

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

1849

Volume XXXIV
No. 3 March



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Title: Graham's Magazine Vol. 34 No. 3 March 1849

Date of first publication: 1849

Author: George Rex Graham

Date first posted: May 21, 2015

Date last updated: May 21, 2015

Faded Page eBook #20150552

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WHY DON'T HE COME.

Engraved expressly for Graham's Magazine

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. March, 1849. No. 3.

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GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXIV. March, 1849. No. 3.

THE NAVAL OFFICER.

BY WM. F. LYNCH.

CHAPTER I.

It was just daybreak; the air was calm, and the whole face of nature was shrouded in a light and silvery mist. Presently the mist became agitated by a fitful breeze; rays of light, faint at first, but every moment becoming brighter in their hue, penetrated it from the eastern horizon, and at length gathering its folds, it prepared to follow the path of the ascending sun. As it lifted, it disclosed a scene upon which the eye of man delights to dwell.

An island, clothed with luxuriant foliage and redolent with the perfume of the tropics, lay sleeping on the crystal waters. On its southern side, the unruffled waves of a sheltered bay, broke with a murmuring sound upon a white and shelving beach. At the foot of this bay, embowered in a grove, was a small cluster of houses, whose white-washed walls, seen through the interlacing branches of the trees, many of the last laden with their golden fruit, looked the fit abodes of charity and domestic peace. The flickering airs, soft and fragrant as the breath of beauty, fanned the pale and attenuated cheek of an invalid, who, seated at the foot of a cotton-tree, looked wistfully to seaward. A boundless expanse of ocean, its undulating surface checkered with the prolonged shadows of detached and scarcely moving clouds alone met his anxious gaze.

Beside him, with a look as wistful as his own, but fixed on his wasted features, stood a young and lovely female. Unconscious of her presence, he seemed lost in reverie, and the silence was for some moments unbroken—for they were busied with the thoughts most congenial to the nature of each—his of active exertion and the strife of men; while hers, disinterested and pure, and true to the instinct of her sex, dwelt only on *his* hopes, *his* prospects, and *his* future happiness. With a sigh, she broke the silence, and laying her hand gently upon his head, she said,

“Oh, Edward! why this anxiety to leave us? Why this yearning for the sea?”

“Mary, dearest Mary!” said he, looking up, “I knew not that you were near. Sit down, dear girl, and I will tell you my little history. It will be the best answer to your question, and your trustful nature deserves implicit confidence. You know,” said he, as she complied, and placed her hand in his, “you know that I am in the naval service of our country, and that the captain of the ship to which I belong, sent me ashore here some two months since, at the recommendation of the surgeon; and you know, too, that your father, finding that I was connected with some friends of his own in the United States, invited me to his house, where, like a ministering angel, you have wooed me from the embrace of death. This, save my unbounded gratitude and love, is all you know, and unsuspecting of others as you are yourself confiding, hoping like an angel, and believing what you hope, you have sought to learn nothing more.

“I have no parents,” he proceeded to say, “and of a large family of children, I am the sole survivor. My father died when I was yet an infant; in my fourteenth year I lost my mother, and in the intervening time, one by one, my brothers and my sisters fell, all swept off by that insidious destroyer, whose victims waste away, even while the cheek is flushed and the eye brilliant with anticipations of renovated health and years of enjoyment. Oh, Mary! that you could have seen and known my sister—for she was near your present age, and in many things you much resemble her.”

“I should have loved her dearly, Edward?”

“You could not have helped it, for she was one of the purest, gentlest beings I ever knew.”

“Describe her to me.”

“That is impossible, for, graceful as a fawn and with spirits buoyant and elastic, her features, at one moment gleaming with hope, and the next, subdued in sympathy, were changeable as the aspects of the summer cloud, but beautiful in all its changes—for the light it reflected was borrowed from heaven.”

“Hers, then, was the beauty of expression.”

"Yes, of angelic expression, and yet her countenance was exquisitely lovely in repose. It reminded one of an inland lake, which, when serene and undisturbed, reflects the flowers and the foliage around it; but, when agitated, the shadows on its surface, the tiny crests of foam and mimic waves brattling on the shore, all its wild and shifting beauties are its own. She died on an early summer's morning, the dew-drop yet sparkling on the blade which, while it bent, it fertilized; and the whole earth, in one gush of fragrance, sent up its tribute to the mighty hand that made it."

"Oh, Edward! it were happiness thus to die."

"Ay, dearest, it is only a spirit pure and spotless as your own, that can realize that death has no terrors where life has no reproaches."

A pressure of the hand was her only reply, for his eyes were filled with tears, and she felt too much moved to speak. After a slight pause he proceeded. "In less than twelve months, my mother followed her to the grave, and the day and the hour, the occasion and the scene, are deeply graven in my memory; but," he continued, observing her emotion, "I will not distress you with the sad recital, although the sorrows of that bitter hour were not without their solace—for, feeling that our loss would be her gain, the showers and the sunshine, the alternate gloom and brightness of the day without, were typical of our hopes and fears. My patrimony was considerable, and my mother had named a distant relative and seemingly attached friend as her executor and my guardian.

"A few weeks found me under the roof of Mr. Thornton. The exchange was a sad one. I had left the home of my infancy, where every familiar object was associated with some kindly phrase or act of endearment, to become a member of a proud aristocratic family, which traced its lineage from England. I could have endured privations without repining, but I was peculiarly sensitive of neglect, and was like the vine cast from the trunk which had supported it, whose tendrils, unsustained and drooping, are swayed to and fro by the wind, seeking for something whereupon to cling. Repelled by the cold indifference of the family, my yearning nature found the sympathy it needed in the friendship of Mr. Winchester, who was employed as a private tutor for Mr. Thornton's children. Above all men I have ever seen, he united the wisdom of the serpent with the simplicity of the dove. Placed under his tuition, I made rapid progress, he was pleased to say, not only in the acquisition of knowledge from books, but in that more difficult branch which teaches us to analyze our feelings, and to know ourselves. You remember Mr. Hamilton, who left here shortly after my arrival?"

"Indeed, I do, and esteem him highly, for he is a most excellent man."

"Well, imagine him a little taller, a shade more pensive, somewhat more retiring in his manners, and with an enunciation yet more distinct, and you have Mr. Winchester before you."

"I see him—and with the character you give, feel that I could love him too."

"Ay, that you would, for his meek exterior concealed a spirit incorruptible as that of Brutus, and as benevolent as Howard himself. To him I am indebted for all that I am or can ever hope to be. At that time politics ran high; Napoleon, the great human vulture, was gorging himself with the blood of nations, and the blood-red flag of England claimed the empire of the seas. The discordant clamor of party strife was loud and vehement, and the whole country seemed to vibrate with the throes of political convulsion. Warped by his pride of descent, and giving the tone to his family, at Mr. Thornton's fireside, in all political discussions, the cause of England was strenuously maintained. It was here that, as I grew older, I derived the greatest benefit from the counsels of Mr. W. A pure patriot, without a parade of zeal, he ever upheld the cause of his country. Pointing out the distinction between the governments of Europe and the one we had adopted, how the former strove to maintain an idle and luxurious class in exclusive privileges, while the other recognized no difference between man and man, he ingrafted in me an attachment to our institutions as warm and enduring as his own. But for him, I might have imbibed the alien feelings of the family with which I was domesticated.

"About the close of my second year under his tuition, news came of the wanton attack upon, and inglorious surrender of the Chesapeake. At Mr. Thornton's table that day, much was said of the valor of the English, and the craven spirit of the Americans. Mr. Winchester mildly but firmly defended his countrymen; but his opposition provoked such a torrent of abuse, and such violent denunciations of every thing pertaining to America, that, interrupting Mr. Thornton in his loudest tirade, he announced his determination of forever quitting a house which he considered as a fit shelter only of foes and traitors. A violent outbreak seemed inevitable, but his calm and lofty demeanor quelled the rising storm; and, true to his word, he left the next morning. After his departure, the last tie that bound me to the spot was severed, and I applied to be sent to college. To my surprise, Mr. Thornton declined, and threw out some vague hints of an unpaid bond and a threatened lawsuit that might involve my whole estate. I then asked to be sent elsewhere to school, but was again denied. I therefore determined, hap what might, to leave the place, and make my way to one of the Atlantic cities, where, in the sanguine spirit of youth, I felt sure of achieving something. Any thing was preferable to the life there before me. I had read of perilous escapes, and in my inexperience, confounding my situation with that of some imaginary captive, and fearing a thousand obstacles, I waited impatiently for a tempestuous night. It came at last, wild and terrific to my heart's content.

"Throughout the day the weather had been variable. At one time the tops of the trees were bowed down by fitful gusts, while at another the wind gently soughed among the branches, or dying away calm, every thing would droop with the oppressive heat. The clouds, low, detached and ragged, seemed to hover over us. The bold and craggy tops of

the mountains were wreathed in mist, and the same humid vapor filled the chasms and swept down the distant slopes. Even before the sun disappeared, his disc became lurid; the air seemed to thicken and respiration was difficult. The untended cattle went lowing to their pens, and the poultry, with discordant noises, hurried under cover. About dusk, a dense bank of cloud gathered in the north-west, and while the thunder muttered in the far-off mountains, it slowly approached us, the lightning playing across it in incessant flashes. Suddenly, like the smoke of artillery, a number of jets were thrown out from its upper surface, and then a flash, compared to which, those were as artificial fire-works which had preceded it, blinded the eye, and instantly every animate thing shrunk with dread as a most terrific crash pealed upon the ear. Then came the whirl and the roar of a tempest. The spirit of the storm was abroad, and Omnipotence seemed, "to ride on the wings of the mighty wind." Huge trees and massive fragments of rock were whirled about like gossamer in a summer's breeze. An avalanche of rain followed, the very flood-gates of heaven seeming to have opened above us.

"The long wished-for hour had now arrived, and bracing myself to the desperate chance, I threw a change of raiment into a wallet I had prepared, and hurried forth, preferring rather to encounter the battling elements than abide with those I could not love. Breasting the driving rain, I shouted with exultation at the prospect of achieving my own fortune by my own exertions. Although 'from cliff to cliff the rattling crags among,' I heard 'the live thunder' leaping, and the forked lightning almost seethed the brain with its sharp and sulphurous fire. I pressed on regardless of the storm and only fearful of pursuit. For some miles the road, which ran winding among the hills, was overflowed, and each indentation in the mountains had become the bed of a foaming torrent. I was obliged to clamber the hill-sides, and spring from ledge to ledge across the mad and plunging streams. But that I was in full health, buoyant with hope, and of an elastic frame, I could never have overcome the difficulties or survived the perils of that night. Once or twice I nearly despaired, but the prospect of the unfeeling treatment to which I would be subjected if I returned determined me to persevere. After severe toil I gained the high-road, and threw myself down exhausted. I had done so but a few minutes, when, borne upon the wind, I heard a loud clatter, and now and then a shrill and piercing shriek. Springing to my feet, I gazed anxiously up the road. The rain had partially subsided, and a momentary luminous spot in the heavens, showed the position of the moon; the thunder, no longer near, reverberated in the distance, and the glare of the lightning, although less frequent, was no less sulphurous and blinding. I could soon distinguish the tramp of horses at full speed, and in an instant after, a carriage passed at headlong velocity. The screams I had heard, satisfied me that there was at least one person within, and I breathlessly hurried after it.

"A short distance below, the road descended a hill and crossed a stream, ordinarily wide and shallow, but now, doubtless, swollen and scarcely fordable. My fears were more than realized, for to my dismay, I soon found myself up to the armpits in the water. The screams had ceased, and I could hear nothing to guide me. Suddenly, through the lurid gleaming of the storm, I saw the carriage, which seemed to be entangled with something, while the horses, rearing and plunging, madly strove to free themselves from the harness. With some difficulty I swam to it; the lateral pressure of the water almost bearing me under by its velocity. I found that the carriage had taken against a prostrate tree, and that the struggles of the horses would soon precipitate it over on its side. Fortunately, I had my hunting-knife with me, and swimming round, contrived to cut the traces and liberate the horses, but not without receiving a severe kick on my right shoulder. Forcing open the door, I found a female form within, but whether alive or dead, in the uncertain light I could not tell. The water was nearly up to the seat, and rising with great rapidity. Bearing the body up, I hesitated what to do. With a bruised limb, and supporting a lifeless form, it would be madness to attempt to swim. Feeling about, I discovered that the front panel was a large one, and forcing it out, dragged the wet and dripping figure through, and placed her on the driver's seat, while I loudly called for help. Almost simultaneous with my own, I heard voices shouting along the road, and guided by my call, assistance was soon procured, and the lady (who had fainted) rescued from her perilous position.

"Mr. Stephens, a respectable merchant, was, with his wife, returning from the springs, and had reached the village soon after the storm set in. He had just alighted, and was holding forth his hand to assist Mrs. S. to descend, when the horses, blinded by a flash of lightning and terrified by the peal which succeeded it, ran off at full speed, and the driver in his effort to recover the reins, fell to the ground.

"Mr. S. expressed so much gratitude for my efforts, and so frequently proffered his services to aid me if he could, that, melted by his tones of kindness, I confided to him the secret of my flight and all my future plans. He listened with deep attention, and endeavored at first to persuade me to return to my guardian, but finding my repugnance insuperable, he suggested a mode of enfranchisement at the bare mention of which my heart fairly leaped for joy. He proposed that I should enter the navy, a profession, he remarked, which, although little esteemed by the country, would, he felt sure, if an opportunity offered, gain for itself a high and imperishable renown. Informing my guardian of the course intended to be pursued, he exerted his influence, and in a short time procured me an appointment.

"I made but one cruise previous to the war. Immediately after its declaration, I was ordered to the frigate *Constitution*, then lying at Annapolis. She was commanded by Captain Hull, who, with every officer and man on board, was exceedingly anxious to get to sea before the enemy should reach the Chesapeake in superior force. Our captain had

twice ineffectually written to the Secretary of the Navy, urging permission to proceed to sea. At length he called up the officer of marines and said to him,

“‘Have you no business that calls you to headquarters?’”

“‘None, sir,’ replied the officer.

“‘Then you must make some,’ said the captain, and handing him a letter, added, ‘you will start this evening so as to reach Washington early to-morrow. When you get there, let it be your first business to call upon the Secretary of the Navy and give him this letter, telling him at the same time, that you will call in three hours for a reply. At the expiration of the three hours, be sure to take your departure, and I expect you to breakfast with me the morning after.’”

“The officer strictly obeyed his instructions. When the Secretary had read the captain’s letter, he remarked ‘I am very much occupied at present, sir, but if you will call in two or three days, I will have an answer ready for you.’”

“‘Sir,’ replied the officer, ‘I am allowed but three hours in Washington to see my colonel, and at two o’clock I am to start on my return.’”

“‘Very well, sir,’ was the reply; and he took his leave.

“At two punctually, he called again, and the Secretary, somewhat fretted, said, ‘Really, sir, I have not had time to attend to Captain Hull’s letter, can you not wait until to-morrow?’”

“‘Under my present orders, sir, it is impossible.’”

“‘Very well, say to Captain Hull that I will write to him by mail.’”

“‘Excuse me, sir,’ said the officer, ‘when I assure you that the captain will be bitterly disappointed if I do not bring something from you.’”

“With a gesture of impatience the Secretary drew a sheet of paper toward him, and writing a few hurried lines, handed the note to the officer, who took his departure. It contained these remarkable words:

“‘SIR,—You will proceed with the Constitution to New York, and should you meet any vessels of the enemy, you will note it.’”

“It was sufficient, and we immediately weighed anchor and stood to sea. A short distance out, we encountered a squadron of the enemy, and the chase that ensued has already become matter of history. Of the fatigue we underwent, and the unsurpassed exertions we made, I can give you no idea. For most of the time the wind was light, and occasionally it subsided to a perfect calm. At such times the sun, fierce and fiery, scorched us with the intensity of his blaze; while towing and kedging, our crew toiled manfully and without a murmur: with the perspiration streaming from their brows, no one dreamed of relaxation. Each one, sleeping at his post, caught his meals as he could. At one time, the nearest ship, being towed by all the boats of the squadron, was enabled to gain fast upon us, notwithstanding our redoubled and almost superhuman exertions. The surface of the ocean, unmoved by undulation, and smooth as a mirror, reflected the black and threatening hulls of our pursuers. Gradually, like huge, creeping monsters, they seemed all to gain upon us, when, at the very crisis of our fate, a catpaw, faint as a fleeting shadow, darkened a spot upon the water, and then disappeared, leaving no trace behind; again, another, and another, imperceptibly increasing in extent and force, until commingling into one, and rippling the ocean with its breath, the light but glorious breeze came on. Swinging the ponderous yards to meet its glad embrace, we thanked our God that we were the first to feel it. The sails, late so listless and inactive, first flapped exultingly, and then slowly distending, our noble ship, in all her grace and pride and beauty, like a recruited steed, renewed the race she had so nearly lost. With sail on sail, packed wide and high, from the bulwarks to the trucks, each ship was soon a pyramid of canvas. Behind us was captivity or death—before us freedom, and perchance renown. Judge, then, with what thrills of delight we soon perceived that we were leaving our pursuers. The wind freshened as the night closed in, and early the ensuing day the enemy abandoned the chase as hopeless. For sixty hours we had toiled unceasingly, and human nature had been taxed to the utmost.

“Cut off from New York, our commander determined to proceed to Boston. Off Long Island we spoke an American vessel, and by her the captain wrote to the Secretary of the Navy, acquainting him with his escape, and informing him that he would proceed to Boston, where he trusted to receive permission to cruise at sea. We reached the harbor late one evening, by midnight we had commenced taking in provisions and water, and in twenty-four hours were ready for sea. For three days beyond the time we should have heard from Washington, we were kept in the most anxious suspense. All hands were detained on board except the purser, who, on the arrival of each mail, hurried to the post-office, in the hope of finding the desired letter. On the third day there did come an official letter, but it was addressed to a ward-room officer on the subject of his pay.

“It was then that Captain Hull took a resolution which evinced as much wisdom as moral courage. He knew that the cruisers of the enemy swarmed upon our coast, and he chafed with impatient desire to fairly encounter one of them. He determined to put to sea without orders, and immediately carried his purpose into execution.

“We had soon the satisfaction to meet an adversary. It was one of the ships belonging to the squadron which had chased us. Instead of increasing we now sought to lessen the intervening distance, and as we approached, each ship, like a combatant in the arena, partially stripped herself for the conflict. Under reduced sail, leisurely, deliberately, we neared each other. It was a moment of intense excitement. England had so long styled herself the mistress of the seas,

and the arrogance of the claim was so lessened by her almost uninterrupted career of victory, that the boldest and most sanguine among us admitted probability of defeat. Yet there was no shrinking of the nerve, not one instant's hesitation of purpose. Our country had sent us forth, and in the hour of peril she relied upon us. We knew that we might be defeated, but felt that we could not be disgraced. The flag, with the proud vessel which bore it, might sink beneath the waves, or with it, by one terrific explosion, be scattered in shreds and fragments upon its surface, but each one felt that it could never be struck to a single adversary.

"I had thought before that I had some idea of a battle, but imagination fell short of the stern and startling reality. Men, lately so calm, collected, and seemingly almost impassive, were wrought to the highest pitch of frenzy, and reeking with perspiration, and begrimed with powder, as seen through the fire and the smoke, appeared like infuriated demons. The ship, reeling like a drunken man, quivered with each recoil, but there was no screaming, no shouting—the ministers of death were too earnest for noisy exhibition, and except the stifled groans of the wounded, and the brief, quick words of command, the human voice was unheard.

"You know the result. At the report of the last gun in that conflict, as at the blast of the Israelite trumpets before Jericho, the walls of British invincibility fell—like them, too, never to rise again. But, dearest, I tire you."

"No, Edward, I love to listen to you. When I first read of that victory I wept for joy. Now, although it is past, I tremble, while I rejoice, at the danger you incurred; but tell me, did you escape unhurt?"

"I received a flesh wound merely, but it proved irritable and difficult of cure. In consequence, I was prevented from again sailing in the ship; but my promotion was secured, and I congratulate myself on my present position. The ship to which I am attached is smaller than the Constitution, but she is well-manned and ably commanded. There is no telling at what moment she may meet with an opponent; and you, dearest, would not have me absent while my shipmates are battling for our country."

"No, Edward, I will not be less patriotic than yourself; but we have so shortly known and understood each other, that it is hard to separate so soon, and when there is so much danger that we may never meet again; beside, your impatience retards your recovery."

"Fear not, Mary, the fever has entirely left me, and my strength increases daily—thanks to your gentle nurture, for, unseen, though hovering near, you not only supplied my wants but anticipated every wish."

"Speak of it no more, Edward; see, Alfred is coming to call us to breakfast. I will take the path through the shrubbery and avoid him, or he will have his jest at our expense when we meet at table." Springing from her lover's side as she spoke, she lingered for an instant as she gained the copse, and turned with a fond, confiding glance toward him, but the sound of her brother's footsteps checked the current of her feelings, and she was out of sight in an instant.

Edward Talbot was in his 22d year. With a fine figure, his frame indicated more activity than strength. His hazel eye, undimmed by recent illness, expressed decision of character, and his dark hair fell in untrimmed luxuriance over his pale but manly features.

Mary Gillespie was eighteen, and almost a woman. About the medium stature of her sex, her light, elastic figure moved in unconscious grace. Her silk-like chestnut hair shaded a neck of snowy whiteness; her brilliant cheek, now white as a lily, now mantled with a blush, more surely and more rapidly than words bespoke the current of her feelings; while her deep-blue eyes, bathed in liquid crystal, and curtained from the sight by their long and fringing lashes, rarely raised and as suddenly withdrawn, struck the beholder with wonder and admiration. Beautiful in person, sensitive in her feelings, and of a most confiding and affectionate nature, she was a being formed for love.

Mr. Gillespie was a merchant who had resided eight years upon the island, and for the last three held the situation of American Consul. The war having interrupted his business, he had been for some time winding up his affairs preparatory to returning home. He was an unpretending man, of practical good sense and sterling integrity. He had been five years a widower. Left with two children he had devoted every leisure hour to their education. But his son, now in his 14th year, proved more intractable than the daughter, and increased his anxiety to return and place him under the charge of competent teachers.

Such was the state of things when Lieutenant Talbot was sent on shore extremely ill. At first, in his province as consul, Mr. Gillespie had procured for him the best lodgings that could be hired; but when he heard his mother's name, and found that through her the young officer was related to an old and cherished friend, he at once had him removed to his own house.

It was not to be expected that, under such circumstances, two kindred spirits should meet and not assimilate. It is no wonder that thus thrown together, they should become mutually attached. They did love! love only as those can do who, trustful in their natures, are uncantered by care, and in their thoughts, their prayers, their aspirations, and their dreams, they soon become each other's constant and abiding theme.

The morning after the one with which this tale had opened, Mr. Talbot threw open his casement, and stepping into the balcony, looked eagerly toward the west. It was again calm, and the unclouded sun, just risen, threw his unrefracted rays across the slumbering sea. It was Sunday, all was silent, and not a vestige of a living thing was seen. Not a solitary bird fanned the air, no roaming fish disturbed by its gambols the mirror-like surface of the deep, but on the furthest

verge of the horizon,

"As idle as a painted ship,
Upon a painted ocean."

floated a light and buoyant fabric, which alone, within the broad scope of vision, proclaimed man as its architect. It was the *Hornet*, the symmetrical *Hornet*, already renowned for a glorious achievement.

In a few hours the sea breeze set in, which, cool and refreshing, is sent by a merciful Providence to temper the heat of a tropical sun. The ship was soon under a cloud of canvas, and it was a beautiful thing to see her inclined to the breeze, dashing along with graceful speed, while the light tracery of her rigging was reflected upon the sails which looked snow-white in the glancing beams of the sun. As if instinct with life, she bounded across the water, and soon dropped her anchor in the bay.

Captain Biddle, already distinguished for his gallantry, together with several of his officers, dined with Mr. Gillespie that day. Before midnight, they were again at sea, for there were enemies abroad, and they felt bound to seek them.

It were useless to dwell upon the parting interview of the lovers. All that the gushing fondness of two such natures could impart was interchanged. Hap what might, though distance should separate, and circumstances debar their intercourse for months or years, they felt that unswerving confidence which true and loyal breasts alone can feel. It is true that they both felt much anxiety—the maiden in especial, for her lover was exposed to far more than the perils of the deep. But, with a faith early instilled by the precepts of a pious mother, she placed her trust on High, and with more of hope than fear, looked forward to the future.

CHAPTER II.

For some weeks the *Hornet* sought in vain for a cruiser of the enemy. Some valuable captures were made, and the vessels destroyed, and it was determined to shift the cruising ground to the South Atlantic.

As they approached the equator, the atmosphere became humid and oppressive, and they were deluged with frequent rain, compared to which the heaviest showers of our own more favored clime, are as the dew-drop to the overflowing cistern. Often at night the sea would be brilliantly phosphorescent, and the water as dashed aside by the advancing prow, fell over in curls of flame, while, gamboling around in very wantonness, myriads of porpoises, the dolphins of antiquity, sportively chased each other, and darting to and fro, without design or order, checkered with lines of light the dark, unruffled sea.

The day on which they crossed the line was preceded by a night of surpassing loveliness. Undisturbed and quiet as a sleeping infant, the calm and placid ocean lay in beautiful repose, its very heavings, as if moved by the modulation of sweet sounds, so gentle, as not to impair the reflections of its mirror-like surface.

Toward morning, a mist arose, which, becoming dense, settled down and banked around the horizon. As the night waned, faint streaks of light tinged the dark cloud; gradually the hues became brighter and more expanded, the violet became purple, the purple reddened into crimson, and suddenly, as from a bed of flame, the sun looked forth upon the quiet scene. The serene sky, the placid ocean, the soft breath of the morning, and the gorgeous sun, were all in keeping with the attributes of their Maker; while the tiny ship, a mere speck upon the waters, girdled with iron and prepared for strife, was a fit emblem of the frailty and insignificance of man.

The inconsiderate and the thoughtless were disappointed that the usual ceremony of receiving Neptune was dispensed with on crossing the line; but the *Hornet* was too well disciplined for such a disorderly exhibition, and her commander wisely considered the custom of roughly shaving the uninitiated as one more honored in the breach than the observance.

After crossing the equator, the atmosphere improved and became balmy and pleasant, and so rarified that the stars became visible at the very verge of the horizon. The pole star, the lamp hung out in heaven to guide the wanderer on the northern deep, although steadfast as faith it maintained its post, gradually disappeared, and others, more brilliant but less endeared by association, rose upon the view. High up in the heavens, two luminous bodies, like fragments of the milky way, became visible, while lower down toward the pole, another of darker hue was seen. They were the wonderful Magellan clouds which, from their position and immovability, are supposed by Humboldt to be the reflections of the Cordilleras.

The messmates of Talbot had soon perceived a marked change in his demeanor: His hilarity was gone, and, avoiding his former associates, he paced the deck or sat apart, wrapped in the visionary aspirations of a lover. They all suspected the cause, but had too much regard for him to wound his sensitive feelings by ill-timed jests and allusions. Indeed their respect for him insensibly increased, for they perceived with surprise that although completely absorbed in reverie when he had no duty to perform, yet he had become the most vigilant among them, and in particular paid the most minute attention to the exercise of his division at the guns and in the use of small arms. At such times, his eyes sparkled with more than their wonted enthusiasm, and his very air breathed some exalted purpose.

"Take care, gentlemen," said the captain one day to a party of officers near him, "take care! Talbot is wooing glory that he may win a bride, and if opportunity offers he may bear away the palm."

"Let him if he can," was the reply, "we will not begrudge what must be dearly earned."

Nearly in a line with the extreme southern limits of two continents, at the confluence of two mighty oceans, lies Tristan d'Acuna, a high, rocky and uninhabited island, its summit wrapped in clouds, and, except in one place, the surf loud and continuous broke upon its shore. The wind was fresh, and the tumultuous waves ran high, when through the mist the Hornet gained a sight of the land. While the captain hesitated whether to venture in, or lie-to and await more favorable weather, the cry "sail ho!" was heard from aloft.

"Where away?" was quickly asked by the officer of the deck.

"Broad off the weather beam, sir," was the reply, and the Hornet wore round and stood toward the stranger. None but those who have experienced it can form an idea of the thrill of delight with which each man on board of a cruiser, in time of war, hears the cry "sail ho!" which ensures the excitement of a chase, and the probability of an engagement.

Long before the hull of the stranger was visible from the deck, her spars and sails, enveloped in the mist, in their shadowy outline seemed of gigantic size. Like a shapeless cloud rather than a thing of art, she came down before the breeze, now and then the mist, in fantastic wreaths, half concealing, half betraying her form and character. The American hoisted her colors as an invitation to the stranger to declare her nationality. Shortly after, the report of a gun came booming over the water, and there was a shout of exultation among the crew of the Hornet, as through the vapor they descried the ensign of St. George. The commander of each vessel, however, was too good a seaman not to be aware that the wind was too high, and the sea too rough, for a fair encounter. Each one, brave himself, doubted not the valor of his adversary. With a tacit understanding that they would meet when the gale abated, the ships hove-to, in each other's near vicinity. They rode out the night in safety, each one carrying a light, to denote her position to the other.

The next day it moderated, and at 1 P. M. the Hornet hoisted her jack at the fore, as an intimation that she was ready for the encounter. The signal was promptly answered, and the vessels filling away on opposite tacks, exchanged broadsides as they passed. Immediately after, like two knights engaged *à l'outrance*, each again wore round and stood directly for the other, while from forward, aft, successively as they bore, the guns were fired with singular precision. As they neared each other, the scene became more and more exciting: Beside the boom of the cannon, the pealing of the musketry soon became incessant, and the hurtling of iron and lead was terrific. The atmosphere was soon thick and stifling, and the crews were working their guns with the energy of desperation, when a severe concussion, followed by a harsh and grating sound, told that the ships were afoul.

"Away! boarders away!" was the instant cry on board of the Englishman, and a host of men, cutlas and pistol in hand, gathered on his forecastle.

"Stand by to repel boarders," was the prompt response of the American, and a forest of bristling pikes was arrayed against the assailants. Talk of serried ranks and wedged battalions; of the compact square, and even of the deep moat and frowning parapet! who would not charge upon either, rather than breast that fretted line of steel, held by those stern-visaged men! The enemy paused and faltered.

By word and example, Talbot had encouraged his men to their utmost exertion, and at the first call, had hurried with them to repel the enemy; but, when that enemy hesitated, although but for an instant, he shouted, "On them, men! on! on!" and rushed forward as he spoke, to board them in turn.

"Hold, men! hold! Back, Mr. Talbot, back, I command you," shouted the captain. "My God! he's gone!" he added, as the two ships, lifted high by a passing wave, fell apart, and the fore-mast of the enemy came down with a frightful crash. The instant before, Talbot had sprung upon her bowsprit, and the next, just escaping the mast as it fell, he was upon her deck.

Captain Biddle, although he had been firm as a veteran throughout the fight, no sooner beheld the peril of his officer, than, trembling like an aspen, he sprung into the rigging, and in a voice shrill and distinct amid the uproar, called out, "Hurt but a hair of his head and I'll sink you where you lie."

In the meantime, Talbot had not been idle. Striking right and left, parrying where he could, but not stopping to return a blow, he pressed on, and in less time than it has taken to narrate this incident, had gained the quarter-deck, cut the halliards and hauled the ensign down.

Immediately on separating from the enemy, the Hornet ranged ahead, and was prepared to throw in a broadside, but seeing the colors down, hailed to know if they had surrendered. The reply was in the affirmative.

The prize was immediately taken possession of, and Talbot was found almost insensible, endeavoring to staunch the blood from an ugly wound with the flag he had hauled down.

So destructive had been the fire of the American that the prize was completely riddled: She was therefore scuttled; and in a very short time the Hornet was again prepared for action.

The wound of poor Talbot was so severe as to leave no hope of his being able to perform duty the remainder of the cruise. A merchant vessel that was fallen in with was chartered as a cartel, and all the prisoners, with a few of the

wounded, including Talbot, were put on board of her, to be taken to the United States.

Under the judicious treatment of the medical officer who accompanied them, he was fast recovering when they passed the island, where we first introduced him to the reader. At his urgent request he was landed, the cartel, after a few hours delay, proceeding on her course.

Like the anguish of the parting, the glorious ecstasy of the meeting of the lovers may be imagined, but cannot be described.

"Dear Edward," said the maiden, as soon as they were alone, "Dr. Holmes has told me all, and you have more than realized my wildest and most extravagant hopes."

"Say not so, Mary! indeed you should rather take credit to yourself, for if I have been swayed by any other motive than love of country, it has been to prove myself worthy of your rare affection."

"It was ever so with you, Edward—you first excite our admiration, and then ascribe to others the fruits of your own good deeds."

"Nay, sweet girl, you wrong yourself and me. Tell me, what is the body without the soul?"

"An inanimate lump of clay—but why the question?"

"Because to me you are what the soul is to the body—the life which animates and the spirit which directs it—you are at once my inspiration and my hope—the burthen of my thoughts, the aim and object of all my aspirations."

"Hush, Edward, this cannot, nay, I would not have it to be true; let us change the theme." She laid her hand upon his mouth as she spoke—but what maiden was ever yet displeased with the devotion of a favored lover?

In the course of their conversation, Talbot learned that Mr. Gillespie had completed his arrangements, and was on the look out for a vessel to convey himself and family to the United States. The former was of course anxious to accompany them, and in the midst of happiness was, perhaps, the most impatient of them all, for Mr. Gillespie would not consent to his daughter's marriage before she had seen her relatives at home: Perhaps, too, he wished to inquire more particularly than he had yet been enabled to do, into the character and circumstances of the man he was about to receive as his son-in-law. He knew him to be brave and intelligent, and of frank and winning manners, but he knew nothing more—the captain of the ship, when he dined with him, having answered his questions in general terms of commendation.

They waited for a long time in vain. So ruinous had the war become to American commerce, that for months not a vessel from the United States had visited the island.

Late one evening a schooner, named the *Humming-bird*, formerly an American letter-of-marque, arrived, bringing intelligence of peace between England and the United States. The owners of the schooner had without delay applied for a commission to the Colombian minister, and she was now equipped as a privateer under that flag. The commander of her, having been drawn from his course by a vessel to which he had given chase and captured two days previous, purposed proceeding immediately to Nassau, New Providence. As from thence a speedy conveyance to the United States could certainly be procured, and no Spanish cruisers were supposed to be at sea, Mr. Gillespie offered such inducements to the captain that he consented to take them as passengers, and gave up his cabin for their accommodation.

In less than sixty hours they sailed, with a light but favorable wind. About 4 P. M. the second day, when they were nearly through the Mona passage, it fell calm. Within the passage, from shore to shore, there was not a ripple upon the water, and the light and buoyant little vessel, without advancing a foot, rose and fell with the mysterious undulation. A few miles ahead, without the passage, stretching from the east toward the west, the dark and ruffled surface was relieved by the white caps of the waves, whose tops were curling and breaking into sparkling foam. It was the trade wind sweeping, unobstructed by the land, toward the Great Bahama Bank. Several vessels were in sight, among them a large one, coming down before the wind, but which, less than any, excited their attention—for she seemed too burthensome for a Spanish trader to the colonies.

"Captain," said Talbot, half an hour after, "unless I am very much mistaken, that large stranger to windward is a man-of-war."

"Probably an Englishman," replied the captain.

"Scarcely, the canvas is not sufficiently dark, and the upper sails roach too much; it is evidently a frigate, and now I think of it, can hardly be a Frenchman, for they rarely cruise in this direction. Are you sure that there are no Spanish cruisers among the islands?"

"None so large as this," answered the captain, "for the *Isabella* went to leeward upward of a month ago."

"May it not have been a ruse?" asked Talbot.

"Give me the glass," said the captain, and he looked long and earnestly; "I cannot make her out," he said at length, "but do not like her looks. Get out the sweeps, Mr. Long," he added, addressing his lieutenant, "we must have the *Humming-bird* out of this mill-pond, or her wings will be useless."

The order was promptly obeyed, and the little vessel was soon moving at the rate of three or four knots through the water; but the larger vessel was in the mean time coming down at treble velocity. As soon as the schooner began to feel

the influence of the wind, the sweeps were laid in, and all sail made to the northward, in the hope that the stranger would pass without observing them. In this, however, they were disappointed, for, as the latter was brought to bear abeam, they observed with anxiety, that she edged away toward them.

"I fear that we have been deceived in our intelligence," said the captain, in reply to a look from Talbot, as they noticed the suspicious movement of the stranger.

"For Heaven's sake, conceal your misgivings from Mr. Gillespie and his family while there is a hope," asked Talbot; to which the captain nodded assent, and proceeded quietly to make his arrangements to elude, if possible, the grasp of his pursuer; for he now felt convinced that he saw the *Isabella*. The best sailing of the schooner was by the wind; instead, therefore, of keeping away before it, she was hauled close to it, and steered N. N. E. bringing the frigate to bear forward of the weather beam.

[To be continued.]

FLORENCE.

BY HENRY B. HIRST.

PROLOGUE.

An humble cottage, overgrown
With woodbine, stood beside a hill,
And nigh it, murmuring through moss,
Rippled a little rill.

The hill was high and wore a crown
Of leafiness, whence, gazing down,
An eagle might behold the towers
And turrets of a town.

And many a pleasant country cot,
Snowy, and peering through the green,
With, now and then, a rivulet,
Meandering, might be seen.

But in the landscape, like a king,
A short half mile or more away,
A grim old castle stood, erect,
Baronial and gray.

Around it lay an ample park,
With, here and there, a drove of deer;
A rude old Norman edifice,
Dark, desolate and drear!

Perhaps it was the morning sun
Which made the ancient building smile,
But, nevertheless, a pleasant look
Was on the agéd pile.

Perhaps it was with joy it smiled
That morn, the merriest of the year,
Which welcomed home its youthful lord,
Young Lionel De Vere.

Perhaps the thought of earlier days
Flitted athwart its granite brain;
Perchance it dreamed it might behold
Those golden hours again—

Those hours when, in the tournament,
Warriors, in glistering steel attired,
Tilted before young demoiselles,
Who blushed to be admired;

Or when the forest echoes rang
With many a merry bugle-horn,
And stag and hounds, a baying rout,
Swept by some autumn morn.

But whether it was the morning sun
Which made the ancient mansion smile,

Or other things, a pleasant look
Lit up the agéd pile.

PART I.

She stood among her garden flowers,
The very loveliest lily there,
Beauty, bloom, purity and truth
Unfolding on the air.

He paused among the trees and gazed,
And like a bark with sails unfurled,
His heaving heart went forth to seek
Another and a fairer world.

All heaven he felt was in her eye;
Its sunshine glistened in her glance;
The air he breathed was elfin air;
His soul was in a trance:

“Ah, spirit of some virgin saint,
Turn—turn those blesséd eyes on me,
And let me kneel and worship thee!”
Deliriously said he.

She raised her eyes, her maiden cheek
Mounting the crimson tinge of dawn,
And, looking timidly around,
Stood, like a startled fawn.

“Nay, do not fly,” exclaimed the youth;
“Remain; allow my thirsty eyes
To quaff thy beauty: I would drain
A draught of Paradise.”

Wonder awaking in her face,
The maiden stood, with lips apart,
Drinking his voice, whose cadence stole
In harmony to her heart.

And even as she stood he came,
And, kneeling, bade her fear no wrong;
While all the while the murmuring air
Moved musical with song.

His words were not as other's words,
His voice was like no other voice,
Somehow, she knew not why, it made
Her maiden heart rejoice.

And from that moment all things grew
Lovelier with light, because of him,
And, like a cup of wine, her heart
Was crimson to the brim.

"What shall I call thee?" asked the maid;
"How name thee?" "Clarence is my name,"
Returned the youth—"an honest one,
Though all unknown to fame.

"And how shall I call thee?" quoth he.
"Florence," replied the maid—"a mean
And humble village girl." "But fit,"
Said he, "to be a queen!"

Day after day, at eventide,
The stranger sought her, breathing words
Of passion, while her timid heart
Beat like a frightened bird's.

But not with fear, for every pulse
Was swayed by love, that, moon-like, rides
The empyrean of the adoring heart
And rules its purple tides.

PART II.

Merrily through the town they went
A proud, chivalric cavalcade
Of knights and nobles and esquires,
In silken robes arrayed.

And each sustained his high degree,
But foremost there, without a peer
In manly majesty of mien,
Rode Lionel De Vere.

The ostrich plumes which flowed and waved
In silver clouds above his brow,
Were gray and lustreless beside
That forehead's dazzling snow.

The diamond brooch which held the plume
Flashed in the sunlight, like a star,
Throwing its ever radiant rays
In rainbow hues afar.

The ruby burning on his breast,
Blazing and blossoming as he turned,
Was fervid as his heart, which, fed
With honor, nobly burned.

And as he passed, his lofty head
Bending in answer to the cries
Of loving vassals, nobler form
Never met woman's eyes.

A smile for one of mean degree,
A courteous bow for one of high,
So modulated both that each
Saw friendship in his eye.

Onward he rode, while like the sound
Of surf along a shingly shore,
The murmur of a people's joy
Marched, herald-like, before.

Timidly, while before them pressed
The peasants, in a little nook
Two women stood—two timid things—
To snatch a hasty look:

One, weak and old—an aged dame—
December toward its latter day;
The other young and pure and fair,
The maiden month of May:

Trembling with curious delight
She rose on tip-toe, gazing through
The mass of heads which, like a hedge,
Bordered the avenue.

The sound of horns, which rolled and broke
Like summer thunder, and the crash
Of cymbals, while the hound-like drum
Howled undemeath the lash;

The toss of plumes, the neigh of steeds,
The silken murmur of attire,
As the proud cavalcade drew nigh,
Filled her young heart with fire.

He came, her lord, the lord of all

Who gazed and gazed afar or near,
And as he bowed they hailed with shouts
Lord Lionel De Vère.

A trouble flitted through her face—
A shadow, and before her eyes
She passed her hands, as if to check
Some terrible surmise.

Nearer and nearer, while like one
Struck dumb she gazed, the noble came,
And as he passed the people flung
Their blessings on his name.

One little cry—a feeble cry—
The name of “Clarence,” and she passed:
He heard it not, its tiny sound
Died in the clarion’s blast.

PART III.

The cottage stood in solitude,
The woodbine rustled on the wall,
The Marguerites in the garden waved
In murmurs one and all;

And, rippling by, the rivulet
Seemed sobbing, like a frightened child,
Who, wandering on, has lost its way
In some deserted wild.

The day was waning in the west,
And slowly, like a dainty dream,
The delicate twilight dropped her veil
On fallow, field and stream.

The purple sky was sown with stars
When Clarence came: she was not there,
And desolately frowned the night,
And stagnant was the air.

But on the little rustic seat
Where they had often sat, there shone
A letter, and the noble name
Along it was his own.

“Farewell,” it said, “that I exist
Breathing the word which is the knell
Of love and hope is not my will.
But God’s alone: Farewell.

“Never more on this once loved spot,
Never more on the rivulet’s bank,
Shall we sojourn: my love, great lord,
Insults thy lofty rank.

“Go, seek some fitter mate: for me,
Too poor to be thy wife, too proud
To be thy leman, grief, despair,
The death-bed, and the shroud.”

He read appalled, amazed, aghast,
Stern as a statue, and the stone
Was pale Despair, its haggard look
Less awful than his own.

A thought, and like a storm he dashed
Along the grassy walk: no spark
Shone from the cottage: all within,
Without, around, was dark.

He knocked and knocked, but no one came:
He entered, and the silent room
Was vacant, and his darkened heart
Grew darker with the gloom.

Next day the grim old castle stood
Neglected: whether its heart of stone
Was touched, I know not, yet I heard
The ancient mansion moan.

Perhaps I was deceived; the wind
Went howling over woods and moors,
And round the castle, like a ghost
Stalking its corridors.

PART IV.

The snow had fallen hour on hour;
The wind was keen, and loud and shrill
It whistled through the naked trees
And round the frozen hill.

The country everywhere was white;
The forest oaks that moaned and pined
Wore caps of snow, which, bowing low,
They doffed before the wind.

Twilight descended, and the air
Was gray, and like a sense of dread,
Night on the virgin breast of earth
Her sable shadows spread.

Slowly, with wavering steps a man
Moved on a solitary moor,
With staff, and shell, and sandaled shoon,
A pilgrim pale and poor.

Slowly, with trembling steps he moved,
Pausing, as if uncertain where
To take his way, when, faint and far,
A bell disturbed the air.

And as with concentrated strength
He sought the sound, a little light
Shone flickeringly and glow-worm like
Through the ravine of night.

A little light that with each step
Became distinct, until his eyes
Beheld a convent's welcome walls
Between him and the skies.

He reached the portal—rang the bell,
And as above him rose the moon,
Sank, like the storm: the portress found
The pilgrim in a swoon.

They bore the wasted wanderer in:
Pallid but beautiful he lay,
A dream which seemed to come from heaven
Though clad in suffering clay.

And when, long hours of anguish gone,
His eyes once more shone calmly blue,
Looks that seemed grievous memories
Dimmed their ethereal hue.

His soul, which many days had walked
The ploughshares of consuming love.
Wrung by the ordeal, raised its eyes
Toward Him Who reigned above.

He sought the chapel; at the shrine
Kneelt, while his eyes were wet with tears—
God's love in holy harmonies
Filling his penitent ears.

Even as he knelt the solemn mass,
"ORA PRO NOBIS, DOMINE,"
Rose, like a dove on sun-lit wings,
Seeking the heavenly way.

Concordant voices sweet and clear
Rang through the consecrated nave,
Discoursing melodies which rolled
And broke, wave over wave.

As in an ecstasy he knelt,
Cheeks, lips and eyes alive with light,
Radiant, as if a saint, or Christ
Himself had blessed his sight.

For in the voices one sweet voice
Swam, like a spirit's, in his ears:
He could not speak, or move, or breathe;
While slowly trickling tears

Ran down his cheeks, as, louder still,
The swan-voiced organ breathed its knell,
And on its cloudy height of song
Paused, trembled, moaned and fell.

But as its echoes died away,
His spirit trod that golden shore
Where hope becomes reality
And sorrow is no more.

He sought the abbess; on his knees
Unfolded, page by page, his grief;
While she, albeit cold and stern,
Wept, yielding to belief.

And Florence came, while Clarence stood
In breathless silence far apart,
A thousand hopes and joys and fears
Conflicting at his heart.

Throwing aside his pilgrim cowl
Clarence fell trembling at her feet:
"Florence," he murmured, "loved and lost,
At last, at last we meet."

She stood in silence, with her eyes

Fixed on the youth—a heavenly calm
From out whose subsidence of sound
Came “Clarence,” like a psalm.

And then he knelt and told his tale:
How he had loved in other lands,
And she he sought had faithlessly
Obeyed a sire’s commands,

And left him desolate; how, when,
After long weeks of aching pain
A pale, heartbroken, weary man,
With fevered brow and brain,

He sought his native land, and stood
Again within his castle halls,
But found that soothing Peace had flown
Forever from its walls;

And how, when wandering in the woods,
Accusing God of all his wo,
Madder with memories of the Past
Than any fiend below,

She, Florence, like an angel, rose
To calm his heart, and dry his tears,
And fill his brain with melodies
Stolen from statelier spheres.

And how he sought to test her love,
And feared, recurring to the past,
That this, his eidolon of joy,
Might prove too bright to last.

And so, in humble garb, in state
No loftier than the maiden’s own,
He sought her love, not for his lands
But for himself alone.

And how he came and found her gone,
And since, month after month, in pain,
Had followed her from town to town,
With burning heart and brain;

And how, when hope was gone, and life
Seemed like a land which lay behind—
The future like a desolate void—
How, when he most repined—

When death had been a welcome thing,
Her voice, the concord of the spheres,
Had called his memory from her tomb
On which it lay in tears.

She stood and listened with her eyes
And ears and heart—cheek, lip and brow
Serene with happiness which shone,
Like sunlight over snow.

And with a breathless eloquence
Which, more than words or vows, exprest
Her boundless confidence, she hid

Her blushes in his breast.

EPILOGUE.

One day, in early autumn time,
In spirit, I traversed the plain,
And sought De Vère's ancestral towers,
And gazed on them again.

They stood in green and glorious age;
The rooks wheeled round the ancient walls,
And peals of mirthful merriment
Peopled the castle halls—

Loud laughs, which made the watchful deer,
With ears thrown forward, look and bleat
And seek a covert, while the sounds
Followed their pattering feet.

The swallows, twittering in the air,
Seemed sharers in the general gladness;
The stares from oak and beech and elm,
Chattered in merry madness.

Across the drawbridge, as I gazed,
A merry, laughing cavalcade,
With dogs in leash and hawk on hand,
Dashed madly down the glade.

Among them, stateliest of them all,
Sat one whose broad and ample brow,
Though white with time, was full of life
As lichen under snow.

And by his side, with smiling eye,
And swelling breast, in robes of green,
Rode one, round whom the nobles prest
As round a loving queen.

And after, hand on hip, two youths
Rode gayly onward, side by side,
Returning with admiring love
Their parents' glance of pride.

While in the distance, like a sire
Who sees at Christmas festival
His happy children laughing round,
Smiled the baronial hall.

THE DIAL-PLATE.

BY A. J. REQUIER.

All rusty is the iron grate
That girds the garden desolate,
But there it stands, the dial-plate,
A thing of antiquated date,
 Right opposite the sun.
The wild moss and the fern have grown
Upon its quaint, old-fashioned stone,
And earthy mounds about it strown
Seem each to say, in solemn tone,
 “A race is run!”

Of yore, in vernal beauty smiled
This spot of earth so drear and wild,
And you might chance to see a child,
Up-scrumbling on the gray stones piled
 Around the dial-plate;
Then might you hear his laughter ring
Clear as the chime of bells in spring,
When, like a pompous little king,
He strutted on that queer old thing
 In mock estate.

Long years have circled slowly round
Upon that wheel which hath no sound;
The urchin has in manhood found
A beauteous maid, and they are bound
 By Hymen’s silken tie;
There stand the couple, side by side,
The bridegroom and his dainty bride,
The sunbeams from the dial slide
Deep in their cells beneath the tide—
 As deep Love’s sigh!

Comes tottering age with thin, white hair,
And that same youth is standing there!
But now his head is almost bare,
And twinkles in his eye a tear,
 Fresh from his withered core;
Gone are the loved ones of his breast,
Gone to their everlasting rest,
Grim Death has robbed the old man’s nest,
And they are now his mouldering guest
 For evermore!

Ye pilgrims on the shores of Time!
Of every age and every clime,
Like flowers ye spring up in your prime,
Like them ye fade at vesper chime
 In twilight of the tomb;
Oh! pluck the roses while ye may,
Each instant heralds Life's decay,
Mark well the dial's fleeting ray,
There is a world beyond the clay—
 Beyond its gloom.

Old father Time expects his fee,
Look how he rubs his hands in glee,
A mighty pair of scales hath he,
To weigh Earth and Eternity,
 “As misers count their gold;”
From earth he plucks each minute-pin,
And down the other he drops it in—
Take heed! the weigher soon must win
He stares upon you with a grin—
 Your days are told!



W.P. Frith

Addison

THE BRIDAL NIGHT.

Engraved Expressly for Graham's Magazine

UNEQUAL MARRIAGES.

BY CAROLINE. H. BUTLER.

"Sister, are you determined, then, to marry Annette to Mr. Eccleson?" asked Mr. Goodman of his sister, Mrs. Doily.

"Certainly I am, brother," answered the lady. "In every respect it is a most advantageous match for her; indeed, John, I assure you that I look upon an alliance with the Eccleson family as one of the most desirable things which could possibly happen, and so does Mr. Doily."

"I do not agree with you," said her brother; "and I fear in the end, you may have reason to change your present views."

"And why so, brother?" returned Mrs. Doily. "It seems to me you are always looking upon the dark side! Now do tell me, John, what reasonable objection you can possibly have to Annette's marriage—I am sure I see none—and, of course, no one can have her happiness more at heart than her own mother! Is not Mr. Eccleson very rich, and nearly allied to some of the very first families in the city? His age surely can be no serious objection—indeed, it is all for the best, for a man stands still, while a woman grows old; and fifteen years hence, depend upon it, no one will think him fifteen years her senior. Then he is very agreeable, and certainly uncommonly good-looking!" and with the air of one who feels satisfied that they have the best of the argument, Mrs. Doily complacently swung to and fro in her easy rocking-chair.

"Yes, Jane, he is all these—and, you may add, too, as proud as Lucifer!" said Mr. Goodman.

"He has reason to be proud!" put in Mrs. Doily.

"Perhaps he has," answered her brother, "and you will find that his pride will not allow him to acknowledge willingly any connection with a dry-goods retailer!"

"Ridiculous, brother—how foolish you talk! Pray, then, why should he offer to marry Annette, if he looks upon the connection as something to be ashamed of?" said Mrs. Doily, getting almost angry.

"Why? why because he has fallen in love with Annette's pretty face; he means to marry *her*, not her family, and he trusts to his future power over her, and to a woman's devotedness to her husband, right or wrong, to wean her away from all her earlier ties!"

"John, you really talk very strangely!" exclaimed Mrs. Doily, almost ready to cry. "What possesses you to run on in this way, just as if my dear Annette could ever be brought to give up all her old friends for strangers. I do wish you would not talk so—it really makes me nervous!"

"Well, my dear sister, I may be mistaken, and for your sake, and for Annette's sake, I hope to God I am! I call myself a pretty good judge of character, and if I err not, Mr. Eccleson has so much pride, arrogance, perhaps, would be the better word, for it is not the pride of a high-minded, honorable man, as will make him callous what ties he rends, or what sacred altars he may trample down to serve his own ambitious views. Besides, Jane, I never yet knew any true happiness to result from unequal marriages; and I tell you honestly, that were Annette my daughter, I would sooner see her the wife of an honest young tradesman, who has his own fortune and standing to build up, than the wife of Penn Eccleson, were he ten times richer than he is!"

"Oh, yes, John, were Annette *your daughter*!" said Mrs. Doily, forcing a laugh. "Yes, I know, old bachelors and old maids are always most wonderful patterns of parental prudence! but with all your prejudices you will allow one thing, I hope, that Mr. Eccleson is far from being either a selfish or a mercenary man!"

"I deny the first," interrupted Mr. Goodman.

"For he refuses to receive any fortune with Annette; true, we could not give her much—five or six thousand dollars, perhaps—but even that is something; and I am sure his refusal to accept of it is very noble. It is Annette, and Annette alone he wants."

"True, very true—it is Annette he wants, and not a penny of the retailer's money—there shall be no obligation of that nature to bind him to the family of the future Mrs. Eccleson!" exclaimed Mr. Goodman, starting up angrily from his chair. "Jane, Jane, I protest against this marriage!" and seizing his hat and cane, he withdrew, leaving poor Mrs. Doily bathed in the tears she was no longer able to restrain—tears of vexation and anger, at what she deemed the willful obstinacy of her brother.

If what Uncle John said was true, it was certainly yet to be proved, for, perhaps, no marriage in the eyes of partial, hopeful parents, ever promised a fairer prospect of happiness to trusting girlhood than that so soon to be consummated.

Penn Eccleson belonged exclusively to the monied aristocracy. His grandfather and father before him, had both

commenced life with a determination to be rich—richer—richest—and what the former had accumulated from small beginnings and careful savings, were as carefully and judiciously applied by the son, until little by little the broad foundation of future wealth was successfully established.

In the days of their youth, when the freshness of their young lives should have been given to better and holier ends, the parents of Penn Eccleson looked forward only to the aggrandizement of themselves and children, through the potent influence of money; and to this end they toiled and delved in the service of Mammon, with a bondage almost equal to that of the gold-seeking maniac amid the mountain fastnesses of California, denying themselves all the luxuries, and most of the comforts of life to swell the hoard of avarice, and feed their ill-directed ambition.

As years took their flight, step by step the Ecclesons gradually emerged from the obscurity of a narrow cross-street in the lower part of the city, to the possession of one of the most elegant establishments in the fashionable region of — Square. The most *genteel* schools were selected for their children, who were expressly forbidden to form any friendships with their little school-mates, save those whose parents could at least boast of a carriage, and thus, their heads early filled with conceit and pride, the little Ecclesons formed as disagreeable a trio as one would care to see—for assuredly there is nothing more unpleasing, than to behold the beautiful simplicity of childhood lost in the supercilious airs and artificial graces of the fine lady!

The Ecclesons were regarded at first in no very favorable light, in the quarter they had chosen for their debut into high life, and occasionally their pride suffered severely. But with a pertinacity worthy a higher aim, they firmly stood their ground, and upon the strength of their fine dinners, and their splendid parties, were, in the course of a few years, not only tolerated, but received with favor into those circles they most coveted. Their only son, meanwhile, was traveling in Europe, with a *carte-blanche* in his pocket for any expenses he might choose to indulge, and the sage advice of worthy Polonius engrafted on his mind, in the sense, I mean, with which Mr. Hudson translates Shakspeare, that is, “to sit up all night to make himself a gentleman, and take no pains to make himself a man.”

Time rolled on. Their daughters made highly eligible matches, their son returned elegant in person, polished in manners, and then it was time for the old people to die.

Doubtless it would have been a satisfaction to them to have witnessed their own sumptuous funerals; to have known how daintily their rigid limbs were draped in the finest of linen, and upon what soft, downy cushions within their narrow bed their heads were pillowed. It would have been a splendid pageant for their pride—the richly emblazoned coffin—the pall of velvet sweeping to the ground—the hearse, with its long shadowy plumes—the high-mettled horses curbed to a solemn pace, yet tossing their heads and manes as if nobly spurning from them the trappings of fictitious woe in which they were forced to act a part—the stately equipages which follow their dust to the “City of the Dead”—and then their own epitaphs; it would have amazed them to have known how many virtues of which they themselves were ignorant, that finely chiseled marble bestowed upon them.

The old gentleman remembered each of his daughters and their families handsomely in his will, and then bequeathed to his son the residue of his large property, including the fine mansion in — Square. Penn Eccleson might therefore be considered by speculating papas and mammas a most eligible match. Nature had also been most lavish in her personal gifts, while Fortune, as we have seen, had already secured him her favors.

But young Eccleson seemed in no hurry to take a wife, and he had nearly attained his thirtieth year ere he began seriously to look about him. At this time he accidentally saw Annette Doily at the Opera, and became instantly a victim to love at first sight. It must be owned his ardor was somewhat cooled, upon ascertaining that this beautiful young creature was—nobody! that is, she was only the daughter of a mere shopkeeper, who dealt out tapes and bobbins, and sold cambric by the yard. This fact, for a time, was sufficient to keep his ardor in check, but upon being thrown again into her presence, it broke forth with renewed violence. He gave himself no rest until he had found a way to make her acquaintance, and thus led by the little god, the haughty Penn Eccleson, who walked the earth as though he were lord of all, became a frequent visitor at the house of Mr. Doily, and a suitor for the hand of his daughter.

Annette was, indeed, a lovely young creature, whose seventeenth summer had scarcely dawned over her innocent, happy life. I would fain describe her, as her image comes up before me in the dream of the past, but my pen is unable to trace the indescribable charm which dwelt upon her countenance, or the artless grace which pervaded all her movements. And these were the least traits which endeared her to her friends, for never was there a heart more affectionate and confiding, or a disposition so guileless. What wonder that the polished manners and insinuating address of Eccleson should have gained her heart, and that with all the fervor and truthfulness of a first love, she blushing consented to be his—grateful, too, for the preference he had yielded a simple child like herself.

Mr. and Mrs. Doily were proud of their daughter, and proud of the conquest she had achieved. In the alliance they saw an immense advantage; it not only placed their beloved Annette at once in the highest circles of rank and fashion, but to Mr. Doily, the benefit to his business, arising from a connection with the Eccleson family, would be incalculable. He already fancied himself turning his back upon the counter, and established among the bales and boxes of a large wholesale house—perhaps an importer—a ship-owner; while Mrs. Doily, with the true instinct of a mother, forgetting all self, rejoiced that her two younger daughters would be ushered into society under the patronage of their wealthy

brother-in-law.

Uncle John was the only one who predicted aught but undivided happiness from the union.

Had the cloudless heaven which dawned upon their wedding morn, and the bright sun which burst in gladness over them, but typified their future lot, how blest and happy would it have been.

Eccleson preferred to be married in church, and a gay retinue attended the bridal pair to the sacred edifice wherein their solemn vows were to be registered. As side by side they stood in the holy chancel, all eyes turned admiringly upon them—she so charming, yet so unconscious of her loveliness, as with her little hand nestled in his she received the holy benediction of the priest, while as he bent his lips to her pure brow, a softness rested upon the features of the bridegroom, which rendered his beauty almost godlike.

The ceremony over, the two sisters of Eccleson, proud, haughty dames, advanced and coldly saluted the pale cheek of the fair bride, and honored the sadly happy mother with a stately bow. Eccleson touched his lips to the proffered cheek of Mrs. Doily, and then receiving the weeping Annette from the arms of her parents, bore her exultingly to the carriage, as if eager to point the barrier henceforth to be raised between *her* and *them*.

The new married pair were absent two or three months on a bridal tour, and then returned to the city—their house in the interim having been newly and magnificently furnished to the tune of thousands, under the supervision of Mrs. Dash and Townlif, the sisters of Eccleson. But Annette pined to embrace her mother; not all the gilded baubles which on every side met her eye, not all the splendors of which her husband proudly proclaimed her the mistress, could for a moment quell the yearnings of her affectionate heart; and scarcely bestowing a glance upon the magnificence which surrounded her, she begged the carriage might take her to her parents and sisters.

Poor Annette! she was now to receive her first lesson from her haughty lord.

“No, Annette, you must not think of it,” replied Eccleson, carelessly loosing the arms twined so fondly round his neck, “you are very tired, love, and I cannot consent to your further fatiguing yourself.”

“Indeed, dear Penn, you are mistaken, I am not in the least tired; O, pray let me go home, if only for an hour!” said Annette, with her little hand upon his shoulder, and her large, dark eyes bent beseechingly upon his.

“I tell you, Annette, I cannot suffer you to go into P—— Street to-night; beside, love,” he added, “it pains me to hear you speak of going *home*, as if this were not your home, your *only* home, Annette.”

There was a meaning stress upon the word “only,” which, however, Annette did not observe, so crushed was she by the disappointment his refusal caused her. She hesitated a moment, and then once more flinging her arms around him, she said,

“Dearest husband, I must go—do not refuse me. Only think, it is three months since I have seen them—three months, Penn, since I have embraced my mother. I know they are pining to behold me once more, for I was never away from them even for a day until I became yours, dear Penn; I am sure I shall not sleep unless I see them to-night.”

“Nonsense, Annette,” replied Eccleson; “you are no longer a child, I hope, to be thus sighing and whining after your mother; really I am quite ashamed of my little wife! Come, I will myself show you to your dressing-room; you have not yet seen the splendid diamonds I have for you, nor the elegant *trousseau* my sisters have prepared. Come, Annette,” and encircling her slender waist with his arm, he would have led her from the room.

Tears stood in Annette’s beautiful eyes.

“Dearest Penn, will you do me a favor? If you object to my going home to-night, then let the carriage drive round into P—— Street, and bring my mother here.”

Eccleson drew himself up haughtily.

“Absurd, Annette—I shall certainly do no such thing. In the morning I shall not object to your visiting your parents, provided you take an early hour ere we may expect *my* friends to call upon you; but the truth is, the less frequent you make your visits in P—— Street, Annette, the better I shall be pleased.”

“What do you mean?” exclaimed Annette, with a startled look upon the countenance of her husband; “indeed I do not understand you, dear Penn.”

“Well, my dear girl. I will endeavor to explain myself more clearly,” answered Eccleson. “You are, of course, aware that by your marriage with me, your position in life has wholly changed; you are now raised to a sphere greatly above that from which I took you; and as my wife will henceforth move in none but the highest and most distinguished circles of the city; and therefore, dearest Annette, for my sake as well as for your own, it will be desirable that you forget all old associations as soon as possible.”

“I do not understand you even now, I think,” said Annette, smiling sadly. “No, I am sure, dear Penn, I do not take your true meaning—for it cannot be you would have me sacrifice my parents to my new position, to renounce all the fond ties of home! that is not what you mean?” she added with an appealing look.

“In a certain sense that *is* my meaning, love,” answered her husband. “I shall offer no objections to your visiting your excellent parents occasionally, or as your parents of receiving them into my house; but, my sweet Annette, you must study to control your wishes for a very frequent repetition of these family meetings. It may seem impossible to

you now, but believe me, dearest, you will soon find so much that is novel and delightful to occupy your thoughts, that you will cease to regret that which appears to afflict you so much at present."

With her little hands clasped upon her bosom, and her eyes gazing almost wildly into his, did Annette listen to the words of her heartless, selfish husband. But there was no resentment, no anger visible in her sweet face; with a sigh which would have moved any heart but his, she said,

"I am grieved to hear you speak so, dear Penn; nothing can ever make me forgetful of the ties of nature; you yourself would despise me, if, through the allurements of wealth and fashion, I could be brought to forget those who gave me being. You know you would; say so, dearest Penn—you only wanted to prove me, did you?" and casting one arm fondly around his neck, with a sadly sweet smile she bent her lovely eyes upon him.

"Annette, we will not talk of this more at present," answered her husband; "enough that if you love me, you will, by and bye, better understand and *do* my meaning."

The first night Annette passed under her husband's roof was a sleepless one. Her chamber, in its luxurious adornments, might have received a princess—but little did she heed it. The beautiful hangings of pink and silver which swept around the bed—the rich counterpane of white satin which enveloped her lovely form—the downy pillows cased in the finest lace—nor all the splendors which surrounded her, had power for a moment to divert her saddened thoughts, or stay the tears of wounded affection.

But hope, bright hope is ever the blessing of youth as of age, and with the morning dawn gladdened the heart of the young wife with its peaceful influence, and whispered that her husband meant not the cruel words he had spoken, and that all would yet be well.

At an early hour the carriage was at the door, and Annette was borne once more to the arms of her parents. She hoped, but dared not ask her husband to accompany her, and it was with a heavy sigh and a starting tear that, after handing her into the carriage, she saw him once more ascend the marble steps, and then, as the carriage drove off, kissing his hand to her, re-enter the house.

In the fond welcome of home Annette lost the sorrow which already touched her young heart. As she viewed each dear familiar spot, her marriage seemed but a dream. From room to room she flew with the gladness of a bird—the kitchen—the nursery—the dear old school-room, all felt her light footstep now rapidly sweeping the keys of the piano as she glided past—now chasing the little kitten from "mother's" work-basket—now releasing her pet canary from its wiry prison, to perch upon her finger—and finally seating herself upon a low cushion at the feet of her mother, with the shaggy, sleepy head of old Rover in her lap, she prepared to answer some of the many questions poured upon her.

And what a proud, happy mother was Mrs. Doily at that moment—laughing and crying at the same moment as she looked upon her dear, darling Annette. How many affectionate inquiries she had to make about her new son-in-law—what plans she laid for the future—why did not Mr. Eccleson come with her? But she knew he would soon—and Annette must stay to dinner; yes, the carriage must go back without her, she had been away from them so long they could not spare her to-day; and Mr. Eccleson would come to dinner—it was lucky, for they were going to have boiled turkey and oysters, and the nicest, fattest pair of ducks she ever saw. But Annette reluctantly excused herself—they were to receive their wedding visits, and she must go—some other day, soon, very soon she would come. And kissing them all a dozen times, she sprung into the carriage and returned home with a lightened heart—for it could not be that her husband would willingly deprive her of so much enjoyment as that one brief hour had given her.

It is needless to trace, day by day, and hour by hour, the thralls which gradually tightened around the kind, loving heart of Annette, who passively yielded herself to the selfish demands of her husband.

By the haughty relatives of Eccleson she was received either with formal courtesy, or with that condescending air of patronage, the most keenly cutting to a sensitive soul. She would have loved them, poor girl, if they would have suffered her love; but her advances were always chillingly repelled—they wished her to feel the vast difference which existed between a shopkeeper's daughter and their "almighty dreadful little mightinesses."

Eccleson loved his young wife as dearly as it was in his nature to love any one, save *self*—and all *but* his pride, would have sacrificed to her happiness. To a gay round of parties, *soirées*, the opera, theatres, and concerts, he bore her night after night, until any less gentle nature than Annette's would have been lost in the giddy whirl of fashion. Her dresses, her jewels, her equipage, out-rivaled all others; she was the belle of the brilliant circle in which she moved; but she pined in her gilded prison, and longed to lay her aching head upon her mother's bosom.

The very fact that her husband looked upon her relatives as inferior to himself, marked the galling dependence of her situation. She was his wife, but fettered by bonds which ate into her soul. Almost wholly was she now debarred from the society of her own friends—for she could not see them insulted, and no better than insult was the haughty bearing which Eccleson assumed toward them, and therefore she preferred they should think her the heartless thing she seemed, than by persisting in her claims, subject them and herself to renewed contumely.

Better would it have been for Annette had she possessed more firmness of character—a *will* to do as she pleased—a determination to have her rights respected. But she was by nature too gentle to wrestle with the unfeeling hearts

around her, and therefore yielded herself a passive victim. Or better, perhaps, would it have been, had her bosom covered a marble heart, and that, callous to all the tender ties which can make life desirable, she should have walked through life that mysterious anomaly—a beautiful woman without a soul!

But it was not so.

The step of Annette gradually lost its light elastic tread—her cheek grew pale—her eyes no longer reflected the innocent gayety of a happy heart, but bent low their drooping lids as if to hide their weight of sorrow—the bright smile which lent its charms to her speaking countenance faded sadly away. In less than two years after her marriage with that proud, haughty man, poor Annette was dying—dying of a broken-heart—of crushed and blighted affection!

Too late to save her did Eccleson see his error. He saw that he had drawn too strongly upon her gentle, pliant nature, and that barred from the light and sun of her childhood's home—shut out from the kindly sympathies of parental love, like some beautiful flower of the forest torn from its genial bed, she was to fade and die at ambition's altar!

To restore her, if possible, and bitterly repenting his cruelty, Eccleson now did all in the power of mortal to stay her angel flight. He brought her parents around her—he surrounded her bedside with the most skillful physicians, and lavished upon her all the comforts which wealth could purchase. He took her home and restored to her the treasured associations of her early life.

Poor Annette was grateful—deeply grateful for this too long deferred kindness; and now that in this reunion life seemed again to present so many charms, she would have desired to live had her Heavenly Father so willed it. But it was too late. The barbed arrow had penetrated too deeply her innocent bosom to be withdrawn. With her hand clasped in that of her repentant husband, and her head pillowed on her mother's breast, her gentle spirit took its flight.

Gentle reader, this is no exaggerated story I have given you. It is but another life-drawn sketch of the evils which too frequently arise from unequal marriages.

THE ICEBERGS.

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

[This poem was composed after reading a vivid description of the passage of a ship through the magnificent fields of ice in Hudson's Bay, by Ballantyne.]

Beautiful are the Icebergs! gorgeous piles,
White, green, gold, crimson in the flashing rays
Of the round sun. Along the waves for miles
They rise like temples of remotest days.

Or like cathedrals, churches, columns grand,
Grandeur than all that modern Art can claim—
The gilded fabrics of some Eastern land,
The mighty monuments of Roman fame.

Our vessel sails among them like a bird
Of darkest form, and plumage turned to brown,
Beside their lustre, as they lie unstirred,
Yet threatening to careen and topple down.

Strange, splendid, massive, fanciful, grotesque,
Of shapes as various as Invention drew—
Gothic, Corinthian, Grecian, Arabesque,
Perfect or shattered, age-renowned or new.

Built upon the ice-fields, stretching vast
Into mid-ocean, like a frozen shore
Which skirts a continent, unknown to past
Or present time and shall be evermore.

Cities and towns girt round with crystal walls,
And filled with crystal palaces, as fair
As Boreal Aurora, when she falls
Brilliant from heaven and streams along the air.

No sound disturbs the stillness of the scene
Hushed in eternal slumber, calm and deep;
To break the spell no voices intervene,
The very waters share the death-like sleep.

No fragment severs from the solid mass,
No torrents from the hills translucent flow,
But all is rigid, while we slowly pass,
As glacial mountains in a world of snow.

No avalanche impends, but leaning towers,
Like that of Pisa, seem about to rush
In ruin downward, though for years as hours
They still may stand, nor fear a final crush.

Ye icebergs! held by adamant chains,
Nor moved from your foundations by the gales
Which Winter, hoary tyrant, ne'er restrains,
But sends, relentless, where his power prevails—

Ye are stern Desolation's home and throne,
Fixed on the boundaries of human life;
The lofty watch-towers of the Frigid Zone,
Locked in securely from the ocean's strife.

I look upon you with deep awe, and feel
That all my generation will decay
Ere Cold shall cease your ramparts to congeal,
Or Tempest hurl you from your base away!

LOVE.

BY CHARLES E. TRAIL.

The winds are tranquil on the heaving deep;
And from her azure throne Night bendeth down,
And to old Ocean's brow transfers her crown
Of peerless beauty. All things are asleep!—
Save Love, who doth his ceaseless vigils keep
In my fond heart, where to thine image, now,
He kneeleth, breathing many a passionate vow,
And earnest prayer, filled with affection deep.
Like pious pilgrim at his sainted shrine,
His dearest treasures, and most precious things—
Devotion, constancy and truth he brings,
And lays them humble offerings upon thine,
Inspired with trusting hope that thou, who art
All gentleness, wilt smile, nor bid him to depart.

DOCTOR SIAN SENG

OR THE CHINAMAN IN PARIS

(FROM THE FRENCH OF MERY.)

(Concluded from page 128.)



"I am," cried I, falling at her feet, "a simple mortal, who loses his senses before your beauty."

"Get up! doctor, get up," said the *danseuse*, with a countenance of severity suddenly assumed—"no nonsense before your god-daughter! You forget yourself—she will tell a thousand stories when we get home. Have you never seen the 'Terrible Children of Gavarni?' They are all spies, these little innocents!"

I got up from my knees in confusion, and excused myself as well as I could. Her anger seemed to cool. She gave me her hand, and drawing a deep sigh, said,

"If I had all these beautiful things in my drawing-room, I should consider myself richer than the Sultana Valida."

"This evening, Mademoiselle, my Chinese parlor shall be transferred to your hotel."

"Well then, doctor, I will go and prepare for it. I hope you are in earnest, for the fun of the thing, even if it were only to shame the Parisians by your generosity. By the bye, wouldn't you like to sketch my left foot also? What will you do with one foot without the other—don't be modest—have the match to it!"

"Mademoiselle, I dared not ask you—"

"Ah! I am always generous—I don't do things by halves."

"What kindness and grace! Mademoiselle, it is not this miserable collection I should offer you. I would I could place at your feet the pagoda of the suburb *Vai lo ching*, which is of porcelain, with tiles of massive gold!"

"That would suit me exactly, *particularly the tiles!*—Is my foot placed right?"

"My design is completed, Mademoiselle; my gratitude for your kindness will never end—may I call to-morrow to visit you?"

"To-morrow—dear doctor, to-morrow is an unlucky day! I dance to-morrow, and must practice for five hours."

"The day after, then?"

"The day after? that's Saturday—I always dine with my mother on Saturday—Sunday I shall be free as air. Suppose I take you to Versailles on Sunday? we can eat a hare at a country inn, and drink milk. You will accept my invitation will you not?—agreed then. Oh! how delighted I shall be to get into the fields and inhale the fragrance of the flowers. Sunday, then, dear doctor, my carriage shall be at your door at twelve o'clock; I am as exact as a Breguet watch—adieu!"

We have no women in China—it is the only thing our ancestors forgot to invent! If Mademoiselle Alexandrine were to appear at Peking she would take the empire by storm! You can form no idea of that divine creature—graceful as a bird—speaking as melodiously as she sings—springing as she walks—doing a thousand delicious things in a moment, and throwing at you sweet and flashing glances, like the twinkling of a star.

In quitting my parlor, she left a void which made me nervous. It was necessary to do something not to fall a prey to melancholy. I hurried my servants to the four corners of the street for porters, and in about an hour my room was cleared—before dinner my beautiful *danseuse* had received every thing. What a sweet night I had! I had the copy of each foot in either hand! and I said to myself, at this moment she is blessing me—she praises my generosity before the altar of Tien—in her eyes a single man exists! and that is me!—for her the rest of the world has disappeared!

With what impatience was Sunday expected—that Sunday which promised me such happiness! I wanted to break all the clocks about me, because they seemed joined in a conspiracy against me, to lengthen out Saturday! Notwithstanding my impatience the hours rolled round, and on Sunday, an age after the clock struck eleven, it announced mid-day.

I stood in my balcony and devoured every carriage with my eyes. At six o'clock I had seen all the carriages in Paris roll by—and I was still alone! Alone! when one has been promised a *rendezvous*! There is in this deception the very delirium of despair!

As soon as it was proper I ran to visit Mademoiselle de St. Phar. The porter, hardly concealing a smile, said, "Mademoiselle de Saint Phar has gone to the country."

"When will she return?" asked I, with deathlike visage.

"After Easter or Christmas," answered the porter.

As I came away I heard loud laughter in chorus from the whole family of porters.

No news of Mademoiselle de Saint Phar! Every night at the opera—but no *danseuse*. Her name no longer appeared in the bills—it had disappeared from the ballet as her person had from her hotel.

Could I abase my dignity as representative of the Celestial Empire by causing search to be made for a *danseuse*? What would the grand secretary for foreign affairs have said of me! I could only suffer in silence. So I did suffer—and hold my tongue.

Forty days after that fatal Sunday I was walking along a great street, whose name I forget, and having a habit of reading signs as I pass along, what was my astonishment to read the following:

"CITY OF PEKIN!"

Chinese Curiosities at fix'd prices.

In taking a glance at the window, I recognized some of those I had formerly owned. So I stepped into the shop, resolved to repurchase them if the price were not too high. An involuntary exclamation escaped me! the shopkeeper was a young woman—in short, Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar!

I was thunderstruck, and as immovable as one of my clay compatriots at my side: but the *danseuse* smiled charmingly, and without interrupting her embroidery work, she said with a *sang froid* sublime,

"Ah! good morning, dear doctor—you are very good to favor us so early with a visit—look around and see if you cannot find something here to your taste. Your god-daughter has the small-pox—she asks for her god-father every day—the dear little Dileri!"

I crossed my arms upon my breast and shook my head—a pantomime which I have remarked in a drama at the Theatre Ambigu means "what infamy!"

Mademoiselle cast a sidelong glance at me—shrugged her shoulders, and biting off a scarlet thread with her teeth, said—

"By the bye, dear doctor, I am married now—I have been a wife fifteen days—Madame Telamon, at your service. I will introduce you to my husband—a very handsome man—you would scarcely reach to his waist even if you raised yourself upon your toes. Hold! here he is!"

I saluted her hastily, and left the shop furiously angry, the more so that I was obliged to conceal my rage. A single glance I gave toward the husband—real or false—sufficed for me to recognize the pretended decorator at the opera, who came to my box to invite my judgment upon his Chinese kiosk. That I had been the victim of a regular

conspiracy was very evident—resignation was my only resource.

A fortnight afterward I assumed a disguise, and had the weakness to go and promenade before the shop in the evening twilight, to catch a last glimpse of the unworthy object of my idolatry.

The colossal husband was brushing the dust from a mandarin in porcelain, and I heard him murmur, "If that Doctor Sian Seng should attempt to set his foot inside my door again, I'll choke him, pack him in straw, and sell his carcass to the doctors for fifteen louis!"

Oh no! I shall never see this beautiful monster again; I have the resolution of a man and of a philosopher; I will fulfill my mission to the end, and will again make myself worthy of you, oh! holy city, which the silver moon illumines so caressingly when from the top of Mount Tyryathon she hangs like a lantern of silk from Nanking!

In Paris there are physicians who devote themselves entirely to specific diseases; there are some who treat only infants at the breast; others, after weaning; others who prescribe only for those of sixty and above of it. Bills are stuck up at the corners of all the streets, and advertisements in the newspapers, proclaiming a thousand infallible receipts for the six hundred maladies which the celebrated Pi-ké has found to germinate in the human body. They have discovered amongst other curious things in physics, how to put a new nose upon faces unfortunately deprived of that ornament, and to elongate it when too short. They make teeth of ivory for old men—hair for the bald—legs for those who have lost them—eyes for the blind—tongues for the dumb—ears for the deaf—brains for fools—and have wonderful methods to resuscitate the dead. But they forgot to invent one remedy—a cure for disappointed love! In China we know nothing about love; that passion was first discovered in France, by a troubadour called Raymond—for five hundred years it has ravaged fearfully. It is estimated that eleven millions seven hundred and thirty-eight persons have fallen victims to it, through assassinations, languishing death, and suicide, caused by this scourge of the human race—that amounts to double the number of victims of cholera in Asia since the reign of Aurengzebé. The French government have never taken any means to stop the progress of this epidemic, on the contrary, it pays largely toward the support of four royal theatres, where they celebrate the power of love and another mortal disease called champagne. Mr. Scribe has made a fortune of five hundred thousand francs a year, by celebrating the delights of love and champagne for the governmental theatres.

In leaving the shop where my *Chinoiseries* were sold by Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar, I had another violent attack of love; and you cannot imagine how I cursed that rascal Raymond. Having vented my rage where it was so well deserved, I began to think seriously about a cure, and I walked about the streets searching at every corner for some advertisement of a remedy; useless trouble! I went to the Hospital for Incurables, and asked the doctor there whether he had not some patient afflicted with this malady, so perfectly unknown in our harems; but he only shrugged his shoulders, and turned his back upon me. My head burned like fire—my heart beat violently—my eyes glazed. The phantom of Mademoiselle Alexandrine danced before my eyes continually with fascinating grace, my ears were filled with her silvery voice—alas! I lived only in her!

"Physician cure thyself," has said the wise Menu—this thought suddenly occurred to me. Since the French doctors have forgotten to invent a cure for love, let us find a remedy; and we will give a Chinese name to this grand consolation for suffering Europe!

If I could live for a week without thinking of Mademoiselle Alexandrine I should be saved! It was impossible to remain in my lodgings, every thing there reminded me of her, the faithless one! Besides, solitude never cures the wounds of love, it only festers them. Visits to the country are still more dangerous. The streets, boulevards and theatres are filled with women, and the species too often reminds one of the individual traitress; still it is necessary to live a week in total forgetfulness of the ungrateful fair.

Fo has inspired me; let me render thanks to Fo! Paris is filled with monuments, many of them very high; I chose four from among them—the tower of Notre Dame, the Pantheon, the Column Vendôme and the tower of St. James; by the payment of a few sous, one is permitted to ascend these towers, which are kept by a tractable porter. I resolved to pass some days in going up and down the stairs of these monuments and towers without taking rest, only, to vary the monotony of this continual ascent and descent, I jumped into a cabriolet occasionally at the Place Vendôme, drove to the Dépôt of the Railroad to Versailles, and traversed the distance to that royal city five or six times, with my eyes shut. When evening came I returned home, and, after a slight repast, went to bed and slept soundly.

In my dreams I imagined that huge giants poised me in a swing, hung over the moon on a golden nail, and the fright I had in such an alarming position drove the phantom of Alexandrine from the boundless space in which I undulated between the Pantheon and the fixed stars!

The eighth day the porters of the four towers closed their doors against me, saying that I would wear out their stairs! My cure not being complete, I took to the road to Versailles, and hiring a carriage by the day, drove first on one side of the river, and then on the other, for five days longer, with the most salutary fatigue—at the end of a fortnight my remedy triumphed.

In looking back upon my endless routine of dark stairs—of dreamy swingings—and the ceaseless rumblings of my carriage, I perceived in the hazy distance the fleeting image of the false Alexandrine, and it appeared as if my passionate

love were like the tale of a past age, or of an extinguished world!

A single instant I was recalled to the sensible recollection of her. In looking over my cash, I observed the enormous void caused by the expenditure of the 3700 francs at Garbo & Gamboi's. The spirit of Chinese ingenuity and enterprise inspired me with a happy thought. I was upon the eve of recovering my lost francs! I inserted an advertisement in all the journals of the day, as follows:

RADICAL CURE FOR
DISAPPOINTED LOVE,

IN FIFTEEN DAYS?!!

Consult from 12 till 2 o'clock,

DOCTOR SIAN SENG,

Rue Neuve de Luxembourg.



No Cure, no Pay.

I did not expect such success as attended me. What a city! what a people! How quickly do new opinions become popular!

The first day I had 300 visits for consultation at 20 francs each. The second I was obliged to seek at the Prefecture of Police four gend'arms as a protection! They took my office by assault. At length I hit upon a plan of giving advice to classes of twelve at a time, which in some measure reduced the crowd.

The week following I gave public lectures at the Athenæum, at five francs the ticket. Mr. Lefort told me the fashion would not last long, and that I should "make hay while the sun shone"—a proverb Menu forgot to make!—besides, there was danger that the prefect of police would close the monuments. I therefore entered into a contract with the porter at the Tower of St. James, to receive all my patients who subscribed for a fortnight.

The two trains to Versailles were filled with victims with closed eyes! I was told that if I would ask the minister for a patent, that he would probably grant me a pension—as they did to Mr. Daguerre—of six thousand francs a year.

My best reward, however, I found in the unanimous gratitude of my relieved and happy patients; they wanted to strike a gold medal in my honor!—unheard of enthusiasm!

Five of my most inveterate cases, aged from twenty to fifty years, struck with an infatuation for the vaudeville, of which I relieved them, became great proselytes to my doctrines, and are determined to prosecute it on their own account after my departure—they even propose to purchase the Tower of St. James by subscription, and add two hundred more steps to the ascent.

Ti-en has given to the world no malady without its cure; he has placed the water-lily by the side of the pimento—the wood to make the sluice beside the torrent of Kiang-ho. It is for man to discover the remedy. Ti-en knows always what he does—and *we*—we do what we know not!

My mind is now calm; my heart is light, as is every thing which is empty. I shall now go and take my leave of the Minister for Foreign Affairs, and endeavor to correct the errors in diplomacy I have made, since I have been possessed by the foot of Mademoiselle Alexandrine de Saint Phar!

DOCTOR SIAN SENG.

"A true copy." MERY.

A BILLET-DOUX.

BY FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

Is your soul at home to-day,
 Eulalie?
 And if it be,
May mine come in and stay,
 Eulalie?
Or has yours gone out to play,
 Eulalie!
 And if it be,
Will it be long away,
 Eulalie?

I know it is the willfulest of things,
 Eulalie!
 But if it be
Too gay to shut an hour its frolic wings,
 Eulalie,
When it alights, so tenderly it sings,
 Eulalie,
 That as for me,
More joy than some that longer stay it brings,
 Eulalie!

And I would not have it fettered for the world,
 Eulalie!
 For if it be—
Ah! that lip, with laughing scorn I see it curled,
 Eulalie!
Its wings would lose their light if they were furled,
 Eulalie!
 Then not for me,
No fetter be on them for all the world,
 Eulalie!

If my soul, on calling, “not at home,” is told,
 Eulalie,
 I would make free
To wait till yours came back, tired and cold,
 Eulalie!
And then it will be glad its wings to fold,
 Eulalie,
 And I should see
How long I might the glorious truant hold,
 Eulalie!

They say that more domestic and more tame,
 Eulalie,
 It ought to be!
But if Heaven gave it wings, were you to blame,
 Eulalie?
Ah, no! to tie a Peri were a shame,
 Eulalie!
 And they might see
It always carried joy where'er it came,
 Eulalie!

WESTERN RECOLLECTIONS.

THE ILLINOIS RIVER AND THE OZARK MOUNTAINS.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

Every one knows of the Illinois River emptying into the Mississippi at Alton, and of the fertile champagne country it waters. All are familiar with the traditions of the hardships undergone in its discovery by the good fathers Hennepin and Marquette; of the stirring wars of the Illinois, Potawatamie and Peoria Indians, and of the recollections of that cordon of military posts by which France united Detroit with the great point d'appui of Fort Chartres, built near where Trinity now stands, but of which scarcely a trace remains, except a portion of the curtain and bastions. These are the associations which rise in the mind of most persons at the word Illinois, which to me, however, is suggestive of another train of ideas. In a south-western direction from the point of confluence of the Gasconade and Missouri Rivers, extends a broad chain of mountains, of which little except the name Ozark is known. Many streams which elsewhere would be esteemed large rivers roll from its valleys northward into the Osage, and in a southern direction into the Arkansas. After crossing two-thirds of the state of Missouri, this ridge passes through the north-west county of the State of Arkansas, and thence reaches across the country of the Cherokees and Chactas far into Texas. Through the passes of this range many important rivers flow, among which are the Arkansas, Red and Canadienne. There is a striking peculiarity in this mountain range—that all the waters flowing from it, either northward or southward, are clear as crystal, while all the other streams of the country are foul and turbid. On one of these streams, the Neosho, stands the lonely post of Fort Gibson, and twenty miles below is another river called the Illinois. This is not a large stream, measuring certainly not more than a hundred miles, but is one of the most picturesque imaginable. Flowing between two ridges of the Ozark, it winds like a serpent around the bases of the mountains, which now tower in immensity, clad to their very summits with huge pines, or again gradually decrease in size until they spread into rich and luxuriant prairies. The road from Fort Gibson to Fayetteville, in Arkansas, is along this stream, which it crosses more than a dozen times, and thus enables the traveler to behold all the wonderful beauties of the scenery. Words cannot describe it adequately. I have often in fording the river, which may at many places be done without wetting the saddle-girths, looked up the bed. Smooth and transparent as glass, rolling over pebbles of silice and crystal, it looks like a band of silver beneath the arched boughs of the aspen and gigantic walnut trees, while the immediate banks were fringed by the long-leaved willow and cane. Not unfrequently a single glance would reveal to me, when lost in admiration at the quiet beauty of such a scene, another of a far different yet equally pleasing style. The current would quicken—small islets would appear, scarcely more than a rood in breadth, against which the waters would leap and lash themselves into fury. The current would quicken yet more, and in the distance a rugged mountain would be seen. Against the base of this the waters would rush and whirl into eddies over the seething surface of which wild-fowl almost constantly floated. The low grounds on the river abounded with the sloe or scuppanon, and at distances of every mile or two, natural vineyards, bearing a large, rich, luscious grape, without a particle of the musky flavor which characterises almost all the American *uva*, were seen. So immense were these vines that they ran from tree to tree, masking every thing with their foliage, and displaying their grand clusters over the barren limbs of the stunted oak or hickory. I have called the Illinois a beautiful river, and have spoken of the lucidness of its water—I can give an illustration of the latter which is most apropos. Several years since I was stationed on the bank of this stream with a small detachment of men, and without any other officer. In the long August days, when the prairies were burned, and scarcely a breath of air was to be had in the forests, I used to while away many weary hours upon the banks of the river either fishing or bathing. One day I amused myself with an Indian lance in killing the fine buffalo-fish, which I could see distinctly in the translucent waters. I had *posed* myself on the bow of the boat in pursuit of one peculiarly large fish which shot up the stream with the rapidity of an arrow. The soldier who sat at the stern of the boat, a very active and nervous man, (he was killed, poor fellow, at the storming of Taos, in New Mexico,) drove the boat after the quarry with scarcely less rapidity. At last I had overtaken him, the boat hung above him, like a gigantic leaf in the atmosphere, which could scarcely be distinguished from the water below. Poising myself, I drove the lance into the fish, and a second afterward, to my amazement, was floundering ten feet below the surface of the water, and probably yet twenty from the pebbly bottom. I would have sworn the water was not more than four feet deep, and scrambled out I know not how, for I could never swim—not, however, until I had upset the boat and made poor Orndorf a sharer in my calamity. The clearness of the water, surpassing any thing I have ever seen, is only approached by the one spring near Fort Fanning, in Florida, upon which so much inquiry has been expended. I would myself pronounce it the famous fountain of health for which De Leon sought so long, were it not that every human being who drinks of its transparent waters, unless craftily qualified, dies with that most loathsome of all diseases, the ague and fever.

The first white man who ever trod in the valleys of the Ozark was the famous Fernando de Soto. About the year 1539 or 1540, this gallant soldier, capitan-general of Florida, and a marquis, made a voyage to his commandery, for the purpose of conquering it. Sailing from Havana he landed at the bay of the Holy Spirit, now called Tampa, Hillsborough, Honda, etc., and occupied an Indian village not far from the mouth of the Manatee River, and just opposite the present post of Fort Brooke. The old ruins are still visible there, and the trace of an aqueduct or canal which appears at some distant day to have connected the waters of the great interior lakes with the gulf. People say the ruins are the remnant of an old Spanish fort; but half a glance will satisfy any one that all the Spanish troops ever in North America could not have constructed that aqueduct, which to all appearance is old as the city of Seville. The ruins belonged evidently to some older race, and are very curious though they have nothing to do with De Soto.

De Soto marched through Florida across the country of Apalache Indians, with whom he had a fight, across the Mississippi toward Mexico. De Soto, first of Europeans, saw the Mississippi, and crossed it somewhere near Memphis, if the account given by old Biedma, his historian, of topography be true. Thence he now passed through the now State of Arkansas, crossing the Ozark Ridge, passing over the Red River, and marching along the false Wachita until he came to the famous Rio Grande, since famous for the battles of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma, and celebrated by the Mexican poet,^[1] Ho Aë de Saltillo. De Soto did not reach New Spain, but was forced to retrace his steps, died, and was thrown by his soldiers into the Mississippi, to prevent the natives from mutilating his remains. It was a fitting tomb for so great a man. Any one who wishes to read all the items of this great march may find them in old Biedma's strange book, in the *vidas de los Conquistadores*, or as those books are somewhat rare, in the Compendium of Discoveries until 1573, by Conway Robinson, Esq., of Richmond, Va., a person who devotes himself for amusement and relaxation to digging out the gems of strange old books most persons would think it hard work to read.

De Soto first looked on these Ozark Mountains and a weary time his men-at-arms, in coats of mail and chain armor, must have had to climb them. They were then, as they were until very recently, uninhabited, and the home of all kinds of wild beasts known on the continent. The black bear, the cougar, catamount, deer and elk, were found among its ravines and the glades at their foot, and even now old beaver-dams attest the existence of those bestial republicans on almost all the minor streams which run into the Illinois. The land is barren, except upon the immediate bank of the river, and the mountains seem masses of pebbles similar in character to those over which the river runs. Strangely enough gigantic pines grow upon the mountains, the dark foliage of which, seen even in the sunlight, looks, compared with that of other trees, like the shadows cast by what Schiller calls

Fliegende Wolken, Segler des Luf,

over the earth during a windy day of March. The table-land, however, at the top of what I may call the secondary hills, is covered with what are called black-jacks, the ugliest and most ungainly of all things on the surface of the earth, not excepting the Mexican cactus, which is like no other thing animal or vegetable, except the porcupine. The hills seem vast masses of limestone, with the granite occasionally showing itself. I have no doubt of the richness of the soil in mineral wealth, copper being everywhere apparent, and the Ozark Mountains evidently connecting themselves with the Sierra Madre and Cordillera of Mexico. Some day the gold-hunter will deform this beautiful land, the vast groves and of timber which crown its mountains will fall. Worse than all, the picturesque Illinois will be deformed and forced to pass through some series of plank troughs in the gold-washing establishment of Messrs. Jones, Smith & Co.

In 1837 these mountains were uninhabited. One road wound among the intricacies of the mountains between Fort Gibson and the village of Fayetteville. After leaving the Methodist Mission of Prospect Hill smoke was scarcely seen by the traveler until he had entered the limits of Arkansas. There were a few hunting and bridle-paths, leading in a direction parallel to the road, which were frequented exclusively by the smugglers engaged in the nefarious business of selling whiskey to the Indians. Since then a mighty change has taken place. On the removal of the Cherokee Indians west, the North Carolina band selected these hills as most like their old homes and established themselves among them. Hamlets grew up in the valleys and farms were opened; so that in a short time the intelligent Cherokee citizens, second to no agricultural class in the world, followed in their train, and large plantations were opened. One of these colonists, the well-known chief, Bushyhead, has a magnificent estate comprising a prairie and grove of about one thousand acres, which has none to surpass it in the country. A wooded knoll rises at the back of his house, to the height of about 250 feet, and on a calm summer-day the ripple of the Illinois may be heard in the distance through the forests and green corn-fields. The writer has often partaken of his hospitality, and has been a witness of the prosperity and happiness of his whole household, Indian and Negro, (he has many slaves.) This happiness would be without alloy but that the Indian always knows he is but a tenant at will of the soil he stands upon, and looks back, perhaps with regret, to the days when his forefathers wandered in savage independence on the shores of the Atlantic. On the other side of the Neosho River the mountains are higher and wilder, and even now desolate; and in the year 1840 I crossed that portion of the ridge on duty, and have a strange tale to tell of it.

After a furlough of some years, I returned in 1840 to the west, and after reporting for duty to the headquarters of the department, was ordered to join a squadron of my regiment then stationed on the Red River. The navigation of the

western rivers was then most uncertain, and I was ordered to cross the intermediate country by land instead of trusting to the tortuous navigation of the Arkansas, emphatically one of those streams of which John Randolph said, "they were dry in summer and choked up with ice during the winter."

The old officers of the post told me I might easily have my orders changed by applying to the general, and advised me to do so, as my route lay through a peculiarly wild and desolate country. They told me what they had heard of the Ozark Mountains, of the precipices and torrents, the almost impassable *resacas*, etc. I was, however, an old *coureur des bois*, and all this but stimulated me to attempt the passage. Fort Gibson lay at the head of navigation at that time, though steamboats have since passed far above the Cape Farewell of 1840. Similarly situated was Fort Towson, on the Red River; between the two lay the country of the Cherokees, Chactas, and Chichasas, and many formidable rivers, such as the Canadienne, the Verdigris, and the whole of the southern tributaries of the Arkansas. To cross this country with all its difficulties on the first Wednesday in April, 1810, I left Fort Gibson, with no equipage, or what Cæsar calls *impedimenta*, other than one pack mule, loaded with provisions, and a servant, like myself, mounted, who rejoiced in the name of Bamy. I often wonder what has become of him, and whether, like Latour d'Auvergne, first grenadier of France, he may not have "died on the field of glory," during the Mexican war.

As my orders contained no recommendation to make the journey with peculiar rapidity, and as I was aware that nothing awaited me at Fort Towson but the monotonous existence of a subaltern, I loitered along the road systematically, as a veteran colonel *en route* to reinforce a militia general, and on Sunday lay by on the banks of a picturesque stream, whiling away time with my rod and angle, which Isack Walton recommends as "fosterers of meditation, and gratitude to God for having made so many fine fish for man's especial benefit," and which I was too old a soldier to be without in the North American wilderness. Monday broke upon me cold and chill, and wearied even by my voluntary halt, I set out to continue my journey. There had been during the night a mist and sleet, so that the prairie, which on the day before had looked like a garden covered with periwinkles, the beautiful wild indigo, and the sensitive-plant, was now become a glacier. I rode on, therefore, wrapped in the cape of my dragoon cloak, and scarcely noticing what passed around me. Few persons except half-breeds had ever crossed the prairie in this direction before, and having to depend merely on general direction for my course, it is not surprising that I became lost. Any one ever lost in the north-western prairie is aware that when once astray, every attempt at correction makes matters worse, and what with the uniformity of the whole face of the country, at nightfall I was utterly bewildered. I was forced to encamp on the bald prairie, sacrificing to my comfort the solitary tree which I afterward learned was a land-mark. It made a very bad fire, being filled with sap, but sufficed to broil a rasher of bacon which, with a cup of coffee transformed into what the Spaniards call a *gloria* by a glass of "old corn," constituted my supper. The sleet had by this time disappeared, and the cattle hobbled and allowed to wander at will, fared better than I, on the young prairie grass, which they relished not a little after their dry provender at Fort Gibson. Tuesday came fair and bright, and far in the distance I saw one of the Ozark's peaks rising tall and solitary in just the direction I had not been marching on the day before. To it I directed my course.

The country soon became broken, and on each side of me rose rough hills. I knew at once I would be forced to cross the ridge, and set manfully to the task. As I progressed the scenery became every mile more grand, and I began to be thankful for the accident which had led me into the bewildering maze.

I have stood on tall mountains, having threaded the Alleghany, and looked on the boldest peaks of wilder lands. Above rose a tall peak with half precipitous sides, its base skirted with a dense growth of the Osage orange. This strange and peculiar tree merits a more minute description. It belongs, I believe, to the same genus with the box-tree of our forest, for from its limbs and leaves, when broken, exudes a milky gelatinous humor, not unlike that of the fig and India-rubber plant. Its leaves are smooth and glazed and so precisely like those of the Florida orange that the two cannot easily be distinguished. It bears a large fruit in character similar to the balls of the sycamore, but which becomes during the process of decay a noisome pulp, and is said to be a deadly poison. The size of the fruit is about that of the cocoa-nut, divested of its husk, and the height of the tree about thirty-five feet, with thick, gnarled limbs, covered with long, straight spines, like those of the honey acacia. By the Canadian colonists of Arkansas and the French of Louisiana it was called the *bois d'arc*, from the fact that of this the Natches and Opelousas made their bows. This beautiful growth is now rapidly disappearing, it having been discovered that it furnishes a dye of a brilliant yellow, long a desideratum in the arts. During the last few years many cargoes have been sent to France, and the cutting it has, like the procuring of log-wood, become a distinct and important branch of industry. Many stories are told of this tree which would make us believe it exerts an influence scarcely less baleful than that of the fabulous Upas tree of Borneo, popular superstition attributing to it the deadly disease of man and brute known as the "milk sickness."

The base of the peak before me was skirted with thickets of this beautiful tree, intermingled with the dog-wood, then in the glory of its flower, and three or four varieties of the acacia and Canadian redbud. Here and there on the very hill-side were expanses grown up with the tall green-cane and the beautiful Mexican oats. Through such a growth I commenced my ascent, and soon passed by the sinuosities of an Indian trail into an expanse of cupriferous volcanic rock, almost without any other growth than the red-root, or Indian tea. Passing through this, I came into a belt of tall

pinces, reaching far above the crest of the peak. No engineer could have constructed a glacis with a more regular inclination than this portion of the mountain displayed. At last I stood upon the crest, and a prospect opened before me I have never seen surpassed or equaled. I was on the very backbone of the ridge, and before me lay a succession of peaks, gradually descending into the bosom of a vale perhaps ten miles wide, while beyond this happy valley rose another ridge, parallel, descending gradually as the one on which I stood had become elevated. A clear, cold stream ran at the foot of the peak on which I was, and amid the stillness of a calm spring day I distinctly heard the murmur of its ripples. Down the bleak hill-sides of the other ridge I could trace more than one silver line which marked the descent of tributary rills. I could have remained long on that bald mountain-peak, but was warned by the descent of the sun to proceed downward. Taking the horses by the bridle, for I committed the care of the pack-mule to poor Barny, I began carefully to follow the pathway, and was ultimately enabled to reach the base in spite of sundry falls of the heavy pack, which, in spite of discipline, wrung hearty curses from poor Barny's over-burdened heart. I encamped at the foot of the peak, on a branch of the Boggy, or *Bogue*, itself a tributary of the Red.

After many days of painful travel, precisely similar to the one I have described, except that the western ridge was more difficult than the eastern, I reached the prairie through which the Red River runs. On the summit of several of the peaks I had found large springs and pools of water, and in the valleys the streams expanded into beautiful lakes. In some of these valleys were grand groves of the wild-plum, and a variety of other growths, among which was the iron-wood and box-elder. The cotton-wood, so common northward, has disappeared. At last I arrived at Fort Towson. I had missed the direction, and to reach a point about one hundred miles from Gibson, had traveled three. Twenty miles after leaving the latter post, I had seen the smoke of not one hearth till I reached the yellow water, about ten miles from Fort Towson, yet during all this time I had been in a small labyrinth of mountains, surrounded on all sides by the dense population of the Cherokee and Chickasa nation, the Opelousas of Louisiana and Western Texas.

I afterward was informed that the Indian path I had more than once passed was a portion of the great Delaware trail which crosses the whole American continent, from Erie, in Pennsylvania, to California, and which marks the migration of those American Gitanos from the homes where the white man found them to the chief seat of the tribe on the Missouri River, to the outposts on the Red River and on the Pacific. Along it they still go, and not unfrequently two of their well-armed and gallant braves will fight their way through hordes of hostile and degenerate Indians of the prairie. It will be found always to cross the streams at the most fordable point, and he who strays from it to avoid travel, will generally find that the longest way round is the nearest way home. After my arrival at Fort Gibson I did not regret my mistake, which had made me acquainted with so beautiful a country; and I hope my reader is weary neither of the Illinois River or the Ozark Mountains.

[1] C. F. Hoffman, of New York.

EXTRACT.

BY HENRY S. HAGERT.

So die the young, ere yet the bud has burst
 Its leafy prison-house—perchance, 'tis best—
The flower may pine and perish with the thirst
 For dew and moisture, but the dead will rest,
 Heedless of storm and sunshine; on their breast
The modest violet at Spring will bloom,
 And speak their noteless epitaph—the west
 May blow too rudely in an hour of gloom,
But still it clings to thee, lone tenant of the tomb.

It clings to thee! 'Twas a most lovely creed,
 That taught within a flower might dwell the soul
Of a lost friend—wronged one, does it not breed
 Within thee quiet thoughts of a green knoll,
 Bedecked with daisies, though no sculptured scroll
Be there to tell thy virtues? O! 'Tis sweet
 To know that when the dews from heaven have stole
 Down to the earth, those penciled lips shall meet,
The cold sod of thy grave and love's long kiss repeat!

Then gird thy loins with patience—from the crowd
 Be thou a willing exile—but if Fate
Hath otherwise decreed it, if the proud
 Should sneer upon thee, or the rich and great
 Laugh at thy misery, do thou await
The coming of that hour which shall decide
 The issue of the game; and then, with state,
 Wrapping thy robe around thee, do thou glide
Away to thy long rest and sleep in regal pride.

THE UNFINISHED PICTURE.

BY MRS. JANE C. CAMPBELL.

CHAPTER I.

O God! to clasp those fingers close,
And yet to feel so lonely!
To see a light on dearest brows,
Which is the daylight only!
ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.

I was sitting one morning in the library of a friend, looking over a valuable collection of works of art, made during a five years residence abroad, and listening to his animated description of scenes and places now become familiar to every one who reads at all, through the medium of "Jottings," "Impressions," and "Travels," with which the press abounds.

Among the paintings were small copies in oil from Corregio, Guercino, Guido, and Rafaele. There was a head of the latter, copied from a portrait painted by himself, and preserved in the Pitti Palace. With the slightest shade of hectic on the cheek, and the large unfathomable eyes looking into the great beyond, it was truly angelic in its loveliness. No wonder the man for whom nature had done so much, and who delighted in portraying the loftiest ideal beauty, no wonder he was called "divine!"

"Here," said my friend, lovingly holding forth one of those inimitable creations, the beauty of which once seen, haunts us for a lifetime, "here is the far-famed 'violin-player,' the friend of Rafaele. By the bye, I must tell you an anecdote I heard while abroad. There were two gentlemen sight-seers looking at pictures in the Vatican; one called to the other, who was at a short distance from him, 'come, look at this, here is the celebrated violin-player.' 'Ah!' said his companion, hastening toward him, 'Paganini!' I give you the story as I heard it related for truth, and as a somewhat laughable example of traveled ignorance."

On one side of the room in which we were conversing, stood a picture apart from all the others, which soon engrossed my entire attention. A young man was represented reclining on a couch, and wrapped in a robe falling in loose folds about his person. His countenance bore the traces of suffering, but his dark eyes were filled with the light of love, and hope, as they looked up into the face of a young female bending mournfully at his side. On the head of this female the artist had lavished all the *love* of genius. With the sunny hair parted on the fair forehead, and the rich braids simply confined by a silver arrow—the dark eyes from which the tears seemed about to fall—the half-parted lips quivering as if from intense devotion—oh, it was transcendently lovely! The rest of the figure was in outline, but as vividly portrayed as some of those wonderful illustrations by Flaxman, in which a single line reveals a story.

"How is this," said I, after gazing long and earnestly upon it, "how is this?—why is the picture unfinished. And who was the painter?"

"The tale," replied my friend, "is a sad one; and if you are tired of looking at pictures and medals, I will relate it to you."

"Not tired, yet I should like to hear the story to which this picture imparts an unusual interest."

"You remember Paul Talbot, who left here some years ago to pursue the study of his art abroad."

"I do, but that young man—sick—almost dying—I thought the face a familiar one; but can that be Paul?"

"Alas! yes—he is dead!" and my friend dashed away a tear as he spoke.

"Dead!" repeated I. "Paul Talbot dead! when did he die?"

"Not long before my return. Poor fellow! he endured much, and his career was an exemplification of what a man of untiring energy can accomplish under the most adverse circumstances.

"Soon after the birth of Paul, his father died, leaving little, save a mother's love and a stainless reputation to his infant son.

"Mr. Talbot was a man of refined taste, and had collected round him objects of which an amateur might be justly proud—and thus from childhood had been fostered Paul's love for the beautiful.

"Well educated and accomplished, Mrs. Talbot undertook the tuition of her child, and by giving lessons in drawing, painting miniatures on ivory, and small portraits in oil, kept herself and her boy above the pressure of want. Carefully she instilled into his tender mind those lofty principles of rectitude, of uncompromising integrity, and that child-like trust in the goodness of an overruling Providence, which sustained him through all the trials of after years.

"How holy, how powerful is the influence of a mother! The father may do much, but the mother can do more toward the formation of the mind, and the habits of early childhood. Exercising a power, silent, yet refreshing as the dews of

heaven, her least word, her lightest look, sinks deep into the hearts of her children, and moulds them to her will. How many men have owed all that has made them great to the early teachings of a mother's love! The father, necessarily occupied with business or professional duties, cannot give the needful attention to the minor shades in the character and disposition of his little ones, but the mother can encourage and draw out the latent energies of the timid, can check the bold, and exert an influence which may be felt not only through time, but through eternity.

"It was beautiful to see Paul Talbot standing by his mother's side, with his childish gaze fixed upon her face, while receiving instruction from her lips, and to hear him as he grew in years, wishing he was a man, that he might be enabled to supply her every want.

"'You know,' he would exclaim, while his fine eyes was flashing with enthusiasm, 'that I will be an artist; and, oh, mother, if I could, like Washington Allston, be a painter-poet; could I but paint such a head as that we saw in the Academy, and write such a book as Monaldi, then, mother, I would gain fame; orders would crowd upon me—and then—then we would go to Italy!'

"Go to Italy! of this he thought by day, and dreamed by night; and to accomplish this was the crowning ambition of the boy's life.

"He was willing to toil, to endure privation and fatigue, could he but visit that land where heavenly beauty is depicted on the canvas, where the marble wants but the clasp of him of old to warm it into life, and where the soft blue of the sky, and the delicious atmosphere brooding over the glories of centuries gone by, make it the Mecca of the artist's heart.

"But amid all these dreams of the future, all these ambitious aspirings of the gifted youth, death cast his dark shadow over that peaceful dwelling, and the mother, the guardian angel of the fatherless boy, was borne away to be a dweller in the silent land.

"With what passionate earnestness did he call upon her name. How did he long to lie down by her side. His mother! his mother! she had taught his lisping accents their first prayer; she had watched over his little bed, and moistened his parched lips when he was ill with fever—so ill, that his mother's watchful tenderness was all, under God, that saved him from the grave. As he grew older, she had spoken to him, not like the boy he was in years, but like the man to whom she would impart her thoughts, and with whose mind of almost premature development, she might hold converse, and feel herself understood. And now, in his fifteenth year, when he was thinking of all that he could, nay, of all that he *would* do for her, his mother had died! Who can wonder that the boy pined, and sat upon her grave, and longed for her companionship, and wept as if his heart must break.

CHAPTER II.

Then all the charm
Is broken—all that phantom-world so fair
Vanished, and a thousand circle's spread,
And each misshapes the other.

COLERIDGE.

"Abstracted in his habits, quiet and sensitive, from his reveries in dream-land, the orphan woke to find himself the inmate of a new home.

"Mrs. Winter, the only sister of the late Mr. Talbot, was wholly unlike her brother. With little taste for the elegancies of life, except so far as she thought their possession would give her importance in the eyes of others, with no sympathy for any ambition save that of acquiring money, she looked with no very favorable eye on her brother's orphan. Dazzled by the prospect of a carriage, a town and country-house in perspective, she had married a man of sixty, when she was barely sixteen, and could never forgive her brother for not falling in with her scheme of catching the rich heiress, who, she avowed, waited but the asking to change the name of Miss Patty Pringle, for the more lofty-sounding title of Mrs. Percy Talbot. But Percy Talbot preferred the portionless Isabel Morton, and the monotony of a counting-room, to the bank-stock, real estate, and soulless face of Miss Patty Pringle. Hence there was little intercourse between the brother and sister, and when the younger Talbot sought the shelter of his aunt's roof, she animadverted with great bitterness on the folly of people gratifying a taste for luxuries beyond their means, and encouraging boys without a shilling to spend their time in reading books and daubing canvas.

"Nor could Mrs. Winter refrain from talking of stupidity, when Paul sat quietly at his drawing, while her own sons were making the house ring with their boisterous mirth. The boys, catching the spirit of their mother, ridiculed Paul's sketches, and with the petty tyranny of little minds, subjected him to every annoyance, and taunted him with his dependent state. The proud, sensitive boy, writhed under such treatment, and determined on leaving the relatives who had neither tastes nor sympathies in common with his own.

"When at the age of twelve years, he hung over the landscape he was trying to imitate, and from which no boyish

sports could lure him; when he saw the sketch grow beneath his touch, and look more and more like the original, until in the exultation of his young heart, he exclaimed, 'I knew that I could do it if I did but try,' he unconsciously displayed that perseverance of character without which no one can hope to attain eminence. And now that same energy was employed in seeking means to gain a livelihood without being subjected to the bitterness of insult.

"He succeeded in obtaining a situation in a dry-goods store, and in compensation for his services, received his board and a scanty salary. True, he had but little, but that little was his own; he had earned it, and a proud feeling of independence was his, when purchasing the scanty stock of drawing materials with money obtained by his own exertions. And so passed a few years, during which he diligently devoted himself to the business of his employer through the day, and to reading and drawing at night.

"The long cherished hope of visiting Italy had never been abandoned, although the many obstacles in the way seemed almost insurmountable. But now a bright thought occurred to him; 'I will give up my situation; I will hire a room with the money already saved, and devote myself entirely to the pursuit of art. I shall paint a picture—it will be placed in the exhibition—and then—' Talbot paused, and his cheek glowed, and his heart-pulse quickened as he looked into the future.

"The resolution once taken, he was not long in carrying it into effect; and day after day saw him at his easel, laboring with patient assiduity, and flattering himself that his picture would not pass unnoticed.

"When the day of exhibition arrived, Talbot walked nervously up and down the gallery where the pictures were hanging, every now and then glancing at his own, with the small ticket appended announcing it for sale, and pausing to observe if it attracted attention. But it had been placed in a bad light, directly beneath two brightly-tinted landscapes, and so low down that you were obliged to put one knee on the floor before it could be examined. Poor Paul! no one gave more than a passing glance to what had cost you weeks of patient labor, and the papers passed it by with merely announcing its name and number on the catalogue.

"What a rude dashing down of all his hopes was here! What a fading of the air-built castles he had taken such delight in building? The land of promise had receded from his view, and the shores of Italy were as a far-off vision seen in the dimness of deepening twilight. Oh, what a sinking of the heart follows such disappointments! A goal is to be won—the aspirant rushes eagerly to the race—hope lures him on—he grows weary, oh, how weary—courage—the thrilling sound of fame's trumpet-peal is ringing on those heights afar—courage—one more struggle and the prize will be his own! One more struggle—and hope fades from his sight—and the last faint echo of fame's music dies upon his ear—and a dull lethargy seizes on his mind—and the pulses of his heart grow still and cold as the waveless, tideless surface of a deep, dark lake! Happy he who can shake off the despondency attendant on times like these, and, like the bird momentarily driven back by the storm, can plume his wings and dare a nobler flight.

CHAPTER III.

Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes
not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is
thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future,
without fear, and with a manly heart.

LONGFELLOW.

"The spirits of youth are elastic, and after great pressure will naturally rebound. 'Hope on, hope ever,' is a maxim seldom forgotten until age has chilled the blood and palsied the powers of life. After a few days spent in brooding over the present, Paul again looked forward to the future, and determined to seek some other avenue by which he might gather up a little, just a little, of the treasure which others possessed in such abundance. His fondness for literature suggested the idea that his pen might be employed with more profit than his pencil, and the periodicals of the day appeared to offer a wide field for exertion. But emolument from such sources was precarious at best. All who held an established reputation in the world of letters were contributors to the various popular publications, and Paul Talbot wanted the "magic of a name" to win *golden* opinions from the Press. Sometimes he met with those who were more just, and more generous, and thus encouraged he toiled on, hoping even against hope, that his desires would yet be accomplished.

"With many misgivings, and a fear that he had mistaken his vocation, he had taken his ill-fated picture to a place where engravings were kept for sale, and left it with the shopkeeper, promising to pay him one half the money for which it might be sold. How discouraging to see it week after week in the window, until it began to look like a soiled fixture of the establishment. No one would ever buy it, that was certain, and if they would not purchase this his best work, how could he ever hope to dispose of others of less merit, which were standing round the walls of his little room? Alas, no! but when once in Italy—then he would paint pictures such as he dreamed of in imagination. For the present, with weary frame and throbbing brow, he must Labor on.

"There are few but know

'How cruelly it tries a broken heart
To see a mirth in any thing it loves.'

And who that has ever walked forth on a particularly bright morning, when he was nursing a deep sorrow, or was weighed down by the pressure of misfortune, but felt annoyed by the light, and noise, and cheerfulness around him? Those vast tides of human life what are they to him? He is but a drop in a wave of the mighty ocean—but a pebble thrown upon the sand—a broken link in the great chain of the Universe. Thus felt Paul, as on one of the loveliest days of laughing June, he wended his way to the office where he had left a manuscript to be examined by the publisher.

"How can those people look so smilingly," thought he, while glancing at the well-dressed groups on the side-walk. 'And those children, how noisy they are—and see that carriage with its liveried attendants—pshaw!' Now Paul was not envious, and he was particularly fond of children, but the feeling of loneliness in the crowd was oppressive, and with another half audible pshaw! he turned into a quieter street.

"The smiling face of the great man who employed so many subordinates in his large establishment, somewhat reassured the desponding youth, and after a little preliminary talk about encouraging native talent, a sum was offered, which, though small in itself, was just then a god-send to the needy Paul, who with many thanks bowed himself out of the publisher's presence. One ray of light had dawned on his darkened path, one beam of hope had shed its warmth upon his heart, and how differently now looked the scene through which he had lately passed! With buoyant step he went on. He, too, could smile,—the darling little ones, how delighted he was to see them looking so happy—and the poor blind man at the corner must not be forgotten! Like the child who plays with the kaleidoscope, and every moment sees some new beauty, so Paul toyed with the many-colored hues in the rainbow of Hope, grouping them together in the most beautiful and dazzling forms.

"It was destined to be a red-letter day in his book of life. As he passed the print-shop he saw that his picture was gone from the window. It had been sold, and a companion-piece ordered by the purchaser. 'Oh that my mother were living!' sighed Paul—'oh that my mother were living, we might yet go to Italy!'

"Again the painter laid aside his pen and resumed his pallet. The one order was executed, the money transferred to his slender purse, and even now he began to think how much might be put aside for his darling project.

"Could I but obtain enough to pay for my passage—once there, in that delicious climate, I could live on so little. Oh that some one would buy this," he continued, taking up a small picture on which he had bestowed unusual care, 'it is worth more than either of the others. I shall leave it with the kind Mr. Barry; how generous he was in refusing the commission I promised him for the last one he sold.'

"Mr. Barry, at whose print-shop Paul had left his first picture, had kindly drawn from him the story of his life, and felt deeply interested in the young artist's changing fortunes, but, like many other generous-hearted men, he was always forming schemes for the benefit of others, which his means would not permit him to accomplish.

"The kind man had just reared a goodly super-structure of greatness, upon a rather sandy foundation, for his young protégé, when Paul entered with the new work fresh from his easel.

"Why, Talbot," said he, cordially grasping the painter's hand, 'this is capital! and I consider myself a tolerably good judge. When younger, I was in the employ of a picture-dealer, who pursued the profitable business of making old pictures look like new, and the still more profitable one of making new pictures look like old. You stare, it is a fact, I assure you. To a Madonna, that had been bought for a trifling sum, I had the honor of imparting a time-worn tinge, which so took the fancy of an amateur, that he paid two hundred and fifty dollars for it at auction. But I never could endure cheating, so I left the picture manufactory, and commenced the sale of prints on my own account.'

"Do you think there is any chance of selling this Landscape?" inquired Paul. 'I will take fifteen dollars for it.'

"Why, Talbot, you are foolish, it is worth at least fifty.'

"Ah, no one would give me so large a sum for a picture; fifty dollars! that would almost take me to Italy.'

"Well, well, my dear fellow, it is said, Providence helps those who help themselves, and you are sure to be helped in some way or other. I was thinking about you this morning, and wrote a note of introduction to Mr. C., who is a great patron of the Fine Arts. I have told him of your desire to go abroad, and how you are situated—'

"Nay, nay, my kind friend," interrupted Paul, 'this looks too much like begging a favor, remember I cannot sacrifice my independence, even to secure the accomplishment of my most ardent wishes.'

"You are wrong, Talbot, you do not solicit him for aid; he has a taste for art, and if he give you money, you return an equivalent in your picture, so that the obligation is mutual.'

"Paul was persuaded, and, bearing his friend's letter, bent his way to a fine-looking house, a long way from his own abode. Upon ringing the bell, he was informed by the servant that the family were at dinner. Leaving the letter with the waiter, he desired him to hand it to Mr. C., and say that Mr. Talbot would call to-morrow evening. The next evening Mr. C. was engaged, and on the next, when Paul was ushered into the drawing-room, and his name announced, he received a stately and patronizing bow from a short, stout gentleman, who stood with his back to the fire, conversing with three

or four more who were seated near him.

“‘Take a seat, sir,’ and the short man waved his hand toward the intruder, and resumed the conversation thus momentarily interrupted.

“Paul grew nervous, and taking advantage of a pause he rose, and bowing slightly, advanced toward Mr. C. for the purpose of speaking. The latter began first—‘I have looked over Mr. Barry’s letter, young man, and hardly think it will be in my power to assist you.’

“‘I came not seeking assistance, sir,’ replied Paul; ‘my friend Mr. Barry thought you might perhaps wish to add another picture to your collection, and, as I purpose going abroad, assured me that you would cheerfully give a few lines of introduction to your young countryman.’

“‘Well, well, we will see, we will see, but all you young men have taken it into your heads that you must travel, and this makes so many applicants.’

“‘Applicants!’ the word stung Paul to the quick, and again bowing to Mr. C., he left the apartment. Once in the free air of heaven, he gave vent to his suppressed feelings, and vowed that should be his first and last visit to a patron.

“Barry was indignant when he heard the non-success of his young friend. ‘Why, Talbot, that man’s name is bruited abroad as a most liberal patron of Art, a fosterer of early genius, an encourager of native talent—how I have been deceived!’

“‘Never mind, my dear friend, you will sell the picture to some one else, and I will conquer yet.’

“And Paul Talbot did conquer. When another year had gone by, he stood with the hand of his friend Barry clasped in his own, returning the warm ‘God bless you,’ fervently uttered by the old man in that hour of parting.

“In a wild tumult of feeling, half joy half sorrow, he stood upon the deck of the vessel, and watched the shores of his native land as they faded in the distance.

‘The sails were filled, and fair the light winds blew,
As glad to waft him from his native home.’

And now he is on the ocean—the waves are dashing against the ship and bearing him onward—whither? To the land of his hopes. To the land of his dreams. Why each moment does he grow sadder and sadder? Why, as the crescent moon rises serenely in the heavens, does he press his eyelids down to shut her beauty from his sight?

“‘Oh that my mother were here! Great God! yon moon is shining on my mother’s grave!’

CHAPTER IV.

Wilt thou take measure of such minds as those,
Or sound, with plummet-line, the Artist-Heart?
MRS. NORTON.

Its holy flame forever burneth,
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth;
Too oft on Earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest!
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of Love is there.
SOUTHEY.

“Paul Talbot is in the city of wonders. Ivy-girdled ruins of the time-embalming Past are lying in the distance. Lofty cathedrals, rich in votive offerings of surpassing magnificence, surround him on every side. Stately palaces, their long galleries filled with the noblest works of the mighty minds of old, are baring their treasures to his gaze. The ‘dew-dropping coolness’ of the marble fountain, breathes new vigor into his frame. He is excited—bewildered—‘dazzled and drunk with beauty,’ and for weeks Paul wandered about Rome and its environs, half forgetful that his lot was still to struggle and to toil.

“When roused to action, he threw himself heart and soul into his art, and the consequence was a long and severe illness, brought on by that absorbing devotion which often kept him at his pursuits until the morning dawn peering into his room reminded him that he was weary and overtasked. For months he lay wasted by sickness, helpless at times as a feeble child, but nature triumphed over disease, and he wandered once more beneath the blue sky, and felt the kiss of the balmy air upon his pallid cheek.

“With a return to health, Paul returned with renewed ardor to his task, until the picture on which he had long and earnestly labored was at length completed. He had chosen for his subject a scene representing the Hermit Peter exhorting the people to join the crusaders. Standing in the midst, with one arm outstretched, and the other raised to

heaven, was seen the enthusiast. On either side, were grouped mailed knights and stalwart forms, the tillers of the soil. One gentle lady, like the weeping Andromeda, was clinging to her lord, and a villager's wife held up her child for his father's last fond kiss. So animated and life-like was the figure of the preacher—so eager and intense the emotion betrayed by the assembled multitude—that you listened to hear the eloquence that roused all Europe, and sent prince, peer, and peasant to rescue the holy sepulchre from the hand of the Infidel, to cast down the crescent of Mohammed, and to raise the cross of Christ.

“And now came that fame for which the young painter had toiled, and to which he had looked forward as his highest guerdon. Crowds were daily drawn to his *atelier*, and artists who had themselves won a world-wide renown, bestowed their warmest praises upon the ‘Hermit’ of Paul Talbot.

“The following winter Paul passed in Florence, and there his picture was purchased by a Florentine merchant, at a price which relieved the artist from fear of pecuniary embarrassment. Paul was requested to visit the house of the merchant, and select the most fitting place to display the work of which the fortunate possessor was so justly proud. He went, and in the picture-gallery of the wealthy Florentine was opened a new page in the artist's book of life.

“Poets and painters have ever an eye for beauty in women; and when Carlotta D. entered the apartment, leaning on the arm of her father, Paul started as if one of the bright visions of his ideal world stood suddenly embodied before him. The lady, too, was for a moment half-embarrassed—for the fame of the young painter had reached her ears, and, womanlike, she had been wondering if report spoke truly when it ascribed to him the dark clustering locks, and the lustrous eyes of her own sunny south.

‘Love's not a flower that grows on the dull earth;
Springs by the calendar; must wait for sun—
For rain; matures by parts—must take its time
To stem, to leaf, to bud, to blow. It owns
A richer soil, and boasts a quicker seed!
You look for it and see it not: and lo!
E'en while you look the peerless flower is up,
Consummate in the birth!’

“Was it strange that Paul and Carlotta, both worshipers of the beautiful, with souls alive to the most holy sympathies of our nature, was it strange that they should love?

“Paul had hitherto lived for his art alone. Painting was the mistress he had ever wooed with intense passion, but now another claimed his homage, and he bowed with a fervor little less than idolatrous at woman's shrine. Such a love could not long remain concealed. The father of Carlotta, a vain and purse-proud man, hoping by his wealth to obtain a husband for his daughter among some of the haughty but decayed nobility, frowned on the artist, and forbade him his house. In secret the lovers plighted their troth, and parted, not knowing when they should meet again.

“Paul left Florence with the resolve to win not fame alone, but wealth.

“At Rome he was enrolled a member of the Academy of St. Luke, under Overbeck—the spiritually-minded Overbeck—who himself the son of a poet, has enriched his art with the divinely poetical conceptions of his own pencil. At Munich, one of his pictures was shown by Cornelius to the king of Bavaria, and purchased by that munificent patron of art at a price far exceeding the painter's expectations. At Vienna a similar success attended him, and he returned to Florence after an absence of six years, with fame, and wealth enough for the foundation of a fortune.

“From Carlotta he had rarely heard, but he knew her heart was his, and he had that faith in her character as a true woman, which made him believe that no entreaties or commands of her father would induce her to wed another. And Paul was right—Carlotta D. still remained unmarried. In her the budding loveliness of the girl had expanded into the fuller beauty of the woman, but Talbot was sadly altered. The feverish excitement—the continued toil—the broken rest—the anxiety of thought to which he had been subjected, undermined his health, and planted the seeds of that insidious disease, which, while it wastes the bodily strength, leaves the mind unimpaired, and the hope of the sufferer buoyed to the last. The father of Carlotta finding that neither persuasion nor coercion could make his high-souled daughter barter her love for a title, consented at last that she should become the bride of the artist; but many said the wily Florentine had given his consent the more readily, because he saw that Paul would not long be a barrier in the way of his ambition.

“Paul Talbot had buffeted the adverse waves of fortune; he had gained renown in a land filled with the most exquisite creations of the gifted; he had won a promised bride. Whence, in that bright hour loomed the one dark cloud that blotted the stars from the sky? Could it be the shadow of the tomb? Was death interweaving his gloomy cypress with the laurel on the painter's brow? Oh, no, no—he was but weary—he only wanted rest, and his powers would again be in full vigor. Then, with Carlotta at his side—with her smile to cheer him on—he would aim higher, and yet higher in his art.

“And the young wife was deceived. Although a nameless dread, a dark prescience lay heavy at her heart, she yet thought the bright flush on the cheek of Paul a sign of returning health. How tenderly and anxiously she watched lest he should fatigue himself at his easel, and how gently she chid, and lured him from his task into the open air of their

beautiful garden.

"One of the days thus passed had been deliciously mild, and, although mid-winter, in that heavenly climate where flowers are ever blooming in the open air, each breeze was laden with the heavy odor of the orange blossom, and the fainter perfume of the Provence rose. Stepping lightly from the balcony where Paul and she had been seated watching the piled-up masses of crimson, of purple, and of gold that hung like regal drapery round the couch of the western sun, Carlotta pushed aside the opening blossoms of the night-jasmine which intercepted her reach, and gathering a handful of rose-buds, carried them to Paul. He took the flowers from his wife, and looking mournfully upon them, said, 'When we cross the waters to visit my native land, we will take with us some of your precious roses, beloved, and beautify my mother's silent home; and now,' he continued, twining his arm round her waist, and leading her to the harp, 'sing me that little song I wrote while yet a student in old Rome.' Pressing her lips upon his brow, Carlotta seated herself, and sung the song, which she had set to music. The air was soft and melancholy, and the sweet tones of the singer were tremulous with emotion.

Fill high the festive bowl to-night,
In memory of former years,
And let the wine-cup foam as bright
As ere our eyes were dimmed with tears.

Pledge, pledge me those whose joyous smile
Around our happy circle shone,
Whose genial mirth would hours beguile,
Which, but for them, were sad and lone.

Those hours, those friends, those social ties,
They linger round me yet,
Like twilight clouds of golden dyes,
When summer suns have set.

Then fill the bowl—but while you drink,
In silence pledge all once so dear,
Nor let the gay ones round us think
We sigh for those who are not here.

"My dear Paul," said his wife, smiling through the tears with which, in spite of her efforts to repress them, her eyes were suffused, 'this sad song should be sung on the last night of the year, the night for which it was composed. It should be sung while the student-band of artists stood around, each holding the flower-wreathed goblet from which he might quaff in silence, while his heart-memories were wandering back to fatherland. Let me sing,'—she paused on seeing the deep melancholy depicted on her husband's countenance—'nay, forgive me for jesting, love, I know with whom are your thoughts to-night, and will not ask you to listen to a lighter strain.'

"A month went by winged with love and hope. Paul found himself growing weaker, but he looked forward to a sea-voyage as a sure means of restoring him to health. Carlotta was hastening her preparatory arrangements, willing to leave her home, willing to brave the perils of the deep, in the belief that old Ocean's life-inspiring wave would prove the fabled fountain of youth to her beloved. She had never seen consumption in any of its varied and sometimes beautiful forms. She knew not that the eye could retain its lustre, that the cheek could glow with more than its usual brightness, that the heart could be lured by a false hope, until, like a red leaf of the forest, dropping suddenly from the topmost bough, the doomed one fell, stricken down in an unthought of moment by the stern destroyer.

"One morning, when Paul had remained much longer than usual in his apartment, Carlotta sought him for the purpose of whiling him abroad.

"He was lying asleep on a couch, where he must have thrown himself from very weariness, as one of the brushes with which he had been painting had fallen from his hand upon the floor. His wife softly approached. She stooped and kissed his lips. He opened his eyes, smiled lovingly upon her, and pointed to the picture.

"You have made me too beautiful, dearest; this must be a copy of the image in your heart.'

"Ah, I have not done you justice, you are far more lovely, my own wife, yes, far more lovely—my mother—my mother—" repeated Paul, dreamily. It was evident his thoughts were wandering.

"You are exhausted, dear love; but sleep now, and I will watch beside you.'

Carlotta knelt down and laid her cheek on his. Afraid of disturbing him, some minutes elapsed ere she again raised her head and turned to look upon the sleeper. She took the hand that hung listlessly by his side. It was cold, and she thought to warm it by pressing it to her lips—to her cheek—to her heart. She bent her ear close to the sleeper—there was no sound; she laid her lips on his—oh, God! where was the warm breath? A horrible dread came over her, and unable from the intensity of her agony to utter any cry, she sunk down and gazed fixedly in her husband's face, realizing the heart-touching thoughts of the poet.

‘And still upon that face I look,
And think ’twill smile again,
And still the thought I cannot brook
That I must look in vain.’

“And thus were they found by her father, who was the first to enter the apartment. Paul quite dead—Carlotta lying to all appearance lifeless at his side—and before them the unfinished picture.

“When the fond wife was restored to consciousness, and felt the full weight of that misery that was crushing out her young life, her reason became unsettled. It was very sad to see her wandering from room to room as if in search of some lost object, often stopping to unfold, and then folding again, the garments prepared for their journey. She would frequently rise with a sudden start, walk hurriedly to the window, and stand for a long time in an attitude of fixed attention, then mournfully shaking her head to and fro, would slowly resume her accustomed seat, and in a low voice repeat ‘not yet—not yet—Paul still lingers in Rome.’ Carlotta remained in this melancholy state during the time I was in Florence, but a letter received since my return home informs me that after a short interval, in which reason resumed her sway, the sufferer calmly departed, coupling the name of her beloved with the rest and the bliss of Paradise.

“The wretched father was filled with self-upbraidings. But for him, he said, Paul Talbot might have been living, and his daughter living, happy in each other’s love. He spoke truly. To gratify his ambition, Paul had overtasked the powers of life. The frail shrine was consumed by the flame which for years had been scorching and burning into the heart and soul of the artist. Too late had he obtained his reward. Too late had Carlotta’s father consented to her union with Paul. Too late had the old man found that by his daughter’s alliance with a man of genius, a greater lustre would have shone upon his house than could ever be reflected from his glittering hoard.”

Here ended my friend’s narration, and while with him I lamented the fate of genius, I could not forbear blaming the conduct of the wealthy Florentine. Nor could I help thinking, that too often the golden ears betray the ass, while wisdom, virtue, talent, constitute the only real greatness.

THE HEART'S CONFESSION.

BY HENRY MORFORD.

Little that moves the pulse of youth and joy
My wayward heart bends downward to confess;
Little of virtue, without some alloy
To make my good deeds vain and valueless;
Though the world pass me, trusting and deceived,
Though sunny smiles glitter where frowns have been,
There is a spirit in my bosom grieved,
Before whose eyes I may not draw the screen;
And here, when I am sad, she folds her wings
To warble of lost hopes and past desires,
My heart-strings loosen as the spirit sings,
And cooling tears drop on my wasting fires.

And then I know that I have turned away
From the proud picture that my fancy drew,
That I am passing further every day
From my own standard of the good and true;
We go not to the grave as we arise
From childhood's slumbers, in the outward face,
And the soul, looking out from human eyes,
Becomes corrupt and bitter in the race.
I deemed that I should pass into my age
As I began, warm, generous and kind,
And pausing here upon life's second stage,
I turn and look upon a cankered mind!

I have o'erstepped my bound—I have passed by
The goal that none may pass and yet be pure,
The pole star has grown glimmering to my eye,
And meteors have become my spirit's lure—
So from one failing step we come to tread
Paths that in early youth we swore to shun,
So, from the blue sky shining overhead,
The whispering angels leave us, one by one.
I have past by the goal; 'tis hard to pause,
And, but for pride, I should shake hands with Vice.
Trample on Virtue's desecrated laws,
And with my own dishonor pay the price.

Wo to us, when our pride becomes our truth
And hollow-hearted selfishness our trust,
With age's avarice creeping over youth,
And clothing all things in corroding rust!
Pride is frail hold on virtue, yet 'tis all
That binds me to one deed of human hope;
Let me forget my pride and I shall fall
So low contempt will lose me in its scope!
How long shall this frail pride support my name?
How long ere malice o'er my head shall creep.
And touch me with the fangs of his dark shame,
And lure me, with his serpent eyes, to sleep?

I know not that I shall forget my kind,
Nor shame the form I owe to human birth;
I know not but the foaming of my mind
May leave a legacy of good to earth;
But I am saddened when I think that all
Of the world's plaudit flows from my deceit,
And that the eyes that love me would recall
Their pleasant looks, could they but trace my feet!
The heart's confession bears the curse of years,
To be without a pure thought at my side,
And if I fall lament me not with tears,
But think that time has shorn away my pride!



Painted by C. L. Eastlake R. A.

Engraved by W. E. Tucker

CHRIST WEEPING OVER JERUSALEM.

CHRIST WEeping OVER JERUSALEM.

BY JOSEPH E. CHANDLER.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

“How beautiful upon the mountain are the feet of those that bring glad tidings,” is the language of elder Scripture, and how often has the heart of man responded to the truth of the declaration, as the eye has caught the earnest smile and noted the lightness of feet that distinguish the bearer of pleasing intelligence.

The great poet of nature hath, in the spirit of the above comment, remarked that the bearer of unwelcome news has “but a losing office.” And thousands of those who have been messengers of good to the great, the wealth-possessing and honor-conferring among men, have found themselves ennobled and sometimes enriched, for the simple narrative of an event in which they had no share, and of which they knew little more than the report which they had received from others and delivered where it was greatly desired.

We know that the text of Scripture which we have placed at the beginning of these remarks has allusion to tidings of greater joy, of more gladness, than all the bulletins of battles and statements of victories which the hastened dispatch bearer has ever conveyed to the awaiting monarch—more lovely and more desired than messages of love and tokens of reciprocation which the herald of man’s affection and woman’s deep, late-told love ever conveyed. The triumph of the conqueror of armies must be short and partial—the love of the most devoted perishes, at least with the object, if it is not quenched by its own fitful sallies. But the glad tidings which hasten and beautify the feet of those who come over the mountain of our offences is of life-long endurance, and enters into the eternity for which it prepares.

There is a picture in this number of the Magazine to which we are alluding, and to which we mean to refer when we talk of messengers of glad tidings. We know that the common reader will look at the title, and, if he recollects the narrative, he will be startled at the idea of “glad tidings,” when sorrow and tears were on the face of the messenger, bodings of terrible afflictions were in his mind, and their nearness was being foretold.

Are these glad tidings? Do such messages make beautiful the bearer? Can we rejoice at the overwhelming evil that is to befall the “City of Peace,” and sweep away the temple of the Most High, and give to famine, to violence, to dishonor and to death the sons and the daughters of the people of God?

But if these evils were the consequences of crimes, if the destroyer were but an instrument in the hand of omnipotent love to waste the destroyed, and to be himself the object of a similar wrath, that the “peace” which the great messenger was to bring on earth might have an abiding place, in consequence of the terrible things which he only foretold—surely the feet of such an one are beautiful. He *brings* salvation, while he only *foretells* destruction; he makes the wrath of man, which he prophecies, the instrument to produce that love and peace of which he is the real author.

There had been much confusion in the city in consequence of reports brought to the principal ecclesiastical and civic officers, of the unusual proceedings of citizens at a short distance beyond the place, where palm branches had been strewn in the highway, and garments spread out, upon which the hoofs of the rider’s animal were to tread—tokens of remarkable respect, which seemed to look treasonable to the foreign power, that directed the political affairs, and to the native priests who directed the spiritual concerns—the forum and the temple were agitated; the viceroy and the high-priest each started at such evidences of neglect of fealty. Rome and Jerusalem both felt that there was an antagonistic power operating, if not directly against, at least incidentally hostile to them; and Rome and Jerusalem—the conqueror and the conquered—joined in efforts to suppress the evil. Each would have crushed the power of the other, but both would unite to repel a power that was hostile to both. Each would have bruised the mailed arm of the other, but both trembled at what would have healed the breast of each.

There had been a scene of triumph—but He who had been the object of the huzzas of the multitude that thronged his way with tokens of obedience—*head* obedience, with little of *heart* in the offering—he had sat unmoved by outward demonstration of feeling for the acclamations of those who thronged his path. Another mission was his—another triumph was desired—another evidence of popular feeling was to be experienced, and in a little time he separated from the multitude, and ascending the mount, at whose base he had stood, he sat down with the four or five that were with him, and gazed abroad upon the outstretched scene below them.

It was a beautiful evening. Behind them the dust which had not yet subsided since the people had thronged the roads with songs of triumph, was reflecting the light of the declining sun. Beneath them was the Valley of Jehoshaphat, the terrible seat of *judgment* and dread; and beyond was the beloved city, stretched out in the repose of the evening

sun, which was reflected by numerous gorgeous domes; and the busy hum of business came up to the quiet summit of Olivet, as if to bear to those who rested here the story of man's heedlessness of his life's great end.

They were Jews that thus looked out, the leader and the followers, Hebrews of Hebrews, and they loved the land of their birth and the city of their nation's boast. Every affection of the human heart was enlisted for the beautiful towns and sacred edifices, and all the outspread loveliness of the country's hills and valleys; and as the sun seemed to pour surpassing splendor upon the place, and as youth and beauty went forth to seek their pleasures, and age toiled upward toward the temple for the evening sacrifice, and all that was seen, and all that the heart suggested, appealed to the patriotic affection of the four—they looked to see whether the loveliness of the scene would not light up an unwonted smile upon the face of their Master, who was looking intently upon the city.

But there was no smile. The deep thought that rested on his brow, and the tear that glistened in his eye, showed that the past and the future were with him. That all the blessings which had been pronounced upon Jerusalem, and all the promises made in her behalf, all the sins which she had committed, and which God had pardoned, and all the negligence against which she had been warned, and for which pardon had been presented; all her thoughtlessness now, and all the uncomprehended miseries which were in her path, were in one group in his mind—and the sound of the destroyer and the desolation of the conquered stood before him—the famine that wasted the people and the fire that destroyed the temple were there, and as he remembered how He would have sheltered them from the consequences of their own follies, and how they despised his love; how he would have shielded and comforted the sons and daughters of that city of his love, but they refused, *He wept*—wept human tears—wept tears of earthly fondness, that came bursting up from his heart—deep agony marked his face when gathering the recollection of all the promises which had accompanied their probation, the glories by which they had been invited to goodness—he exclaimed, “But now they are forever hidden from thine eyes.”

What a mission was that the Master assumed—what an experience was that of his intimate followers. The many listened to his heavenly doctrine and love—many were astonished at the miracles that marked his public ministry, that made the temple and the wayside *clinics* where his divine skill was exhibited, and drew the people from their synagogues and altars, to offer at the street corners the sacrifice of enlightened hearts and the homage of soul admiration. But these, the favored few, the elders and chosen ones of his little flock stood with him in the terrible moments, when the office of his mission was not exercised on others, but came to be ministered on himself—three of them witnessed the tears at the grave of a friend—they saw with trembling awe the glory of his transfiguration with Moses and Elias—and now these stood there solemn, trembling witnesses of an agony of affliction that wrung tears for others from Him who could look down upon the garden that was to be the scene of a trial which human eyes could not witness and live—who could look forward to the hall of infamy that was to witness his mockery, to the winding way of sorrow in which he was to bear his cross, and upward to the eminence where the work was to be consummated. The tears were not for himself. He wept for the misery of those who should procure the agonizing passion.

The artist has chosen this moment for his picture. It was a bold thought—but it was a good one—what the pen records may not the pencil illustrate, and is not the lesson of that most instructive hour brought closer home to the heart by the representation of the scene which the sacred historian describes? How well the artist has executed his task is not for us to say. Indeed such a picture is in its conception so full of suggestion, that we may safely leave to the painter's professional pride the finishing of his work according to the canons of his art. The moment that we recognize the subject, the moment we catch the time, the place and the office, we lose sight of all that the pen has written or the pencil attempted to delineate, and acknowledge that our hearts, our fancy have taken hold of all and borne us back to the awful hour—we do not pause to look at features or position on the canvas, but at once we kneel in imagination at a distance from the consecrated group, and as Olivet and Sinai and Calvary meet the eye, and the temple gleams in the light of the setting sun, we inquire what is the thought, the high, mighty thought that swells upward in the heart of the Master there? Alas! who shall know? Who could conceive? Eternities are in his mind, and all the vast concerns of angels and of men are before him; and yet for one city, one erring city, one little spot upon the great map of the universe, he fixes his eyes, and over its fate he weeps tears of earthly sorrow—weeps not that one stone of the temple shall not be left upon the other—weeps not that all the monuments of his nation's glory shall be wasted, and that the ploughshare of the infidel shall upturn the sacred soil. Not for these did he weep—but that those children of the Father, whom he “would have gathered as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings,” should be destroyed by the sword, and the virtue of the daughters of his people should be the derision and spoil of the conqueror. They were human tears—but divine sympathies!

And in that scene of wounded love, when the foreseeing, or the foredwelling of his higher nature made the *present* of his human exposure terrible—in that hour of sympathy and sorrow, the favored and the *intimate* were his companions. Theirs was not yet the gift of foreknowledge—they lived only in the present, and knew only of the past. Little indeed could they comprehend the agony of the Master, as they could not foresee the cause. Their highest gift was *faith*—they could believe—they could confide—they could listen with silent assurance—and however contradictory might appear the words of the Teacher and the circumstances of the times, they had learned from rebukes

and experience to trust to the former. And as they follow with their eyes the mournful bend of the Master's gaze, as they melted before the weeping of the sinless and loving, they bowed in meek assent to the terrible *anathema* foretold, and, not being authorized to give, or to proclaim it, they meekly sighed the *maranatha*, and left the work to God.

You see some of the multitude pressing up *toward* the Master, but not *upon* him. You see, too, in the distance, woman with her face set toward Him to whom her heart is given. Woman following but not approaching. The first evidence of personal suffering would have brought her to his side—the first chance of offering homage would have taken her to his feet. It is woman, too, in her beautiful office—her heart is with the Master—it is good for her to stand where she may be called. He may not indeed speak to her, but virtue might go forth from him and bless her—and so she had brought with her a little child. It seemed not meet to her that she should seek Jesus and her child not be led to him. She had indeed heard the Master say, in regard to some others, “suffer little children to come unto me,” and how did she know, standing afar off though she might be—standing in awe and reverence—how did she know but when his moment of bitter sorrow had passed away, the Master might turn and smile on her—and take her little child in his arms and bless him—so had he done to others—and so she was willing to await, willing to stand and see what the Lord would do.

But in the immediate scene of tears and solemn wailing woman is not found. Where are those that followed his steps? Where are those who ministered to his wants? Alas! the scene was not for such hearts. It was the last sacrifice of national feeling; humanity acknowledges the claim—for mental mortal agony at events to come there was no consolation.

It was for woman to make beautiful her mission by her implicit faith; it was for woman to minister to his *physical* wants; her humility would find a delightful office when she bathed his feet with her tears, and her faith had comforting expression when she wiped them with the hairs of her head. Woman's care provided the household comforts which humanity needed, and woman's piety sat self-abased, yet gathered strength at the Master's feet as he opened the oracles of truth. Woman wept for him as he bore his cross upward to Calvary; and woman lingered at the foot of that cross when others had fled; and it was woman that came earliest to kneel at the sepulchre. Where service was to be performed, where faith was to be tried, where physical wants were to be supplied, and physical suffering assuaged, there woman was to be found. But where the agony of mental passion was to be endured; where the unspeakable and the incomprehensible were to be exhibited, woman was not. Her mission of faith and love required no such exercise, her feelings demanded no such purification.

We have done. The picture which we give is suggestive, and we hope that it will suggest more to others than we have been able to express; because to such a scene as the artist represents, when the heart or fancy enters it is lost in amazement. A thousand thoughts crowd, less for utterance than for existence, and we feel that when there is more than earthly love, more than earthly interest, the idea must be more than human, and expression will be infinitely short of the conception.

HUMAN INFLUENCE.

BY MARIE ROSEAU.

Oh! deem not thou canst lightly err,
And none may bear its weight but thee:
There's none on earth who stands alone,
None so devoid of sympathy,
But that each fault will wing a dart
To pierce some gentle, feeling heart.

Oh! say not that no sin of thine
Will cause another, weaker one,
To fall, or stumble by the way—
By following *thee* his soul undone—
Drawn to the very depths of shame:
Then on whose head shall rest the blame?

Oh! say not thou art far too weak
To help some brother poor and frail,
Whose footsteps falter by the way—
Whose burthened strength begins to fail—
Thy words of hope may sooth his grief,
Thy hand, though weak, may bring relief.

Perchance some weary spirit mourns,
In bitterness of grief e'en now,
That thus in bonds, by error wrought,
So strong a soul as thine should bow—
That *thou*, of all the world shouldst stray
From wisdom's straight and pleasant way.

Perchance e'en now thy many faults
Stand in some wand'ring brother's road,
That but for *thee* his feet would tread
The path of wisdom and of God—
Who, but for *thee*, or for thy sin,
A victor's glorious crown might win.

Oh! none there are whose deeds and words
May not exert an influence wide,
There is no hand that hath not strength
Some wand'rer from the way to guide:
No voice with tones too weak to bless
Some hapless brother in distress.

HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE.

A TALE OF OLDEN TIMES.

BY MRS. LYDIA JANE PEIRSON.

Grenada had fallen. The miserable remnant of a once powerful nation, driven from the cities of their glorious empire, hunted by an untiring zeal to destroy, crowded at length into their chief stronghold, the city of their regal power—the birth-place and the sepulchre of a long race of puissant monarchs—had endured all the miseries of siege, of famine, and of slaughter; had endured with an invincible determination to die rather than yield; and they had died by the sword, by hunger and thirst, by despair, by pestilence; and their rich and magnificent city had been sacked, plundered, ravaged, made the prey of soldiers, greedy for spoil, thirsting for the blood of an infidel foe, exasperated by resistance, and maddened by fanatical zeal. Grenada had fallen; the Moors were no longer a nation of the earth. Ferdinand and Isabella, weary of war, and satiated with conquest, were reposing in state at Santa Fe, or San Felipe, with every demonstration of triumph, every show of thanksgiving to the God of battles. The days were divided between the most gloriously marshaled tournaments and the most magnificent religious processions; the nights were devoted to the masquerade and the mass; the whole world seemed vocal, now with strains of triumphant martial music, now with the no less lofty *Te Deum*, or *Gloria in Excelsis*. All was joy and gladness, triumph and gratitude. The temporary palace was shining like the fabled palace of Aladdin, builded of the gold and gems of the genii world. In all the apartments the magic of regal magnificence was displayed in the taste of the most approved style of art. Tapestries of regal blue and Tyrian purple, brodered and fringed with scarlet, green and gold, in the inimitable style of the artists of Babylon, swept from the lofty ceilings to the velvety carrels of the marble pavements which were rich with tufted work of flowers of every hue, while in the recesses of the windows, where the tapestries were looped aside with cords of the richest dyed and braided silks, entwined with strings of glittering gems, and heavy with tassels of feathery silk and drops of gold and diamonds, were placed beautifully enameled vases of the porcelain of Italia, supporting branches of artificial flowers and fruits of immense value. From the daisy, with its petals of pearl and eye of platted gold, to the rose of Damascus, formed of flashing rubies, and dewed with purest diamonds; from the rich clusters of grapes of amethyst, to the golden pear and nectarine, beryl and sardonix. Doors opened upon seemingly interminable vistas of trees and flowering shrubs, intermingled with candelabras of gold, wrought into the semblance of tall plants, bearing flowers of crystal and purest porcelain of every delicate tint, each of which was a lamp, burning perfumed oil, and giving out rich fragrance with its mellowed light; while birds of every clime, from the stately pea-fowl to the minutest lady-bird, admirably imitated in enameled gold and precious stones, were fixed upon elastic sprays, swaying to every breath, and chirping forth melody from little organs, played upon by their own tremulous motions, and so perfect was the workmanship that their forms and notes were hardly to be distinguished from those of the real birds that walked or flew amongst them in the gay parterres.

Amid all this enchantment moved groups of richly habited men and women; dons and cavaliers, in their blazing military costumes, and dark-eyed donnas, in soft silks, rich velvets, and transparent muslins of India, ornamented with brilliants, plumes, or flowers, each as her fancy dictated. Some were dancing to lively music, some listening to soft melodies and songs of love; some were grouped around the beautifully imitated trees, on which ripe fruits of every clime seemed to hang in nature's wild profusion; some clustered around statues, which presented baskets and trays of the choicest viands; others again rested beside fountains which threw up jets of perfumed wine, which, as it descended in drops, displayed rainbows of inimitable splendor, painted by colored lights arranged for the purpose, while here and there a youthful couple, walking apart, and apparently unconscious of all the surrounding splendor, betrayed the tender topic of their sweet communings.

Could discontent and heaviness of heart exist amid all this wealth and splendor and apparent happiness? or do all these fail to satisfy the yearnings of the immortal mind? In a retired part of the gardens, where a few dark evergreens clustered over a natural spring of living water, stood a man apparently forty years of age, plainly habited in rich black velvet, which displayed to the best advantage a form of manly mould and exquisite symmetry. His beaver lay beside him on the turf, and his noble head thus exposed, displayed the perfection of nature's statuary. His high and expansive forehead, strongly marked and delicately moulded features, dark, piercing and restless eyes, bespoke genius to conceive, energy to prosecute, perseverance to complete achievement of lofty daring. But there was an expression of melancholy around his perfect mouth, and his dark brows had acquired a contraction which proved that he was familiar with disappointment, and the contumely of inferior souls. Wrapped in deep thought he seemed, except that from time to time, as he lifted his eyes and glanced up the vista, there flashed from their dark depths the impatience of a mighty spirit, baffled of its aim, chained in its flight, and misunderstood in the darkness of surrounding ignorance. A figure,

elastic with the buoyancy of joy, advanced toward him, a warm hand clasped his, and a glad voice exclaimed, "Courage, my friend, she has consented to see you, to listen to your plea, to weigh your arguments, and decide upon your claims to patronage. Courage, I say, for if she listen to you, she will espouse your cause." A light, intense, but momentary, flashed over the face of the dark-browed man, as he pressed the hand of his messenger, exclaiming, "Thank you—to me you are, indeed, San Angel!"

Gradually the gay groups disappeared from the scene of magnificent enchantment; the lights went out one by one, like stars at the approach of day; the voices of melody ceased amongst the pavilions, and in the echoing halls, and silence seemed resuming her natural empire over the night.

In a retired apartment of the royal palace sat Isabella of Castile, with her two young daughters. The beauty of the queen was of a style to command respect rather than admiration, obedience rather than love. Majesty was in her form and mien, pride sat on her brow, and in her tones and gestures lived an authority which none dared question or disobey. Well was it for herself and those around her that she was governed by the nicest principles of honor; that her whole life was swayed by the most fervent and conscientious devotional feelings; so that as a queen, as a wife, and as a mother, she was above reproach.

Her eldest daughter, the Lady Isabella, inherited with her mother's name, a large portion of her personal and mental qualities; but while one was a woman and a queen, the other was a young princess, proud, impatient of control or contradiction, and delighting in magnificence and admiration. Her younger sister, the Lady Joanna, though she had a fine form and regular features, with the dark, languid eyes of her country, was destitute of that grace and vivacity which is the great charm in woman's character. The warm blood never gave a living glow to the dark olive of her complexion, and it was seldom that the deep fringes of her eyelids were lifted sufficiently to allow those with whom she conversed to mark the beautiful and flitting shadows of the deep and sweet emotions of her loving spirit.

"Oh, mother!" cried the young Isabella, her whole person radiant with the spirit's light, "oh, mother, what a glorious thing it is to be a queen's daughter; to live in such magnificence, to be an object of admiration and worship, to listen while gay and noble cavaliers extol one's beauty and accomplishments; but, mother, it is my highest glory that I am *your* child, your namesake, and like you in mind and person. Oh, how my heart swelled last night as I heard men speak of the truly royal Isabella of Castile. But, mother, I am not quite as noble-souled as you, for I heard them tell that in your girlhood, when the discontented nobles and people would have placed you on your brother's throne, you utterly refused to consent to his being deposed, and only allowed yourself to be declared his successor. I could not have been so moderate; oh, I long to be a queen like you."

"A queen!" murmured Joanna, who occupied a cushion at her mother's feet, "a queen," and her voice was low and sweet as the murmur of a guitar, when its strings are moved by the orange-scented breeze alone. "I would be queen of one loving heart alone. I ask no kingdom beyond a quiet home, with one to love me, dearly, truly, unchangingly, as I could love again. Oh, mother, I am weary of all this noise and show; my heart grows sick, as I mark these glorious things, and feel that they are spoils of war, relics of a fallen power, trophies of a victory achieved by bloodshed, fire, famine, and pestilence. Do not frown, dear mother, my queen; but I cannot help thinking of the loving hearts, and beautiful women, and tender babes that perished in Grenada. They were infidels, but they had human hearts; they loved, and were beloved, and, oh, what bitter sundering of holy ties was in that devoted city. I cannot rejoice in such dreadful victory; I dare not thank our merciful Father in Heaven that he has permitted our armies to inflict such a vast amount of misery, not only on our armed foes, but on their helpless and innocent families."

The queen's countenance was troubled; she regarded her daughters alternately. "Alas! my children," she said at length, "I foresee unhappiness for you both. Isabella's spirit will never be satisfied with power and grandeur; and your heart, Joanna, will never be filled with the love for which alone it asks. It is possible to be beautiful, honored, and a mighty queen, and yet be very miserable—oh, very miserable! Leave me now, my children, for the hour of audience is at hand; and I am to listen to a strange suitor and weigh a mighty project."

Queen Isabella sat in her private audience-chamber, surrounded by her nobles. There was a shadow on her brow deeper than the shade of business cares; and it was remarked by her counsellors that every article of the spoils of the fallen Moors had been removed from her apartments.

Presently San Angel and his friend, Columbus, were ushered to the royal presence. The great adventurer wore the same plain habit of black velvet, but appeared infinitely more noble in that dress than did any of the embroidery-decked cavaliers in the royal presence. Columbus was no stranger to courts and princes, yet as he bent his knee before Isabella of Castile, he felt to pay her the homage of the soul, and she thought that she had never until then looked upon true greatness.

"Rise," she said, "and speak what you have to say."

He stood before her calm, collected, and with the air of a man having full confidence in himself; and his speech, which at first was hesitating and low, soon flowed in a torrent of strong eloquence, betraying the tide of the deep spirit which thus poured out its speculative treasures.

"Madam," he said, "you behold me, a native of Genoa, a suitor to your majesty for aid, not to prosecute an idle

enterprise to attain for myself gay baubles, or the yellow gold that lies like a heavy chain upon the souls of its votaries, but to prosecute a great and glorious enterprise, of the success of which I am morally certain, and which will be an inestimable benefit to the whole world, and add, if it be possible, new honors to the name of Isabella of Castile. Madam, the teachings of science, as well as my apprehension of the goodness and wisdom of our bountiful Creator, have led me to a firm conviction that all the unexplored surface of this vast globe is not, cannot be, a barren waste of waters. I know that there are vast islands, probably a great continent, sufficient to balance the lands that now compose the world, lying away in the western ocean. These unknown lands I would discover and explore. Or even if such do not exist, as we know that the earth is globular in form, I shall at least discover a passage to India through the western ocean, and so add a glory to the crown of Castile which shall eclipse the lustre which recent navigators have given to Portugal. This is the age of naval enterprise and great discoveries; let the most important exploit of this age live with the name of Queen Isabella on the historic page forever and forever.

"Madam, I know that I am no idle dreamer, no speculative theorist; I seek to confirm by actual discovery the truths which reason and religion proclaim to my mind as indisputable. And yet I have found no soul capable of understanding mine; no rich prince or noble willing to risk a few thousands for an incalculable benefit to the whole world through all the years to come, and a fame which shall live until the sun burns out in the great temple of the blue ether. You will ask why I, a citizen of Genoa, a rich and powerful state, find it necessary to solicit the aid of foreign powers. I have said I find no souls capable of understanding mine. The great ones of my dear native city have pronounced me a framer of illusive theories. I would have won for her an imperishable honor; she would not receive it at my hand. Filled with sorrow and indignation, I then turned toward Portugal, encouraged by her recently acquired reputation as a patron of adventurous navigators. Her great ones listened to my suit, amused with hopes, and delayed to give me a definite answer; and while I waited and strove to convince them of the rationality of my speculations, they treacherously drew from me all my grounds of belief in the existence of another continent, my intended method of discovery, with the direction I meant to steer, and all the information I could give concerning my projected voyage; and, indeed, madam, you will find it hard to believe such infamy, they fitted out a fleet secretly, which sailed, failed of its object, encountered storms, and returned, asserting that they had done all that navigators could do, and that my theory is false and futile. Thus I have been cheated out of three years of my existence, while my ardent soul is burning out its habitation. Then I thought of England. I sent my brother to lay my project before her royal Henry. Years have passed, and yet he has not returned. Madam, I know that the lands of which I have spoken do exist. I know that I am able to search them out in the world of dark waters which has wrapped them from our knowledge since the world began. I know that I can reach them, for God has raised me up and endowed me as his instrument to affect these great discoveries, and he will preserve my life, and guide me by his almighty power. I have petitioned your august consort, but he is occupied by other matters, or swayed by those who would prevent me from achieving that which they dare not undertake themselves, who would withhold from me the honors which they have not courage and ability to achieve for themselves. On you, therefore, illustrious madam, now rest my ardent hopes. Surely amid all this magnificence, the small sum necessary for my outfit would not be felt. And in the event of my success, which I deem certain, would not the vast and rich territory thus added to the dominions of Castile and Aragon, bring millions of revenue for every hundred expended on my expedition. I beseech your highness, listen to my plea; I am like a strong eagle, longing to scale the pinnacle of a lofty mountain, but bound by a heavy chain in a dark and miry valley, I am wearing out my life in a vain effort to spread my shackled pinions to the glorious sunlight. Let your royal bounty remove these shackles, give me the means, and say to me go, explore the ocean, discover new worlds, and take possession in the name of Isabella, the illustrious queen of Castile. Let me go, in pity to my restless spirit. Let me go and win everlasting honors for myself and the age, and for my royal patroness."

Queen Isabella had listened with evident interest, her dark eyes flashed, and her cheeks burned with excitement. She extended her beautiful hand to the suppliant. "I grant your prayer," she said; "I will furnish funds for your voyage. This display of magnificence is not at my command. It belongs to our nobles, our churches, our officers and soldiers. You behold here the spoils of the vanquished, which must reward the vanquishers. It is possible to be poor in the midst of regal splendor. But I have jewels which are at my own disposal, which add nothing to my power or my happiness. I will dispose of them, and give you the means to prosecute your project to discover new worlds amid the wilderness of waves, and win that undying fame which you deem within your reach."

Low on his knees fell the joyful adventurer, and poured out his gratitude in few but forceful words.

Looks of scorn, contempt, and bitter enmity were fixed upon the adventurous Genoese by the courtiers who surrounded her majesty, and it was evident that her presence alone restrained them from openly expressing their hatred of him, and disapproval of her decision. One cavalier in particular ground his teeth with rage, and muttered his vow of eternal enmity to him whose soul so overreached all human intellect had heretofore achieved.

But Isabella's royal word was pledged, and her powerful eloquence had won her regal Ferdinand of Aragon to espouse the cause of Columbus, and associate his name with hers in patronage of his great adventure. But the man of mighty soul had departed on his limitless voyage, and his scoffers continued to clamor against him, and predict the

utter failure of his project, and destruction of his fleet and crews.

Ferdinand and Isabella were holding their court in Barcelona, when a courier arrived with intelligence that Columbus with his fleet had made the harbor of Palos, from which he sailed about ten months previous. Various rumors followed the announcement, rumors of glory, and gold, and territories, rich and blooming as the garden of Eden. Then gushed in clamorous torrents the bitter waters of envy, hatred, and detraction; but Isabella heeded not their clamors, but awaited with hope and exultation the arrival of her protégé.

At length a triumphant train approached the city. Loud shouts swelled up to heaven from the excited multitudes; the city poured out her torrents of living creatures to meet the mighty man who had wrested a world from the untraversed ocean floods.

The monarchs, in their most glorious apparel, sat upon their throne in the magnificently furnished reception hall of their palace home.

The procession approached; a herald announced the great discoverer. He entered the presence, and the monarchs arose and stood to greet him.

With him came natives of his new world, with their strange features and unheard of complexions—habited in the grotesque costume of their native clime. In beautiful caskets and vases were borne gold, unwrought, and fashioned into curious ornaments, fruits and flowering plants, and strangely beautiful specimens of verdure and foliage, with articles of the manufacture of those far-off lands—all things strange to the admiring beholders, and different from aught that the eastern continent produced. All was wonder, admiration and delight, except in the black habitations of envy and murderous hate. But Columbus had achieved his triumph—he had discovered a new world; he had triumphed over the malice of his enemies, he had won for himself an imperishable fame; but he laid all his glories at the feet of his royal patroness, ISABELLA OF CASTILE, without whose aid the mighty soul of enterprise would have worn itself out in vain endeavors to spread its glorious pinions. Oh, that every mighty mind could find an Isabella.

Ought not the name of Isabella to be forever associated with that of Columbus, as without her aid he could never have crossed the Atlantic? Should not the honor of the discovery of the western world rest alike upon him who conceived, and her who enabled him to execute the mighty project? And yet the fame of Columbus is wide as the world, and eternal as the lands to which he opened the way across the billows; while she who gave wings to his genius and power to his arm is almost forgotten.

But I would wed her name to his forever by christening this great and hitherto nameless republic, by the appropriate and euphonious title of Columbella. Thus would I give honor to whom honor is due.

EGERIA.

BY MARY L. LAWSON.

In a soft, still summer twilight,
 When the sunset's golden beam
Gleamed behind the cold gray mountain,
 With a misty haze between,
When the stars were faintly breaking,
 One by one, upon the sky,
And the winds that whispered near me
 Were as gentle as a sigh,
'Neath a mossed and gnarled oak,
 With its branches ivy-bound,
Where the mingled sweets of flowers
 Threw a breathing perfume round,
There a lovely dream stole o'er me,
 'Twas life's sweetest, last, and best;
Bright Egeria, lost Egeria,
 Thou hast left my lonely breast.

I have sought the spot full often
 In the morning, in the noon,
In the chill and bleak December,
 In the rosy light of June;
And when floods of silvery moonlight
 O'er the valley slept serene,
While its pale and silent splendor
 Mocked my spirit's restless dream.
Yet I linger as of old—
 Still I seek the shadowed lake,
And the mountains stern and drear,
 Where the Alpine glaciers break;
There I watch the storm-god rise,
 But I wander on in vain;
Bright Egeria, lost Egeria,
 Will we never meet again.

'Mid my deep and yearning sadness,
 With enrapturing thought I dwell
On the scenes whose hues are melting
 Into memory's mystic spell;
But my gladness hath departed,
 For I tremblingly pursue
The beloved yet changing phantom
 That still fades before my view;
Aerial music floats around,
 Aerial voices meet mine ear,
And my sighs are oft repeated
 By soft echoes hovering near;
And from visions half ethereal—
 Mad with hope—I wildly start—
But thy footsteps, lost Egeria,
 Are the beatings of my heart.

HISTORY OF THE COSTUME OF MEN,

DURING THE EIGHTEENTH AND THE BEGINNING OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

BY FAYETTE ROBINSON.

(Continued from page 141.)

We had almost forgotten to speak of another class, important though youthful, of the saucy, petted and spoiled *pages*. They, too, are gone, and not one of them survived the eighteenth century. The Almanac of the Empire, it is true, bears the names of thirty-two pages, and that of the restoration of seventy-two; but all this means nothing, for the last page, who really was what he professed to be, and who was the most celebrated of his class, was named Cherubim, and was born April 27, 1784.

The following is his portrait.



The old Duke of Lauraguais said that the first English frock worn in France had been the death-blow of the French nobility, one of the most numerous of the grades of which had been the first to adopt it. The Marquises, with their proverbial love of change, began from that time to transform their *modes*, and effected it so rapidly that their brocade garments were soon only found on the stage, or in the *bals-costumés*. This frock, (fr. froc,) which had so disadvantageous an influence, was a kind of loose gown, with pockets on the inside, and without any tightness at the waist. It was cut lengthwise with the cloth, and though first without a collar, ultimately acquired one. The dress of the age in other respects remained long unaltered, though its accessories, such as buttons, plaits, *etc.*, were constantly changing. The coats first were made to button all the way up, and then only from the pockets up: finally buttons were

not used at all. After some lapse of time loops were used, which clasped the narrow coat over the often portly *tournure* in the most ridiculous manner. Waistcoats then were waistcoats, not *gilets*, but substantial coats without sleeves. The wardrobe of a gentleman also contained another garment called a *veston*, covered with lace and *broderie*, a *volant*, which was always single-breasted, various kinds of redingotes, such as the *roquelaure*, the *houppelande*, etc., all of which were made of every conceivable material and color. The above are the general characteristics of costume, all the variations of which we cannot be expected to describe any more than the botanist is to count every leaf on a tree.

Black, now the *ne plus ultra* of dress, was then worn only by *procureurs*, authors, small landholders, and, in a word, all persons who were negligent in their toilette. It was the index of restricted means, and of mourning, when the most obscure bourgeois dressed himself like a count or marquis.

The greatest variety of colors were worn, and contrasts which now would seem most repulsive were every day met with. A scarlet velvet coat, with a black collar and steel buttons, sulphur-colored breeches and blue-striped hose were considered in very good taste about 1785. *Boue de Paris* (brick-dust color) and London smoke were worn in both London and Paris in 1786, and in 1788, a color known by the repulsive name of beef's-blood was the extremity of fashion. Waistcoats had all kinds of names, taken from operas, such as Figaro, Cœur-de-Lion, etc. Handkerchiefs *aux adieux de Fontainebleau* were worn; neither of these, however, seem to have differed materially from other waistcoats and handkerchiefs.

This was the age of *cravats*, made of fine lawn or baptiste richly laced, with hanging ends; perukes *à la Grecque*, with three buckles; the sword and plumed hat. Some persons also wore the stockinet breeches, by the side of which Adam's fig-leaf was decent.

The following is a group altogether characteristic of that age in which the redingote, the *coiffure à la Grecque*, and plumed hat all appear:



None now can take an interest in all the mysteries of powder and *coiffure*, with their high-sounding names *à la Brigadière*, *à la Sartine*, *à trois marteaux*, etc., they are gone forever, and when the great Leonard fled to Russia after the execution of the king were forgotten in Paris. It will be remembered that other capitals always copied the costumes

of the French capital, and that in speaking of Paris we describe the costume of Europe.

Grave reflections do not belong to the history of so frivolous a thing as costume, but any one may see that it is impossible to avoid making a comparison, not only between the costumes, but the ideas of the past and present. The decay of the luxury of the old monarchy was but the forerunner of the fall of the monarchy itself, so that rightly enough Dumourier echoed the prophecy of its ruin, made by an old gentleman-usher who saw the great Roland appear before the king with shoes with strings instead of buckles. We have brought down the history of costume to the verge of a revolution, all the terrors of which luxury survived, and there may be those who think the crisis in the midst of which France is, may pass away, and things yet a second time resume their old state. This cannot be the centre of fashion is destroyed, and cannot be again created. France has more serious things to attend to, and though all the world submitted to French dictation, it is scarcely probable that it will bow itself to another sceptre. France cannot resume her sway. In 1792 the dispersed court bore away with it all the splendor and magnificence of the past, and left a void which the republic could not fill. In 1830 *noblesse*, as a cast, had disappeared, but an opulent class yet remained, who had grown accustomed to dictate in fashion. In the year 1848 the revolution was more complete, and all have other things to do besides thinking of periwigs and shoe-buckles.

Among the causes which tended in the eighteenth century to modify French costume, by assimilating all classes, we must in the first place mention the influence of what is now called Anglo-mania. Even as far back as Louis XV, the young nobles had become accustomed to visit England, where they acquired new habits if not new ideas. England for a time was the sovereign of fashion, and hats were worn *à la Tamise* instead of *à la Seine*. The nobles, in imitation of the English, ruined themselves by extravagance in horses and equipages. Quarrels arose about the good looks of jockeys, and princes of the blood and dukes transformed themselves into coach-drivers. Marie Antoinette even took pride in the dexterity with which she handled the whip and reins of a pony-phaeton. The revolution has naturalized in France many political phrases, but long before that French ears and the French palate had grown used to punch, or *ponche* as they called it, and both sexes had become accustomed to cover up their costume with the *redingote*, or English riding-coat. Tea canes and hats were ultimately adopted, also from England.

The revolution in England, and the round-head ideas it evolved, had much simplified English costume, and by the Anglo-mania this simplicity was now reflected back on France, and continued to as late a day as the revolution. In 1786 the English costume was frequently seen in the streets of Paris, and contributed in a great degree to dissipate the air of pretension which yet animated French society. The English boot was adopted almost universally, and gaiters became as common as in London. The loose locks of the English sailors were also imitated, and this was a severe blow on the old costume, an important portion of which was the *coiffure*. The three-cornered cocked was replaced by the jockey's round hat, a ridiculous and ungainly thing which no taste can make becoming, and no art make comfortable. The probability, however, is that it will become universal, and that some day all the world will wear this head-piece.

This mutual imitation continued until the adoption of Napoleon's Continental system, which, as is well known, separated England from all intercourse with Europe. When peace had put an end to the long wars this system had occasioned, and Englishmen again came on the Continent, their appearance struck each other as supremely ludicrous, as the apparition of one of our own grandfathers in the gigantic waistcoat and the bag wig they wore would seem to us in a modern drawing-room.

Before, however, an universal costume had been adopted the revolution came. Fortunes were swept away, palaces lost, and the people who inhabited them dispersed. We here lose sight of powdered hair forever, for both sexes cut their hair short, and shoes with strings were universally adopted. The reign of terror came, *sans-culottism* was the rage. The red cap of liberty, the *houppelande* of red worsted, or the *carmagnole* usurped the place of the plumed hat and the graceful *roquelaure*. Open shirt collars and a knotted stick, like the Irish shilelah, were indispensable accompaniments to this dress, an admirable representation of which is to be seen in the making up of James Wallack, senior, for one of his many admirable impersonations, called David Duvigne, in that pretty two act drama of the "Hazard of the Die." This costume is scarcely worthy of remark, except on account of the red Italian cap, a garment far more graceful than our hat, but proscribed on account of the horrors enacted by those who wore it. It, however, never was worn except in France, and we may well enough drop it here forever.

Yet people must not think there was no richness of costume during the republic. There was as much extravagance as ever, only every one dressed according to his own whim. There were fops, too, called *Muscadins incroyables* and *mervilleux*, who aped the manners of the old marquis. One great *trait* of these was they were all near-sighted, and could not pronounce the letter R. They were the prototypes of our own dandies, as may be seen by the following specimen:



This costume was imitated over all the world, and, except in the hat, breeches and ribbons at the knee, does not differ greatly from the dress of our own day.

[To be continued.]

THE ADVENTURES OF A MAN

“WHO COULD NEVER DRESS WELL.”

BY M. TOPHAM EVANS.

“Hang it!” I exclaimed, as I thrust the poker violently into the grate, and slammed myself into an arm-chair before the fire, “I am the most unfortunate rascal in the world!”

I had just returned from the Hon. Mrs. Scatter’s squeeze. I can’t imagine why it should be the case, but it seems to be my unlucky destiny either to be thrust or to thrust myself eternally into the most inappropriate places possible. What the deuce should have taken me there? I know that I have no business at such assemblies—yet, oh, Julia!

She waltzed with that fool, Fitzrocky. The fellow hasn’t a particle of brain, but such a *moustache*! And then the style of his dress. With what elegant ease he sports his habiliments! Such perfect taste in their arrangement, and so harmonious the *tout ensemble*! Then look at me. They were whispering. He cast a sneering glance at my exterior. I know she laughed at me. Zounds, I could tear my hair to tatters!

I never could dress well. If I have a handsome and well-made coat, the vest and pants are sure to be of the most unsuitable colors. That infernal tailor, I verily believe, takes every advantage to make me appear disadvantageously; and I could swear that he palms all his unsaleable remnants upon me. Let me see how he has figged me out for what I intended to be the victorious campaign of this evening. Scipio, wheel up that cheval glass. Gods and fishes! A purple coat with silver filagree buttons—a white satin vest—scarlet under ditto—light drab pantaloons, and a check cravat! Black silk stockings and pumps with rosettes. Jupiter and Moses! Why I look like one of Bunbury’s caricatures! Tregear’s shop-window never exhibited such a monster. No wonder *they* laughed at me. Ha! ha! By Jove, I can’t help laughing at myself, and it’s no joking matter, after I had laid myself out to make a deep impression.

There, Scipio, draw the curtains and go. Stay; hand me the brandy-bottle and some cigars before you make your final exit. I might as well get drunk, and by that means bury my woes in a temporary oblivion, despite of all temperance societies.

Give me my dressing-gown, and pitch this infernal coat out at the window. Ha! here’s another specimen of my undeniable taste. What man, save myself, would ever encase himself in a brocade of a pattern like a bed-curtain. No matter; your Persian says it is all *takdeer*—destiny. All this, I presume, was fore-ordained—it must have been predestined, this atrocious, villainous piece of business, and I suppose I can’t help it. Scipio, go to bed.

Scipio retired, and I was left alone. The night was dark and confoundedly cold. I picked up a volume. It was Peter Schlemihl. I lighted a cigar, and mixing some strong brandy-and-water, I applied myself to the business which the reader has been previously informed I had in contemplation.

But all would not do. I could not succeed in my intention. I smoked one *Dos Amigos* after another, and quaffed glass after glass of *Seignette*. The more I drank, in the more odious light did I appear to myself. I ruminated upon Julia’s flirtation with Fitzrocky. I attempted to analyze the causes of my abominable want of taste in the components of costume.

“Deuce take me!” at last I cried, exhausted, and half mad with vexation, “I wish to Heaven that I could exchange this unlucky carcass with some more fortunate individual, whose kinder stars may have granted him a comelier body and a more *recherché* taste in its decoration than my miserable self!”

Scarcely had I spoken these words when a gentle cough attracted my attention. I looked up. Opposite to me there sat a gentleman of the most prepossessing exterior. He had drawn up a lounge to the side of the grate, and was seated, with patient politeness, as if in expectation of drawing my attention to himself. He was attired in a neat and elegant suit of black, which fitted him *à merveille*. A dark maroon velvet vest, buttoned tightly to his chest, and falling over into a rolling collar, displayed his linen of superb make and texture, fastened by a small diamond pin. His cravat was tied with a prim precision; his boots and gloves would have driven Staub and Walker to despair. His hat was of the most appropriate block, and a cambric handkerchief, delicate as the web of Arachne, and scented with *bouquet du roi*, was occasionally applied to his nose, in the most graceful manner. The contour of his face was perfect Grecian, and a mass of wavy chestnut-hair was negligently disposed over his forehead. He wore neither whisker nor *moustache*.

For some time I sat in silent amazement, wondering how my guest had procured his *entrée*, inasmuch as I knew that all the doors were locked and bolted, and that my janitor had gone to bed some hour and a half previous to the stranger’s appearance. He sat in equal silence. Presently he arose, and pouring out a glass of brandy, he swallowed it in a twinkling, bowing to me with infinite gravity. He next produced a long and slender meerschaum from his pocket, lighted it with a *pastille ambree* and resuming his seat, his eyes traveled over my attire from head to foot, with an air of well-bred curiosity. My bile began to work.

"May I ask, sir," said I, "what is the meaning of this unusual visit?"

The stranger, carelessly desisting from his investigation, expelled a mouthful of smoke, and with a kind of concealed chuckle, which I did not half like, replied,

"Pray, sir, may I, without infringing upon propriety, inquire of you, who *is* your tailor?"

My hand inadvertently sought the decanter, and I had a vague idea of hurling it at my visitor's head. One moment's reflection, together with a glance at the well-made and sinewy form before me, determined me to waive hostilities.

"I cannot imagine, sir," I replied, with severe dignity, "your motives in making any such inquiry."

"Oh, a mere trifle. I was anxious to become acquainted with the name of your fashioner, who, to judge from the appearance of your habiliments, must possess a most exquisite taste."

For a moment, I had suspicions that my *amis inconnu* was quizzing me. I eyed him narrowly, but the expression of his face was that of respectful earnestness, mingled with some curiosity. Not the slightest trace of a quiz could be detected upon his immovable aspect.

"If you are really anxious to know," said I, and I confess I felt naturally gratified, for it was the first compliment I had ever heard addressed to my taste, "I can refer you to Cabbage & Stickem, Oxford street."

"I could almost wish to exchange my vile taste in costume for your more original and certainly more refined style," said the stranger, without moving a single muscle of his face.

"And I," I cried, seizing him by the hand, "highly as I feel flattered by such a declaration, would willingly make such an exchange, if it were possible to do so."

"We shall find it very possible," replied the stranger. "Come, let us take a glass to our better acquaintance. I am charmed to have it in my power to confer an obligation upon a gentleman like yourself, especially when it meets so exactly with my own inclinations."

"Egad," said I, as we hob-nobbed very cordially together, "I am agreed to make the exchange directly."

I had no sooner said the word than I felt a most violent blow at the back of my head. On my recovery, for it almost stunned me, I was stupefied with astonishment, upon looking up, to behold *myself* sitting at my ease, and smoking with great *insouciance*, upon the very seat which I had previously occupied *in propria persona*.

"Be so good, worthy sir," said I, or the figure I saw seated in my arm chair, "to look in yonder glass, and you will discover that your wishes have been complied with."

I stepped to the cheval, and to my unspeakable amazement and joy, viewed in the reflection the person of the elegant gentleman with whom I had exchanged exteriors.

"I hope," said the personage who rejoiced in my original ugliness and odious garments, "that this exchange is entirely to your satisfaction?"

I could have hugged him, for I was almost beside myself with delight.

"How can I thank you for your kindness," I exclaimed, for my old attire looked doubly ridiculous to my new optics. "I do assure you, sir, that I am forever at your service."

"That's it," said the gentleman with a peculiar smile, which in the plenitude of my joy I did not notice at the time, although I recollected it afterward perfectly well. "And now, as it grows late, I will bid you good evening."

As he spoke, I saw my ancient figure walk quietly out at the door. I don't know, but I thought I heard him laugh a little after closing it. For my own part I was so elated, that I could not think of going to bed, so I sat drinking and singing, building castles in the air, and ruminating upon the magnificent figure which I should oppose against the fascinations of Fitzrocky, in the eyes of Julia. I determined, with the afternoon of that day, to commence my triumphal progress in her affections. In fact, I never noticed how time slipped by, and when the entrance of some one at the door aroused me, and I collected my scattered senses, it was at least four hours after sunrise.

"Gollamighty!" exclaimed the voice of Scipio. "What de debbil we got heah? Trange man in massa's bed-room, and he not up yit. What you want, eh? He some tief—some robber?"

"Why you old fool," said I, "don't you see it's me—myself?"

"Who me?—what dat, eh? Debbil tak me if I no b'lieve dat he has murdered massa and teal al de spoons! Help! murder!"

"What do you mean, you old villain!" cried I. "Do you want to bring in the whole neighborhood?" and seizing a candlestick, I leveled it at his woolly pate.

"What do *you* mean, you scoundrel, by abusing *my* servant?" roared a voice from the bed. I looked in that direction. There was my head protruded from the curtains, surmounted by a red night-cap, and a clenched fist was violently shaken at me from the same purlieu.

"Turn him out, Scipio!" I shouted.

"Turn him out!" repeated my *Eidolon*, if I may so term him.

"Turn *who* out!" queried Scipio, in a state of profound bewilderment.

Perfectly frantic with rage, I flew toward the bed, eager for a pugilistic encounter, when the door was thrown open, and my old housekeeper, with pallid visage, peeped into the apartment. I determined to make an appeal to her.

"Am I, or am I not your master, Nancy?" said I, in a very melancholy tone.

"*You my master! Come up, mister himperence,*" replied Nancy. "My master is in yonder bed, young man. Run, Sip, and call a policeman. He'll make you know *your* master, jail-bird."

"Ah!" thought I, "it's all up, I see. That fellow's me, and I'm somebody else, but hang me if I know who. Well, as I don't choose to take a morning airing at Hatton Garden, I might as well abdicate at once. But," cried I, "you scoundrel, you shall pay for this."

"Turn him out, Sip!" grunted my former voice from the bed. How hateful it sounded! "Turn him out, and don't let me be disturbed till twelve. My head aches confoundedly."

I sneaked out of my own room like a detected pickpocket, Nancy and Scipio attending me down stairs, and delivering a brace of running lectures upon the evil courses which I was pursuing, admonishing me likewise of the certain and ignominious end which awaits such depraved and dissolute characters as I was presumed to be. At the foot of the stairs, Scipio insisted upon searching me, an operation to which, crest-fallen as I was, I did not pretend to make the slightest opposition. I was then dismissed in the same manner with Master Candide from the *château* of Thonderdentronek, namely with *grands coups de pied dans le derrière*, pretty well administered by a brace of sturdy valets, whom Scipio had summoned to his assistance from a neighboring area.

This ejection from my own mansion took place about half past nine o'clock. In the first impulses of my rage and despair, I resolved to apply to my friends, in order to establish my identity by their testimonies. It was early; too early in fact to find any of them up, and I was fain to stroll the streets until the lingering hands of the clock should signify the proper and canonical hour of rising. So I patrolled Hyde Park for an hour or so, until my insides began to give me very unequivocal tokens of their desire for breakfast. Rage, as well as love and all other sublunary matters, must yield to the calls of hunger. I entered a coffee-house in Upper Brook street, and ordered my morning meal. I drank a couple of cups of tea, ate a French roll and a modicum of raw beefsteak, and walked to the bar to pay my bill. I put my hand into my pocket in search of my purse. It was not there. I tried another, and another, and yet another pocket. Horrid to relate, I could not meet with the smallest coin of the realm! The waiter began to look very black, and I could overhear the monosyllable "*bilk*" ground out between his teeth in a tone which indicated profound aversion and contempt. My hair fairly stood on end. Nevertheless I thought it best to brazen it out.

"Do you see, my good fellow," said I, and I assure you, I spoke in a very bland and courteous tone, "I have most unaccountably forgotten my purse—"

"Gammon!" was the very significant response of the Ganymede. "How d'ye know you ever had one?"

"Confound your impudence, fellow!" said I, nettled by the coolness of the query. "What d'ye mean by insulting a gentleman?"

"More like a swell out o' luck," growled the servitor. "Come, young 'un, this here kind of a job's no go. Post the cole, my boy, or it'll be the worse for somebody."

As luck would have it, I thought of my diamond breastpin, and taking that article of jewelry from my shirt front, I offered it to the waiter.

"Blast your Brummagem traps!" quoth that gentleman. "D'ye think I don't know a diamond from a Bristol stone, or gold from pinchbeck?"

It was pinchbeck, by Jupiter!

The waiter must have been touched by the despair depicted upon my countenance. With a grim smile,

"Come, my fine chap," said he, "if you are a bilk, it's plain that you're a new hand at the trade, and I don't care about being too hard upon you. Give me your wipe, and I'll let you off for this time, but you take care you doesn't come the swell mob again over this 'ere house, that's all."

My heart was too full for speech. I gave him my handkerchief with a profound sigh, and throwing the pinchbeck breastpin into the coal-scuttle, I vanished with all convenient speed.

Leaving the coffee-house, I espied my crony, Dick Buffers, across the street. To join him was but the work of a moment.

"Hollo, Dick!" said I, slapping him heartily upon the shoulder. This was the irrepressible outpouring of a bosom, into which a ray of light, imparted by hope, had penetrated, cheering the darksome abode with its enlivening presence. Quickly was my joy turned into sorrow.

"What do you mean, sir?" said Dick, drawing himself up with magnificent reserve. "Do you mean to insult me?"

"Come, Dick," said I, in a sort of whimper, for I was really becoming very much alarmed, "don't put a strange face on the matter. It isn't possible that you don't know your old friend, Flashington Highflyer? Why we only parted at midnight, and dined together no later than yesterday."

"Highflyer!" said Buffers. "To be sure I know him, and very well, too. We undoubtedly did dine together yesterday, although I cannot account for your knowledge of the fact. But it will take even more than your impudence to convince me that you are the man. You must be either drunk or a fool. Flashington Highflyer! ha! ha! Your very dress convicts you of a lie."

Buffers might have spared this sarcasm.

"Upon my honor, Richard Buffers," said I, solemnly, while the tears actually stood in my eyes, "I am that most unfortunate man."

"You are? Why, the man's mad! View that looking glass in yonder shop-window, and if you haven't been looking into the glass too often this morning already, you will discover that your countenance bears not the slightest resemblance to that of Mr. Highflyer, that is, if you are at all acquainted with the physiognomy of the gentleman to whose name you have laid claim."

I stepped to the window. One glance was sufficient. Oh! how I cursed my super-lunatic folly, and how I longed for my former shape.

"Egad, it's true," I soliloquized. "It's all correct, as my Yankee friends have it. That rascal has got into possession of my goods and chattels, as well as of my person, and has left me nothing in return but a most confoundedly disagreeable sense of my own individuality. What a horrid piece of business to be sure!"

I turned. Dick was gone.

"Who am I, then?" was my next very natural self interrogatory.

It was needless to disturb my remaining acquaintance for proofs of my identity, as, indeed, if any body had demanded of me my address, I should have been amazingly puzzled to give it. I turned about, entirely reckless of whither I went. Twelve, one o'clock went by. I met many of my acquaintance, but there was no recognition. I was in despair, and could have sat down upon the curb-stone and wept. My walk procured me one thing, it is true, namely, a very good appetite; but I could have readily dispensed with that, inasmuch as I was painfully conscious that, without pawning my coat, I was utterly unable to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

The hours rolled on. The force of habit, I presume, led me to Hyde Park once more. All the world was abroad. Beauty, rank and fashion were collected in one splendid, aristocratic mass. Carriages and four, with servants in gorgeous liveries; every variety of vehicle, from the dashing tandem to the humbler carriage and pair, tilburies, buggy-wagons, and cabs thronged and thundered around the ring. Horsemen dashed along the carriage-ways, and pedestrians crowded the footpaths. I sat down upon a bench and mechanically surveyed the scene. Every well-known face, which was wont to greet me with smiles, but which now bestowed upon me, *en passant*, but a vacant stare, struck a pang to my heart. My despair would have been uncontrollable, and I should have groveled and bit the ground with fury, but an innate self-respect, and a desire to appear to every possible advantage, qualities which I presume I gained together with my once admired, but now odiously detested figure, prevented me from making such an exhibition, although I verily believe that I was haunted with demoniac incitements to perform all manner of curious antics.

The crowd was now at its thickest. A chariot, with servants in splendid liveries, which I immediately recognized as my own, whirled onward. Julia was seated in it by *myself*, or the devil in my shape. There I was, perfectly plain to behold. The face, the form were the same, but the dress superlatively exquisite, and beautifully adapted to the figure. The turn-out of Fitzcrocky dashed by at the same time. He glared furiously upon my happy representative. With matchless insinuation this latter ogled and flirted with Julia. She returned his smiles with eyeliads of incipient affection. As they passed me by, the fellow who had thus impudently usurped my figure and property winked—yes, he absolutely winked at me. My veins boiled with rage. Shrieking out a fearful oath, I seized a fragment of paving-stone and hurled it frantically at him. A scream, a rush, and I turned and fled, without stopping to ascertain the amount of damage inflicted by my missile, and ran as if the furies had been after me. But I ran not alone. A dense crowd of policemen, servants and gentleman on horseback dashed in pursuit. Never did fugitive from the galleys exert his legs with a better will, or with more effect, than I did. *Timor additit alas*. On I rushed, amidst the clamor, and dust, and clatter of the yelling multitude, as if the avenger of blood had been behind me. I had been a sportsman, and never did a Leicestershire fox lead a squad of Meltonians such a circumbendibus as I did my pursuers. One by one they gave in—the noise died away gradually, and I was safe.

When partially recovered, I found myself within a queer, dark-looking old court, in the neighborhood of Hertford street and Brick Lane. I was surrounded by a multitude of crazy, loitering, reeking houses, apparently the abodes of no living beings, save Jew clothesmen, oyster venders, pawnbrokers, and gin dealers. A squalid, miserable, broken-down dog-kennel it was too! Tattered children ran about, dabbling in the filthy gutters, indulging in the mockery of play. Rough looking men, wrapped in heavy pea-coats and coarse jackets, with red and bloated faces, lounged about the doors of the various dealers, and haggard, wretched-looking women might have been descried entering the dens of the pawnbrokers, in hopes to raise some pittance of money for the purchase of food or liquor, by pledging paltry articles of dress or furniture. I sat down on the pavement side and stared around me. The scene was altogether dissimilar to any thing I had been in the habit of witnessing, and it was an interesting though a painful novelty. Good God! the misery, and wretchedness, and grinding poverty, deadening to the heart, which exist in large cities, within ken of opulence, of luxury and of splendor! O! could the voice of these wretched throngs be heard, in its collected wailing, what a cry of despairful agony would go up to the throne of the Everlasting! Dead souls in living sepulchres, stalking their gloomy round of poverty, neglect and wo—uneducated, ungodly, famine-stricken—what hope is there for them in this world,

and, word of horror, what in the next!

As I sat in revery, some one tapped me on the shoulder. I looked up. A stout, heavily built man, with a pimpled and swollen face, attired in a rough drab over-coat, with leather gaiters and hob-nailed bootees, stood beside me.

"Hollo, gen'l'mn Bill," quoth this interesting parsonage. "Vy, vot brings you in these parts?"

I knew the fellow at first glance, but, by Jupiter, I had never seen him before.

"Well, old fellow," said I, with a hilarity that disgusted me, although Heaven knows I couldn't help it, "what news from your ken?"

"I'tell thee vot," said Gabriel Sooterkins, for the gentleman was familiarly known by that appellation, "a'ter this night, Billy, my bo, you had better change your tramp. The beaks 'ave nabbed Ikey about that 'ere job on Saffron Hill, and they say he's peached upon it. Confound the trade, say I, if pals can't be true to one another."

I recollected perfectly the matter he alluded to. It was a burglary committed upon an old miser, who had fixed his dwelling in that delicate abode, and I very well remembered, now that Mr. Gabriel Sooterkins mentioned it, that I had been the head and front of the offending, and that Ikey and himself were accomplices in the business.

An exceedingly reputable exchange of persons I had made.

"Well," said I, "if it's done it can't be helped, you know, and I'm off this night," although I had not the most remote idea of where I was going.

"If I'd a known were you vos," said Mr. Sooterkins, "I'd ha' blowed this here spot o' work afore. But step in here. I've a vord or two to say to you, for I s'pose there's very little dust at the bottom of your fob."

Mr. Sooterkins plunged downward into a dingy cellar, and I followed him very obediently.

The place into which I accompanied him was a filthy diving, or slap-bang shop, in which retreat was collected as motley an assemblage as the imagination of man can conceive. A long table extended from one end of the cellar to the other, covered with pewter mugs and dishes, cheap crockery ware, and knives and forks, which latter implements were chained to the table. A very satisfactory idea of the morals of the guests might be gathered from this circumstance; although, indeed, if that hint had been wanting, the variety of villany stamped upon the faces of the profligate crew which surrounded the table, gave proof satisfactory that they were not of that number who rank with the honest of this world.

Mr. Sooterkins nodded to this amiable assembly upon entering, and I obeyed his example, inasmuch as I recognized among these gentlemen some very familiar acquaintances. We were received in a remarkably hilarious manner, and some of the most jovial of our friends pressed their regards rather closely, by playing off two or three practical jokes upon Mr. Sooterkins. The application of a quart pot to the head of the most forward of these wits sent him howling into a corner, and, to my unspeakable satisfaction, put a very sudden conclusion to the incipient merriment.

"Take that," growled Sooterkins, "and now, as you gen'l'mn seems to be so 'ighly delighted at this here cheerful occasion, you'll just 'ave the goodness to leave me and my pal to our own cards for a brace of minnits. You see, Bill, we must speak to Sal, and git posted up on this last score. Hollo! Sal! you old limb of Satan, move yer shanks this way, I tell ye!"

A withered crone, who seemed to be the mistress of the cellar, came hobbling forward, being thus politely conjured to appear.

"Wot!" said she, extending her wrinkled hand to me. "Gentleman Bill here! Here's a sight for sore eyes!"

"Dight your gab," interrupted Sooterkins. "Bill's here, but he'll be obliged to cut and run this darkey, for the beaks are a'ter him 'bout that job of Ikey's. Now he's got no stump, and the devil a mag have I, so you must fork over, for the purchase wot come in vos fairly worth double as much nor you paid for it. Bill, and Ikey, and I, are all in fur the business, but the blackguard daren't peach on me, 'cause if he gits off from this scrape, I knows enough of other matters about him to bring him to a hemp crawat wery speedily. You've got the plunder, you old hag, and it's only fair as you should come down with the tin for the tramp."

"Ah, Gabe," said the old woman, "you will drive hard bargains with me. But I can't well refuse for the pretty face of him."

Singular as it may appear. I felt gratified by the compliment of the hag.

"Yes, mother," said I, "change of air is good for the constitution, and I'll cheat Jack Ketch of his fees in spite of fate for this bout."

"How much can you do vith?" queried Mr. Sooterkins, who had lighted a fragment of a clay pipe, and commenced to smoke most industriously.

"Ten pounds will carry me on to Portsmouth," said I, for the localities and resources of roguery were fast becoming familiar to me.

"Too much," grumbled the crone. Gabe was about to make a savage reply, when two females descended the ladder, and entered the cellar.

"By my forks!" whistled Gabe. "This 'ere is just wot I hoped wouldn't 'appen; but these cussed gals is everlastin'ly a riggin a man, till he trots over the Old Bailey valls on a vooden oss."

"Bill!" cried one of the females, recognizing and running to me. "Is it you, Bill? I've been over the whole of this blessed town after you, for I heard that Ikey Solomon had let all out, and I feared that you were caught. But, thank Heaven, you're safe—you're safe!"

With an hysterical burst of laughter, the girl threw her arms around me and embraced me tightly. Her laughter gradually ceased, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

Amazed at first, and not knowing what she could mean, the truth began to break upon me. Poor girl! The burglar's mistress! What a world of guilt and woe are in those words! Her face was handsome, but oh! how deadly pale, save on the summit of the cheek-bones, where the fire of the hectic blazed. Her large, dark orbs were sunken, and gleamed like the reflected glow of a furnace from their deep cavities. Her apparel, which was a shade or two better than that of her companion, and her language, which showed her to be superior to the wretched assemblage around us, told a tale of sorrow—which, although a common tale, struck deeply on my heart.

"Hang it, Bess," said Sooterkins, endeavoring to push the girl away, "vot dost mean, crying and sniveling about a chap ven his wery life hangs on his speed in gettin' out o' Lunnun? Stand aside, thou foolish jade, and let me have my say out vith him."

"Stand by, Bess dear," said I, "and I will speak with you directly."

The girl obeyed.

"Now then," said Sooterkins, "As I've vormed the ten pounds out o' Sal, all you've got to do is this. Be off now, d'rectly, and take all the by cuts till you're out o' town, snug in the fields. I've a friend as goes down on the mail in the morning, and mind, give him this jark. He'll be down on the sly with you, for my sake. Then pull for Common Hard, and off over the Channel, till this 'ere job blows by. Lose no time, the night's dark, and make forward like the wind."

"And Bess?" said I, for the girl's affection had interested me, and the emotions of my burglar friend began to quicken in my breast.

"Pshaw!" said Sooterkins, "why canst not mind thine own affairs, and let the girl alone?"

"I must speak to her before I go, Gabe," I replied. "What she is, I have made her, and it would break my heart to leave her thus."

"Speak, then, fool, and be spry about it."

"Bess," said I, stealing my arm around the waist of the unfortunate girl, "I must be off for Portsmouth."

"Are you going, Bill?" she said, in a low and tremulous voice, as she lifted her eyes anxiously to mine; and that expression cut me to the soul, keen as a knife, "I never shall see you again."

"Hush, dearest, you must not speak so. We shall see each other soon, and live as happy days as ever."

The eyes of the young girl became suffused with tears.

"Happy! No, Bill, I never shall know happiness again. I have been weak and ill of late. I'm dying, Bill, and I know it. Before you will dare to return here, I shall be laid, in the parish shell, cold enough in the grave of a pauper. Do you remember the little cottage near the Downs? Ah! those were my happy days. Then I was innocent, but you—but I wont speak of that, dearest, for I would not distress you."

"Nay, Bess, compose yourself—"

"In the sleep of death? There is no other composure for me. You are going, and the strings of my heart snap as I look upon you for the last time. Oh! through misery and crime, Bill—and we have been miserable and criminal—I have loved you, dearer than the light of heaven! But, dearest, if you do escape and return, quit this awful life, for the sake of her whom you once vowed never to abandon—quit this den of villainy, and for God's sake, oh, never enter it again!"

The tears gushed from my eyes at this appeal, and my whole frame was shaken.

"I promise—I swear it," whispered I.

"Thank you, dearest. Take this little ring. You know its history. And now, for the last time, this kiss. Farewell!"

Her head sunk upon her breast. Bestowing an embrace upon her, I darted from her side, and sprang up the steps of the cellar. At the foot I paused for a moment. Bess had hidden her face in her lap, and the heaving of her breast, plainly perceptible through its thin covering, testified the agony of her spirit.

The labyrinths of the dark and dingy by-streets seemed familiar to me as the interior of my own house. In fact, I was becoming rapidly identified with the character, as well as with the person of the burglar. But as I sped on, the recollection of my former condition was forcibly recalled, as I came upon a tailor's shop, ostentatiously placed at the corner of a well lighted street. The view of that shop acted as a talisman. It recalled me to a due sense, and to a most painful recollection of the transactions of the preceding night, and of my rencontre in Hyde Park with the usurper of my rights. I recollected perfectly well that I had received an invitation to a grand gala at Lord Flannery's for this evening, of which I doubted not for an instant that my representative would avail himself. Julia, I also knew, had promised to be there. Curiosity, no less than jealousy, spurred me on. I felt a strong desire to see in what manner and to what advantage I should appear. I determined to make my way to his lordship's, forgetting that if the police laid eyes upon me, I should dangle most loftily from the front of Newgate or the Old Bailey.

Onward I strode until I reached Grosvenor Square, from near which point I had started on my morning

peregrinations. It was past eleven o'clock. I stationed myself in front of Lord Flannery's mansion, where the glow of lights, crowds of liveried menials, and the sound of music indicated the commencement of the rout. Equipage after equipage rolled up, and depositing their inmates at the door, drove off in rapid succession. Crowds of fashionables swarmed the apartments. I waited for Julia's arrival until my patience was nearly exhausted, and I was upon the point of giving the matter up in despair, when a magnificent turn-out drove up to the door, and Flashington Highflyer, Esquire, descended from the vehicle, attired in a most *recherché* evening dress, and handed out—*proh pudor!*—the Honorable Miss Julia Adeliza Dashleigh!

I was petrified with astonishment. There was the figure which had excited her laughter but the previous night, and which was evidently the present object of her favorable regard. As the pair passed me, the light from the hall shone strongly upon my features. My representative gave me, *en passant*, a most facetious dig in the small ribs with his elbow, and suddenly clapping his hands upon his pockets, exclaimed,

"There are thieves here! I have lost my snuff-box and my handkerchief!"

"Dear Mr. Highflyer!" said Julia, with a winning glance.

"Secure this fellow," said the hateful scoundrel, for whose crimes I was penitently atoning, pointing to me. "He has a suspicious look. Bring him into the hall. Come, *dearest* Julia, I will attend you to the dressing-room, and will then return to examine this man."

Instantly I was pounced upon by a police officer, assisted by a dozen servants, and in spite of my cries and protestations of innocence, was dragged into the hall. Mr. Highflyer was not long in making his appearance.

"Search him, officer," said he, as he drew out his tooth-pick, and planted himself in a very Lara-like style, with his back to the banisters.

"You infernal, thieving, rope-cracking black-guard!" I roared, goaded to the very verge of insanity by these accumulated misadventures.

"Gag him," said my tormentor. "Have you found any thing, officer?"

"All right, sir," replied that functionary, "Is this here vipe yours?"

Shocking to relate, the missing articles were found upon me!

"That handkerchief is mine, as well as the snuff-box. I shall appear to prosecute. Off with him to Bow Street. A p-r-e-e-tt-y good-looking chap for a pickpocket," continued he, as he turned his head with a supercilious smile, and examined me through his eye-glass. The smile gave way to a sneer of the most diabolical description as he ascended the staircase. I had never thought myself so confoundedly ugly as I did at that moment.

Of course I was dragged off to the police-office, upon the charge of robbing myself. All that I could say would be of no avail, therefore I kept a most stoical silence. Having arrived at our destination, I was walked in before the head of the police, who, after a long and scrutinizing survey of my person, whispered an officer, who went out. I was then desired, or rather commanded, to extend my wrists to another officer, who placed upon them a very ornamental, but not very agreeable appendage, in the shape of a pair of manacles. I had subsided into a dogged, sullen, almost unconscious state of mind, and was becoming, in fact, very careless as regarded consequences. Half an hour had elapsed, when the officer who had spoken with the chief of police, returned. He whispered the presiding functionary, who grinned approvingly.

"Well, my kiddie," said he, "the Saffron-Hill job warn't enough for you, eh? But I've caged you now, bird, and you'll be made to sing plenty loud for that matter, outcepting this altogether."

"I never heerd the like of this lark," said the under-strapper. "It's a rigler demeanin' of the trade. Here's one of your Jimmy burglary swells come down to a-sneak of a pickpocket!"

It would be a work of supererogation to detail the variety of insults and the tortures of mind that I was forced to undergo from my appearance before the magistrate the next morning, until my final trial at the Old Bailey upon the charge of burglary. I had heard nothing of my ingenious tyrant, who was evidently, at the time I saw him last, in a very fair way to lead my lady-love to the altar. Nor, indeed, had I any opportunity of hearing from him. I saw no persons save my keeper, and a little, seedy, Jew attorney, whom I discovered to be in pay of the gang of which I was a worthy member. After various consultations with this gentleman, who informed me that he would be able, in spite of the veracious testimony of the respectable Mr. Ikey Solomons, to produce a satisfactory alibi, it was decided that I was to put in the plea of Not Guilty.

The day of trial arrived, after a weary and solitary residence within the walls of my prison of a month. None of the gang came near me, and I could never learn any tidings of Bess. At the appointed time, I was escorted into the court, and being duly arraigned, the charge was read to me, in that agreeable nasality of tone peculiar to the clerks of all legal tribunals. During this process, to which I paid not the least attention, I espied a newspaper lying by the side of the dock. I picked it up, and was vacantly pouring over the columns, unseen by my jailers, when my attention was riveted by the following paragraph, which filled my breast with horror and despair.

"Married, by the Right Rev. Doctor Dumfungle, at St. Martin's in the Fields, Flashington Highflyer, Esq., to the Hon. Julia Adeliza, daughter of Sir Poins Dashleigh, Bart."

The climax to my sorrows had then arrived. The whole man was quelled within me. Spectators, judge and jury were all forgotten, and the tide of my woes rushed irresistibly onward, overwhelming me in the vortex. The question was put in the usual form, "guilty or not guilty?" Life had cloyed with me. I longed to occupy a resting place where I should be secure from the scorn and the persecutions of the world. The grave offered this refuge, and I gladly embraced it.

I therefore rose from my seat, and replied to the query of the clerk, "guilty."

My attorney fairly fell under the table with astonishment. The whole assemblage seemed utterly confounded at my audacity, and a voice was heard above the general buz of tongues, which I recognized as appertaining to my acquaintance, Mr. Sooterkins.

"Well, by blazes, h'aint you gone and done it!"

Of course I was sentenced to be hanged. Day after day dragged on its weary course, and as I gazed at the gray walls of my dungeon, my heart seemed to harden like the stone itself. In vain did the ministers of the gospel strive to arouse me from my apathy. All was cold and dead within me. The day before that which was fixed for my execution, to my extreme surprise, Mr. Flashington Highflyer entered my cell.

For some time indignation chained up my tongue. I experienced a choking sensation as I stared furiously upon my visiter, whose countenance was drawn out into the most hypocritical length. This did not very long continue, for the solemn visage which he had chosen to exhibit at his entrance soon gave place to a most malicious and devilish sneer.

"Well," said he, with an odious chuckle, "my fine fellow, how d'ye like your bargain?"

"Avaunt, fiend!" I exclaimed. He certainly manifested no symptoms of departure, but lolling upon my bunk, produced a Havana from his mother-of-pearl cigar-case, and igniting it by means of a Lucifer, commenced to smoke with great *sang froid*.

"Pretty pleasant lodgings, those of yours, my old chap, but your wardrobe was horridly low and vulgar. In fact, I was compelled to make a bonfire of all your old clothes, before I could manage to put it into tolerable order."

"You infernal scoundrel!" I roared, goaded to madness by this last insult. "I told you that you should pay for your rascality, and, by heaven, you shall pay for it now!"

As I spoke, I rushed upon him and grappled tightly with him. He resisted strenuously, but rage had nerved me with the strength of a dozen men, and seizing him by the throat, we rolled upon the ground together.

"Ya—ya—yough! Gollamity, massa, what you do? Want fur choke Sip?—oh, murder! murder!"

I looked with bewildered eyes around me. I had upset the table, tumbled from my chair upon the floor, and had grappled poor Scipio by the throat, until his eye-balls protruded an inch from his head.

"Hollo!" I cried, "where the devil am I?"

"Why, you home, be sure, massa," replied Scipio, whimpering from the effects of the rough salutation I had bestowed upon him, "and be broad daylight, and you no bin to bed yit."

I looked at the decanter. It was empty.

"Oh!" ejaculated I.

The odious apparel of the preceding night still decked my person and strewed the room. There was a sickening odor of stale tobacco-smoke hovering through the chamber, and, with a very clear perception that I should require a tumbler of Hock and soda to reinvigorate the inner man, I arrived at the comfortable conclusion that I was still in *propria persona*, the "man who could never dress well."

P. S. I'm off to Paris. Fitzrocky has Julia's promise. A pea-green coat with gilt buttons, and a scarlet satin lining has done my business.

SUMMER'S BACCHANAL.

BY J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

Fill the cup from some secretest fountain,
Under granite ledges, deep and low,
Where the crystal vintage of the mountain
Runs in foam from dazzling fields of snow!

Some lost stream, that in a woodland hollow
Coils, to sleep its weariness away,
Hid from prying stars, that fain would follow,
In the emerald glooms of hemlock spray.

Fill, dear friend, a goblet cool and sparkling
As the sunlight of October morns—
Not for us the crimson wave, that darkling
Stains the lips of olden drinking-horns!

We will quaff, beneath the noontide glowing,
Draughts of nectar, sweet as faery dew;
Couched on ferny banks, where light airs blowing,
Shake the leaves between us and the blue.

We will pledge, in breathless, long libation,
All we have been, or have sworn to be—
Fame, and Joy, and Love's dear adoration—
Summer's lusty bacchanals are we!

Fill again, and let our goblets, clashing,
Stir the feathery ripples on the brim:
Let the light, within their bosoms flashing,
Leap like youth to every idle limb!

Round the white roots of the fragrant lily
And the mossy hazels, purple-stained,
Once the music of these waters chilly
Gave return for all the sweetness drained.

How that rare, delicious, woodland flavor
Mocked my palate in the fever hours,
When I pined for springs of coolest savor,
As the burning Earth for thunder-showers!

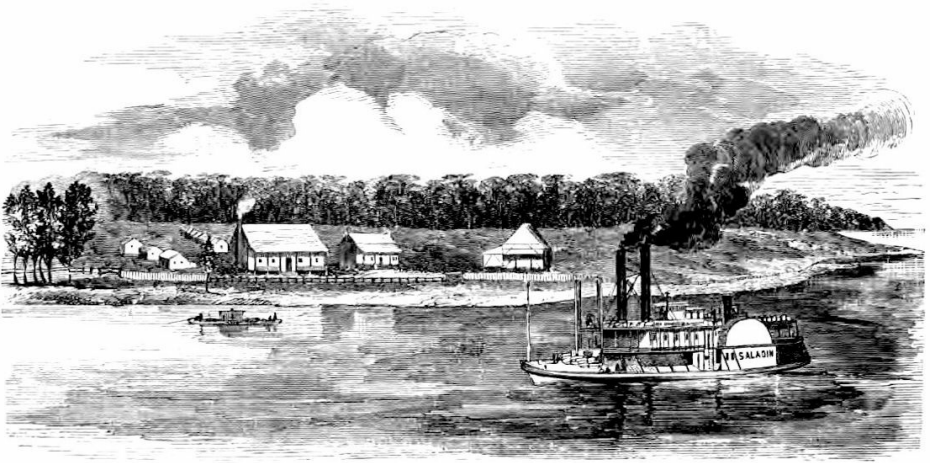
In the wave, that through my maddened dreaming
Flowed to cheat me, fill the cups again!
Drink, dear friend, to life which is not seeming—
Fresh as this to manhood's heart and brain!

Fill, fill high! and while our goblets, ringing,
Shine with vintage of the mountain-snow,
Youth's bright Fountain, clear and blithely springing.
Brims our souls to endless overflow!

THE PLANTATION OF GENERAL TAYLOR.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

We present our readers this month with the first of a series of views which, by permission, we have caused to be engraved expressly for this Magazine, from Mr. John R. Smith's celebrated Panorama of the Mississippi River. It represents the cotton plantation belonging to the recently elected President of the U. S., General Zachary Taylor. It is situated on the eastern branch of the Mississippi River, in Jefferson county, Mississippi, seven miles below the town of Rodney, between the estates of James Suggett, on the north, and Colonel Barker, on the south. The view embraces the overseer's house, the cottages of the laborers, with a small portion of the broad acres which are comprised in the plantation. The spot is interesting, not only as being the property and the occasional residence of a distinguished public man, but as affording a specimen of those cotton estates, the culture of which exerts so important an influence on the commercial and financial destinies of the republic.



Plantation of General Taylor

FANCIES ABOUT A LOCK OF HAIR.

BY S. D. ANDERSON.

What is this dream that o'er me now
Comes with its bright and sunny spell,
As starlight falls on childhood's brow?
Haply this lock of hair can tell.

Ah me! how thoughts of early years
Are linked with this dear gift of thine—
The doubts, the memories, and the tears
That cluster round this bygone shrine.

The air seems filled with boyhood's flowers,
The perfume of the summer fields;
The dreams and gladness of the hours
That freshness to our pathway yields.

Times when the heart was glad and young,
A thousand scenes of love and truth,
That, rose-like, from our track have sprung,
Amid the dreamy times of youth.

Hours when each gushing fount of life
Leaped high amid this desert wild,
Come angel-like to calm the strife,
As once they did when Eden smiled.

Not often on life's beaten track
Come such rich summer times,
To bring the heart's pure sunshine back,
Like old remembered rhymes.

But now I see, deep in a wood,
Two lovers 'neath the trees so hoary;
She, blushing to the solitude
Beneath his simple touching story;

Her sweet face coyly turned away,
To hide the thoughts that on her cheek
Are mantling like the wakened day
Upon the mountain's highest peak.

And he, perhaps some poet who
Had filled the world with golden dreams,
Hopes, that around his path upgrew,
As wild flowers deck the singing streams.

And thus, as hand in hand they go,
He tells her much we may not hear—
How his heart swelled to overflow
Under a sky so dark and drear—

How on the soul came *Care* and *Pain*,
Twin-sisters of the soulless *Real*,
The race and haggle for the gain
That those who win the world must feel.

The striving to become a part
Of that great sea whose tideings ever
Bears on its waves each manly heart,
That, struggling, droops its pinions never.

And now there is a bridal throng
Slow winding through the moss-grown aisle;
The ring, the vow, the nuptial song—
From age a tear, from youth a smile.

A cot with jessamine-covered door,
A streamlet singing all the day,
And on the dew-bespangled floor
A thousand golden sunbeams play.

Gay groups of happy children there,
The old oak and the breathless swing,
The shouts of laughter on the air,
The chaplets that the young girls bring.

All's gone! except these gushing tears,
Sad relics of the joyous past,
The shrines that memory uprears
To shield the incense from the blast.

Some sleep beneath the ocean's wave,
Some 'neath the flowers that loved ones tend,
Others have found an early grave
Where stranger skies above them bend,

And she, the cherished one, she sleeps
Beneath the violet-covered earth,
Where spring-time's earliest cloudlet weeps
And roses have a dewy birth.

Enough, she sleeps—would that my dreams
Could rest forever by her side,
As peaceful as the morning beams
Are pillowed on the sleeping tide.

THE PRECIOUS REST.

BY RICHARD COE, JR.

Once on a lovely summer day,
I saw a little child at play,
 While in a garden straying—
Till suddenly I heard him say,
 “I am tired with playing!”
Then running to his father he
Laid down his head upon his knee,
And slept, oh! how contentedly?

So life is but a summer day,
And man—a little child at play—
 While through the world a-straying:
And often, too, we hear him say,
 “I am tired with playing!”
Till hast’ning to his Father, he
Lays down his head upon his knee,
And rests, oh! how contentedly!

WILD-BIRDS OF AMERICA.

BY PROFESSOR FROST.



THE WHIP-POOR-WILL.

This singular bird is found throughout the greater portion of the United States, and by the notes from which it derives its name is known to almost every farmer. The species was long considered identical with the Night Hawk; but this fallacy was fully exposed by Wilson. The Whip-poor-will appears in the Middle States toward the end of April, when its low, sad wail, may be heard at evening along the creeks and by the woods of the country. So peculiarly mournful is this sound that the ignorant almost invariably consider it an omen of approaching evil. By the Indians it is regarded as a spirit-voice, boding death or perhaps national calamity. The bird articulates pretty distinctly the syllables *whip-poor-will*, the first and last being uttered with great emphasis. A kind of chuckling sound sometimes precedes the principal tone. At these times the bird is generally on the wing, flying close to the ground in the manner of swallows, and sometimes skimming around houses. The notes of the Whip-poor-will are continued until about midnight, and on fine moonlight nights until morning. The shady banks of creeks and rivulets are favorite haunts. During the day they remain in the darkest parts of the forest, hushed to silence like owls, and apparently annoyed at the presence of sunlight. The cry of the Whip-poor-will is not heard after the middle of June; and early in September it departs for the south.

The Whip-poor-will is nine inches and a-half long, of a beautiful mottled-brown, relieved by other colors. It is noted for an extravagantly large mouth, beset on each side with thick bristles, and for a very strong bill. The female is less in size than the male, and rather lighter colored. She begins to lay toward the middle of May, choosing for this purpose a dry situation, covered with brush, decayed leaves, etc., but building no nest. The eggs are two in number, dark and marbled. The young appear early in June.

The Goatsucker, Night Hawk, and seventeen other species belong to the same genus as the Whip-poor-will. Of these fifteen belong to America. Nuttall has the following remarks on some of these.

"But if superstition takes alarm at our familiar and simple species, what would be thought by the ignorant of a South American kind, large as the Wood Owl, which, in the lonely forests of Demerara, about midnight, breaks out, lamenting like one in deep distress, and in a tone more dismal even than the painful hexachord of the slothful Ai. The sounds like the expiring sighs of some agonizing victim, begin with a high, loud note, '*ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! ha! ha!*' each tone falling

lower and lower, till the last syllable is scarcely heard, pausing a moment or two between this reiterated tale of seeming madness.

“Four other species of the Goat-sucker, according to Waterton, also inhabit the tropical wilderness, among which is included our present subject. Figure to yourself the surprise and wonder of the stranger who takes up his solitary abode for the first night amidst these awful and interminable forests, when, at twilight, he begins to be assailed familiarly with a spectral equivocal bird, approaching within a few yards, and then accosting him with ‘*who-are-you, who—who—who are you?*’ Another approaches, and bids him, as if a slave under the lash, ‘*work-away, work—work—work-away!*’ A third, mournfully cries, ‘*willy come go, willy—willy—willy come go!*’ and as you get among the highlands, our old acquaintance vociferates, ‘*whip-poor-will, whip—whip—whip-poor-will!*’ It is, therefore, not surprising that such unearthly sounds should be considered in the light of supernatural forebodings issuing from spectres in the guise of birds.”



THE BALTIMORE ORIOLE.

This lively and beautiful bird is widely diffused through the United States under the names of Oriole, Hanging-Bird, Golden Robin, Fire Bird, and Baltimore Bird. According to Catesby, the latter name originates from the colors of its plumage being the same as that of Lord Baltimore's livery. It is seven inches in length. The head, throat, and upper part of the back, are black, and the remaining portions bright orange, inclining to vermilion on the breast, with some white among the feathers of the wings. The colors of the female are less bright than those of the male, and she is somewhat smaller. The male does not acquire his full plumage until the third spring, undergoing in the intermediate time many singular changes.

The Oriole family are distinguished for the singular manner of building. “For this purpose,” says Wilson, “he generally fixes on the high-bending extremities of the branches, fastening strong strings of hemp or flax round two forked twigs, corresponding to the intended width of the nest. With the same materials, mixed with quantities of loose tow, he interweaves or fabricates a strong, firm kind of cloth, not unlike the substance of a hat in its raw state, forming it into a pouch of six or seven inches in depth, lining it substantially with various soft substances well interwoven with

the outward netting, and lastly, finishes with a layer of horse-hair; the whole being shaded from the sun and rain by a natural pent-house or canopy of leaves.” The solicitude of the Baltimore to obtain proper materials for his nest, often leads him to commit depredations on the farmer’s hemp, or the thread and silk of the housewife. Skeins of these materials have been found in the nest after its being deserted by the young.

According to Nuttall, the Oriole possesses a propensity to imitate other birds. He is particular in describing their natural notes. “The mellow-whistled notes which they are heard to trumpet from the high branches of our tallest trees and gigantic elms, resemble at times, *tshippe-tshayia too too*, and *tshippee-tshippee, too too*, (with the two last syllables loud and full.) These notes are also varied so as to resemble *tsh, tsh tsheet shoo tshoo tshoo*,^[2] also *tsh, tsheefa tsheefa tshoo* and *k tūfatūfa tūfa téa kerry*.^[3] Another bird I have occasionally heard to call for hours, with some little variation, *tu teo teo teo too*, in a loud, querulous, and yet almost ridiculously merry strain. At other intervals, the sensations of solitude seem to stimulate sometimes a loud interrogatory note, echoed forth at intervals, as *k’rry kerry?* and terminating plaintively *k’rry k’rry tu*, the voice falling off very slenderly in the last long syllable, which is apparently an imitation from the Cardinal Grosbeak, and the rest is derived from the Crested Titmouse, whom they have heard already in concert as they passed through the warmer states. Another interrogatory strain which I heard in the spring of 1830, was precisely *’yip k’rry, ’yip ’yip k’rry*, very loud and oft repeated. Another male went in his ordinary key, *tsherry tsherry, tshipee tsh’rry*, notes copied from the exhaustless stock of the Carolina Wren, (also heard on his passage,) but modulated to suit the fancy of our vocalist. The female likewise sings, but less agreeably than the male.”

This particularity in describing sounds which are almost indescribable may seem frivolous to some of our readers, but those who have ever listened to the melting notes of the Baltimore Oriole will pardon this accurate observer of nature the attempt.

The common food of the Oriole is insects, especially a species of small beetle. They are said to love the honey in the blossoms of trees. If domesticated, they must still be fed on animal food, principally minced meat, soaked in milk. When adult, they will also eat fruit-cakes and meal. They are not difficult to tame, and form a pleasant pet. Their eggs are four or five in number, white, with dark lines and spots. In the Southern States they sometimes raise two broods; but further northward only one. The Oriole extends over the continent as far south as Brazil, where hundreds of nests are found in every forest.

[2] The first three of these notes are derived from the summer Yellow Bird, though not its usual notes.

[3] The last phrase loud and ascending, the *tea* plaintive, and the last syllable tender and echoing.

THE PINE-TREE.

BY CAROLINE MAY.

How dear to my heart and my memory
Is that old majestic evergreen tree!
It stands like the guardian of our cot
Time-honored friend! it shall ne'er be forgot,
 For I've spent bright hours of glee,
 And of quiet rest
 More deeply blest,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

A rose-tree lived 'neath this agéd one,
Concealed from the noontide rays of the sun,
And 'twas sweet to mark in his resting hour,
(The only time he could look on the flower,)
 How he smiled on her lovingly,
 Till her rosy hue
 Still rosier grew,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

Up by its trunk I would stand and lean,
Gazing with rapture upon the soft scene,
(On the feathery-outlined isle that lay
Where the river and stream together play,)
 For beauty and love seemed to be
 Everywhere felt,
 The spirits that dwelt
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And, laid at its feet, I oft tried to read,
But the breeze would play with my book, and plead
For my heart and ear, in a witching song
Which I could not resist, for 'twas never long,
 And plaintive as plaintive could be;
 So I listened, and sighed
 When the sweet breeze died
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And there in the quiet I fain would rhyme,
And weave loving lays with a measured chime,
But my thoughts, as wild as the birds, would fly
From the beautiful earth to the beautiful sky
 Unfixed, unfettered, and free,
 In a dreamy joy
 Which naught could destroy,
In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

I loved to be up on a merry May mom,
When musical sounds and bright clouds were born,
And join in the earliest chant of praise,
Which all that had life seemed glad to raise,
 The clear carols of gushing glee
 The birds would make,
 Just at day-break,
 In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

And I loved in the summer twilight dim,
To sing with my sister some holy hymn,
And watch the green shades as they deeper grew,
And a strange mysterious darkness threw;
 And most dearly I loved to see
 O'er the wavy grass
 The night-wind pass,
 In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

Then since I have loved both in shape and shine
Under its sheltering boughs to recline—
Since what I once love I love to the end,
Be it tree, bird or flower—book, music or friend—
 When death cometh I fain would be
 There laid to sleep,
 Lowly and deep,
 In the shade of the dark pine-tree.

GEMS FROM LATE READINGS.

BY MRS. GORE.

But few of those who examine the reminiscences of their own hearts, and the incidents of their own lives, will deny that scarcely a given moment of their youth admitted of swearing to a solitary object of attachment. Till the heart throbs with the master-passion which impels a man to seek a partner for life by an impulse as overmastering as that which prompts an heroic action, or generates a *chef-d'œuvre*, it is pretty sure to experience a succession of feverish spasms; the commencement of one of which is as hazily interblended with the conclusion of another, as with nocturnal darkness the glimmerings of a summer-day dawn, when "night is at odds with morning, which is which."

BY J. WESTLAND MARSTON, ESQ.

LOVE'S VICTORY.

I was a bard—she listened to my lay
As there her questioning soul had answer found.
She stooped to pluck my wild-flowers on the way,

Fancies that teem from the prolific ground
In the heart's solstice—in whose inner light
Through all the pleasant paths of earth we wound.

And sometimes through her music of delight
An undersound of sadness softly stole,
And floated 'twixt the fountain pure and bright

Of her deep joy and heaven—a cloud of dole
That almost seemed relief—for scarce below
The noon of rapture is allowed the soul.

Hence even in life's summer sunbeams throw
Shades on the very path they glorify—
And ecstasy would perish but for wo.

I asked not if she loved me; for reply
To every doubt, I read her glance and tone,
And made them oracles of destiny.

They whispered love—I deemed that love my own:
Nor guessed that in the mirror of my song
She saw an idol face to me unknown.

Nor that the chords of my devotion, strung
To feeling's highest tension for her sake,
And on whose notes with breathless hush she hung,

Were prized for memories which they did awake—
To her an echo what to me was life.
O God, the strings that quivered would not break!—

He came! Can I forget that inward strife
Which made me calm?—The mightiest grief is dumb.
They met:—he clasped her—called her plighted wife!—

A frost was in that moment to benumb
My very sense of anguish—and I smiled.
Freed by despair—what after-pang could come?

She was his own—both Love's. They roamed the wild,
And knew not it was bleak:—the wooded dell
They called not fair, for love had reconciled

And blent all difference. From their spirits fell
A glow that bathed creation. Where they stood
Light was their shadow:—bliss unspeakable

Became at once their being and its food:—
The world they did inhabit was themselves;
And they were Love's—and all their world was good!

As o'er a barren reef that sea-ward shelves
Waves dash, their gladness sported o'er my fate;
But in the abyss no line of pity delves

Lay the wrecked hope which naught could re-create—
At least I deemed so then: and yet we parted
With blessings, and her eyes were dim with tears.

She told me I had been her friend true-hearted—
The friend she would recall in other years.
These came; and when the storm was spent there darted

Over my sombre deep as from the spheres,
The memory of those words, at first revealing
More present gloom from all the past endears.

In time, their light and beauty o'er me stealing,
Softened despair to grief; and in its dew
My withered heart put forth one bud of feeling.

I dared not hope its life:—fierce tempests blew
From the cold east of Youth in day's decline,
And shook its tender petals:—still it grew!

It grew and blossomed to a hope divine:—
I might be like her in her nature's worth;
I might live for her though she was not mine!

From her each better impulse should take birth—
For her my song should raise and cheer mankind,
And I would sow her influence through the earth.

And, as by great attraction are combined
All kindred essences—as waters blend
With waters, flame with flame—and though confined

By bounds material, each to other tend—
Released from the division of our clay
Again might be united friend with friend.

For then, immortal and beyond decay,
The store of love partaken richer grows:
The torch that burned for one—for all, a day!

Oh, ye whose hearts in *happy* love repose,
Your thankful blessings at its footstool lay,
Since faith and peace can issue from its woes!

BY MISS MARIA J. McINTOSH.

With most of us it is only when we are nigh unto death that we learn what it is to live. We talk of acquainting ourselves with the lives of eminent persons, when we read a record of the events through which they have passed; we call our own lives desolate, because events of a painful nature have befallen us; but these are not our life. Life—the principle which makes us sentient, intelligent, active beings; the principle by which we hold converse with the living spirit of beauty and goodness, by which—if we pervert not its heavenly aims—assimilating with that spirit incarnated in the adorable Saviour, we rise from the finite to the infinite, and, resting on the bosom of love, find blessedness when that which made our happiness has vanished from our grasp; this life no events can make desolate. Sorrow may darken our sky, but the loving, trusting child of God rises above its gloomy cloud, and there shines his life supremely bright.

Who shall penetrate into the spirit's mysterious intercourse with Him, who inhabiting eternity, yet dwelleth with the humble and contrite heart? Reverently and humbly to illustrate this precious truth, to show that in His presence earth's discords are harmonized, and peace and strength arise where all was disorder and weakness may be permitted—but there let us pause, lest we be as the fools who "rush in where angels dare not tread."

BY G. A BERTIE.

STANZAS.

I am not what I was—the time's gone by
When, bright and cloudless as the summer's sky,
My day of life began;
When all was music to my raptured ear,
And, bounding onward, without grief or fear,
Eager my course I ran.

I am not what I was—the sense of youth,
And hope, and joyous feeling, and the truth
Of earth, hath passed away;
The heart that once throbbed high with health and life
Beats faint and wearied with the ceaseless strife
Which there has held its sway.

BY G. P. R. JAMES.

Long experience of any thing existing, has shown mankind all its benefits and all its evils; but beside this, there is an indirect advantage in retaining that which is, namely, that it has adjusted itself to the things by which it is surrounded; and there is an indirect disadvantage in change, namely, that one can never calculate what derangements of all relations may take place, by any great alteration of even one small part in the complicated machine of any state or society.

It is difficult to find words to express the infinite; and although it may seem a pleonasmatic expression, I must say that all the varieties of human character have infinite varieties within themselves. However, the easily impressible character, that which suffers opinions, feelings, thoughts, purposes, actions to be continually altered by the changing circumstances around—the chameleon character, if I may so call it—is, perhaps, the most dangerous to itself, and to those it affects, of any that I know. It goes beyond the chameleon, indeed. The reptile only reflects the colors of objects near, retaining its own form and nature. The impressible character, on the contrary, is changed in every line, as well as in every hue, by that with which it comes in contact. Certain attributes it certainly does retain. The substance is the same, but the color and the form are always varying. In the substance lies the permanence and the identity. All else is moulded and painted by circumstance.

The pure, ingenuous, open-hearted candor of early years, would be a better friend to man, if he did but cling to it with affection, through life, than all the worldly friends we gain in passing through existence—shrewdness, caution, prudence, selfishness, wit, or even wisdom.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “THE DISCIPLINE OF LIFE.”

A high, pure earthly love is powerful above all other earthly principles for overcoming evils; but even in its highest purity, it has not sufficient power to lead to fall perfection. It is from Heaven, but it is not Heaven itself; it is but as an angel messenger, and fails in its office if it does not lead on to love, perfect, unchangeable, divine.

BY MRS. GREY.

Is there a woman to be found who is not insensibly flattered, even against her better reason, by devoted incense to her charms?—Very few, we fear!—poor human nature is full of vanity. A woman will indignantly spurn such love—her sense of right will make her shrink with shuddering from such feelings; still there is too often a latent, lingering spark of gratified self-love hovering about the heart; although the spark is prevented from spreading into a flame, by the preponderating influence of strong principle and purity of mind. It is, as we before said, *human nature*—and this same nature is miserably full of weakness and vanity.

TO MY LITTLE BOY.

BY MRS. HENRIETTA L. COLEMAN.

I watched a rose, one lovely morn,
Parade herself a summer queen,
While by her side a bud, new-born,
Lay locked in leaves of softest green:
As that fresh bud to beauty blew,
That rose lost all its scent and hue:
Alas! I cried, that this should be!—
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me.

I watched a parent bird that fed
Her fledgling many a vernal day,
Training his dainty wings to spread
And lightly flit from spray to spray:
Away—afar—I marked him soar,
Never to own fond guidance more.
Can care and love thus wasted be?—
Sadly I thought of thee and me.

I watched the moon rise sweetly bright,
With one fair star that lay below,
Each lovelier shone from mutual light,
As hearts united gentler flow:
Though moon and star in heaven divide
Time brings them ever side by side.
Glorying I spoke, thus may it be!—
For I thought, dear boy, of thee and me.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Merry-Mount; A Romance of Massachusetts Colony. Boston: James Monroe & Co. 2 vols. 12mo.

This novel is the production of a New England writer of fine talents and large acquirements, but of talents and acquirements which have not been as bountifully expressed in literature as the Public, that exacting leech of intellects raised above the mass, had a right to demand. The work, with some obvious defects, evinces a range of characterization, and a general opulence of mind, which place it above many novels which can claim more felicity in the evolution of a story and more variety of incident. The scene is laid in the early history of Massachusetts, commencing about eight years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and its peculiarity consists in vividly reproducing to the imagination a period which even the driest annalists have hardly touched. The novel might with propriety be called, "The Cavaliers in Massachusetts," for its originality, as an American story, consists in bringing together Cavalier and Roundhead on New England ground. The hero, Morton, is a loose, licentious, scheming, good-natured, and good-for-nothing English "gentleman," engaged in a project to outwit the Puritans, and to obtain the ascendancy in Massachusetts of a different code of principles and a different kind of government from those which the Puritans aimed to establish. Connected with this reckless Cavalier is a deeper plotter, Sir Christopher Gardiner, a villain half after James's and half after Bulwer's heart, pursuing schemes of empire and schemes of seduction with equal ingenuity and equal ill-success. These two, with the followers and liege men of Morton—a gang of ferocities, rascalities and immoralities from the lowest London taverns—constitute the chief carnal ingredients of the novel. Opposed to these we have grand and life-like portraits of Miles Standish, Endicott, Winthrop, and other Puritan celebrities, with only an occasional view of the Indians. The business of the affections is principally transacted by two persons—a pure, elevated, large-hearted and high-spirited woman, and a noble-minded but somewhat irascible man; and this portion of the novel has the ecstasies and agonies which are appropriate to the subject.

We think the novel a real addition to American literature, whether considered in respect to the amount of new information it conveys, or the splendor, vivacity and distinctness of its representations both of character and scenery. A dozen passages might be extracted, which, viewed simply as descriptions, are grand enough to establish a reputation. But the author's great merit consists in having as clear and distinct a notion of the Cavalier, in his daily life and conversation, as of the Puritan, and this merit, rare in an American, he could only have obtained from a profound study of the elder dramatists of England, and a vivid insight into the very heart of their characters. Out of Scott, we do not know where to look for finer representations of these two great classes of English society, as they must have appeared when brought into opposition to each other. No one familiar with Marston, Decker, Beaumont and Fletcher, or any other dramatist in whose plays the bullies and minor reprobates of the Elizabethan age appear, will call even Bootefish, Cakebread and Company, improbable or unnatural.

The leading defect of the novel is the lack of a steady, orderly and artistical development of the plot. The narrative wants rapidity of movement; the rich materials of the work are imperfectly fused together; and occasionally things good in themselves seem to be in each other's way. All those faults which beset the creations of the most fertile intellects, when they aim to give great variety of incident and character without having a grand, leading, ever-present conception of their work as a whole, are visible in this novel, and mar its harmony as a work of art. But these defects inhere in many romances which are read with delight by thousands, and though the splendid talents of the author of *Merry-Mount* may not always hide the heterogeneity of his plan, they are amply sufficient to prevent it from interfering seriously with the interest of his novel, and sufficient also to delineate persons and scenes which leave on the reader's mind a strong impression of power and beauty.

The Female Poets of America. By Rufus W. Griswold. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1 vol. 8mo.

In the space of four hundred closely printed pages, Mr. Griswold has here brought together some ninety of our female poets, and introduced them with critical and biographical notices. Of all Mr. Griswold's various works, the present evinces the greatest triumph over difficulties, and best demonstrates the minuteness and the extent of his knowledge of American literature. Very few of the women included in this collection have ever published editions of their writings, and a considerable portion of the verse was published anonymously. The labor, therefore, of collecting the materials both of the biographies and the illustrative extracts, must have been of that arduous and vexatious kind which only enthusiasm for the subject could have sustained. The volume is an important original contribution to the literary history of the country, and nobody, whose mind is not incurably vitiated by prejudice, can make dissimilarity of opinion with regard to some of the judgments expressed in the book, a ground for denying its general ability, honesty and value. Most of the materials are strictly new, and this fact of itself is sufficient to stamp the work with that character which distinguishes books of original research from mere compilations.

Mr. Griswold has given us a fine preface, in which he ably vindicates and acutely limits the genius of women. The biographies and extracts which follow, commence with Mrs. Anne Bradstreet and close with Miss Phillips. Between these two he has included an amount of beautiful and touching poetry which will surprise even those who are inclined to take the most elevated view of the intellectual excellence of their countrywomen. We have here the lofty and energetic thought of Miss Townsend, the bright fancy and primitive feeling of Miss Gould, the impassioned imagination and deep discernment of Maria Brooks, the holy and meditative spirit of Mrs. Sigourney, the tender and graceful sentiment of Mrs. Embury; Mrs. Whitman, with her grasp of all literatures, her keen thought which pierces through nature's most mystical symbols, and her ethereal spirit casting on every object that light "which never was on sea or land;" Mrs. Oakes Smith, with her constant sense of the pure and the good, her daring and shaping imagination, before whose creations and revelations her soul shrinks awed and subdued, and her deep feeling of the spiritual significance of things—a woman worthy to be the companion of Plato; Fanny Osgood, the most brilliant and graceful of poetesses, with her quick decisive sensibility, and her teeming and exhaustless fancy, eloquent of love and romance, and high-heartedness in every relation of life; Miss Lynch, simple, austere, bold, despising ornament as ornament, and keeping her raised eye fixed on the vanishing features of the elusive thought she aims to shape into almost sculptural form; Grace Greenwood, with her fine combination of the tender and the impassioned in feeling, and the subtle and grand in thought, "with a heart in her brain and a brain in her heart;"—all these, and many more whom we lack epithets to characterize rather than desire to celebrate, appear in Mr. Griswold's volume in all the royalty of womanhood. To proceed further in description would be merely to enumerate names, without being able to suggest things. In addition to the notables, whose names are known to all readers of the magazines, Mr. Griswold has included in his collection, many a timid violet and daisy of womanhood, too modest and sensitive not to feel the fear of notoriety, and has transplanted it to his book with a delicacy as commendable as the taste which dictated it.

In conclusion, we have only to observe that a volume, so complimentary to the genius of our countrywomen, can hardly be read without a feeling of exultation and pride. We trust it will meet that wide circulation it so richly deserves.

Acton: or the Circle of Life. A Collection of Thoughts and Observations, designed to delineate Life, Man, and the World. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 12mo.

This beautiful volume is the result of a life of observation and thought. The author has traveled in every part of the globe, and viewed mankind in a greater variety of aspects than most of those who meditate as well as observe. He has thrown his reflections into a somewhat quaint form, and has but a few words for even the greatest topics, but whatever he touches he either adorns or illuminates, and his book furnishes numberless texts for essays. Like most writers of maxims, he has a sardonic element in his mind, and occasionally disposes of an important matter, deserving serious discussion, with a gibe or a flier, and sometimes descends even to flippancy and impertinence; but these are the almost inevitable vices of the form of composition he has chosen, and he has fewer of them than might be expected. A good part of the raciness of such books as Acton comes from the occasional substitution of the writer's impressions or prejudices for general truths. The didactic tone of such compositions is in this way relieved, and a paradox or a piece of acute nonsense thrown in, here and there, reminds us that it is a person who is thinking, not a moral and reasoning machine. The author of the present work has been especially successful in giving an individuality to his general remarks, and preserving them from the abstract and "do-me-good" character of impersonal morality.

The volume is so laden with striking thoughts and observations, that it is difficult to fix upon any deserving especial quotation. As a specimen of the writer's manner, the following on Genius and Talent may serve:

"Talent is strength and subtlety of mind, genius is mental inspiration and delicacy of feeling. Talent possesses vigor and acuteness of penetration, but is surpassed by the vivid intellectual conceptions of genius. The former is skillful and bold, the latter aspiring and gentle; but talent excels in practical sagacity, and hence those striking contrasts so often witnessed in the world, the triumph of talent through its adroit and active energies, and the adversities of genius in the midst of its boundless but unattainable aspirations.

"Talent is the Lion and the Serpent; Genius is the Eagle and the Dove.

"Or the first is like some conspicuous flower which flaunts its glory in the sunshine, while the last resembles the odoriferous spikenard's root, whose sweetness is concealed in the ground.

"The flower displays itself openly, the root must be extracted from the earth."

Here is a piece of verse, in a different vein, on a very common dispensation of Providence, the Mean Fellow. We fear that few are so fortunate as not to be able to apply it to some acquaintance or enemy:

“Born but to be some snarl or plague,
Vile product of a rotten egg,
In every feature of thy face,
A want of heart, of soul, we trace;
By every honest man condemn’d,
By your own looks betray’d, condemn’d—
Of shame in front there is no lack,
And curses ride upon your back.”

The Sacred Poets of England and America, for Three Centuries. Edited by Rufus W. Griswold. Illustrated by Steel engravings. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1 vol. 8vo.

There is a strange impression current even among people who ought to know better, that religious poetry is a form of composition confined to poets of the third or fourth class, and chiefly valuable for Hymn Books. The existence of any verse, instinct with the finest essence of poetry, and glowing with the rapt and holy passions of the religious bard, is practically denied. Now nothing is more certain than that poetry, impassioned imagination, is essentially religious both in its nature and its expression. It springs from that raised mood of mind in which the object present to thought is worshiped. This is true even in poetry relating to the senses and to human passion, for if we scrutinize it sharply, we shall find that the object which fills the poet's mind, however low in itself, is still deified for the moment, and made the exclusive object of his adoration. In this way bards often make gods of persons and things very questionable in themselves, but this is owing rather to the direction than the nature of the poet's powers. If these powers instead of being devoted to the idealization of appetite or destructive passions, be directed upward to the true object of worship, the poetry will be really more beautiful and sublime than if it were merely confined to spiritualized sensations.

No one can glance over Mr. Griswold's beautiful book without feeling how rich is English literature in song, celebrating the beauty of holiness and the infinite perfections of God. The compilation comprehends the early as well as the later English poets, and contains some exquisite but not generally known extracts from Spenser, Gascoigne, Drayton, Sir Henry Wotton, Davies, Carew, Ben Jonson, Drummond, Fletcher, Donne, Sir John Beaumont, Wither, Herrick, Quarles, Vaughan and Herbert. The holy poets of a later date, both of England and America, are likewise profusely quoted, and the whole collection is well deserving a place in every family library in the country.

Benjamin Franklin: His Autobiography. With a Narrative of his Public Life and Services. By Rev. H. Hastings Weld. New York: Harper & Brothers.

The Harpers are publishing this work in numbers, to be completed in eight. It is illustrated with numerous engravings after designs by Chapman, and is printed in large type on fine paper. The edition promises to be altogether the best which has been issued in the country, and will tend to make more familiar to his countrymen the great American philosopher's genuine character and real services to the world.

The Haunted Man. By Charles Dickens. New York: Harper & Brothers.

This new Christmas story by Dickens is hardly worthy of him, though it might be considered a triumph to almost any body else. It has a *jobby* air, as though it had been written in accordance with a contract, and without any especial inspiration. The materials are, in great part, the old capital of the author, and repetition is stamped on almost every page. The Tetterbys and the baby, however, and Mrs. William, are full of beautiful humor and pathos, and succeed in saving the book from positive condemnation and failure.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

“GRAHAM” TO “JEREMY SHORT.”

MY DEAR JEREMY,—Your name would be euphonious in the stock-market, at times; but I believe stocks are muddled waters in which you seldom dabble. You are wise. But do you find yourself at all in the *vein* speculative, particularly now, when the streams of that new El Dorado, California, sparkle invitingly with yellow pebbles? and its many broad acres spread themselves out temptingly, with their bowels of undug gold, begging for pickaxe, shovel and basin? How many ears heretofore closed to the artifices of the speculator, are pricked up, or belie their masters, at the all-enchanting sound of the word GOLD!! With all the close calculation and keen spirit of inquiry which mark us as a nation, I fear me that Jonathan has his weakness, and that his soft side is metallic. There is something in the clinking of gold and silver that sets aside his ordinary caution and shrewdness, and leads him to do very silly things to get at it. It belongs to his nature to be impetuous, and continued success leads him into very rash ventures. A more interrupted fortune would, in this case, have allowed him breathing time to make a “calculation;” and when Jonathan does that coolly, he is seldom overreached. But he has flogged the Mexicans, taken the territory that he wanted—as he knew he would—and he is ready now to believe that the golden pavements of the Incas were no fable, and that the streams in California are walled in with gold, if you will. At least he will believe it until he sees for himself. He is a little taken by surprise with this glittering bait, and no trout dashes at a tempting fly with a more ravenous bite than he does at these shining “placers.” What cares he for the thousands of miles that intervene; for the storms of winter that howl around the Horn, and threaten danger and death! At the first glimpse of the prospect, a thousand sails are set, and whitening the ocean, bear him to fortune. No ordinary comforts, no moderate success here, restrains his keen thirst of adventure. Were home a paradise, and California a desert, with its shores bristling with opposing bayonets, and parked with roaring artillery, he would go. Yes! he would, perhaps, rather go then than now. The glory of the achievement would enhance the value of the wealth. The founder of Nations—he must work out a prophecy. Already the cry of a great people goes up with a shout from the once desolate hills, and ardent, panting thousands, answer the cry with, “WE COME!” and the shout swells with a louder triumph, a more emphatic joy, for “*a nation is born in a day!*”

The impetuous rush to that far-off land is not in itself striking or marvelous. Other and feebler nations have shown the same avidity for gold. The Spaniards have dared more, to quench the same insatiate thirst. But the Anglo-Saxon heel, upon that soil, seals its greatness and proclaims its destiny. From every wooded hill-side and babbling stream—from the snow-capped mountain to the fertile valley—yes! even over the great desert plains, where the footstep cracks the crisp soil, a voice has gone forth, which the Nations hear and obey, proclaiming—BE YE FREE!

Do you not think that the abandoning of all domestic and personal comfort, sundering of all social and friendly ties, and rushing into the doubtful companionship of California, for the mere sake of gold, is a pretty accurate data from which to estimate a man's heart, or brain, or both? Is it not something so absolutely sordid, that one cannot help losing a little of the respect heretofore entertained for a friend who is seized with this yellow fever? As if life had nothing to mitigate the evils of existence but wealth—indeed, as if we were born only to worship that as a god—upon whose shrine we are to sacrifice time, friends, health, and even life itself, to be the masters of so much tinsel as you can clutch at the altar. Bah! Is there not in home enjoyments and the society and friendship of men who know us well, and love us truly, more *real* wealth than all that will ever be attained by the slaves who sweep the dirt from the streams in California—live upon frogs and beetles, and fill the air with curses. Think of men, of even the most ordinary sense of decency, herding—for *any sum*—for months and years with the scum of every clime; with souls sickened and minds defiled with their abominations; to be of them, “or not to *be*” at all—is there any consideration that could tempt your avarice or mine? None that I can think of, unless to gratify some darling revenge, vigilant and sleepless for years, which men sometimes cherish for wrongs, and which nothing but gold could furnish the means of satisfying—even in that case it would be the *last* resort.

If any friend of yours is solicitous to enrich a patch of soil, two feet by six, I think I can recommend an Undertaker who will arrange the thing nicely for him here; it is not worth while for him to go to California with his benevolence. For *you*, he would be reasonable, as you are *Short*.

But, my dear Jeremy, I had no intention of wandering from my purpose, of giving you a reminding hint of “Copper Mining,” as a sort of sedative to the gold “placers.” Some of Jonathan's younger sons were then severely bitten, and were so thoroughly inoculated with the virus, as to have rather a sharpened recollection of metals. The most of *them*, I should think, would be safe from this *later* disease, even in its most violent and contagious forms. Yet there is something very attractive, and most dangerously seductive, in delving for minerals, counting each shovelfull as so many guineas coined, and already in your pocket. There is no enthusiast more dangerous than your professional miner. The gentle madness is so infectious that his example may turn the heads of a whole district. Yet *his* bite is not half so venomous as that of another species—a kind of ground-shark—who affects the same sort of insanity, and while digging below ground, puts his “placer” on the “Stock List.”

It is astonishing, too, that we will be caught once in a while in this way, while there are people all around us, *anxious friends*, who exclaim, "I knew it!" but who never hinted a word about the matter. Did it ever strike you that we live in a very sagacious and knowing world—the mind of each man being simply the reflection of that of another? Our brightest fancies are but the suggestions of other people's brains—our good fortune in life is always known beforehand—our reverses have always been most indubitably predicted by parties, who confirm their sagacity with a consolatory—"I told you so." We are, after all, then, but the mere creatures of the impulses of other people—our destiny it is to work out their predictions. The iron energy, the indomitable perseverance, sleepless vigilance, untiring industry—have all been weighed beforehand—duly appreciated and predicted. There is no such thing as surprising any body. It is all perfectly understood.

W—, by a keen sagacity in detecting, and ready tact in managing a new business, has struck the tide that bears to fortune. But *he* has made no discovery. Forty other men, with scarcely brains to comprehend, much less originate an idea, knew all about it. *They told you so!* W— goes on, originates new combinations of trade, enlarges business ideas, and still succeeds. But *Toldyeso* knew it, and was indifferent.

SHARP has his eye upon W—. "Ah!" says he "there is a man who has a soul above buttons—a *genius* for business. Every thing *he* touches turns to gold."

But W—, with his multitude of irons in the fire, incautiously takes hold of the hot end of one of them, and is maimed. "BAH!" says Sharp, "I knew how it would be! He was always *rushing* business up against the stream. Bound to fail—I *told you so!*" And yet nobody ever knew Sharp to originate, or succeed in, any thing—but *he knows*—and that must be some consolation to a ninny.

But, Jeremy, not to imitate the folly of this world in regard to the past, nor to affect the wisdom of the next, to tell of the future, I have a story about mining to give you in my next, in which you will find both Sharps and Flats, which I think will induce you to believe with me—that people who have cultivated a dangerous intimacy with Copper-Heads ought to be cautious, and particularly shy how they *now* run after Gold-Bugs with a *hum*.

C. has been in town, and I passed an evening with him since last I wrote you. He has still the same joyous laugh, that used to set the table in a roar, and it is quite as contagious. At every jest he would burst out with a sort of a shout in his hearty guffaw, which, if practiced at home, must wake the echoes of his native mountain. I was thoughtful over the past, and became partially a convert to your theory, in regard to the chilling effects of extra city refinement; and your beautiful picture of country life, with its honest, hearty friendships, came to my mind forcibly. It must be true, for I confess I *felt* that I had grown older, and colder, too. Can you, Jeremy, laugh as of yore—as loud and as long?—with the same hearty good will and utter *abandon*. Or is your mirth choked and clogged with bitter remembrances, which will steal upon the heart even in its gayest moments? Thought! is *it* a companion with which you can entertain hilarity? Or is your joy overshadowed with the darkness of evil that has been, or that you anticipate, you scarce know why? I cannot experience the light-heartedness we had formerly. Perhaps it is that I attempt its cultivation. It must come of natural buoyancy of spirits, I think, to be genuine. It is else but a hot-house plant in a snow-storm—its leaves torn off by the blast or shriveled in a frosty embrace. I doubt much whether our intellectual pleasures, as we proudly call them, are half as exhilarating, and deeply steeped in genuine happiness, as were those more animal sensations which we experienced when boys, as we went hallooing and shouting along in the very exuberance of our spirits, with a gay, glad, spirited defiance of care and all its ills. This was the riches of the heart and not of the pocket. Was it not? We had no gold in those days, so it could not have been *that!*

G. R. G.

THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.—Our number for the last month has been pronounced, everywhere, the very best of the Magazines for the month, and has thus far so largely increased our sales, that we shall be obliged to issue a very greatly increased edition of future numbers. The year 1849 seems to have opened with most unparalleled promises for magazine literature; and while our own sales have augmented on all sides, we have the gratification, in our good fortune, to feel that we are not impairing the prosperity of our neighbors. Indeed, the Philadelphia magazines, high as they have heretofore stood before the country, and widely as they have been circulated, seem just now to have made a bound in popular favor that savors of romance. Fifteen or twenty thousand copies of a monthly magazine was formerly regarded as the highest point of success to enterprising publishers, and ambitious editors, but the dawning of this brighter day promises such results as a simple matter of *increase* on the year's business. We hope that our readers see, in the growing improvement of "Graham," a disposition to impart a higher value to the book, as patronage increases, and a careful catering to taste, which shows no falling off in efforts to please, as well as to instruct our literary household. Our *aim* has been to furnish our readers with a work, in point of literary excellence, that is unsurpassable, and in pictorial beauty at once chaste and elegant. We could multiply, *ad infinitum*, second rate articles and engravings, but we feel that we are consulting both the reader's taste and interest in adhering rigidly to the course we have adopted, and we certainly have sufficient evidence of its good policy, in the ample support we have received.

The March number may fairly challenge a rigid scrutiny, and we invite a comparison between the literary matter and that of the other magazines. The embellishments are all most beautifully executed; but the plate of "*Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem*" is a gem in the way of engraving, and we refer to it with a conscious pride that it can neither be successfully imitated nor excelled. Our eyes linger over it with something like exultation, as we present to our readers a plate of such exquisite beauty. In this effort *even Tucker* seems to have surpassed himself.

THE FAMILY MESSENGER.—This is one of the cheapest and best of the weekly newspapers. Its circulation is equal to its deserts, numbering *now* some sixty thousand readers. It has so long held its position before the newspaper world, and is so widely and well known, that we but endorse the general opinion, when we say that it is one of the best Family journals in the nation. How the enterprising publisher can furnish it at a dollar per annum is a wonder to us, and we have no doubt to its thousands of subscribers. A specimen copy is furnished to any person who may wish to see it, by application, post-paid, to the publisher.

**A SONG,
WRITTEN AND ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL MELODY,
BY JOHN H. HEWITT.**

[Copyright secured.]

e'en your cold - ness altered me, Or sternness check'd my bo - som's

Oh! have I not been true to thee,
In joy and sorrow still the same?
Has e'en your coldness altered me,
Or sternness check'd my bosom's

flame? Thou'st bid me hush my plaint - ive song, And still my lute's wild me - lo

p

rall.

dy; Yet, yet its strain will float along, Oh! have I not been true to

colla voce.

thee?

flame?
 Thou'st bid me hush my plaintive song,
 And still my lute's wild melody;
 Yet, yet its strain will float along,
 Oh! have I not been true to thee?

SECOND VERSE.

Thy falcon now has thy caress,
 Thy hound leaps gladly to thy beck;
 But she who loves to wild excess
 Cannot one pulse of feeling wake.
 This should not be, I cannot brook
 The icy smile thou givest me;
 There's death in each reproachful look—
 Oh! have I not been true to thee?

Transcriber's Notes:

Archaic spellings and hyphenation have been retained. Punctuation has been corrected without note. Other errors

have been corrected as noted below. For illustrations, some caption text may be missing or incomplete due to condition of the originals used for preparation of the ebook.

page 160, Chesapeak in superior ==> [Chesapeake](#) in superior
page 167, Shown flickeringly ==> [Shone](#) flickeringly
page 171, the gilded baubles ==> the [gilded](#) baubles
page 180, the honey accacia ==> the honey [acacia](#)
page 181, accacia and Canadian ==> [acacia](#) and Canadian
page 185, see, we wil see ==> see, we [will](#) see
page 186, knights and stalwort ==> knights and [stalwart](#)
page 186, picture was purched ==> picture was [purchased](#)
page 188, have past by ==> have [passed](#) by
page 197, à la Brigadiere ==> à la [Brigadière](#)
page 197, a trois morteaux ==> à trois [marteaux](#)
page 199, at the widow ==> at the [window](#)
page 201, derriere, pretty well ==> [derrière](#), pretty well
page 201, havn't been looking ==> [haven't](#) been looking
page 204, Highflier, Esquire, descended ==> [Highflyer](#), Esquire, descended
page 205, table with atonishment ==> table with [astonishment](#)
page 210, sheltering bows to ==> sheltering [boughs](#) to
page 211, *chef-de'œuvre* ==> *[chef-d'œuvre](#)*
page 211, My whithered heart ==> My [withered](#) heart
page 215, of the Inca's ==> of the [Incas](#)
page 215, thoroughly inoculated ==> thoroughly [inoculated](#)
page 216, to its deserts ==> to its [desserts](#)

[The end of *Graham's Magazine Vol 34 No 3 March, 1849* by author]