
And dancing waves below, and winds above,
Seem warm with kisses from the lips we love.
Ah! Gilbert, shall our spirits haunt no more
Those bowers of love on fancy's airy shore?
. . . .
. . . .

Fierce as the waves of ocean lashed to strife,
Wild as the winds that wake them into life,
Through my sore heart the crimson billows roll,
And rush the thoughts tumultuous o'er my soul,
When to my memory's eye returns that day
They tore thee bleeding from my heart away.
O cursed, yet blessed, all wild with joy and pain,
How cling those moments to my tortured brain—
That last embrace my bosom answers still,
Still to that kiss my lips responsive thrill.
Again mine arms are wildly round thee flung—
I drink each accent falling from thy tongue—

Again—again—O God!—the steel gleams bright—
As speeds the deadly blow before my sight,
I see the warm blood gushing from thy breast—
But grim despair and darkness hold the rest.

. . . .
. . . .

High hangs that blade above my chamber-door—
The fiend that from my heart its idol tore,
Before my gaze displays the unwiped steel,
And feeds his vengeance on the pangs I feel.
There must I see, each morning's life begun,
Thy best blood rusting in the rising sun;
By night—by night, whene'er the moonbeams pale
Have wreathed the chamber in their mystic veil,
Through the dim haze, like spectral lamp, it gleams,
Or fills with baleful light my midnight dreams.
From hideous sleep with quivering limbs I start—
That blade seems rusting in my throbbing heart;
Like a red cloud it shuts the light away,
And glooms with horror all the joys of day.

. . . .
. . . .

I know thou didst not die—this much I know
From him who wert thou dead were still thy foe;
I know thy dwelling, in the deep recess
Of the greenwood's remotest wilderness,
And he can tell, who bears this scroll from me,
How my heart bounded at the thought of thee.
Fame speaks thee fierce of heart, of deadly hand,
The outlawed leader of an outlawed band;
I heed not that, I only joy to hear
Thy name as one the boldest hearts must fear;
Would only pray, that fate would kindly twine.
In life or death, my destiny with thine.
Alas, how vain! my love, my spirit's pride,
A hunted lion, roves the mountain-side.

. . . .
. . . .

There is a fairy spot, thou knowest it well,
By Elva's stream, in Elva's deepest dell,
Where oaks and larches bend their heads above,

And flowering shrubs beneath are thickly wove,
While through the boughs, in many a broken beam,
Dances the sunlight on the sparkling stream;
There, when my guardian’s eyes I can elude,
I sometimes steal and sit with solitude;
But all too dreadful is the contrast there,
Where hope lies tombed and guarded by despair,
To the dear joys, all passionate and wild,
With which we once the passing hours beguiled.
Oh there be times when nature’s every voice,
All tuned in one sweet descant, sing, “rejoice!”
When rolls the sun refulgently away,
And strives the red moon with the dying day,
When golden tints and misty gleams of snow
Have met and mingled in the vale below,
When winds and waters, sweetly toned and clear,
In melting murmurs strike the raptured ear;
The rippling sound by waving branches made,
The varying cadence of the far cascade,
Now high, now low, as sweeps the breeze along,
Now calmly faint, now tremulously strong;
There is a spirit thrills the sense, the soul,
Till the full heart spurns reason’s cold control,
Steeps anxious care and coward fear in sleep,
And melts the bosom into raptures deep!
Such have we known full oft in that lone dell,
How dear—how dear—the thought—our hearts can tell!
. . . .

Like a green island, poised on ocean’s brim,
Seem these last scenes in distance faint and dim;
The swift, deep gulf my helmless bark floats o’er
Still bears me further from that lovely shore;
I stretch my arms, I shriek, but dark and strong
Rolls the wild flood of destiny along—
Oh, there are hours of rapture buried there
That envying angels might have longed to share!
Dear hours of love! delusive if thou wilt,
But wild with passion—stained perchance with guilt;
Yet would I peril for such joys again,
Life—time—eternity—but all is vain!
. . . .
. . . .

Farewell! I ask thee not if day by day
Thy heart hath cast its young romance away;
I could not doubt thy truth—I ask thee not
If CLARA's image be at last forgot;
O! love like ours, impetuous, wild and high,
Drinks at one draught the spirit's fountains dry!
Farewell!—it chills my blood that lonely word;
My heart is sinking like a wounded bird;
The sky that once with gladness lit my life
Is dull with gloom and desolate with strife,
Yet still, methinks, there dimly shines afar,
Through the rent clouds, one little lonely star—
The star of Hope. I suffer not in vain
If life return thee to my arms again.

——

He pauses—starts—what sees he in the brake?
What stealthy steps the slumbering echoes wake?
"Stand, on thy life!" His knife hath left its sheath,
And the poised pistol grimly threatens death.
No answer comes—but light as forest fawn
Glides a slight female o'er the dewy lawn.
Why tempts that tender form the midnight air?
What makes she here so fragile and so fair?
Had the earth yawned, and from the shades below
A demon sprung, it had not moved him so.
To earth the deadly weapons wild he dashed;
With a strange light his eyes dilated—flashed.
"Great God, 'tis she!" the accents trembling rung
On his pale lips, when to his breast she sprung;
Oh, to that moment what were years of pain,
For young life's glory has returned again!
Nor words nor murmur break the night's profound—
Thus still the full heart robs the lips of sound;
And save the glances from their eyes that shoot
There is no sign—for happiness is mute.

VIII.

Oh she was beautiful, that lady fair,
Though pale her seeming in the midnight air;
The slenderest tendrils of the clasping vine
Less rarely than her raven ringlets twine;

The snowiest that e'er the moon looked on
Than her white forehead less serenely shone;
The wavy billows in the morning light,
Now tinged with red, now melting back to white,
Have less of heaven's serenest dyes than wore
That cheek, the tresses dankly clustered o'er.
With trembling hand she dashed the locks away,
And from her damp brow swept the glittering spray,
"And have we met, and most we part—alas!
Must this long looked for bliss so quickly pass?
Patience, my heart—" and then the accents broke
In calmer tones, though hurriedly she spoke;
"Gilbert, within Gleneden's halls to-night
Are armed forms that counsel hold of fight;
In ruthless hands are weapons bared for strife,
I scarce need tell thee what they seek—thy life.
'Tis known to-night in Elva camps thy host,
Few, worn, asleep—unarmed and weak the post—
Thus ran their words, and much they talked of gold,
And chieftains by repentant rebels sold;
Unseen myself, I heard their counsel; fear
Has winged my steps to warn thee—I am here."
Kindly he smiled—"And didst thou dare, dear maid,
For one like me, the midnight forest's shade?
Thy robes are torn and wet, thy parched lips dry.
And a wild fire is glancing in thine eye—
Poor trembling heart—" and closer still he pressed
The exhausted maiden to his throbbing breast.
"Ten thousand curses strike the onward hind
Who haunts thee thus with cruelty refined!
Alas, my Clara! I could weep for thee,
But tears have long been strangers unto me.
But let him come—" a scornful tone he took,
Darkened his brow and deadly grew his look—
" 'Tis time this hand had wreaked its treasured wrong,
And vengeance has delayed her sweets too long;
Twice have I crossed him when the fight was red,
But fate befriended still his guilty head.
Ay, let him come—my band, in one short hour,
Shall equal his, whate'er may be his power,
For long before these hills shall hail the dawn,
Five hundred blades shall glance on Elva's lawn;
Even now, methinks, the bugles faint I hear,

Which warn their leader that his troops draw near.
But thou, my gentle love, thou ill may'st brook
On scenes of battle and of blood to look!
Small refuge can these feeble walls afford
From war's rude shocks, the musket and the sword."
Fierce flashed her eye, and proudly rose her head—
"Think not my woman's heart so weak," she said—
"No, from this hour, whatever fate betide,
My post is ever by my Gilbert's side.
Mine were thy wrongs, my vengeance shall be thine,
Through danger or success, thy path be mine!"
"A thousand thanks, my Clara, for that word!
Thy voice has nerved my heart—has edged my sword!
Nor deem thy lover weak—this peril past,
On different scenes thine eyes thou soon shall cast,
For in these wars my hand shall carve a name
Whose sheen shall dim my sires' ancestral fame—
Enduring as the stars—and thou shall be,
First in a land where every heart is free—"
Quick he breaks off—for glancing through the trees,
Rank after rank of bayonets bright he sees.
"Clara! they come—the blood-hounds would not wait
The morning light, so eager burns their hate;
'Tis fearful odds, my Clara, but away,
Awhile at least we'll hold their ranks at bay."
Around her slender waist his arm he flung,
And lightly through the opened door he sprung,
Noiseless behind the heavy portal turns,
Before him still that glimmering taper burns;
He reached the centre of that chamber wide,
Where slumber still his warriors side by side—
"Now to your chamber haste, my Clara, haste,
For life hangs on each moment that we waste!
How goes the battle, soon myself shall tell;
One kiss—one more—now, Clara, fare thee well!"

IX.

He watched her glide reluctant from the hall,
Then snatched an unsheathed sabre from the wall,
One instant's glance around the chamber cast,
Where sleep so many that have slept their last;
"Rouse ye, my mates!" Upspringing at the sound,
From their rough couch the startled warriors bound,

Noiseless they start, and all prepared they stand,
Glances the knife and shines the ready brand,
Nor sign nor motion show they of surprise,
But mutely turn on Gilbert their bright eyes.
He stands their centre; round his form they wheel,
A dusky phalanx, lit by gleams of steel,
Serene, but pale as sculptured marble stone
His cheeks—while in his eye there coldly shone
A wintry starlight—well ’tis understood,
That freezing glance prophetic speaks of blood.
Proud he looked round, yet struggling with his pride
Was something of regret he strove to hide,
And low, though resolute, those accents clear,
That fired the listener’s heart and thrilled his ear.
“Comrades and friends—my trusty, fearless few,
Still to yourselves and injured freedom true,
Our foes are here—we are at last beset—
Be calm, be firm, and we shall foil them yet.
They think us helpless, hopeless, all undone,
And scorn their conquest as too easy won;
But can we hold our post—ere morn be gray
We’ll change their triumph into blank dismay.
Yet—for I scorn the hope one hour may blast,
Nor speak through fear—this fight may prove our last;
If one half hour unmastered we hold our post,
All shall be well—if broken, all is lost.
So friends, dear friends, ere yet this cast we dare,
This closing game twixt triumph and despair,
One friendly grasp, not one regretful sigh,
We have been true, and as we lived we’ll die.
Now then, all’s well—be resolute—be dumb,
Let your good rifles speak—ah, hark! they come!”

X.

Flew from its massive hinge the shattered door,
The splintered fragments strewed the marble floor;
Wild through the breach like flashing waves they rolled,
All plumed and armed, and glittering o’er with gold;
Up to the aim rose Gilbert’s rifles all,
Rung the report and sped the deadly ball.
Th’ exulting shout that swelled the foeman’s breath,
Is quenched in yells of anguish and of death—
Once more they crowd—once more the volley came,

They sink like withered grass that feels the flame,
A ghastly pile of quivering limbs and gore
Bars up the way and chokes the narrow door,
But fast and thick, on numbers numbers press,
And death that thins seems scarce to leave them less,
Till in one mass, confused and fierce they close;
Shot answers shot, and blows are met by blows,
Useless the rifle now in that red strife,
Swings the short sword and speeds the gory knife,
The sulphurous smoke hangs o’er them like a pall,
While reeling round they struggle, strike and fall.
Foremost of all, conspicuous, Gilbert stood,
His whirling sabre dripping red with blood;
Gleamed his gray eye, his lordly brow was bare,
In tangled masses fell his raven hair,
Like weeds they fall where’er his weapon swept,
Still round his form a vacant ring he kept,
Where his blade gleams they sink with quivering cry,
And still through all one plume attracts his eye.
As through wild waves the vessel hold her course
Straight for the port, so through the serried force
He cleaves his way—as winds and waves will turn
The bark aside, that struggles to her bourne,
So still opposing numbers bar his way,
And rush between the avenger and his prey.

XI.

Borne back—repulsed—defeated—conquered—no!
Not while one wearied arm can strike a blow—
Stand the lorn few, and deeply draw their breath
For one last stroke, one struggle more with death
As sometimes, when the tempest wildest raves,
Comes a short lull along the flashing waves,
So seemed that pause in havoc’s mad career,
So deep you almost might their breathing hear.
Then, too, oh contrast strange! who looked might see
The moonlight sleeping on the hill’s green lea,
The trees where ’mid the boughs the wild bird swings,
And rocked in slumber folds her wearied wings,
The jeweled grass, the flower whose sun-parched lip
Fresh health and beauty from the night may sip,
The rippling streams that feed with ceaseless flow
The pulseless bosom of the lake below,

Where, glassed between long shadows dusk and brown,
In lines of light the mirrored skies sweep down.
Oh, gazing on such scene, how sweetly come
O'er the full soul dear memories of home!
And were but griefs forgot, and faults forgiven,
The heart might dream this earth should yet be heaven;
All this the long wide window could disclose,
With frame festooned by many a folded rose—
But not for eyes like theirs that gentle sight,
So calm, so sweet, so beautiful, so bright.

XII.

Gilbert looked round—oh now no more they turn,
With answering glances, to his looks that burn.
Wounded and bleeding, scarce the nerveless hand
Can now sustain the deeply reddened brand,
Yet, half unconscious, round his form they close—
Alas! weak fence are they from savage foes.
Around the room his gaze uncertain strayed,
Till on the chamber-door where Clara staid
It rested for a moment—in his heart
Some half-forbidden purpose seemed to start;
But in that moment, when suspended strife
Gave time for thoughts to rise of death and life,
Stepped from the opposing ranks Gleneden's chief,
And thus in haughty tones demanded brief:
"Now, Gilbert, yield; thy short success is past,
Thy king compels thy rebel knee at last.
Justice or mercy, choose thee which we deal,
Thy monarch's pardon or his vengeful steel!"
Flashed Gilbert's eye, and curled his lip with scorn—
"Remorseless caitiff, to thy land forsworn,
False to all ties, in every treason dyed,
Here with thy country's fellest foes allied,
Darest thou to brand me rebel? Thank thy fear,
And thy less guilty tools that guard thee here,
That long ere now my hand has not repaid
My wrongs—and hers—and my poor land betrayed!
Thy mercies too—ay, prate of such to me!
I know them well—the halter and the tree!
Thou, loathed by all—by every heart accurst—
But words are idle—do thy best—or worst!
Dear friends, once more, one closing stroke with me,

For home, for Liberty—we will be free!"
Hark! was't a wandering echo that brought back
That shout returning on its airy track?
Do my ears mock me—heard I not the sound
Of trampling hoofs that shake the solid ground?
Wildly they meet—that final strife shall close
On none but victors and their silent foes.

XIII.

And where was Clara? In that chamber dark
She might by sounds the battle's progress mark;
She heard when Gilbert woke them to the fray,
And when the door to angry blows gave way;
The volleyed crash that sped the deadly hail,
And the long shout that quivered to a wail,
She heard—but still as wilder grew the din,
And crept the sulphurous smoke the room within,
One maddening thought—*her Gilbert*—torture grew,
His single form her frenzied fancy drew,
Each blade was bent at Gilbert's heart alone,
In every cry rung Gilbert's dying moan,
Till a dull sense—like slumber or like death—
Unnerved her limbs and quenched her struggling breath,
Seemed the wild strife in distance far to die.
And gleamed with rainbow tints her closing eye.
She wakes—how dark and chill! Confused she hears—
She scarce knows what—her cheek is drench'd with tears,
And forms and scenes distorted cross her mind,
Like images on water, swept by wind.
She starts—ah, now all's known—that voice—for well
Each tone of that loved voice her ear can tell!
'Twas then that Gilbert strove, with voice and hand,
To that last charge to cheer his drooping band;
She hears and flies—flings wide the door, and all
Is there revealed within that gory hall.

XIV.

Low lay Gleneden's chief—his crimson vest
Dark with the blood warm springing from his breast;
O'er him stood Gilbert—still his sabre kept
At bay the circling host that round him swept,
When, with a long, wild shout, and bursting shock,

The ranks are riven, the reeling masses rock,
And piercing through the midst fresh troops are seen,
With weapons bared and clad in robes of green.
“Oh welcome, welcome!” burst from Gilbert’s tongue,
As proudly to that column’s head he sprung;
Not long the foe that sweeping charge may bide,
Wildly they fly, or fall on every side.

XV.

And the last blow has fallen—all is still!
Hark to the murmur of the gentle rill—
List to the breezy song the night wind sings—
How the leaves shiver when the long bough swings—
And this is nature—beautiful by night!
Most beautiful, most heavenly in such light
As now sleeps on her. Mighty God! how mean
Seems the poor reptile man in such a scene!
  But where are they—the forms who lately stood
On that wide floor, so slippery now with blood?
Oh many stay there still, around they sleep
In tortured attitudes of anguish deep,
And some, but few, are fugitives; far down
In the deep gorges of the forest brown,
Are forms that struggle through the long rank grass,
And pause, and start, and tremble as they pass.
And Gilbert—the triumphant—where is he?
Lo! ’neath the shadow of yon ivied tree
A group of sorrowing, sobbing warriors bend
O’er him they bled for, but could not defend.
Oh destiny inscrutable! through all
Unharmed to pass—the bayonet and the ball—
And in the moment of success to fall!
  His life bleeds slowly from him; and beside
Kneels she who was—or should have been—his bride;
Mutely she kneels, nor moves, nor weeps, nor sighs,
But only gazes on his glazing eyes,
And presses his cold temples. Time rolls past,
Each moment an eternity—they cast
Inquiring glances on her; and they see
At last his dauntless spirit is set free,
Yet in her see no motion. But when gray
In the far east appeared the rising day,
They strove to raise the little arms that bound

His silent head and stony temples round,
They found her gentle spirit, too, had gone—
She was a corpse, like him she rested on!

THE ISLETS OF THE GULF;

OR, ROSE BUDD.

Ay, now I am in Arden; the more fool
I; when I was at home I was in a better place; but
Travelers must be content. AS YOU LIKE IT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "PILOT," "RED ROVER," "TWO ADMIRALS," "WING-AND-WING," "MILES WALLINGFORD," &c.

[Entered, according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1846, by J. Fenimore Cooper, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Northern District of New York.]

(*Continued from page 96.*)

PART XI.

I MIGHT have pass'd that lovely cheek,
Nor, perchance, my heart have left me;
But the sensitive blush that came trembling there,
Of my heart it forever bereft me.
Who could blame had I loved that face,
Ere my eyes could twice explore her;
Yet it is for the fairy intelligence there,
And her warm, warm heart I adore her.

WOLFE.

THE stories of the respective parties who had thus so strangely met on that barren and isolated rock, were soon told. Harry confirmed all of Jack's statements as to his own proceedings, and Rose had little more to say than to add how much her own affections had led her to risk in his behalf. In a word, ten minutes made each fully acquainted with the other's movements. Then Tier considerately retired to the boat, under the pretence of winding it, and seeing every thing ready for a departure, but as much to allow the lovers the ten or fifteen minutes of uninterrupted discourse that they now enjoyed, as for any other reason.

It was a strange scene that now offered on the rock. By this time the fire was burning not only brightly, but fiercely, shedding its bright light far and near. Under its most brilliant rays stood Harry and Rose, both smiling and happy, delighted in their meeting, and, for the moment, forgetful of all but their present felicity. Never, indeed, had Rose appeared more lovely than under these circumstances. Her face

was radiant with those feelings which had so recently changed from despair to delight—a condition that is ever most propitious to beauty, and charms that always appeared feminine and soft, now seemed elevated to a bright benignancy that might best be likened to our fancied images of angels. The mild, beaming, serene and intelligent blue eyes, the cheeks flushed with happiness, the smiles that came so easily, and were so replete with tenderness, and the rich hair, deranged by the breeze, and moistened by the air of the sea, each and all, perhaps, borrowed some additional lustre from the peculiar light under which they were exhibited. As for Harry, happiness had thrown all the disadvantages of exposure, want of dress, and a face that had not felt the razor for six-and-thirty hours, into the back-ground. When he left the wreck, he had cast aside his cap and his light summer jacket, in order that they might not encumber him in swimming, but both had been recovered when he returned with the boat to take off his friends. In his ordinary sea attire, then, he now stood, holding Rose's two hands, in front of the fire, every garment clean and white as the waters of the ocean could make them, but all betraying some of the signs of his recent trials. His fine countenance was full of the love he bore for the intrepid and devoted girl who had risked so much in his behalf; and a painter might have wished to preserve the expressions of ardent, manly admiration which glowed in his face, answering to the gentle sympathy and womanly tenderness it met in that of Rose.

The back-ground of this picture was the wide, even surface of the coral reef, with its exterior setting of the dark and gloomy sea. On the side of the channel, however, appeared the boat, already winded, with Biddy still on the rock, looking kindly at the lovers by the fire, while Jack was holding the painter, beginning to manifest a little impatience at the delay.

"They'll stay there an hour, holding each other's hands, and looking into each other's faces," half grumbled the little, rotund, assistant-steward, anxious to be on his way back to the brig, "unless a body gives 'em a call. Capt. Spike will be in no very good humor to receive you and me on board ag'in, if he should find out what sort of a trip we've been making hereaway."

"Let 'em alone—let 'em alone, Jacky," answered the good-natured and kind-hearted Irish woman. "It's happy they bees, just now, and it does my eyes good to look at 'em."

"Ay, they're happy enough, *now*; I only hope it may last."

"Last! what should help its lasting? Miss Rose is so good, and so handsome—and she's a fortin', too; and the mate so nice a young man. Think of the likes of them, Jack, wanting the blessed gift of wather, and all within one day and two nights. Sure, it's Providence that takes care of, and not we ourselves! Kings on their thrones isn't as happy as *them* at this moment."

"Men's willians!" growled Jack; "and more fools women for trustin' 'em."

"Not sich a nice young man as our mate, Jacky; no, not he. Now the mate of the ship I came from Liverpool in, this time ten years agone, he was a villain. He

grudged us our potaties, and our own bread; and he grudged us every dhrap of swate wather that went into our mouths. Call him a villain, if you will, Jack; but niver call the likes of Mr. Mulford by so hard a name.”

“I wish him well, and nothing else; and for that very reason must put a stop to his looking so fondly into that young woman’s face. Time wont stand still, Biddy, to suit the wishes of lovers; and Stephen Spike is a man not to be trifled with. Halloo, there, maty! It’s high time to think of getting under way.”

At this summons both Harry and Rose started, becoming aware of the precious moments they were losing. Carrying a large portion of the turtle, the former moved toward the craft, in which all were seated in less than three minutes, with the sail loose, and the boat in motion. For a few moments the mate was so much occupied with Rose, that he did not advert to the course, but one of his experience could not long be misled on such a point, and he turned suddenly to Tier, who was steering, to remonstrate.

“How’s this, Jack!” cried Mulford; “you’ve got the boat’s head the wrong way.”

“Not I, sir. She’s heading for the brig as straight as she can go. This wind favors us on both legs; and it’s lucky it does, for ’twill be hard on upon daylight afore we are alongside of her. You’ll want half an hour of dark, at the very least, to get a good start of the Swash, in case she makes sail a’ter you.”

“Straight for the brig!—what have we to do with the brig? Our course is for Key West, unless it might be better to run down before the wind to the Dry Tortugas again, and look for the sloop-of-war. Duty, and perhaps my own safety, tells me to let Capt. Mull know what Spike is about with the Swash; and I shall not hesitate a moment about doing it, after all that has passed. Give me the helm, Jack, and let us ware short round on our heel.”

“Never, master maty—never. I must go back to the brig. Miss Rose, there, knows that my business is with Stephen Spike, and with him only.”

“And I must return to my aunt, Harry,” put in Rose, herself. “It would never do for me to desert my aunt, you know.”

“And I have been taken from that rock, to be given up to the tender mercies of Spike again?”

This was said rather in surprise, than in a complaining way; and it at once induced Rose to tell the young man the whole of their project.

“Never, Harry, never,” she said firmly. “It is our intention to return to the brig ourselves, and let you escape in the boat afterwards. Jack Tier is of opinion this can be done without much risk, if we use proper caution, and do not lose too much time. On no account would I consent to place you in the hands of Spike again—death would be preferable to that, Harry!”

“And on no account can or will I consent to place *you* again in the hands of Spike, Rose,” answered the young man. “Now that we know his intentions, such an act would be almost impious.”

“Remember my aunt, dear Harry. What would be her situation in the morning, when she found herself deserted by her niece and Biddy—by me, whom she has nursed and watched from childhood, and whom she loves so well?”

“I shall not deny your obligations to your aunt, Rose, and your duty to her under ordinary circumstances. But these are not ordinary circumstances; and it would be courting the direst misfortunes, nay, almost braving Providence, to place yourself in the hands of that scoundrel again, now that you are clear of them.”

“Spike’s a willian!” muttered Jack.

“And my desartin’ the missus would be a sin that no praste would overlook ’asily,” put in Biddy. “When Miss Rose told me of this v’y’ge that she meant to make in the boat wid Jack Tier, I asked to come along, that I might take care of her, and see that there was plenty of wather; but ill-luck befall me if I would have t’ought of sich a thing, and the missus desarted.”

“We can then run alongside of the brig, and put Biddy and Jack on board of her,” said Mulford, reflecting a moment on what had just been said, “when you and I can make the best of our way to Key West, where the means of sending government vessels out after the Swash will soon offer. In this way we can not only get our friends out of the lion’s jaws, but keep out of them ourselves.”

“Reflect a moment, Harry,” said Rose, in a low voice, but not without tenderness in its tones; “it would not do for me to go off alone with you in this boat.”

“Not when you have confessed your willingness to go over the wide world with me, Rose—with me, and with me only?”

“Not even then, Harry. I know you will think better of this, when your generous nature has time to reason with your heart, on my account.”

“I can only answer in your own words, Rose—never. If you return to the Swash, I shall go on board with you, and throw defiance into the very teeth of Spike. I know the men do not dislike me, and, perhaps, assisted by Señor Montefalderon, and a few friends among the people, I can muster a force that will prevent my being thrown into the sea.”

Rose burst into tears, and then succeeded many minutes, during which Mulford was endeavoring, with manly tenderness, to soothe her. As soon as our heroine recovered her self-command, she began to discuss the matter at issue between them more coolly. For half an hour every thing was urged by each that feeling, affection, delicacy, or distrust of Spike could well urge, and Mulford was slowly getting the best of the argument, as well he might, the truth being mostly of his side. Rose was bewildered, really feeling a strong reluctance to quit her aunt, even with so justifiable a motive, but principally shrinking from the appearance of going off alone in a boat, and almost in the open sea, with Mulford. Had she loved Harry less, her scruples might not have been so active, but the consciousness of the strength of her attachment, as well as her fixed intention to become his wife the moment it was

in her power to give him her hand with the decencies of her sex, contributed strangely to prevent her yielding to the young man's reasoning. On the subject of the aunt, the mate made out so good a case, that it was apparent to all in the boat Rose would have to abandon that ground of refusal. Spike had no object to gain by ill-treating Mrs. Budd; and the probability certainly was that he would get rid of her as soon as he could, and in the most easy manner. This was so apparent to all, that Harry had little difficulty in getting Rose to assent to its probability. But there remained the reluctance to go off alone with the mate in a boat. This part of the subject was more difficult to manage than the other; and Mulford betrayed as much by the awkwardness with which he managed it. At length the discussion was brought to a close by Jack Tier suddenly saying, —

"Yonder is the brig; and we are heading for her as straight as if she was the pole, and the keel of this boat was a compass. I see how it is, Miss Rose, and a'ter all, I must give in. I suppose some other opportunity will offer for me to get on board the brig ag'in, and I'll trust to that. If you won't go off with the mate alone, I suppose you'll not refuse to go off in my company."

"Will you accompany us, Jack? This is more than I had hoped for! Yes, Harry, if Jack Tier will be of the party, I will trust my aunt to Biddy, and go with you to Key West, in order to escape from Spike."

This was said so rapidly, and so unexpectedly, as to take Mulford completely by surprise. Scarce believing what he heard, the young man was disposed, at first, to feel hurt, though a moment's reflection showed him that he ought to rejoice in the result, let the cause be what it might.

"More than I had hoped for!" he could not refrain from repeating a little bitterly; "is Jack Tier, then, of so much importance, that *his* company is thought preferable to mine!"

"Hush, Harry!" said Rose, laying her hand on Mulford's arm, by way of strengthening her appeal. "Do not say *that*. You are ignorant of circumstances; at another time you shall know them, but not now. Let it be enough for the present, that I promise to accompany you if Jack will be of our party."

"Ay, ay, Miss Rose, I will be of the party, seeing there is no other way of getting the lamb out of the jaws of the wolf. A'ter all, it may be the wisest thing I can do, though back to the Swash I must and *will* come, powder or no powder, treason or no treason, at the first opportunity. Yes, *my* business is with the Molly, and to the Molly I shall return. It's lucky, Miss Rose, since you have made up your mind to ship for this new cruise, that I bethought me of telling Biddy to make up a bundle of duds for you. This carpet-bag has a change or two in it, and all owing to my forethought. Your woman said 'Miss Rose will come back wid us, Jack, and what's the use of rumpling the clothes for a few hours' sail in the boat;' but I knew womankind better, and foreseed that if master mate fell in alongside of you ag'in, you would not be apt to part company very soon."

"I thank you, Jack, for the provision made for my comfort; though a little money

would have added to it materially. My purse has a little gold in it, but a very little, and I fear you are not much better off, Harry. It will be awkward to find ourselves in Key West penniless."

"We shall not be quite that. I left the brig absolutely without a cent, but forseeing that necessity might make them of use, I borrowed half a dozen of the doubloons from the bag of Señor Montefalderon, and, fortunately, they are still in my pocket. All I am worth in the world is in a bag of half eagles, rather more than a hundred altogether, which I left in my chest, in my own state-room, aboard the brig."

"You'll find that in the carpet-bag too, master mate," said Jack, coolly.

"Find what, man—not my money, surely?"

"Ay, every piece of it. Spike broke into your chest this a'ternoon, and made me hold the tools while he was doing it. He found the bag, and overhauled it—a hundred and seven half, eleven quarter, and one full-grown eagle, was the count. When he had done the job, he put all back ag'in, a'ter giving me the full-grown eagle for my share of the plunder, and told me to say nothing of what I had seen. I did say nothing, but I did a good bit of work, for, while he was at supper, I confiserated that bag, as they call it—and you will find it there among Miss Rose's clothes, with the full-grown gentleman back in his nest ag'in."

"This is being not only honest, Tier," cried Mulford, heartily, "but thoughtful. One half that money shall be yours for this act."

"I thank 'e, sir; but I'll not touch a cent of it. It came hard, I know, Mr. Mulford; for my own hands have smarted too much with tar, not to know that the seaman 'earns his money like the horse.' "

"Still it would not be 'spending it like an ass,' Jack, to give you a portion of mine. But there will be other opportunities to talk of this. It is a sign of returning to the concerns of life, Rose, that money begins to be of interest to us. How little did we think of the doubloons, or half eagles, a few hours since, when on the wreck?"

"It was wather that we t'ought of then," put in Biddy. "Goold is good in a market, or in a town, or to send back to Ireland, to help a body's aged fader or mudder in comfort wid; but wather is the blessed thing on a wrack!"

"The brig is coming quite plainly into view, and you had better give me the helm, Jack. It is time to bethink us of the manner of approaching her, and how we are to proceed when alongside."

This was so obviously true, that every body felt disposed to forget all other matters, in order to conduct the proceedings of the next twenty minutes, with the necessary prudence and caution. When Mulford first took the helm, the brig was just coming clearly into view, though still looking a little misty and distant. She might then have been half a league distant, and would not have been visible at all by that light, but for the circumstance that she had no back-ground to swallow up her outlines. Drawn against clouds, above which the rays of the moon were shed, her

tracery was to be discerned, however, and, minute by minute, it was getting to be more and more distinct, until it was now so plainly to be seen as to admonish the mate of the necessity of preparation in the manner mentioned.

Tier now communicated to the mate his own proposed manner of proceeding. The brig tended to the trades, the tides having very little influence on her, in the bight of the reef where she lay. As the wind stood at about east south-east, the brig's stern pointed to about west north-west, while the boat was coming down the passage from a direction nearly north from her, having, as a matter of course, the wind just free enough to lay her course. Jack's plan was to pass the brig to windward, and having got well on her bow, to brail the sail, and drift down upon her, expecting to fall in alongside, abreast of the fore-chains, into which he had intended to help Biddy, and to ascend himself, when he supposed that Mulford would again make sail, and carry off his mistress. To this scheme the mate objected that it was awkward, and a little lubberly. He substituted one in its place that differed in seamanship, and which was altogether better. Instead of passing to windward, Mulford suggested the expediency of approaching to leeward, and of coming alongside under the open bow-port, letting the sheet fly and brailing the sail, when the boat should be near enough to carry her to the point of destination without further assistance from her canvas.

Jack Tier took his officer's improvement on his own plan in perfect good part, readily and cheerfully expressing his willingness to aid the execution of it all that lay in his power. As the boat sailed unusually well, there was barely time to explain to each individual his or her part in the approaching critical movements, ere the crisis itself drew near; then each of the party became silent and anxious, and events were regarded rather than words.

It is scarcely necessary to say that Mulford sailed a boat well. He held the sheet in his hand, as the little craft came up under the lee-quarter of the brig, while Jack stood by the brail. The eyes of the mate glanced over the hull of the vessel to ascertain, if possible, who might be stirring; but not a sign of life could he detect on board her. This very silence made Mulford more distrustful and anxious, for he feared a trap was set for him. He expected to see the head of one of the blacks at least peering over the bulwarks, but nothing like a man was visible. It was too late to pause, however, and the sheet was slowly eased off, Jack hauling on the brail at the same time; the object being to prevent the sail's flapping, and the sound reaching the ears of Spike. As Mulford used great caution, and had previously schooled Jack on the subject, this important point was successfully achieved. Then the mate put his helm down, and the boat shot up under the brig's lee-bow. Jack was ready to lay hold of one of the bowsprit-shrouds, and presently the boat was breasted up under the desired port, and secured in that position. Mulford quitted the stern-sheets, and cast a look in upon deck. Nothing was to be seen, though he heard the heavy breathing of the blacks, both of whom were sound asleep on a sail that they had spread on the forecastle.

The mate whispered for Biddy to come to the port. This the Irish woman did at once, having kissed Rose, and taken her leave of her previously. Tier also came to the port, through which he passed, getting on deck with a view to assist Biddy, who was awkward, almost as a matter of course, to pass through the same opening. He had just succeeded, when the whole party was startled, some of them almost petrified, indeed, by a hail from the quarter-deck in the well-known, deep tones of Spike.

"For'ard, there?" hailed the captain. Receiving no answer, he immediately repeated, in a shorter, quicker call, "Forecastle, there?"

"Sir," answered Jack Tier, who by this time had come to his senses.

"Who has the look-out on that forecastle?"

"I have it, sir—I, Jack Tier. You know, sir, I was to have it from two 'till daylight."

"Ay, ay, I remember now. How does the brig ride to her anchor?"

"As steady as a church, sir. She has had no more sheer the whole watch than if she was moored head and stern."

"Does the wind stand as it did?"

"No change, sir. As dead a trade wind as ever blowed."

"What hard breathing is that I hear for'ard?"

" 'Tis the two niggers, sir. They've turned in on deck, and are napping it off at the rate of six knots. There's no keepin' way with a nigger in snoring."

"I thought I heard loud whispering, too, but I suppose it was a sort of half-dream. I'm often in that way now-a-days. Jack!"

"Sir."

"Go to the scuttle-butt and get me a pot of fresh water—my coppers are hot with hard thinking."

Jack did as ordered, and soon stood beneath the coach-house deck with Spike, who had come out of his state-room, heated and uneasy at he knew not what. The captain drank a full pint of water at a single draught.

"That's refreshing," he said, returning Jack the tin-pot, "and I feel the cooler for it. How much does it want of daylight, Jack?"

"Two hours, I think, sir. The order was passed to me to have all hands called as soon as it was broad day."

"Ay, that is right. We must get our anchor and be off as soon as there is light to do it in. Doubloons may melt as well as flour, and are best cared for soon, when cared for at all."

"I shall see and give the call as soon as it is day. I hope, Capt. Spike, I can take the liberty of an old shipmate, however, and say one thing to you, which is this—look out for the Poughkeepsie, which is very likely to be on your heels when you

least expect her."

"That's your way of thinking, is it, Jack? Well, I thank you, old one, for the hint, but have little fear of that craft. We've tried our legs together, and I think the brig has the longest."

As the captain said this, he gaped like a hound, and went into his state-room. Jack lingered on the quarter-deck, waiting to hear him fairly in his berth, when he made a sign to Biddy, who had got as far aft as the galley, where she was secreted, to pass down into the cabin as silently as possible. In a minute or two more, he moved forward, singing in a low, cracked voice, as was often his practice, and slowly made his way to the forecastle. Mulford was just beginning to think the fellow had changed his mind, and meant to stick by the brig, when the little, rotund figure of the assistant-steward was seen passing through the port, and to drop noiselessly on a thwart. Jack then moved to the bow, and cast off the painter, the head of the boat slowly falling off under the pressure of the breeze on that part of her mast and sail which rose above the hull of the Swash. Almost at the same moment, the mate let go the stern-fast, and the boat was free.

It required some care to set the sail without the canvas flapping. It was done, however, before the boat fairly took the breeze, when all was safe. In half a minute the wind struck the sail, and away the little craft started, passing swiftly ahead of the brig. Soon as far enough off, Mulford put up his helm and wore short round, bringing the boat's head to the northward, or in its proper direction; after which they flew along before the wind, which seemed to be increasing in force, with a velocity that really appeared to defy pursuit. All this time the brig lay in its silence and solitude, no one stirring on board her, and all, in fact, Biddy alone excepted, profoundly ignorant of what had just been passing alongside of her. Ten minutes of running off with a flowing sheet, caused the Swash to look indistinct and hazy again; in ten minutes more she was swallowed up, hull, spars, and all, in the gloom of night.

Mulford and Rose now felt something like that security, without the sense of which happiness itself is but an uneasy feeling, rendering the anticipations of evil the more painful by the magnitude of the stake. There they sat, now, in the stern-sheets by themselves, Jack Tier having placed himself near the bows of the boat, to look out for rocks, as well as to trim the craft. It was not long before Rose was leaning on Harry's shoulder, and ere an hour was past, she had fallen into a sweet sleep in that attitude, the young man having carefully covered her person with a capacious shawl, the same that had been used on the wreck. As for Jack, he maintained his post in silence, sitting with his arms crossed, and the hands thrust into the breast of his jacket, sailor fashion, a picture of nautical vigilance. It was some time after Rose had fallen asleep, that this singular being spoke for the first time.

"Keep her away a bit, maty," he said, "keep her away, half a point or so. She's been travelin' like a racer since we left the brig; and yonder's the first streak of

day.”

“By the time we have been running,” observed Mulford, “I should think we must be getting near the northern side of the reef.”

“All of that, sir, depend on it. Here’s a rock close aboard on us, to which we are coming fast—just off here, on our weather bow, that looks to me like the place where you landed after that swim, and where we had stowed ourselves when Stephen Spike made us out, and gave chase.”

“It is surprising to me, Jack, that you should have any fancy to stick by a man of Spike’s character. He is a precious rascal, as we all can see, now, and you are rather an honest sort of a fellow.”

“Do you love the young woman there, that’s lying in your arms, as it might be, and whom you say you wish to marry?”

“The question is a queer one, but it is easily answered. More than my life, Jack.”

“Well, how happens it that *you* succeed, when the world has so many other young men who might please her as well as yourself?”

“It may be that no other loves her as well, and she has had the sagacity to discover it.”

“Quite likely. So it is with me and Stephen Spike. I fancy a man whom other folk despise and condemn. *Why* I stand by him is my own secret; but stand by him I do and will.”

“This is all very strange, after your conduct on the island, and your conduct to-night. I shall not disturb your secret, however, Jack, but leave you to enjoy it by yourself. Is this the rock of which you spoke, that we are now passing?”

“The same; and there is the spot in which we was stowed when they made us out from the brig; and hereaway, a cable’s length, more or less, the wreck of that Mexican craft must lie.”

“What is that rising above the water, thereaway, Jack; more on our weather-beam?”

“I see what you mean, sir; it looks like a spar. By George! there’s two on ’em; and they *do* seem to be the schooner’s masts.”

Sure enough! a second look satisfied Mulford that two mast-heads were out of water, and that within a hundred yards of the place the boat was running past. Standing on a short distance, or far enough to give himself room, the mate put his helm down, and tacked the boat. The flapping of the sail, and the little movement of shifting over the sheet, awoke Rose, who was immediately apprized of the discovery. As soon as round, the boat went glancing up to the spars, and presently was riding by one, Jack Tier having caught hold of a topmast-shroud, when Mulford let fly his sheet again, and luffed short up to the spot. By this time the increasing light was sufficiently strong to render objects distinct, when near by, and no doubt remained any longer in the mind of Mulford about the two mast-heads being those

of the unfortunate Mexican schooner.

“Well, of all I have ever seen, I’ve never see’d the like of this afore!” exclaimed Jack. “When we left this here craft, sir, you’ll remember, she had almost turned turtle, laying over so far as to bring her upper coamings under water; now she stands right side up, as erect as if docked! My navigation can’t get along with this, Mr. Mulford, and it does seem like witchcraft.”

“It is certainly a very singular incident, Jack, and I have been trying to come at its causes.”

“Have you succeeded, Harry?” asked Rose, by this time wide awake, and wondering like the others.

“It must have happened in this wise. The wreck was abandoned by us some little distance out here, to windward. The schooner’s masts, of course, pointed to leeward, and when she drifted in here, they have first touched on a shelving rock, and as they have been shoved up, little by little, they have acted as levers to right the hull, until the cargo has shifted back into its proper berth, which has suddenly set the vessel up again.”

“Ay, ay, sir,” answered Jack, “all that might have happened had she been above water, or any part of her above water; but you’ll remember, maty, that soon after we left her she went down.”

“Not entirely. The wreck settled in the water no faster after we had left it, than it had done before. It continued to sink, inch by inch, as the air escaped, and no faster after it had gone entirely out of sight than before; not as fast, indeed, as the water became denser the lower it got. The great argument against my theory, is the fact, that after the hull got beneath the surface, the wind could not act on it. This is true in one sense, however, and not in another. The waves, or the pressure of the water produced by the wind, might act on the hull for some time after we ceased to see it. But the currents have set the craft in here, and the hull floating always, very little force would cant the craft. If the rock were shelving and slippery, I see no great difficulty in the way; and the barrels may have been so lodged, that a trifle would set them rolling back again, each one helping to produce a change that would move another. As for the ballast, that, I am certain, could not shift, for it was stowed with great care. As the vessel righted, the air still in her moved, and as soon as the water permitted, it escaped by the hatches, when the craft went down, as a matter of course. This air may have aided in bringing the hull upright by its movements in the water.”

This was the only explanation to which the ingenuity of Mulford could help him, under the circumstances, and it may have been the right one, or not. There lay the schooner, however, in some five or six fathoms of water, with her two top-masts, and lower mast-heads out of the element, as upright as if docked! It may all have occurred as the mate fancied, or the unusual incident may have been owing to some of the many mysterious causes which baffle inquiry, when the agents are necessarily hidden from examination.

“Spike intends to come and look for this wreck, you tell me, Jack; in the hope of getting at the doubloons it contains?” said Mulford, when the boat had lain a minute or two longer, riding by the mast-head.

“Ay, ay; that’s his notion, sir, and he’ll be in a great stew, as soon as he turns out, which must be about this time, and finds me missing; for I was to pilot him to the spot.”

“He’ll want no pilot now. It will be scarcely possible to pass any where near this and not see these spars. But this discovery almost induces me to change my own plans. What say *you*, Rose? We have now reached the northern side of the reef, when it is time to haul close by the wind, if we wish to beat up to Key West. There is a moral certainty, however, that the sloop-of-war is somewhere in the neighborhood of the Dry Tortugas, which are much the most easily reached, being to leeward. We might run down to the light-house by mid-day, while it is doubtful if we could reach the town until to-morrow morning. I should like exceedingly to have five minutes conversation with the commander of the Poughkeepsie.”

“Ay, to let him know where he will be likely to fall in with the Molly Swash and her traitor master, Stephen Spike,” cried Jack Tier. “Never mind, maty; let ’em come on; both the Molly and her master have long legs and clean heels. Stephen Spike will show ’em how to thread the channels of a reef.”

“It is amazing to me, Jack, that you should stand by your old captain in feeling, while you are helping to thwart him, all you can, in his warmest wishes.”

“He’s a willian!” muttered Jack—“a reg’lar willian is Stephen Spike!”

“If a villain, why do you so evidently wish to keep him out of the hands of the law? Let him be captured and punished, as his crimes require.”

“Men’s willians, all round,” still muttered Jack. “Heark ’e, Mr. Mulford, I have sailed in the brig longer than you, and know’d her in her comeliest and best days—when she was young, and blooming, and lovely to the eye, as the young creature at your side—and it would go to my heart to have any thing happen to *her*. Then, I’ve know’d Stephen a long time, too, and old shipmates get a feelin’ for each other, sooner or later. I tell you now, honestly, Mr. Mulford, Capt. Adam Mull shall never make a prisoner of Stephen Spike, if I can prevent it.”

The mate laughed at this sally, but Rose appeared anxious to change the conversation, and she managed to open a discussion on the subject of the course it might be best to steer. Mulford had several excellent reasons to urge for wishing to run down to the islets, all of which, with a single exception, he laid before his betrothed. The concealed reason was one of the strongest of them all, as usually happens when there is a reason to conceal, but of that he took care to say nothing. The result was an acquiescence on the part of Rose, whose consent was yielded more to the influence of one particular consideration than to all the rest united. That one was this: Harry had pointed out to her the importance to himself of his appearing early to denounce the character and movements of the brig, lest, through

his former situation in her, his own conduct might be seriously called in question.

As soon as the matter was determined, Jack was told to let go his hold, the sheet was drawn aft, and away sped the boat. No sooner did Mulford cause the little craft to keep away than it almost flew, as if conscious it were bound to its proper home, skimming swiftly over the waves, like a bird returning eagerly to its nest. An hour later the party breakfasted. While at this meal, Jack Tier pointed out to the mate a white speck, in the south-eastern board, which he took to be the brig coming through the passage, on her way to the wreck.

"No matter," returned the mate. "Though we can see her, she cannot see us. There is that much advantage in our being small, Rose, if it do prevent our taking exercise by walking the deck."

Soon after Mulford made a very distant sail in the north-western board, which he hoped might turn out to be the Poughkeepsie. It was but another speck, but its position was somewhat like that in which he had expected to meet the sloop-of-war. The two vessels were so far apart that one could not be seen from the other, and there was little hope that the Poughkeepsie would detect Spike at his toil on the wreck, but the mate fully expected that the ship would go into the anchorage, among the islets, in order to ascertain what had become of the schooner. If she did not go in herself she would be almost certain to send in a boat.

The party from the brigantine had run down before the wind more than two hours before the light-house began to show itself, just rising out of the waves. This gave them the advantage of a beacon, Mulford having steered hitherto altogether by the sun, the direction of the wind, and the trending of the reef. Now he had his port in sight, it being his intention to take possession of the dwelling of the light-house keeper, and to remain in it, until a favorable opportunity occurred to remove Rose to Key West. The young man had also another important project in view, which it will be in season to mention as it reaches the moment of its fulfilment.

The rate of sailing of the light-house boat, running before a brisk trade wind, could not be much less than nine miles in the hour. About eleven o'clock, therefore, the lively craft shot through one of the narrow channels of the islets, and entered the haven. In a few minutes all three of the adventurers were on the little wharf where the light-house people were in the habit of landing. Rose proceeded to the house, while Harry and Jack remained to secure the boat. For the latter purpose a sort of slip, or little dock, had been made, and when the boat was hauled into it, it lay so snug that not only was the craft secure from injury, but it was actually hid from the view of all but those who stood directly above it.

"This is a snug berth for the boat, Jack," observed the mate, when he had hauled it into the place mentioned, "and by unstepping the mast, a passer by would not suspect such a craft of lying in it. Who knows what occasion there may be for concealment, and I'll e'en do that thing?"

To a casual listener, Harry, in unstepping the mast, might have seemed influenced merely by a motiveless impulse; but, in truth, a latent suspicion of Jack's

intentions instigated him, and as he laid the mast, sprit and sail on the thwarts, he determined, in his own mind, to remove them all to some other place, as soon as an opportunity for doing so unobserved should occur. He and Jack now followed Rose to the house.

The islets were found deserted and tenantless. Not a human being had entered the house since Rose left it, the evening she had remained so long ashore, in company with her aunt and the Señor Montefalderon. This our heroine knew from the circumstance of finding a slight fastening of the outer door in the precise situation in which she had left it with her own hands. At first a feeling of oppression and awe prevailed with both Harry and Rose, when they recollected the fate of those who had so lately been tenants of the place, but this gradually wore off, and each soon got to be more at home. As for Jack, he very coolly rummaged the lockers, as he called the drawers and closets of the place, and made his preparations for cooking a very delicious repast, in which *callipash* and *callipee* were to be material ingredients. The necessary condiments were easily enough found in that place, turtle being a common dish there, and it was not long before steams that might have quickened the appetite of an alderman filled the kitchen. Rose rummaged, too, and found a clean table-cloth, plates, glasses, bowls, spoons, and knives; in a word, all that was necessary to spread a plain but plentiful board. While all this was doing, Harry took some fishing-tackle, and proceeded to a favorable spot among the rocks. In twenty minutes he returned with a fine mess of that most delicious little fish that goes by the very unpoetical name of “hog-fish,” from the circumstance of its giving a grunt not unlike that of a living porker, when rudely drawn from its proper element. Nothing was now wanting to not only a comfortable, but to what was really a most epicurean meal, and Jack just begged the lovers to have patience for an hour or so, when he promised them dishes that even New York could not furnish.

Harry and Rose first retired to pay a little attention to their dress, and then they joined each other in a walk. The mate had found some razors, and was clean shaved. He had also sequestered a shirt, and made some other little additions to his attire, that contributed to give him the appearance of being, that which he really was, a very gentleman-like looking young sailor. Rose had felt no necessity for taking liberties with the effects of others, though a good deal of female attire was found in the dwelling. As was afterward ascertained, a family ordinarily dwelt there, but most of it had gone to Key West, on a visit, at the moment when the man and boy left in charge had fallen into the hands of the Mexicans, losing their lives in the manner mentioned.

While walking together, Harry opened his mind to Rose, on the subject which lay nearest to his heart, and which had been at the bottom of this second visit to the islets of the Dry Tortugas. During the different visits of Wallace to the brig, the boat’s crew of the Poughkeepsie had held more or less discourse with the people of the Swash. This usually happens on such occasions, and although Spike had endeavored to prevent it, when his brig lay in this bay, he had not been entirely

successful. Such discourse is commonly jocular, and sometimes witty; every speech, coming from which side it may, ordinarily commencing with “shipmate,” though the interlocutors never saw each other before that interview. In one of these visits an allusion was made to cargo, when “the pretty gal aft” was mentioned as being a part of the cargo of the Swash. In answer to this remark, the wit of the Poughkeepsie had told the brig’s man, “you had better send her on board us, *for we carry a chaplain, a regular built one, that will be a bishop some day or other perhaps*, and we can get her spliced to one of our young officers.” This remark had induced the sailor of the Molly to ask if a sloop-of-war really carried such a piece of marine luxury as a chaplain, and the explanation given went to say that the clergyman in question did not properly belong to the Poughkeepsie, but was to be put on board a frigate, as soon as they fell in with one that he named. Now, all this Mulford overheard, and he remembered it at a moment when it might be of use. Situated as he and Rose were, he felt the wisdom and propriety of their being united, and his present object was to persuade his companion to be of the same way of thinking. He doubted not that the sloop-of-war would come in, ere long, perhaps that very day, and he believed it would be an easy matter to induce her chaplain to perform the ceremony. America is a country in which every facility exists, with the fewest possible impediments, to getting married; and, we regret to be compelled to add, to getting unmarried also. There are no banns, no licences, no consent of parents even, usually necessary, and persons who are of the age of discretion, which, as respects females and matrimony, is a very tender age indeed, may be married, if they see fit, almost without form or ceremony. There existed, therefore, no legal impediment to the course Mulford desired to take, and his principal, if not his only difficulty would be with Rose. Over her scruples he hoped to prevail, and not without reason, as the case he could and did present, was certainly one of a character that entitled him to be heard with great attention.

In the first place, Mrs. Budd had approved of the connection, and it was understood between them, that the young people were to be united at the first port in which a clergyman of their own persuasion could be found, and previously to reaching home. This had been the aunt’s own project, for, weak and silly as she was, the relict had a woman’s sense of the proprieties. It had occurred to her that it would be more respectable to make the long journey which lay before them, escorted by a nephew and a husband, than escorted by even an accepted lover. It is true she had never anticipated a marriage in a light-house, and under the circumstances in which Rose was now placed, though it might be more reputable that her niece should quit the islets as the wife of Harry than as his betrothed. Then Mulford still apprehended Spike. In that remote part of the world, almost beyond the confines of society, it was not easy to foretell what claims he might set up, in the event of his meeting them there. Armed with the authority of a husband, Mulford could resist him, in any such case, with far better prospects of success than if he should appear only in the character of a suitor.

Rose listened to these arguments, ardently and somewhat eloquently put, as a

girl of her years and habits would be apt to listen to a favored lover. She was much too sincere to deny her own attachment, which the events of the last few days had increased almost to intenseness, so apt is our tenderness to augment in behalf of those for whom we feel solicitude, and her judgment told her that the more sober part of Harry's reasoning was entitled to consideration. As his wife, her situation would certainly be much less equivocal and awkward, than while she bore a different name, and was admitted to be a single woman, and it might yet be weeks before the duty she owed her aunt would allow her to proceed to the north. But, after all, Harry prevailed more through the influence of his hold on Rose's affections, as would have been the case with almost every other woman, than through any force of reasoning. He truly loved, and that made him eloquent when he spoke of love; sympathy in all he uttered being his great ally. When summoned to the house, by the call of Jack, who announced that the turtle-soup was ready, they returned with the understanding that the chaplain of the Poughkeepsie should unite them, did the vessel come in, and would the functionary mentioned consent to perform the ceremony.

"It would be awkward—nay, it would be distressing, Harry, to have him refuse," said the blushing Rose, as they walked slowly back to the house, more desirous to prolong their conversation than to partake of the bountiful provision of Jack Tier. The latter could not but be acceptable, nevertheless, to a young man like Mulford, who was in robust health, and who had fared so badly for the last eight-and-forty hours. When he sat down to the table, therefore, which was covered by a snow-white cloth, with smoking and most savory viands on it, it will not be surprising if we say it was with a pleasure that was derived from one of the great necessities of our nature.

Sancho calls for benediction "on the man who invented sleep." It would have been more just to have asked this boon in behalf of him who invented eating and turtle-soup. The wearied fall into sleep, as it might be unwittingly; sometimes against their will, and often against their interests; while many a man is hungry without possessing the means of appeasing his appetite. Still more daily feel hunger without possessing turtle-soup. Certain persons impute this delicious compound to the genius of some London alderman, but we rather think unjustly. Aldermanick genius is easily excited and rendered active, no doubt, by strong appeals on such a theme, but our own experience inclines us to believe that the tropics usually send their inventions to the less unfruitful regions of the earth along with their products. We have little doubt, could the fact be now ascertained, that it would be found turtle-soup was originally invented by just some such worthy as Jack Tier, who in filling his coppers to tickle the captain's appetite, had used all the condiments within his reach; ventured on a sort of Regent's punch; and, as the consequence, had brought forth the dish so often eulogized, and so well beloved. It is a little extraordinary that in Paris, the seat of gastronomy, one rarely, if ever, hears of or sees this dish; while in London it is to be met in almost as great abundance as in one of our larger commercial towns. But so it is, and we cannot say we much envy a

cuisine its *patés*, and *soufflets*, and its *à la* this and *à la* thats, but which was never redolent with the odors of turtle-soup.

"Upon my word, Jack, you have made out famously with your dinner, or supper, which ever you may please to call it," cried Mulford gaily, as he took his seat at table, after having furnished Rose with a chair. "Nothing appears to be wanting; but here is good pilot-bread, potatoes even, and other little niceties, in addition to the turtle and the fish. These good people of the light seem to have lived comfortably, at any rate."

"Why should they not, maty?" answered Jack, beginning to help himself to soup. "Living on one of these islets is like living afloat. Every thing is laid in, as for an outward bound craft; then the reef must always furnish fish and turtle. I've overhauled the lockers pretty thoroughly, and find a plenty of stores to last *us* a month. Tea, sugar, coffee, bread, pickles, potatoes, onions, and all other knick-knacks."

"The poor people who own these stores will be heavy-hearted enough when they come to learn the reason why we have been put in undisturbed possession of their property," said Rose. "We must contrive some means of repaying them for such articles as we may use, Harry."

"That's easily enough done, Miss Rose. Drop one of the half eagles in a tea-pot, or a mug, and they'll be certain to fall in with it when they come back. Nothin' is easier than to pay a body's debts, when a body has the will and the means. Now, the worst enemy of Stephen Spike must own that his brig never quits port with unsettled bills. Stephen has his faults, like other mortals; but he has his good p'ints, too."

"Still praising Spike, my good Jack?" cried the mate, a little provoked at this pertinacity in the deputy-steward, in sticking to his ship and his shipmate. "I should have thought that you had sailed with him long enough to have found him out, and to wish never to put your foot in his cabin again."

"Why, no, mate, a craft is a craft, and a body gets to like even the faults of one in which a body has gone through gales, and squalls, with a whole skin. I like the Swash, and, for sartain things I like her captain."

"Meaning by that it is your intention to get on board of the one, and to sail with the other, again, as soon as you can."

"I do, Mr. Mulford, and make no bones in telling on't. You know that I came here without wishing it."

"Well, Jack, no one will attempt to control your movements, but you shall be left your own master. I feel it to be a duty, however, as one who may I know more of the law than yourself, as well as more of Stephen Spike, to tell you that he is engaged in a treasonable commerce with the enemy, and that he, and all who voluntarily remain with him, knowing this fact, may be made to swing for it."

"Then I'll swing for it," returned Jack, sullenly.

"There is a little obstinacy in this, my good fellow, and you must be reasoned

out of it. I am under infinite obligations to you, Jack, and shall ever be ready to own them. Without you to sail the boat, I might have been left to perish on that rock, for God only knows whether any vessel would have seen me in passing. Most of those who go through that passage keep the western side of the reef aboard, they tell me, on account of there being better water on that side of the channel, and the chance of a man's being seen on a rock, by ships a league or two off, would be small indeed. Yes, Jack, I owe my life to you, and am proud to own it."

"You owe it to Miss Rose, maty, who put me up to the enterprise, and who shared it with me."

"To her I owe more than life," answered Harry, looking at his beloved as she delighted in being regarded by him, "but even she, with all her wishes to serve me, would have been helpless without your skill in managing a boat. I owe also to your good-nature the happiness of having Rose with me at this moment; for without you she would not have come."

"I'll not deny it, maty—take another ladle full of the soup, Miss Rosy, a quart of it wouldn't hurt an infant—I'll not deny it, Mr. Mulford—I know by the way you've got rid of the first bowl full that *you* are ready for another, and there it is—I'll not deny it, and all I can say is that you are heartily welcome to my sarvices."

"I thank you, Jack; but all this only makes me more desirous of being of use to you, now, when it's in my power. I wish you to stick by me, and not to return to the Swash. As soon as I get to New York I shall build or buy a ship, and the berth of steward in her shall always be open to you."

"Thank 'e, maty; thank 'e, with all my heart. It's something to know that a port is open to leeward, and, though I cannot *now* accept your offer, the day *may* come when I shall be glad to do so."

"If you like living ashore better, our house will always be ready to receive you. I should be glad to leave as handy a little fellow as yourself behind me whenever I went to sea. There are a hundred things in which you might be useful, and fully earn your biscuit, so as to have no qualms about eating the bread of idleness."

"Thank 'e, thank 'e, maty," cried Jack, dashing a tear out of his eye with the back of his hand, "thank 'e, sir, from the bottom of my heart. The time *may* come, but not now. My papers is signed for this v'y'ge. Stephen Spike has a halter round his neck, as you say yourself, and it's necessary for me to be there to look to 't. We all have our callin's and duties, and this is mine. I stick by the Molly and her captain until both are out of this scrape, or both are condemned. I know nothing of treason; but if the law wants another victim, I must take my chance."

Mulford was surprised at this steadiness of Jack's, in what he thought a very bad cause, and he was quite as much surprised that Rose did not join him, in his endeavors to persuade the steward not to be so fool-hardy, as to endeavor to go back to the brig. Rose did not, however; sitting silently eating her dinner the whole time, though she occasionally cast glances of interest at both the speakers the while. In

this state of things the mate abandoned the attempt, for the moment, intending to return to the subject, after having had a private conference with his betrothed.

Notwithstanding the little drawback just related, that was a happy as well as a delicious repast. The mate did full justice to the soup, and afterward to the fish with the unpoetical name; and Rose ate more than she had done in the last three days. The habits of discipline prevented Jack from taking his seat at table, though pressed by both Rose and Harry to do so, but he helped himself to the contents of a bowl, and did full justice to his own art, on one aside. The little fellow was delighted with the praises that were bestowed on his dishes; and for the moment, the sea, its dangers, its tornadoes, wrecks and races, were all forgotten in the security and pleasures of so savory a repast.

“Folk ashore don’t know how sailors sometimes live,” said Jack, holding a large spoon filled with the soup ready to plunge into a tolerably capacious mouth.

“Or how they sometimes starve,” answered Rose. “Remember our own situation, less than forty-eight hours since!”

“All very true, Miss Rose; yet, you see, turtle-soup brings us up, a’ter all. Would you choose a glass of wine, maty?”

“Very much indeed, Jack, after so luscious a soup; but wishing for it will not bring it here.”

“That remains to be seen, sir. I call this a bottle of something that looks wery much like a wine.”

“Claret, as I live! Why, where should light-house keepers get the taste for claret?”

“I’ve thought of that myself, Mr. Mulford, and have supposed that some of Uncle Sam’s officers have brought the liquor to this part of the world. I understand a party on ’em was here surveyin’ all last winter. It seems they come in the cool weather, and get their sights and measure their distances, and go home in the warm weather, and work out their traverses in the shade, as it might be.”

“This seems likely, Jack; but come, whence it may, it is welcome, and we will taste it.”

Mulford then drew the cork of this mild and grateful liquor, and helped his companions and himself. In this age of moral *tours de force*, one scarcely dare say any thing favorable of a liquid that even bears the name of wine, or extol the shape of a bottle. It is truly the era of exaggeration. Nothing is treated in the old-fashioned, natural, common sense way. Virtue is no longer virtue, unless it get upon stilts; and, as for sins being confined to “transgression against the law of God,” audacious would be the wretch who should presume to limit the sway of the societies by any dogma so narrow! A man may be as abstemious as an anchorite and get no credit for it, unless “he sign the pledge;” or, signing the pledge, he may get fuddled in corners, and be cited as a miracle of sobriety. The test of morals is no longer in the abuse of the gifts of Providence, but in their use; prayers are deserting the closet for the

corners of streets, and charity (not the giving of alms) has got to be so earnest in the demonstration of its nature, as to be pretty certain to “begin at home,” and to end where it begins. Even the art of mendacity has been aroused by the great progress which is making by all around it, and many manifest the strength of their ambition by telling ten lies where their fathers would have been satisfied with telling only one. This art has made an extraordinary progress within the last quarter of a century, aspiring to an ascendancy that was formerly conceded only to truth, until he who gains his daily bread by it has some such contempt for the sneaking wretch who does business on the small scale, as the slayer of his thousands in the field is known to entertain for him who kills only a single man in the course of a long life.

At the risk of damaging the reputations of our hero and heroine, we shall frankly aver the fact that both Harry and Rose partook of the *vin de Bordeaux*, a very respectable bottle of *Medoc*, by the way, which had been forgotten by Uncle Sam’s people, in the course of the preceding winter, agreeably to Jack Tier’s conjecture. One glass sufficed for Rose, and, contrary as it may be to all modern theory, she was somewhat the better for it; while the mate and Jack Tier quite half emptied the bottle, being none the worse. There they sat, enjoying the security and abundance which had succeeded to their late danger, happy in that security, happy in themselves, and happy in the prospects of a bright future. It was just as practicable for them to remain at the Dry Tortugas, as it was for the family which ordinarily dwelt at the light. The place was amply supplied with every thing that would be necessary for their wants, for months to come, and Harry caused his betrothed to blush, as he whispered to her, should the chaplain arrive, he should delight in passing the honey-moon where they then were.

“I could tend the light,” he added, smiling, “which would be not only an occupation, but a useful occupation; you could read all those books from beginning to end, and Jack could keep us supplied with fish. By the way, master steward, are you in the humor for motion, so soon after your hearty meal?”

“Any thing to be useful,” answered Jack, cheerfully.

“Then do me the favor to go up into the lantern of the light-house, and take a look for the sloop-of-war. If she’s in sight at all, you’ll find her off here to the northward; and while you are aloft you may as well make a sweep of the whole horizon. There hangs the light-house keeper’s glass, which may help your eyes, by stepping into the gallery outside of the lantern.”

Jack willingly complied, taking the glass and proceeding forthwith to the other building. Mulford had two objects in view in giving this commission to the steward. He really wished to ascertain what was the chance of seeing the Poughkeepsie, in the neighborhood of the islets, and felt just that indisposition to move himself, that is apt to come over one who has recently made a very bountiful meal, while he also desired to have another private conversation with Rose.

A good portion of the time that Jack was gone, and he staid quite an hour in the lantern, our lovers conversed as lovers are much inclined to converse; that is to say,

of themselves, their feelings, and their prospects. Mulford told Rose of his hopes and fears, while he visited at the house of her aunt, previously to sailing, and the manner in which his suspicions had been first awakened in reference to the intentions of Spike—intentions, so far as they were connected with an admiration of his old commander's niece, and possibly in connection also with the little fortune she was known to possess, but not in reference to the bold project to which he had, in fact, resorted. No distrust of the scheme finally put in practice had ever crossed the mind of the young mate, until he received the unexpected order, mentioned in our opening chapter, to prepare the brig for the reception of Mrs. Budd and her party. Harry confessed his jealousy of one youth whom he dreaded far more even than he had ever dreaded Spike, and whose apparent favor with Rose, and actual favor with her aunt, had given him many a sleepless night.

They next conversed of the future, which to them seemed full of flowers. Various were the projects started, discussed, and dismissed, between them, the last almost as soon as proposed. On one thing they were of a mind, as soon as proposed. Harry was to have a ship as quick as one could be purchased by Rose's means, and the promised bride laughingly consented to make one voyage to Europe along with her husband.

"I wonder, dear Rose, my poverty has never presented any difficulties in the way of our union," said Harry, sensibly touched with the free way his betrothed disposed of her own money in his behalf; "but neither you nor Mrs. Budd has ever seemed to think of the difference there is between us in this respect."

"What is the trifle I possess, Harry, set in the balance against your worth? My aunt, as you say, has thought I might even be the gainer by the exchange."

"I am sure I feel a thousand times indebted to Mrs. Budd —"

"*Aunt* Budd. You must learn to say, '*my* Aunt Budd,' Mr. Henry Mulford, if you mean to live in peace with her unworthy niece."

"*Aunt* Budd, then," returned Harry, laughing, for the laugh came easily that evening; "Aunt Budd, if you wish it, Rose. I can have no objection to call any relative of yours, uncle or aunt."

"I think we are intimate enough, now, to ask you a question or two, Harry, touching my aunt," continued Rose, looking stealthily over her shoulder, as if apprehensive of being overheard. "You know how fond she is of speaking of the sea, and of indulging in nautical phrases?"

"Any one must have observed that, Rose," answered the young man, gazing up at the wall, in order not to be compelled to look the beautiful creature before him in the eyes—"Mrs. Budd has very strong tastes that way."

"Now tell me, Harry—that is, answer me frankly—I mean—she is not *always* right, is she?"

"Why, no; not absolutely so—that is, not absolutely *always* so—few persons are *always* right, you know."

Rose remained silent and embarrassed for a moment; after which she pursued the discourse.

“But aunty does not know as much of the sea and of ships as she thinks she does?”

“Perhaps not. We all overrate our own acquirements. I dare say that even I am not as good a seaman as I fancy myself to be.”

“Even Spike admits that you are what he calls ‘a prime seaman.’ But it is not easy for a woman to get a correct knowledge of the use of all the strange, and sometimes uncouth, terms that you sailors use.”

“Certainly not; and for that reason I would rather you should never attempt it, Rose. We rough sons of the ocean would prefer to hear our wives make divers pretty blunders, rather than to be swaggering about like so many ‘old salts.’ ”

“Mr. Mulford! Does Aunt Budd swagger like an old salt?”

“Dearest Rose, I was not thinking of your aunt, but of *you*. Of you, as you are, feminine, spirited, lovely alike in form and character, and of you a graduate of the ocean, and full of its language and ideas.”

It was probable Rose was not displeased at this allusion to herself, for a smile struggled around her pretty mouth, and she did not look at all angry. After another short pause, she resumed the discourse.

“My aunt did not very clearly comprehend those explanations of yours about the time of day, and the longitude,” she said, “nor am I quite certain that I did myself.”

“You understood them far better than Mrs. Budd, Rose. Women are so little accustomed to *think* on such subjects at all, that it is not surprising they sometimes get confused. I do wish, however, that your aunt could be persuaded to be more cautious in the presence of strangers, on the subject of terms she does not understand.”

“I feared it might be so, Harry,” answered Rose, in a low voice, as if unwilling even he should know the full extent of her thoughts on this subject; “but my aunt’s heart is most excellent, though she may make mistakes occasionally. I owe her a great deal, if not absolutely my education, certainly my health and comfort through childhood, and more prudent, womanly advice than you may suppose, perhaps, since I have left school. How she became the dupe of Spike, indeed, is to me unaccountable; for in all that relates to health, she is, in general, both acute and skillful.”

“Spike is a man of more art than he appears to be to superficial observers. On my first acquaintance with him, I mistook him for a frank, fearless, but well-meaning sailor, who loved hazardous voyages and desperate speculation—a sort of innocent gambler; but I have learned to know better. His means are pretty much reduced to his brig, and she is getting old, and can do but little more service. His projects are plain enough, now. By getting you into his power, he hoped to compel a marriage, in which case both your fortune and your aunt’s would contribute to repair

his."

"He might have killed me, but I never would have married him," rejoined Rose, firmly. "Is not that Jack coming down the steps of the light-house?"

"It is. I find that fellow's attachment to Spike very extraordinary, Rose. Can you, in any manner, account for it?"

Rose at first seemed disposed to reply. Her lips parted, as if about to speak, and closed again, as glancing her eyes toward the open door, she seemed to expect the appearance of the steward's little, rotund form on its threshold, which held her tongue-tied. A brief interval elapsed, however, ere Jack actually arrived, and Rose, perceiving that Harry was curiously expecting her answer, said hurriedly—"it may be hatred, not attachment."

The next instant Jack Tier entered the room. He had been gone rather more than an hour, not returning until just as the sun was about to set in a flame of fire.

"Well, Jack, what news from the Poughkeepsie?" demanded the mate. "You have been gone long enough to make sure of your errand. Is it certain that we are not to see the man-of-war's-men to-night?"

"Whatever you see, my advice to you is to keep close, and to be on your guard," answered Jack, evasively.

"I have little fear of any of Uncle Sam's craft. A plain story, and an honest heart, will make all clear to a well-disposed listener. We have not been accomplices in Spike's treasons, and cannot be made to answer for them."

"Take my advice, maty, and be in no hurry to hail every vessel you see. Uncle Sam's fellows may not always be at hand to help you. Do you not know that this island will be tabooed to seamen for some time to come?"

"Why so, Jack? The islet has done no harm, though others may have performed wicked deeds near it."

"Two of the drowned men lie within a hundred yards of this spot, and sailors never go near new-made graves, if they can find any other place to resort to."

"You deal in enigmas, Jack; and did I not know that you are very temperate, I might suspect that the time you have been gone has been passed in the company of a bottle of brandy."

"That will explain my meaning," said Jack, laconically, pointing as he spoke, seemingly at some object that was to be seen without.

The door of the house was wide open, for the admission of air. It faced the haven of the islets, and just as the mate's eyes were turned to it, the end of a flying-jib boom, with the sail down, and fluttering beneath it, was coming into the view. "The Poughkeepsie!" exclaimed Mulford, in delight, seeing all his hopes realized, while Rose blushed to the eyes. A pause succeeded, during which Mulford drew aside, keeping his betrothed in the back-ground, and as much out of sight as possible. The vessel was shooting swiftly into view, and presently all there could

see it was the Swash.

[*To be continued.*

STOCK-JOBBING IN NEW YORK.

BY PETER PENCIL.

“Nothing venture, nothing win.”

There are comparatively few people, even in New York, who know, or have the most remote idea of, the amount of the daily transactions of various kinds that take place in Wall street. If the truth could be arrived at, it would appear, I doubt not, that the operations there, in the course of a year, exceed, in their aggregate amount, those of all other cities in the United States combined. This opinion may startle some, but it will not startle those who are in the practice of visiting that place, and seeing what is going forward among the countless capitalists, brokers, merchants, and others, whose vocation draws them to that vicinity. Nor can one who is a visiter merely, form a conjecture approximating to the truth, concerning the multiplicity and extent of Wall street affairs, any more than a man who travels straight through the middle of a state, can form an idea as to what quantity of corn is growing upon the whole surface. It would be necessary to penetrate the hundreds of offices, both great and small, public and private, and to see all that is done therein, before one could begin, as the boys say, to estimate the amount of business transacted in that short street, and its immediate vicinity, in the course of a single day.

The stock operations alone would stagger the credulity even of the initiated, who should keep an accurate account of the amount changing hands from day to-day, and sum the whole at the expiration of the year. Many millions’ worth of this species of property would be found to have been bought and sold, making some richer and some poorer, and leaving some, but, doubtless, very few, about the same in purse at the end of the year, as they were at the beginning.

If a person, standing on the steps of the exchange, were endowed with the faculty of reading the heart of every man that passed him, what numbers of agitated bosoms, what hopes, what fears, what emotions of vexation, sorrow, anger, and despair, would come under review; particularly after a panic among the speculators, and a consequent fall of stock!

There are a few fortunate individuals, who owe to Wall street all they possess—having speculated and staked high under the benign influence of Fortune, while that goddess was in a kindly humor; but there are hundreds, nay, thousands, who have seen their wealth melt away there, like snow in a sunny nook on an April morn. “Make or break—neck or no joint,” are the mottoes there; for when a man once gets

into the spirit of speculating, as this species of gambling is mildly termed, he is not apt to back out till he has made a fortune, or lost what he possessed—won the horse, or lost the saddle.

The reader will see, in the course of this essay, to which of these categories I belong; for I, too, have been afflicted with the prevailing mania for stock-jobbing, and have shared in the hopes and fears, joy and sorrow, which are produced by the uncertainty of such operations, and the momentous consequences which often follow in their train. It is my purpose to give a short sketch of my doings in that line of business, (now so much in vogue,) for the amusement of those who never go into Wall street, and the benefit of such adventurous spirits as may be disposed to try their fortune at the same table.

It may not be known to the majority of my readers, that the prices of stocks, in New York, are very much influenced by the weather; indeed, I have sometimes thought that their value, as a marketable commodity, depended more on the state of the atmosphere than on their intrinsic worth. I have known a snow-storm cause a sudden fall of two to five per cent.; and an April shower, though it lasted but an hour, more or less, have the same effect to the extent of one or two per cent. I have myself suffered in my speculations by a change of weather; and the only fortunate hit I ever made, I ascribe entirely to the opportune clearing up of a long storm.

It is really surprising what effect the weather has upon the minds of stock-operators. Apparently, those enterprising fellows are as susceptible to the influence of the atmosphere, as poets; though in every thing else, it must be confessed, they are as different from the *genus irritabile vatum*, as Horace calls them, as the orange-water on a lady’s toilet is from the plain, unperfumed Croton in which she laves her hands. On a bright, sunny day their countenances wear a cheerful expression, their bosoms throb with joyful expectations of an advance or fall in prices, as may happen to suit their purpose; and, in a word, they feel richer and better, and are prepared to renew their operations with increased spirit. Hence the expression so often seen in the “Money Articles” of our daily papers, “there was a better feeling at both boards to-day;” and this stereotyped phrase has become equivalent to the announcement that the weather has become exceedingly fine.

In cloudy weather, on the contrary, particularly if it rains, their faces are generally augmented longitudinally to a very considerable extent; and so true an interpreter is a broker’s face of the state of the heavens, that one might safely depend on it for information without looking at the sky. I regard a speculator’s countenance as far more reliable than a weathercock, because I have known the latter to deceive me by pointing westward, when, according to the weather, it should have stood in the opposite stormy quarter. But the face of a stock-operator of New York was never known to play tricks of this kind, within the far-reaching memory of that most respectable, and often referred-to individual, the Oldest Inhabitant. No man ever saw a smile on his phiz, except when the sun shone.

There are some shrewd men in New York, who perfectly understand these

“skyey influences,” and regulate their speculative movements accordingly—buying in a storm, especially if it be a long and severe one, and selling out whenever the succeeding clear weather has produced a favorable reaction in prices. One rich individual, living up town, the moment he rises in the morning, opens his window and looks at the vane on a neighboring steeple—the only part of the church, by the way, he cares a fig about—and if the wind happen to blow from a rainy point, he hastens down town, and orders his broker to dive deep into some of the “fancies.” If, however, the day be clear, he stays at home, his broker being already instructed to sell out some previous purchase, as soon as the weather should warrant.

But the weather, though a most powerful agent in the fluctuation of prices, is by no means the only cause of those great and sudden changes in the marketable value of “securities,” which take money from one pocket, and put it into another. An apprehension, well or ill founded, (it is the same thing in effect,) of an increased demand for money; a paragraph in a newspaper, announcing, mysteriously, that some sort of news, concerning nobody knows what, may be expected in a few days; wars, and rumors of wars; and reports about different matters, however trifling and uninteresting to the majority of the people; all these are sufficient to dash a broker’s spirits; and produce a panic in the market.

Stepping into the great room of the exchange one day, to see the doings at the public board of brokers, I, like the rest of the crowd that stood looking on, became interested in their proceedings, and was soon seized with a desire to try my luck in speculation. I had previously heard of this man and that, having realized their thousands in as many weeks; and as stocks were advancing, and likely, for aught that appeared, to have an “upward tendency” for some time to come, I saw no good reason why I, too, might not increase my little capital in the same rapid manner. “The prospect before us is cheering,” said I to myself, “the boundary question, thanks to the great Daniel, is settled; money is plentiful, and as cheap as dirt; and, in all human probability, Harry Clay, or somebody equally worthy, will be our next president. It follows, therefore, as a necessary consequence, that good dividend-paying stocks must advance.”

Now this seemed well reasoned, to say the least, and the conclusion a just one; but, alas! for human foresight! the good stocks, in which alone I ventured at first, like a balking horse, stood still, or if they moved at all, refused to budge an inch in the right direction. The *bad* stocks, those not intrinsically worth a fig, were those which I should have purchased. *They* went up like a rocket; but mine, from the moment that I bought it, seemed to have suddenly acquired one of the properties of lead, for it would go down, in spite of every effort made to keep it up—and the papers called it *heavy*. Heavy enough I found it, heaven knows! But I am anticipating, and running ahead of my story.

When I entered the exchange, I was the possessor of fifteen hundred dollars—the savings of many years of industry; but I was tired of work, and longed to make a fortune rather by the exercise of intellect, than by the labor of my hands. It promised

me a fortune in a hundredth part of the time that it would take me to accumulate one in any other way; and then it was so fine, I thought, to be considered a heavy dealer in stocks, and to be regarded as a great, bold operator, and a capitalist. How could I, with such lofty ideas in my head, and with such a consciousness of possessing superior tact and talent, go back quietly to *work*! Pah! the very thought of such a thing sickened me.

I caught the eye of a broker with whom I was acquainted, and, having beckoned him to me, requested him to buy ten thousand dollars worth of Ohio sixes, at the market price, which happened, I remember, (and I shall never forget it the longest day I live,) to be one hundred and four. The day was pleasant, the room light, and well filled with cheerful spectators; the brokers were in good spirits, and disposed to go deep in their favorite game, and, to use a common expression, the steam was up to the highest point at both boards, and in the street.

Methinks I hear some one ask how so much stock was paid for by a man worth but fifteen hundred dollars, all told. Innocent one! I will tell thee. I borrowed the money, or about ninety per cent. of it at least, for a few days, and gave the stock itself as security. How simple! did I hear thee say? Truly the process was exceedingly simple; natheless I advise thee not to follow my example.

I considered myself uncommonly lucky in thus securing what I wanted at so low a price, as I then regarded it; for the broker assured me, and such seemed to be the prevailing opinion among the knowing ones, that the stock I bought would rise six per cent. at least within two or three months. *I* expected, so sanguine is my temperament, to sell at that advance in less than a fortnight; and already considered myself as six hundred dollars richer than I was before. “A nice little sum that,” thought I, “for a beginning, and will furnish the out-goings for a month, next summer, at Saratoga, and the disbursements of a trip to Niagara, returning by way of Montreal, Quebec, and Lake George.”

There is a proverb about counting the young of barn-yard fowls, before the tender chickens are fairly out of their shells; which proverb admonishes us never to make such a reckoning till the hatching is completed, lest we should be disappointed as to the number. Experience has taught me that this proverb, with some slight verbal alterations, would apply equally well to the expected profits from speculation in stocks. One should never count his gains, nor appropriate them to any specific purpose, until they be realized.

In a day or two I found, much to my chagrin, that the stock I had so fortunately purchased, instead of being on the high road to one hundred and ten, began to grow tired of advancing, as though it were leg-weary, and turning suddenly about, took, like a school-boy coming home, “cross lots” the shortest possible way back to its old position on the wrong side of par. I ascribe this sudden change to two causes; first, *I* was the owner of some of the stock, which reason was enough of itself to knock down that or any other security; as I never in my life touched any thing of the kind that did not immediately become “heavy,” and of less value than it was before.

Tom Moore complained most beautifully of similar ill-luck, and said, in his own inimitable way,

> “I never nursed a dear gazelle,
> To glad me with its soft black eye,
> But when it came to know me well,
> And love me, it was sure to die.”

And I can and do say with more truth, (for Tom evidently fibbed, or rather made Hinda do so,) and with equally good rhymes, that

> I never bought a single mill
> Of stock, in that vile street named Wall,
> That rose a peg, or e’en stood still;
> Dod rot it!—*it was sure to fall.*

Secondly, a paragraph appeared in the Herald, saying something about England and war; and this circumstance, combined with the fact of my being a holder, was too much for Ohio sixes, and down they went. Nothing short of a miracle could have sustained them under such a pressure. But this was not all; for, in the incipient stage of the panic which followed, the wind suddenly veered round to north-east, and a storm came on to increase the difficulty. Such a scene as ensued has rarely been witnessed since Wall street became a theatre for speculation. Faces became elongated many hundred feet in the aggregate; eyes opened to their widest capacity, and seemed to be looking wildly about for that greatest of bug-bears, the British; and every speculator’s heart, like Macbeth’s, did

> ————“Knock at the ribs,
> Against the use of nature,”

as though some terrible calamity, involving the annihilation of every thing in the shape of stocks and money, were impending.

If some giant from another globe had come upon the earth, and suddenly knocked the foundation stones from under that noble structure, the merchants’ exchange, the crash would hardly have been greater or more alarming than that which took place, on the day in question, among the stocks. I stood silently by, and saw my property vanish, as it were, before my eyes; but I will not attempt to describe my feelings, for I am sure that I should not be able to convey an idea of them to the reader’s mind. Suffice it to say that I was hurt—cut to the very soul. “Farewell, Niagara, Quebec, and Montreal,” thought I; “if I can keep out of the almshouse, the way things are going, I shall be remarkably lucky.”

After consulting with my friend, the broker, who, to do him justice, it must be confessed, gave me the best advice that his fears permitted, I concluded to sell out my stock at ninety-eight, while it was on the descent, and buy again the moment it should reach the lowest point, which the broker and I thought would be about ninety. Then, if our expectations should be realized, and the stock again reach what

I had before given, namely, one hundred and four, it is clear that I should, beside recovering my loss, make eight per cent. profit.

Here was a most glorious opportunity for a speculation—one of those that occur about twice in a century. It was a happy thought in me to sell even at a great loss, with a view of repurchasing on better terms; and I could not help regarding it as a singularly bold move—one indicating great genius, and just such a one as Napoleon himself, under similar circumstances, might have conceived and made. I became elated at the prospect, and bade my friend sell out with all possible expedition. He did so at ninety-eight, being a loss to me of six per cent., or six hundred dollars—a pretty fair clip from the back of my little capital of fifteen hundred.

I should have been exceedingly annoyed by this docking of my fortune, had not the certainty which I felt of making good the deficiency, encouraged me; and but for the most perfect confidence I entertained in the success of my next adventure, I should, in all human probability, have retired from Wall street with much the same feeling that a fox has when he sneaks off to his hole, after parting with his tail in a trap.

But what short-sighted mortals we are, and how the blindfolded goddess loves to sport with human calculations!

> ————Heu, Fortuna, quis est crudelior in nos
> Te Deus?—ut semper gaudes illudere rebus
> Humanis!

exclaimed Horace; and depend upon it, if stocks were the subject of traffic in Rome, he had just been nicked when he wrote that passage. Most courteous reader, I was doomed to suffer another grievous disappointment; stocks took a different turn from what I had expected. The storm cleared away, and the panic abated. The sun again shone out bright, and smiles reappeared on the brokers' faces. Prices had reached their lowest point, precisely at the moment that I sold out mine, and instead of going down to ninety, as they would have done had I continued to hold, they "rallied," as the saying is, and rose to par. I looked and felt *blue,* and counted over my money again and again; I ciphered and calculated for half a morning, in endeavoring to make my loss less than it was. It was of no use, however, for the result of my counting and my ciphering were precisely the same, showing a deficiency of six hundred dollars and the brokerage. "O, if I could but get back my stock," thought I, "I would hold it till doomsday, before I would again sell it for a less sum than it cost me." That was an idle thought, for the money having been borrowed, I had not the power to do as I wished.

Well, I found that complaining would do no good, and it was plain that I could not recover my losses by sitting down and doing nothing; beside, it was very unlike a bold operator—a Napoleon of the exchange—to be disheartened by the first reverse or two; so I determined, as there was now a strong probability of an immediate advance of prices, to get back my Ohio stock at par. I was too late in

deciding by a day, and was obliged to give one per cent. premium. That trifling difference, however, I did not regard; for what was one per cent., more or less, to a man who was sure of making ten of them?

I now felt certain that I had hit the nail on the head. "*Rem tetigi acu*," said I; and what made me more confident of success was the fact, that the newspapers, disagreeing upon almost every other subject, were agreed upon one point, namely, that, in consequence of the "better feeling" that prevailed, stocks would certainly rise. I believed them, having naturally a strong inclination to credit what I see in print.

A good feeling unquestionably did exist at the time I bought, and the prices of stocks were likewise very good; but, as usual, when the time came in which I was compelled to sell, a very different feeling seemed to be rife, and symptoms of another panic began to make their appearance simultaneously with the approach of a storm. On the day I sold out, everything was at sixes and sevens; the rain came down in floods, the wind blew, and the whole army of brokers, like a flock of sheep that had lost their shepherd, were again in the greatest alarm and confusion. My poor stock, like the parting spirit of Napoleon, went off in a whirlwind, at ninety-eight; and I went home that day mad, and drenched with rain, (having mislaid my umbrella,) and a loser of three hundred dollars more. I felt exceedingly bad—I was disgusted.

The prospect of my going to Niagara was now unpromising; and I prudently resolved to postpone the visit for another year at least. Such a thing was not again to be thought of, till, in gambler's phrase, I should be on velvet, that is, have some winnings over and above my capital; but so far from being on velvet, I was on the sharpest kind of paving-stones, nay, figuratively speaking, I was on spikes. I was now reduced to the point of struggling, not for victory, but for safety; and I was like a general who, having abandoned all hopes of conquest, would be too happy to save his own bacon, and get safe home. My discouragement, however, was of short duration, and with my reviving spirits, I resumed the hazardous business.

I made several other operations in what are technically called the "fancies"—stocks that pay no dividends, and the value of which is rather imaginary or fanciful, (whence their name, probably,) than real. I had enough of good stocks—they had well-nigh ruined me; and I resolved to try my luck among those that are good for nothing, except to be bought and sold. Ill-fortune still pursued me. What with stormy weather, increased demand for money, paragraphs containing bad news from Washington, and flying reports of some diabolical measure contemplated by England, all my adventures turned out unfavorably, and I was reduced in pocket to a very low ebb. My little capital was on its last legs.

One day, almost in despair, I took up a newspaper, (it was the Journal of Commerce,) and my eye alighted on a remark of the editor's to the effect that a stock-speculator should be in no hurry either to buy or sell; but, waiting coolly and patiently for opportunities, with his feet elevated upon a stove, he should always

buy when stocks are low, and sell out when they are high. I was struck with amazement at the wisdom displayed in this advice, and wondered why so obviously correct a course had not occurred to me in my deep cogitations upon this subject. It was perfectly plain—a child might see it—that if this recommendation were strictly followed, success would crown my efforts; and I forthwith determined to commence another career on this excellent and safe principle. Failure was impossible. "Buy when they are low," I repeated, "and sell when they are high. How wonderful, yet, at the same time, how simple!" I had all along been pursuing the wrong track. My practice had been, whatever my intentions were, to buy when they were high, and sell when they were low; and this had been the result of a want of patience, and of too much precipitancy in my purchases and sales. I was now in possession of a grand secret, and that secret was to WAIT, BUY LOW AND SELL HIGH.

Well, I did wait, and that most patiently, for a fall of stocks—and a fall at length occurred, a greater one than had been known for a long time, and prices were depressed below what they had been in several months. "Now," thought I, "is the time to take down my feet from the stove, and walk into the fancies;" whereupon I went into Wall street, and borrowed a considerable sum for a fortnight, pledging the stock as security, according to the *modus operandi* well understood in that region. Every thing promised well; and I felt encouraged, deeming it next to impossible that fortune should always fight against me. I bought the stock very low, comparatively, and went home to replace my feet upon the stove, and await patiently another rise.

No rise, however, occurred within the fortnight that I was able to hold my new acquisition. Prices moved, it is true, but they moved the wrong way for me; they "advanced backward." I thought when I purchased, that they were low enough in all conscience; but it appears there were lower depths still to which they were destined to attain. *I did not wait long enough.* The principle on which I had acted was a good one—the fault was in me.

A man falling from the roof of a house, would not reach the ground more quickly than my stock tumbled to a point five per cent. below what I had given. A new element had arisen to produce this sudden, unlooked for, and extraordinary change. The Texas question came upon the brokers like a thunderbolt, knocking every thing into a cocked-hat; and the upshot was, that I sold my stock at a loss which swept away the remainder of my capital, and left me as penniless as a street-beggar.

This was the last of my operations; and thus the savings of several years disappeared like dew on a summer's morning. Nor is that the worst feature of this unfortunate business; for the excitement of speculation, the handling of large sums of money, the high-wrought expectation of realising large profits in a short time, have totally unfitted me for the labors by which I accumulated what money I have lost. How can I go to work again on a mere salary, two-thirds of which I must spend in support of my family, the remainder being a petty sum only, which any lucky broker would make on a clear morning at a single throw? I am ready to die through

pure vexation; but I'll not leave the ground yet. I know a friend who will lend me five hundred dollars, and by hypothecating the stock I shall buy, I can borrow of Jack Little five thousand. Yes, I must have one more chance—*one* more—and then, if fortune favors me, as she always does the brave, (so the Latin grammar declares,) I shall soon be on my feet again; but if she should continue to frown, and disappoint my hopes, I will abandon speculation forever—perhaps.

Salvator Rosa, pinx. A.L. Dick, sc.

JACOB’S DREAM. GEN. XXVIII, *10, 11, 12*.

JACOB'S DREAM.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

THE Patriarch slept—and dreaming there appeared,
In the deep watches of the silent night,
A ladder, high from earth to heaven upreared,
Steadfast and firm, to his astonished sight:
And seraph angels thronged that thoroughfare,
Descending from the glorious realms above,
And thence returning, their bright robes to wear
In the pure presence of the God of love.

The Patriarch listened—and his Maker's voice
Broke with soft music on his raptured ear.
Quelling his fears and bidding him rejoice
In the abundance of a Father's care.
Wide as the earth shall Israel's power extend,
Countless as ocean's sands his issue be,
While all the nations to his rule shall bend,
And in his seed a rich salvation see.

The Patriarch from his wondrous dream awoke,
And knew that the Almighty Lord was there—
And where the Maker to the creature spoke,
Built him an altar sanctified with prayer.
So, when the Lord with tender care imparts
Unnumbered blessings to us, let us raise,
Like Israel's Patriarch, in believing hearts,
Altars of love and thankfulness and praise.

LOLAH LALANDE.

A PACKAGE FROM MY OLD WRITING-DESK.

BY ENNA DUVAL.

> She can show art rules to astonish her.
> How like the nimble winds, which play upon
> The tender grass, yet press it not, or fly
> Over the crystal face of smoothest streams,
> Leaving no curl behind them.
> She makes
> Motion the god of every excellence,
> And what the muses would with study find,
> She teaches in her dancing——
> To me
> It must suffice only to say, ’tis she.
> BEAUMONT & FLETCHER.

“HERE I am again, dear Miss Enna,” said my darling, pretty friend, Kate Wilson, to me the other morning.

I have already introduced Kate to you, dear reader; and if you had looked into the deep wells of her beaming, bright eye as often as I have, and heard the rich, gushing music of her laugh, you would hail her approach, even though she did plunge unceremoniously into your *sanctum*, and interrupt you in your studies, or your deep divings into your imagination for something particularly clever, out of which to form a “readable story” for “Mr. Graham’s next Monthly.”

I felt a little annoyed, I must admit, on the morning in question, for I was very earnestly engaged—not in writing, dear reader; oh, no! I spared you that one morning—but in looking over an old writing-desk, that I had not opened for years. It was one that belonged to my mother; and one part I had devoted to her treasured gifts, in the other, for it is a large, capacious, old-fashioned affair, not at all like the little rosewood, mother-of-pearl inlaid thing which has usurped its place on my writing-table; in the other part I have stored gifts, letters, and remembrances of my school-girl days; and this part I was exploring as Kate entered. I had just been sighing over a package, containing letters, a bracelet of hair, and a faded bunch of flowers—mementoes of a dear friend, long since laid in the cold grave, and was almost weeping over remembrances of the past. To me that is the only sad thing in growing old. If those we love could only live to cheer and comfort us, old age would have no terrors. A single woman feels this particularly; for if a woman marries, she forms new connections, and looks forward to a new life, and new interests, in the

future of her children; but “we poor old maids” are oftentimes very lonely.

Brothers and sisters, and dear friends, will marry; and however pretty, fascinating, and agreeable a woman may have been, there comes a time when the little decided opinions and caprices that were deemed so pretty and cunning at eighteen, are pronounced by the saucy new-comers on life’s stage, “prim, old-maidish whimsicalities;” and even the fathers and mothers, who had formerly considered this same dear, single friend, the realization of womanly perfection when she was the belle of their young days, they also are often found, coinciding with their children in these saucy opinions. Now, members of my dear sisterhood, let me give you a little advice. True, I am but a new comer amongst you. I know I have not yet seen fifty summers—I only own to thirty-five, and scarcely to that, excepting when in company with those well “*booked-up*” on the subject of my age—I have no gray hairs or wrinkles, and yet I have experience; and my single-blessedness bids fair to be a happy state. Seek companions amongst the young. I do not mean for you to affect juvenile manners. Oh, heaven forbid! a *youthful* old-maid is, in truth, ridiculous. But mingle with the young; sympathize with them; cultivate their friendship and love; make your presence a sunshine to them; be to them a friend, a confidant, and an adviser. Keep your feelings, your heart, your spirit young—your mind, by pleasant, but regular study, in a healthful state; in this way you will secure happiness. Then, to escape ridicule—ah! that is the hardest task of all—admit your age; it is the only safe way, believe me. Walk up to the cannon’s mouth boldly. Show them you do not care any thing about it, and the saucy opinions and laughs of these young ones will be averted; and depend upon it they will flutter around you, love you, and almost imagine you still retain the youthful charms and agreeability with which your cotemporaries so kindly invested you. I have found this plan successful, and have surrounded myself with a troop of young things. With one who is a fanatic, a pretty devotee to the divine study of sweet sounds, I practice music; and instead of falling back upon the “music of my day,” I find beauties in the music of her day. Mozart, Hayden, and Beethoven, Steibell, Clementi, and Dessek, are now banished from my music-stand, and only cheer my solitary hours, to make way for Bellini, Donizetti, and Auber, Thalberg, Herz, and Litz. With another, a gentle, little, imaginative creature, whose transparent cheek, and brilliant eye, warns us she is not long to dwell with us, I read old poets. But of all my youthful friends, there is not one among them who loves me better, or who is more companionable to me, than dear Kate Wilson. I have known her from her babyhood. I knew her mother before Kate was born; true, I was a tiny girl when Kate’s mother was married. She is a beautiful, rich belle, “petted, fêted, courted, and caressed;” and yet she daily comes to her “dear Miss Enna,” as she calls me, as she did in her little girl days, and cheers many an hour that would otherwise be lonely. I find myself forgetting, when with her, as she so flatteringly does, that I am no longer young; and I very much fear Kate makes me a little too youthful in dress; but the darling, bewitching creature, has such a saucy, decided way with her, that I always yield to her wishes.

“What are you at?” she asked, as she closed the door; “looking over an old

writing-desk, as I live. What piles of letters and old things—that is, indeed, delightful. Stores of love-letters, I'll wager a bright, golden guinea. Come, let me help you toss it over, and tell me the love-history of each discarded one."

Saucy girl! her mind seems only filled with lovers. But she would have her way, and the whole day passed in this occupation. She boldly untied each package, and resolutely determined I should tell her the little history appended to each in my memory. The one I held in my hand when she entered, was first taken up; and we both shed tears over the sad story it recalled of friendship, love, and a broken-heart. It is too sad a tale for me to relate to you now, dear reader, for I am not in the tearful mood. Some gloomy, "*gray*" day, as Kate says, I will again recall it, and see if you will sympathize with the past as did dear Kate Wilson. I have digressed so much already, that I will take up one of the smallest packages now, and relate to you the history of my school-girl friend, Lolah Lalande, as she was called then. Her name is now more famous; but I will keep that a secret until I arrive at the end of my story. It was a small packet, containing only a few French letters, a tress of long, glossy black hair, and a crayon sketch of a childish figure in Spanish costume, and in one of the attitudes of a Spanish national dance. It had a beautiful, girlish face, clear, dark eyes—long, sweeping hair—arched, delicately formed brows—and rich, full lips. That face has turned the head of a monarch, it is said—but I will not anticipate.

"Tell me this, dear Miss Enna," said Kate, as she looked at the contents of the package. "It could not have been a friendship of long standing—so little remains of it; therefore you will only have a tiny, little story for me, and I will not teaze you again until—to-morrow, or the next *gray*, rainy day."

Kate listened with affectionate interest; and I'll never forgive you, reader, if you are not as indulgent as Kate. But I will seek your favor in the words of Spenser:

> "Goe, little worke! thyself present,
> As child whose parent is unkent,
> To him that is the President
> Of Noblenesse and Chivalrie;
> And when thou art past jeopardie,
> Come tell me what was said of mee,
> And I will send more after thee."

Surely, now, if I say to you such delicate words as these, which Spenser gave to that "noble and virtuous gentleman, most worthy of all titles, both of learning and chivalry, Master Philip Sidney," you cannot but listen complacently.

When about twelve or thirteen years of age, I was placed at the fashionable establishment of Madame Lalande, to perfect my French pronunciation. Being a shy child, I drew away from the different cliques of the school, during my play hours, and gave myself up to sad recollections of home and my darling little brothers and sisters. The girls laughed at me, and called me "a mope," which served only to

increase my shyness. The Madame was exceedingly kind to me; but I only saw her in the evening, when we all assembled in the large drawing-rooms to dance, promenade, and converse sociably together under her superintendence. A few evenings after my arrival, while I was studiously endeavoring to make my *petite* figure still smaller, by hiding behind a harp-case which stood in a corner of the back drawing-room, to my exquisite terror, I saw the Madame approach me, holding by the hand a beautiful child, apparently about my own age.

"Mademoiselle Duval," she said, "you must join in the dancing. You and my niece, Lolah, are about the same size; you will make good partners for each other. Lola, *ma chère*, I depend upon you to entertain our new pupil."

The little girl approached me kindly, and taking my trembling hand, said,

"Will you not dance with me?"

I did not dare to refuse, but accompanied her to a quadrille, (cotillions, we called them in those days,) just forming near us, feeling as awkward and shy as a home-girl might be expected to feel, thrown, for the first time, in a crowd of nearly a hundred girls. The first figures of the quadrille I danced awkwardly enough, giving my little partner good reason to think I did not know my right hand from my left; but I soon forgot my *mauvaise honte*, in the pleasant chatting of the little Lolah, who told me of all the little enjoyments she had. Her "*chère tante*," as she called Madame Lalande, had taken her the night before to an Opera, for the first time in her life; and, of course, her little head was filled with recollections of it. She described, with French volubility, and in a most graphic manner, the story of the Opera, the different *scènas*, and the dresses. I was so new to all such things, that I suppose she could not have found a more agreeable listener in the whole school; and we were mutually pleased with each other. We danced every quadrille together; and she most patronizingly waltzed with me in a corner of the drawing-room, until I could summon sufficient courage to venture in the large circle in the centre of the rooms. At ten o'clock we bade good night to each other, she promising, as her cherry lips kissed affectionately my mouth and cheeks, that she would persuade *chère tante* to take me some night with them to the Opera—a promise which she kept.

From that night I no longer felt lonely in the school—Lolah was my companion. Though a year or so my junior, she was quite as far advanced in mind; and we were thrown a great deal together in our studies, and with the easy confidence of childhood, we became bosom friends. Lolah was a great favorite in the school. The elder girls courted her for her influence with the Madame and the governesses, and the younger ones gathered around her because she was always merry, kind, and generous. She was a darling little creature—exceedingly pretty. She had full, large, dark eyes, an oval face, with a rich brunette complexion, and glossy hair, black as night. Her figure was slight, but perfectly formed; and she was the most graceful child I ever saw. The little queen of the Viennoise corps, darling little Fanny Prager, always reminds me of Lolah. She is not so pretty, but her graceful movements, her

evident superiority over the rest of the *troupe*, her commanding little step, her apparent freedom from vanity, and her cleverness in forming the different tableaux and groups, bring Lolah to my mind; and while looking at her, I find myself loving the child as I used to love Lolah Lalande in my school days.

With the dancing-master Lolah was an especial favorite. She early gave evidence of a decided partiality for dancing; and Madame Lalande availed herself of every opportunity that offered to improve the child in her favorite accomplishment. Polkas, Redowas, and Mazurkas, were not known in those days; but the dancing-master, in those times, grew eloquent over Gavottes, Shawl Dances, and the expressive and graceful Spanish Waltzes. With delighted earnestness would Lolah go through her different dances; and Monsieur Neillet would almost expire with ecstacy. The Monsieur had been educated in the Parisian school, a pupil of *La Conservatoire*, and had even danced in a *ballet* before the august Emperor and Empress. With eager eloquence he would dilate upon Lolah's wonderful gift to the Madame, and with great concern and grief, lament that she could not become a professional *danseuse*. Then he would give most tempting accounts of the immense sums of money made by the great *danseuses* of Europe.

"I trust, Monsieur," the Madame would always reply, "I trust that my dear Lolah will never be forced to support herself by such a dangerous and exposed profession. While I live, she will be always sure of a home; and I earnestly pray I may have strength to collect for her before I die, a competency sufficient to place her above want."

Lolah was called the niece of Madame Lalande, and went by her name. She loved the Madame passionately, who treated her with the greatest indulgence—indulgence that was never abused by Lolah, however, for she was an excellent, obedient child. Soon after my arrival, I noticed mysterious allusions made by some of the elder girls, when speaking of Lolah, which led me to question the relationship which Lolah bore to Madame Lalande. The curiosity excited in me was at last gratified by Lolah herself, who, after I had been some months at the school, told me that Madame Lalande had owned to her that she was not in truth her niece; that she was an orphan, whose parents had come from Ireland, before her birth, to settle in America; they had been in very humble circumstances. The mother of Lolah had been employed by Madame Lalande as a seamstress, and the Madame became very much interested in her. When Lolah was an infant, both parents were seized with an epidemic, and died within a few hours of each other. Madame Lalande promised them on their deathbeds she would adopt the infant Lolah, and take care of her so long as she lived. The Madame intended at first to bring up the child in a plain manner, and when old enough, have her taught some trade, by which she might support herself, and be independent; but Lolah proved so intelligent and beautiful, that she resolved to educate her well, and do her best by her, looking upon her as her own child.

"How can I ever repay *ma chère tante* for her kindness!" would the warm-

hearted girl exclaim over and again, her fine, dark eyes dilating with emotion, and filling with tears, when with girlish frankness she would allude to the story of her birth.

When I had been about two years with Madame Lalande, she resolved, very much against the wishes of her friends, to remove to Paris. She had always pined for her home during the ten or twelve years she had resided in America. She had been fortunate, and laid up some little money, with which she fancied she could establish a large school at "home," and realize larger profits. Her health was but indifferent. She was, in fact, suffering from *maladie du pays*; and she gave up the fine school she had been so lucky in establishing in America, to grasp at an uncertainty in her own beloved Paris. Her friends reasoned, but in vain; she said the letters she received from her friends in Paris, assured her that her circumstances would be infinitely improved by a removal there. Lolah and I parted with many tears and promises for the future. The long tress of her beautiful hair, and the crayon sketch which had been made of her by her drawing-master, were her little gifts to me—gifts which I have treasured carefully. After their arrival in Paris, she wrote to me, and a few letters passed between us; but only a few. I never received but two or three from Lolah, and then the correspondence on her side ceased. I continued writing for a year or more, but at last gave it up; and year after year passed without bringing any information to me of her. I remember well what sad tears I shed over that little packet, when I first put it away in my desk; for a year or more I could not bear to open it, so miserable did the little drawing and lock of hair make me feel. Some clever German writer says, "Children live in a world of imagination and feeling;" thus I at last soothed my aching heart by imaginings of the future, and dreaming happy day-visions of a *reunion* with my darling Lolah.

A year or two since, my father's health grew delicate, and his physicians thought a sea voyage would prove beneficial. A visit to Europe was recommended, and I, of course, accompanied him. We spent some time abroad, traveling over those parts of the Continent most interesting to him, from early intellectual pursuits and associations. While we were at Munich, the Bavarian capital, we heard that the famous dancer, Lola Montes, was there, creating a great excitement. The strange stories we had heard of this remarkable woman, made us feel desirous to see her; and, accordingly, one evening we went to the theatre to gratify our curiosity. I could scarcely refrain from a loud exclamation when this *danseuse* appeared upon the stage. She was dressed in Spanish costume, as she was about to execute a favorite Spanish dance. A rich costly veil floated around her head, and her long, glossy hair hung in heavy, dark braids, looped, and bound with glittering gems. It was Lolah Lalande. Love could not be deceived; and tears sprung to my eyes as I recalled our girlish friendship. Had she been in any other dress, I might have failed to trace the resemblance so quickly; but I had so often seen her in that Spanish costume—it was similar to the crayon sketch—it was the dress she most affected at the dancing parties at school, because the Spanish waltzes were her favorite dances when a child; and she always danced them dressed in the beautiful, becoming national

costume. How anxiously I noted every movement, traced every feature—it was Lolah herself I felt convinced, although changed. A *fierté* cold expression overspread her face, and her brilliant eyes flashed a little disdainfully at times, as she seemed to command and exact applause as a right. There was no glittering, set, stage-smile upon her face, but a cold, haughty recognition was all that she gave to any mark of approbation from the audience. Her style of dancing was different from any I had ever seen on the stage. I had admired the childish beauty of Carlotta Grisi's dancing; the voluptuous Cerito's; the fascinating, refined Ellsler's, and the dignified, intellectual Taglioni's; but Montes'—no, Lolah Lalande's—seemed to me—it might have been from childish association—more entrancing than any other, although those who were with me, and who were, undoubtedly, good judges, better than I, condemned her style; but when woman's heart begins to act, good-by to her judgment. Lolah had grown tall; and though still exquisitely graceful, as in childhood, she seemed remarkably strong and commanding. Other dancers, I thought, might be compared to a Hebe or a Venus, but Lolah seemed a Juno and Pallas united; and I quoted to my clever critic friends the lines with which I have headed this sketch, —

> "She can show art rules to astonish her.
> And what the muses would with study find,
> She teaches in her dancing."

I only saw her that night. The next day we left Munich, and I never saw her again. From a gentleman I met afterward in Paris, and who had known Montes from the time of her first appearance in public, I learned that extreme poverty had driven her to the stage. She had not been educated for it as a profession; and the touching account he gave me of her trials, united with my own knowledge of Lolah Lalande's history, convinced me that Lolah Lalande and Lolah Montes were, as I had imagined, one and the same person.

Soon after their arrival in Paris, Madame Lalande discovered that her move had been an injudicious one. Success did not attend her as she expected; the *château d'Espagne* she had created was never realized; and she found herself, although in her "home," the residence of her childhood, among strangers; old associates were dead, or had formed new connections. Day by day passed, and the little capital she had collected in America, and which was to establish the grand school in Paris for *les jeunes demoiselles* of the nobility, gradually melted away; and she at last resolved to bid an eternal farewell to Paris, and return, though with mortified feelings, to the school in America she had with such blind willfulness given up. But just as she had come to this conclusion, and Lolah was gladly making preparations for their return, sickness, caused by extreme chagrin and disappointment, attacked *chère tante*. This sickness was lingering, and at last, bitter, actual poverty stared them in the face.

"What am I to do?" exclaimed poor Lolah, one day, as she turned from the apothecary's door, to whom she had just paid her last coin for medicine for *chère*

tante. Gay equipages dashed past her; and the busy, bustling crowd moved by, unheeding the misery of that pale, friendless girl. “God help me,” she murmured, in a thick, hoarse voice. Sorrow and want had dried up her tears—the real poor seldom weep. She turned to seek her wretched home, which, miserable as it was, she knew not how long it might remain to them. Faint and exhausted with hunger and anxiety, she could scarcely drag her little feet along the *pavé*. Regardless of her movements, she stumbled over a stone; a kind person passing, caught her as she fell, and upon lifting her eyes to thank him, she recognized Monsieur Neillet.

“Ah, Mademoiselle Lolah! can this be you?” he exclaimed. “I have been seeking in vain for Madame Lalande’s residence ever since I reached Paris;” and then followed a host of questions and explanations.

The Monsieur had come over to Paris for new dances. A rival had appeared in the city, where he had so long been the favorite teacher; and the Americans were raving for new figures. His gavottes and shawl dances were voted obsolete, and out of date; and he had been dethroned by the children of his former pupils, to make way for the new teacher, who came over fresh from Paris with gallopes and figures of the newest fashion. He could scarcely realize it until he found his hours unoccupied, his school-list, that had formerly been filled to overflowing, without a single name; then, with laudable courage and energy, he resolved to take the little independence he had collected, return to *chère Paris*—but not as a sober Englishman or Scotchman would have done, live quietly on it for the rest of his days—oh, no! he pined for revenge. What was life to a Frenchman without a triumph? “Inglorious ease” he scorned. No! he, too, would learn new dances; he would return to the scene of his former power, but late discomfiture, and hurl the presumptuous usurper from his throne. He, too, would flourish in gallopes and new figures.

The sight of Lolah suffering from poverty and trouble, touched his warm heart, but gave a new impulse to his thoughts. Monsieur Neillet was kind and generous; but, like all Frenchmen, ambitious and enthusiastic. He aided the poor Madame, relieved their distresses, and asked but one return—to bring his pet pupil out upon the stage. She consented. Poverty and necessity had humbled Madame Lalande’s pride—and Lolah became a public *danseuse*.

Success attended her; and Monsieur Neillet had the satisfaction of seeing his little Mademoiselle Lolah ride in the grand carriage, and receive the intoxicating plaudits he had wished for her, when in Madame Lalande’s school, in America, she had executed *à ravir* his favorite gavottes and Spanish waltzes.

I never saw Lolah again. I struggled with my feelings in exercising this self-denial; but I knew we had both altered, and I felt that I had rather retain the recollection of our girlish, loving intercourse undimmed. She was a public *danseuse*, rich, courted, and, the world said, free in her morals—I, a plain, unknown woman, with tastes, associations, and opinions widely differing from hers. Better to retain the bright recollection of the past, and the uncertain knowledge of the present, than to risk coldness, or even a realization of what I feared—that Lolah Montes, the

woman, was not the innocent, pure, guileless Lolah Lalande of school memory. Many may censure, and call this the cold reasoning of a woman bound down by conventional prejudices; but how else is a woman to be governed, if she wishes to secure, not her own happiness, but the happiness of those around her; and living in a conventional world, she be not directed and ruled by this same reasoning, which is called cold and cramping? The gentle graces of charity and indulgence to the frailties of others, are beautiful, and should be peculiar qualities of the feminine character; but they may be extended too far, and instead of giving a helping hand to suffering, oppressed virtue, encourage evil.

“After all,” said my father, one moonlight evening, as we sat on the deck of the vessel, “Homeward Bound,” watching the silver flood of light streaming down upon the billows, and discussing this same subject, “after all, Enna, she may not be Lolah Lalande, it may only be a woman’s fancy and imaginings.”

I did not reply; but the recollection of that lovely form, rich, dark, soul-subduing eyes, and flowing hair, with the delicate brow, and full, red, laughing lips, came before me strangely blended with the cold, *fierté* expression of the tall, beautiful *danseuse* I looked at in Munich with tearful eyes. . . .

“I’d have seen her,” said Kate, when I concluded; “I would at least have satisfied myself.”

“So would I, dear Kate,” I replied, “at your age; but when you are older, you will argue differently. A recollection of pleasure is better than a reality of pain.”

Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds Engraved by H. S. Wagner

THE FIRST LOSS.

Engraved Expressly for Graham’s Magazine

THE FIRST LOSS.

WITH AN ENGRAVING.

’Tis her first loss, and tear-drops fall
  Upon her cherished friend,
Whose voice once echoed to her call—
  Whose wants she loved to tend.

’Tis her first grief. Alas! that life
  Full many a care will bring,
With keener pang and sharper strife,
  That gentle heart to wring.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

History of the Conquest of Peru. With a Preliminary View of the Civilization of the Incas. By William H. Prescott. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 8vo.

It would be impossible in the narrow limits of our magazine to do justice to a work of such labor and ability as this. Mr. Prescott has displayed the same qualities of mind, and the same energy of character, in his History of Peru as of Mexico. Nothing relating to the subject in a printed or manuscript form seems to have escaped his diligent researches, and the facts of his narrative are thus placed on a foundation of authorities which cannot be disputed. Men who investigate with such minute care as Mr. Prescott are not generally those who can compose readable histories. They are commonly but compilers of materials for the use of abler writers. But our countryman is an artist as well as antiquary. He spares no labor, it is true, in collecting his materials, and might claim, if he chose, the highest rank among the disciples of Dr. Dryasdust; but such would be but a small object for his ambition. His glory as a historian comes from his power to collect truth from a mass of perhaps conflicting testimony; to perceive character so accurately as to see just that point in the mind of a contemporary chronicler, where his individual bias casts ominous conjecture on his testimony; to imbue his mind with the very spirit of the age he has chosen for his subject; to look at events from the same position occupied by the actors in them, and thus enable the reader to pass beyond actions to motives; and, above all, to represent the period of time he has selected for his theme in the clearest light, giving to persons and events their natural prominence, and avoiding all interference with their just relations.

The reader of Mr. Prescott's histories is almost made for the time a contemporary of Ferdinand, Cortez and Pizarro; a contemporary who sees clearly the passions and bigotries which warp their moral judgments, and while uninfluenced himself by the prejudices which blind them, blends charity with justice in deciding upon their actions. There is a healthiness in Mr. Prescott's intellect which places all objects in "daylight." They are not discolored in passing through his mind.

His style of composition, a style so flexible as to yield readily to all the changes of his narrative, a style which ever fascinates and never wearies, has drawn forth numberless panegyrics. We think the style of his present book even more pleasant than that of his others. There is hardly a passage, hardly a sentence, of fine writing—of writing, not for the sake of the thought but of the rhetoric—in the whole work.

This wise abstinence in one who has such a wide command of the resources of language, and who could, if he pleased, pile up pages of rhetorical sublimities to catch the untrained eye, is a great merit, and is so felt by the reader, when at the end of the book he notices its unity of effect upon his mind.

The subject of Mr. Prescott's present history may not seem, at first, so good as that of the Conquest of Mexico. It would be difficult to say which work was filled with the most wonderful events. Both are laden with examples of courage, constancy, and endurance, which appear beyond the powers of humanity. Both represent men undaunted not merely in battle with vastly superior forces, but bearing up against the yet fiercer assaults of fatigue, pestilence and famine. In all the hardier qualities of mind and body the Spaniards who conquered Peru do not yield to the followers of Cortez, and in avarice, treachery, and cruelty, in all those qualities which characterize freebooters and pirates, they fairly exceed all other men. Mr. Prescott has done them ample justice, and brought out in bold relief their characters and exploits. His delineations of Pizarro and his brothers are masterly, and his whole view of the country before and after the conquest is marked by uncommon comprehension, and the most extensive erudition. The preliminary essay, on the civilization of the Incas, is of very great value. In clearness of exposition it is almost unmatched. Altogether, the book must add even to Mr. Prescott's reputation, in all those qualities of mind and style for which he is distinguished.

Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford. First American from the Third London Edition. Revised by the Author. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1 vol. 12mo.

It is rare that we see so eloquent and vigorous a production as this, announcing high principles of art with such unhesitating confidence, and supporting them with so much splendor of style and fertility of illustration. The freshness and animation of the author's mind are displayed on every page, lending life to the discussion of the most abstract questions of taste, and prompting continually the heartiest bursts of eloquence. The work has caused a sensation among the artists and amateurs of England, and has been made the subject of much discussion in the reviews and magazines. Its general tone is manly and independent, sliding, often, it must be allowed, into a kind of dictatorial dogmatism, but still giving evidence of a firm grasp of the subject, and of a capacity to support all its positions by argument and illustration. Apart from the leading object of the book, there are many sentences which bring out important truths in a strong light, and numerous passages of beauty and power to stir and elevate the reader's mind. Here is a great truth finely expressed: "We must be cautious not to lose sight of the real use of what has been left us by antiquity, nor to take that as a *model* for perfection which is, in many

cases, only a *guide* to it. The picture which is looked to for an *interpretation* of nature is invaluable, but the picture which is taken as a *substitute* for nature, had better be burned; and the young artist, while he should shrink with horror from the iconoclast who would tear from him every landmark and light which has been bequeathed him by the ancients, and leave him in a liberated childhood, may be equally certain of being betrayed by those who would give him the power and knowledge of past time, and then fetter his strength from all advance, and bend his eyes backward on a beaten path—who would thrust canvas between him and the sky, and tradition between him and God."

We cordially advise our readers to peruse this book. They may find much in it to which they cannot assent, but it will be sure to rouse and refresh their minds.

Conversations in Rome. Between an Artist, a Catholic, and a Critic. By William Ellery Channing. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. Channing is a gentleman engaged in the occupation of acting out himself. The present elegant little volume is a record of himself as influenced by Italy. Though cast in the form of conversations, one mind is discernible in all that is said. The author gives his personal impressions of all he sees, and judges every thing from the manner it affects him. From his positive manner of utterance, one would conclude he saw no distinction between his impressions of things and the truth of things: a distinction which his readers will often be compelled to make. Painting, sculpture, poetry, manners, religion, government, all are disposed of in short-hand judgments. It is really edifying to find knots which centuries of philosophers have been unable to untie, so unceremoniously cut by Mr. Channing. This decisive way of settling debated questions lends much raciness to the volume, and many of the observations are acute and well put: others are sheer presumption and impertinence. Mr. Channing is really a man possessing genius, and it is often provoking to see his seeming anxiety to pass with others as a coxcomb. Both in the present volume and in his poems there is often displayed a fineness of faculty, which, under careful training, would give him a prominent rank among American writers. At present he is only "recognized" by a clique. Within that magic circle he passes for little less than a prophet; out of it he is simply a transcendental target for descendental jests. If he ever works his way out of his present environment of egoism, and discerns the path which leads to other minds, his real merit will be acknowledged. Our readers will find much in his present volume which will well repay its perusal.

Life and Religious Opinions and Experiences of Madame de la Mothe Guyon, together with some Account of the Personal History and Religious Opinions of Fenelon. By Thomas C. Upham. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. 12mo.

Professor Upham has performed a service to literature as well as theology by his present work. It is an account of a remarkable woman, carefully following the statements contained in her own autobiography, and written in a style of sweet serenity, in which the very spirit of Madame Guyon seems mirrored. No one can read the book without having his knowledge of the higher and subtler phenomena of the mind extended. It exhibits a human soul in that state of religious exaltation, where every thing is viewed in its relation to God, and all the evils of life taken as proofs of God's love. The delineation is not ideal but actual. Every step in the upward progress of her soul is minutely marked, and the whole phenomena of her consciousness laid open to inspection. The value of the book is enhanced by the clear revelation of an order of feelings and thoughts, which are too commonly overlooked in treatises on metaphysics and theology. Goethe must have studied the character of Madame Guyon very attentively, before he ventured upon the delineation of the devotee in Wilhelm Meister.

The Autobiography of Goethe. Edited by Parke Godwin. Parts III. and IV. New York: Wiley & Putnam.

The present volume completes this most valuable work, now for the first time "done" into good English. No better period for the successful publication of the book could have been selected. The character and writings of Goethe are now continually made the subjects of eager praise or fierce invective, even among classes of readers whose curiosity rarely extends beyond the last novel. Much both of the praise and blame squandered upon the great German is directed against a mere man of straw, bearing little resemblance to the real object. Few of the vehement writers and talkers about Goethe have taken upon themselves the task of reading and investigation. His autobiography presents the man and his mind as they appeared to his own consciousness, and certainly constitutes one of the most remarkable biographies in literature. It is Goethe's portrait drawn by himself, and done with matchless skill. It is worthy of the most profound study. We should pity the person who could carefully meditate it without having his knowledge of human nature increased. That vast mind here discourses of itself with the simplicity of a child.

Morceaux Choisis des Auteurs Modernes. By F. M. Rowon. Revised, Corrected and Enlarged by J. L. Jewett. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

Such a volume as this has long been needed in our schools and academies. Most of the selections from French authors studied by new beginners, are made from writers of the old school. But within the last twenty or thirty years there has occurred a kind of idiomatic revolution in the language, of which the pieces in the present work are an exemplification. The volume contains selections from Balzac, Dumas, Victor Hugo, Jules Janin, Lamartine, Sue, Guizot, Michelet, Thiers, Thierry, Sismondi, Tocqueville, Villemain, and other celebrated French prose writers of the present day, with translations of difficult phrases at the bottom of each page. It will be found a most valuable and interesting French reader.

1776, or the War of Independence.

A beautiful volume bearing this title has been laid upon our table by the publisher, Mr. Walker, of New York. The work was prepared by Mr. Benson J. Lossing, and dedicated by him to the youth of our country, “upon whom will soon devolve the faithful guardianship of our goodly heritage.” A cursory glance at its contents impresses us very favorably, as it appears to contain a compendious and well written account of the original history of the American colonies, the causes which induced their determination to separate themselves from a connection with the British government, and the difficulties and dangers through which this design was carried into effect, and a free republic established.

The publisher says he “always believed that a book in one volume, well written, and embracing a faithful chronicle of events which accomplished the laying of the foundation stone of this great republic, would be invaluable to the present and all future generations.” The belief was a just one, and the work before us seems well calculated to suit the purpose for which it was designed. Its typographical execution is excellent, and its pages are graced by seventy-eight beautiful illustrations.

Philosophy in Sport Made Science in Earnest. From the Sixth London Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1 vol. 12mo.

This is a little work which greatly pleases us. It is, as the author terms it, an attempt to illustrate the first principles of natural philosophy by the aid of the popular toys and sports of youth, and he has succeeded admirably in his design. The book may be commended, with great propriety, to the attention of those who have the training and culture of the minds of youth, as it conveys a vast fund of highly

important and useful information in a very attractive and interesting form.

Transcriber’s Notes:

Table of Contents has been added for reader convenience. Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Obvious typesetting and punctuation errors have 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 available for preparation of the eBook.

page 117, ladies; but too poor men ==> ladies; but two poor men
page 119, *elité*, the young, the ==> *élite*, the young, the
page 134, with the sail lose, ==> with the sail loose,
page 141, to help to soup. ==> to help himself to soup.
page 151, banished my music-stand, ==> banished from my music-stand,
page 154, executed *a ràvir* his favorite ==> executed *à ravir* his favorite

[The end of *Graham's Magazine, Vol. XXXI, No. 3 (September 1847)* edited by George R. Graham]